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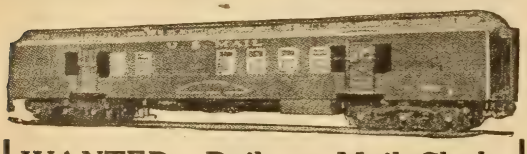
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Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the best and most successful comedies of recent years. Full of laughs, with here and there a thrill and even a sob, but delightfully entertaining from start to finish.

Morosco.—"The Brat." Maude Fulton wrote this charming play and takes the title rôle excellently. She has created a unique and interesting character, and Mary Pickford and Laurette Taylor had better watch out.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. The whole cast strong.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Fulton.—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it deserves it.

Globe.—"Out There." Laurette Taylor's best since "Peg o' My Heart," but it is a play of characterization rather than of plot and story, of which it has practically none. A preachment on recruiting and interesting to all who like scenes in military hospitals.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

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"Past One at Rooney's" (Broadway Star Feature).—Shows a deplorable lack of the discriminating selective sense. In all of the splendid, wide range of vital stories in the O. Henry collection, this is, perhaps, the most repulsively sordid that could have been chosen for featuring the excellent talent of Mildred Manning, who, as the girl of the streets, helps the gangster, Cork McManus (Gordon Gray), make his "get-away."

N. D. G.

"As Man Made Her" (World).—An attractively produced photoplay with a decidedly novel story. A young college girl with no parents to shield her is wronged by a wealthy man. Instead of going down into the gutter when he leaves her to her fate,

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

she raises herself and triumphs over him by marrying his brother and becoming a good wife and mother. It is a relief to see the woman win in the game of life for once. Edward Langdon is very sympathetic and capable as the young husband, while Frank Mills does a fine bit of character work as the villain. Gail Kane is beauteous as ever.
C. F. H.

"The Hawk" (Greater Vitagraph).—Earle Williams in the greatest rôle he has had since "The Christian." His interpretation of the man who gambles dishonestly in order that he may keep his wife's love with luxurious presents, if anything excels the stage portrayal of Mr. William Faversham. The director, Paul Scardon, has turned out an intense photoplay. There is only one slight fault and that is that Ethel Gray Terry did not dress gorgeously enough as the wife, thereby causing people who had not seen the stage play to fail to recognize the Hawk's lavish generosity to his wife. Miss Terry, however, is superb dramatically, as is also Denton Vane as the lover. H. S. N.

"The Book Agent" (Fox).—George Walsh in an obvious imitation of Fairbanks' athletic eccentricities. Nevertheless, Walsh does some mighty clever tricks and furnishes a most interesting and fascinating photoplay.
H. S. N.

"The Undying Flame" (Lasky).—A poor picture. Set first in ancient Egypt, then in modern Egypt, it is produced in such a manner as to turn what was meant to be drama into laughable burlesque—over-acting the big scenes is the simple reason. Olga Petrova and Mahlon Hamilton have the leads. H. S. N.

"The Danger Trail" (Selig).—A tale of mistaken identity, revenge and love set in the Far North. It seems to me that H. B. Warner is miscast, the drawing-room tale is his strong forte, but histrionically he is splendid as always. Violet Heming makes a lovable heroine and W. Lawson Butt does a fine bit of work. F. E. S.

"The Man with a Package" (Joker).—The "string-beanish" Gale Henry in a mix-up meant to be funny. F. E. S.

"American Methods" (Fox).—A beautifully staged photoplay concerning the love-affairs of an American who is married for pique by a haughtily aristocratic French girl who in the end is completely subjugated by American methods. William Farnum is at his best, splendidly groomed, and showing an unusual depth of feeling. Jewel Carmen is exquisitely beautiful. H. S. N.

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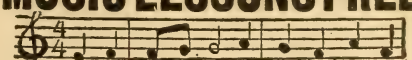
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"His Naughty Thought" (Keystone).—Mack Swain and Polly Moran in a typical Mack Sennett mélange.

"Freckles" (Lasky).—A picturization of the very popular book of the same name. It is well directed by Marshall Neilan, whose pleasing personality many fans have regretfully missed from the silver sheet. The scenario has been very freely changed from the book itself, but is none the less entertaining as a tale of youthful love and fidelity. Louise Huff is "perfectly darling" as the girl and Jack Pickford does well in the name part. P. D. K.

"Souls Triumphant" (Triangle-Fine Arts). An excellent story. A rich city roué falls deeply in love with a country minister's daughter. On the eve of their wedding the fast woman whom he had broken off with, entices him to a farewell gayety. The girl learns of her fiancé's defection, but her love is strong enough to forgive. A happy married life ensues for three years. Then the woman finding herself without resources pursues the husband again. On the evening that the adventuress arrives in their town, the wife is called to her dying father's bedside and is compelled to leave their small son in the father's care. Thinking the boy is safe, sleeping, the father goes to meet the woman. On his return home he finds his house burnt to the ground and no trace of the sleeping child. He seeks his wife who is again enabled to forgive him. Then their child comes running in. It seems the wife had seen the woman and surmising her reason for being there had returned and taken the lad with her. There is an excellent use of suspense. Lillian Gish and Wilfred Lucas prove themselves indeed emotional artists. Louise Hamilton as the other woman gives a very poor impression of her ability as a photoplayer. H. S. N.

"The Law of the North" (Edison).—A most interesting and perfectly directed play. It excels in its magnificent winter scenery, its story and its cast. Shirley Mason, Pat O'Malley, Richard Tucker and Sally Crute are not only capable in their rôles, but most attractive. F. E. S.

"Little Miss Fortune" (Art Dramas).—We like these poor-little-abused girl themes, because they have the advantage of clean plots and sweet heroines. In this one it seems to me that coincidence is a little over-

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

used. Marion Swayne is the little be-curled Mary Pickford of the piece. F. E. S.

"The Highway of Hope" (Lasky).—A poorly constructed melodrama by Willard Mack who knows better. Kathlyn Williams is cast as a Western woman of slovenly habits who upon obtaining riches miraculously turns into a beautiful woman with an uncannily sudden knowledge of how to dress fashionably and order servants about. House Peters performs his thankless part very well indeed. R. D. W.

"The Kleptomaniacs" (Mutual Strand Comedies).—A comedy scintillating with originality which does not have to fall back upon slapstick work to get the laughs. Billie Rhodes and Jay Belasco take the part of two lovers, kleptomaniacs, and when mamma loses her new silver purse—each endeavors to shield the other from the deed neither did. R. D. W.

"The Man Who Made Good" (Triangle).—A gentle prod for the man who lacks backbone and sticks in a rut. Realistic touches and excellent direction blend the whole into a first-class entertainment with a moral. The principals are Winifred Allen and Jack Devereaux. P. D. K.

"The Call of Her People" (Metro).—Ethel Barrymore, always delightfully charming, is particularly so as Egypt, queen of the gypsy tribe—altho she can hardly be said to sense completely the true Romany spirit with the fidelity of her fervent lover, Young Faro (Robert Whittier), which whom she exchanges the deathless betrothal vows. Mrs. Allan Walker as Mother Komello, depicts admirably the difficult rôle of the aged gypsy crone. William Mandeville, as Gordon Lindsay, was anything but the typical fine old Southern gentleman; his unfatherly attitude prepared one for the final dénouement. The director, John W. Noble, did not make the most of the superb possibilities of Edmund Sheldon's romantic play. N. D. G.

"Casey's Border Raid" (Universal).—This is a two-reel of the border, featuring Neal Hart and Janet Eastman, altho it's hardly fair to say that Janet Eastman was featured, for there wasn't one single, good, clear look at that little lady's face—not even a close-up—which was disappointing, for she looked as if she must be very pretty, if one could only see her. There are a few gleams of humor in this. R. B. C.

"The Cop and the Anthem" (Vitagraph).—A good portrayal of this O. Henry story by the same title. Thos. R. Mills fills the part of "Soapy," the tramp, to perfection. An inconsistency in the direction of this play, in the scene where Soapy washes his supposedly celluloid collar in the park fountain and immediately appears in a clean collar, while the one in the fountain is still plainly visible to the audience, greatly mars what is otherwise an intensely amusing and finished play. G. L. H.



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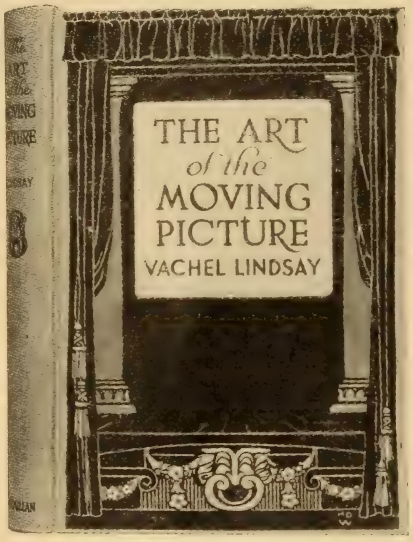
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"A Romance of the Redwoods" (Artcraft).—A typical Mary Pickford play with "Little Mary" at her best as Jenny Lawrence, the leading rôle. The photography and scenery are excellent, the acting strong, and the whole play a smooth, finished production. Moreover, Miss Pickford in "A Romance of the Redwoods" completely refutes those who maintain that her popularity is due to her sweet personality rather than dramatic skill, for as Jenny Lawrence she rises to the occasion with unmistakable evidence of exceptional ability as an actress. G. L. H.

"Maternity" (Brady-World).—Shannon Fife wrote this play, which features Alice Brady. Directed with half its skill, it could so easily have degenerated into a morbid, disgusting "sex drama." As it is, it is a beautifully handled story of a girl whose maternal ancestors, for three generations, have brought their children into the world at the cost of their own lives. The girl, Ellen Franklin (Alice Brady), is afraid of love, of life—of maternity. She falls in love with a young doctor, and her gradual loss of "the bugaboo of fear" is beautifully told. David Powell plays the doctor, Jon Bowers the boyhood sweetheart, Marie Chambers "the other woman." But to the director, John B. O'Brien, and Miss Brady, should go more than half the credit for the production. Miss Brady's gowns are exquisite, and she is, at most times, transcendently beautiful. R. B. C.

"Wild Winship's Widow" (Triangle-Kay-Bee).—Dorothy Dalton in a five-reel story of the South. A young widow, mourning her husband as a receptacle of all the virtues existent, discovers that he was anything but the idol she had made of him—and she starts in to "see life"—which she does by falling in love with the man who has loved her for eight years, Morley Morgan (Joe King), and he, not understanding that a widow's "no" most often, as one of the delightful subtitles read, "is polite fiction," adopts caveman tactics to win a wife who was by no means unwilling. Alice Taafe, Lillian Hayward, and others of the Triangle-Kay-Bee Company furnish adequate support. R. B. C.

"Heart and Soul" (Fox).—Another of Theda Bara's "good women" parts. This story is founded on H. Rider Haggard's "Jess," and has been modernized extensively. Admirers of Miss Bara will like this play immensely, and altho the writer doesn't care for Miss Bara in "goody-goody rôles," one must admit that she does some very clever work. Her riding is especially good. She is ably supported by Claire Whitney (in a Mary Pickford part), Harry Hilliard, and Walter Law—the latter in an incredibly wicked rôle, which he didn't make the least bit more convincing by his wide-collared "sport" shirt and windsor tie, in the opening reels. R. B. C.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Sacrifice" (Lasky).—Margaret Illington in a dual rôle forcibly portrays Kipling's lines that "The Colonel's lady and Molly O'Grady are sisters under the skin." As Mary Stephani, the protected daughter of the diplomat of Nordoff, she becomes involved in the political plots of the border country Zandria, where she meets and exchanges passports with Vesta Boris, a notorious dancer (her half sister). Trick photography, aided by a most distinctive rearrangement of coiffure from simple girlish style to that of the Spanish cabaret singer, enables Miss Illington to assume both characters in the same picture; a difficult interpretation most capably and artistically handled. Jack Holt plays the enemy lover, Capt. Paul Ekald, with admirable repression. Winter Hall artistically registers the contrite spirit of the father, Stephen Stephani. In the part of Count Wenzel, one of the important links in the plots and counterplots of this gripping war drama of intrigue, Noah Beery contributes his share in making this finished performance a photoplay of real interest.

N. D. G.

"The Submarine Eye" (Submarine Film Corp.).—From the presentation of the claims of the Williamson Bros., of a new method of undersea photography, the film moves rapidly thru a brief prolog in which the necessary "treasure" is *not* deposited in the chest at the bottom of the sea. John Fulton (Chester Barnett), a struggling, heroic, young inventor, overhears an old sailor telling the story of the supposed lost treasure chest, and rushes in with his model sea-eye device. He meets Dorothy (Barbara Tennant), daughter of the millionaire, Cyrus Morgan (Charles Slattery), a really commanding figure. The completed invention and the Morgan yacht open the way to undersea pictures of the "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" type. N. D. G.

"Sweetheart of the Doomed". (Triangle-Kay-Bee).—This five-reel story of the adventures of a French beauty, as played by Louise Glaum, is worthy in every way of a place among the month's best releases. Louise Glaum is a vampire so seductive that it really seems plausible to see a man ruin himself for her. It is one of the most logical and reasonable vampire plays of a long time—altho there may be people who will object to the duty to which "Monsieur le General" assigned the repentant Magdalen, who dons the garb of a peasant in order to discover her lover, somewhere in France. Louise Glaum is wonderful—Charles Gunn an acceptable hero, altho there are moments when he does not rise to the dramatic possibilities of his part. Roy Laidlaw, Barney Sherry and others form an acceptable support. The sets are very attractive, and the exteriors, especially of the chateau, are splendid. A most enjoyable offering.

R. B. C.



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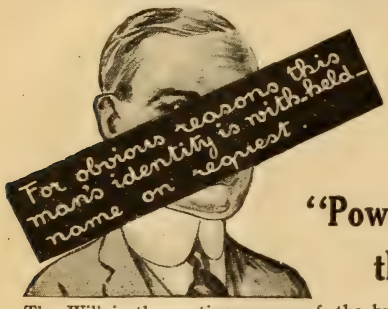
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" (Universal)—A feature in six reels which deals with a subject of vital interest to all humanity. The story is intensely dramatic, yet, in spite of the delicacy of the matter involved, there is not a line, scene or situation which could possibly offend the most fastidious. "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" does not aim to preach a moral or carry a lesson further than to point out that the future of the human race rests in the arms of the mothers of America, and that the greatest problem humanity can face in the future deals with the question of motherhood. L. M.

"The Marcellini Millions" (Morosco).—Another excellent play in which George Beban shows his genius for doing lowly Italian characters true to life, with perhaps a little more exaggeration in this than usual. Helen Jerome Eddy shares the honors with the star, ably assisted by Eugene Pallette and a good cast. J.

"The Girl at Home" (Lasky).—Rather a hackneyed story, but capably done, by Jack Pickford, Vivian Martin, Olga Grey, James Neill and others. There is nothing remarkable about the play, and while it is well done and holds the interest it hardly classes with the best pictures of the month. J.

"Poppy" (Selznick).—Norma Talmadge never did better work than she does in this excellent play. She starts as a poor, ignorant child with a cruel aunt, and grows to womanhood and becomes a celebrated author. She has abundant opportunity to express varied emotions under a series of unusually trying circumstances, and never once does she fail to take full advantage of the situation with consummate skill. No expense or trouble was spared to add "atmosphere" to the numerous scenes in Africa and elsewhere, some of the settings being unusually picturesque, and the directing is carefully handled thruout. Eugene O'Brien plays opposite Miss Talmadge and makes a picturesque hero. This play must be counted among the best of the month. J.

"Redemption" (Julius Steger).—A strong play of artistic excellence, simply and well portrayed. Alice Loring (Evelyn Nesbit) is a happy wife and mother until she is seen and recognized by a man who knew her when she was a notorious vaudeville dancer. Thru him, her husband (who knows her past, but remains loyal) loses his position and finally his life. Mrs. Loring puts up a brave fight for his livelihood and that of her child, but is forced to leave several positions. But her courage, her unconquerable womanliness and her deathless mother-love finally win over the forces that try so hard to drag her down. She wins out—making an honored place in the world for herself and her boy. "Redemption" is an illustration of the fact that those upon whom we look with averted eyes may be more sinned against than sinning. L. M.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Lincoln Cycle" (Charter Features Corporation).—A vastly entertaining photo-drama aside from its patriotic or historical interest—rich in humor, with a very human, swift-moving plot showing intimately the background of the great President's life. These pictures are made up of four features: "My Mother" shows the spiritual influence of Nancy Hanks in moulding the moral and mental nature of mischievous, pugnacious little Abe—an influence that went with him thru life. With her death began the harsher influence of "My Father." There was never a very clear understanding between the father and son, but the father taught Abe to fight—that at times half-way measures must be thrown aside, and that to strike hard was a sacred duty. "Myself" gives glimpses of the simple, sturdy Lincoln principles of life at the White House, of "The Call to Arms," tense with scenes of action and emotion, and at the same time shows the President's home life and love for his little sons. Mr. Chapin's characterization is so vital it seems the living Lincoln moves before the eyes. "The Lincoln Cycle" is a picture for boys and girls as well as their parents to see and enjoy. L. M.

"The Jaguar's Claw" (Lasky).—A bandit story of Northern Mexico in which "El Jaguar," the bandit, in the person of Sessue Hayakawa, steals the sister and wife of the American manager of the oil-fields and then gives him his choice of the one to be returned. The plot is highly melodramatic as well as hackneyed, and the play is poorly directed and poorly acted. Fine photography and wonderful scenery somewhat help out an otherwise very mediocre play. Not at all in the class of the usual Lasky production.
G. L. H.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

The Coast photoplay colony is just as full of rumors as ever. Very few there are who are not mentioned in them.

The whole Fox studio on the north side of their Western Avenue plant is being used for one of the big sets in Theda Bara's "Cleopatra" picture. It is by far the largest set erected by the Fox Company.

Jay Morley, the good-looking juvenile, is now playing opposite Betty Brice at the Izzy Bernstein studio on Boyle Heights.

Henry Otto has just started production on another big sea spectacle on the order of his famous "Undine." He has taken a bunch of beauties to the Santa Barbara Islands for some scenes. Frances Burnham is being starred in the picture.

Margarita Fischer, the pretty Mutual star, was the guest of the Northwestern exhibitors at their big ball in Portland, Oregon. She led the grand march with the mayor, and was quite the belle of the occasion.



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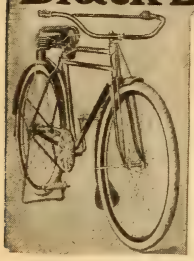
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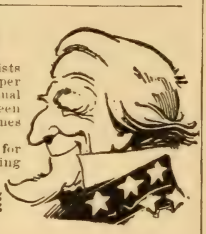
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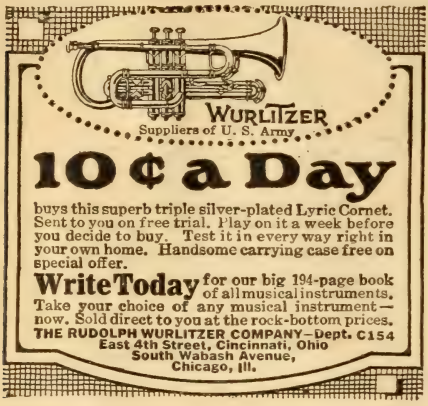
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RATES FURNISHED CHEERFULLY ON APPLICATION

The SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU, 175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Henry King is now working on his third feature at the American studios and will have Gail Kane as his star again. King and Miss Kane seem to work very well together.

Bill Hart has arrived back West again after a successful tour, looking none the worse for wear.

It has been decided that Victor Schertzinger will continue to direct the features in which Charles Ray appears. Ray has done some of the best work of his career with Schertzinger, so the two will jog along together, making his Triangle features. They are working on Clarence B. Kelland's great *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Sudden Jim," at the present time.

Since Chester Conklin's bean crop has turned out to be a very successful one, his car now boasts of a brand-new coat of paint and a new non-skid tire with chains.

Al Ray seems to have forsaken playing juvenile rôles. Saw him at work in David Kirkland's latest Lehrman-Fox comedy last week, playing a sloppy-looking character janitor, who gets all his tenants into trouble. It's a funny-looking make-up, too.

The Coast studios will certainly lose quite a few players when the forces are ordered out. Many of them belong to the coast artillery and will be mustered into the service on July 15th. Ernie Shields is a sergeant in the coast artillery.

Ora Carew and her director, Walter Wright, have severed their connection with the Keystone Film Company. They secured their release from their contracts and are working out a new venture which has not been brought to light as yet.

Several other Keystoners have also left the Mack Sennett plant. Alice Davenport, who played in the first Keystone Comedy ever made, has left that concern, as have Ed Kennedy and Nick Coogley, both old-timers with this outfit.

Bessie Barriscale and Jack Warren Kerrigan have both started work in their respective companies to produce features for the Paralta at the Clune studio. James Young is directing the Bessie Barriscale company, while Oscar Apfel is looking after the Kerrigan brigade.

Paul Powell is directing George Walsh at the Fox studios now. Powell produced several of the Douglas Fairbanks features for the Fine Arts, so should fit in well with the athletic Fox star.

A whole week passed, and no letter from Benny Zeidman about the one and only "Doug" Fairbanks. What's the matter, Benny—no typewriter ribbon?

Henry "Pathé" Lehrman is kept busy day and night supervising the productions of his three companies making Sunshine comedies for the Fox program. He is surrounding himself with a great bunch of talent and is turning out some remarkable comedies.

Herbert Rawlinson seems to be getting younger-looking every day. A friend asked him at the Los Angeles Athletic Club how he did it, and Herb replied, "By getting to bed early, swimming, and doing some physical culture exercises that I worked out myself." This is probably the reason a number of Rawlinson's friends are always watching him when he goes thru his exercises in the club gym.

Jay Belasco has left the Christie studios and joined the Marine Film Company, which is the name of the concern for which Henry Otto is producing his latest sea feature. Jay will support Francis Burnham.

Anna Little has returned to Los Angeles after a lengthy visit in New York, where she played opposite Robert Warwick in a Selznick feature. Anna has returned to appear in support of Harold Lockwood at the Metro studios. Welcome back, Anna!

Dorothy Holmes MacGowan, the adopted daughter of Helen Holmes, has a new tooth.

Juliette Daye has arrived at the American Film Company's Santa Barbara studios, where she will make features for the Mutual program.

Speaking of the American, Bill Russell and Charlotte Burton have performed the difficult feat of making one and one one. The minister made this addition possible.

Nothing new to talk about except Charlie Ray's new coat, so we'll close up until next month.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

We have already received thousands of letters in answer to our prize question, "What do you think of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE?" They are now being sorted and classified, and the prizes will be announced as soon as the work is completed. Several valuable suggestions have been received, but some, we regret to say, cannot be complied with. For example, several have asked for a department "Love Letters to Screen Idols." We do not believe in publishing private letters received by the players from their admirers, and we do not think that the players should make such letters public.

CHARITY BEGINS AT THE MOVIES

Bessie had just received a bright, new dime and was starting out to invest it at the nearest movie theater. "Why dont you give your money to the missionaries?" asked the minister, who was calling at the house.

"I thought about that," said Bessie, "but I think I will go to the movies and let the girl who sells the tickets give the money to the missionaries."



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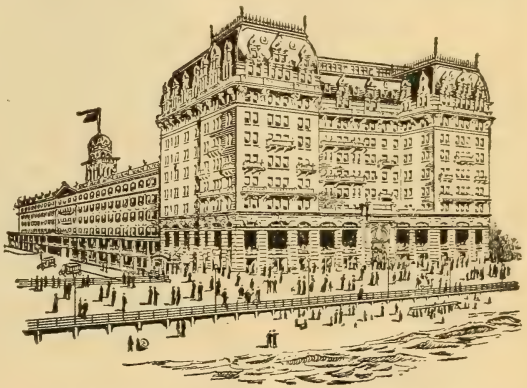
Alice Joyce	Anita Stewart
Olga Petrova	Norma Talmadge
Mary Pickford	Pearl White
William Farnum	Clara Kimball Young
Douglas Fairbanks	Theda Bara (2 poses)
Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman

and many others

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A "Cheat" on the Face of It

Fannie Ward—"The Little Cheat"—Wins Our Readers and the August Classic Cover. Bessie Barriscale at Home, in a Painting without Lettering, on the Back Cover



ALL ABOUT

Anita Stewart
Bessie Barriscale
Howard Hickman
The Sidney Drews
Margarita Fischer
Pauline Frederick

MORE ABOUT

Douglas Fairbanks
Grace Cunard
The Triangle Players
Shirley Mason
"Little Mary Sunshine"
Hundreds of Others

Twenty years ago Fannie Ward was the comedy Princess of the two Continents—the craze with English "Johnnies" and American "Charlie Boys." She married and retired. Then suddenly she performed a miracle—went into pictures and made an instantaneous hit in the highly emotional "The Cheat." Actors and managers said it couldn't be done, but "The Little Cheat" came back with a vengeance.

THE AUGUST CLASSIC

reproduces a stunning painting of Fannie Ward, by Leo Sielke, Jr., on its cover, and contains a profusely illustrated biography—the strange career of the Perennial Fannie.

The Beautiful Bessie Barriscale at Home Painting is a charming home-study of the "Little Colleen," is suitable for framing and well worth the price of the entire Classic.

"Here Comes the Bride!" Every gossip now knows that Grace Cunard was recently the star performer in a most romantic marriage—that she is now Mrs. Joseph Moore. The inside story of how she came to be led to the altar is as interesting as a thrilling feature picture. H. H. Van Loan discloses the facts in a charming news-story surcharged with the Los Angeles studio atmosphere.

"The Screen Kiss"—Edwin M. LaRoche, the veteran actor, author and playwright, is at his best in this highly amusing and instructive feature article on just what the Screen Kiss means and how it is expressed. Illustrated with fifteen kissing pictures—some especially posed.

Kings and Queens Contest—which made its bow with the Bigger and Better June Classic, was a hit from the start. A new and taking idea in Players' Contests. The votes for the screen's most beautiful, most charming and most finished player—both actor and actress—are pouring in with every mail. Each voter shares equally in the prizes. The August Classic will tell you lots of news about the Kings and Queens Contest and will give a tabulated list of the player's standing up to date.

The Classic Extra Girl Plays with Theda Bara—Miss Ethel Rosemon, our extra girl, has just finished playing in a picture with the one and only Theda. Her story holds the same absorbing and human interest as her tale of Vitagraph experiences with Peggy Hyland in the June Classic. Miss Rosemon's "Camille" story in the August Classic tells us all the hazards and chances of the extra girl.

Via Camera, Wire and Telephone—Illustrated news of the players told by the lens, 'phone and night-letter. A new, newsy and up-to-the-minute department.

All the Regular Departments Are There—A superb Rotogravure Gallery of Players, Green-room Jottings, the not-to-be-imitated Answer Man. And, for good measure, look forward to a heart-to-heart Chat with "Polly" Frederick; the "Confessions of a Scenario Reader"; "At Home with Beatriz Michelena"; "The Home Life of Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale"; eight beautiful portraits of Anita Stewart; "Filmdom's Tiniest Star—'Little Mary Sunshine,'" with the "cutest-ever" illustrations; "Kid Love Affairs," in which Margarita Fischer "'fesses up" her youthful indiscretions; Shirley Mason in a new "Daughter of Eve" dance, beautifully posed and illustrated; "Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview," some brand-new slants at the famous comedian. But why continue? Enough is as good as a feast—and the August Classic is the richest feast of Motion Picture news, views and stories ever set before a hungry reader.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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Member Audit Bureau of Circulation



By the sea, beneath the sky,
  Wand'ring on the golden beaches,
Little mermaidens I spy—
  Pretty, dripping, sunkist peaches.

By the sea, where the sunlight played,
  A *real* mermaiden, slimly fair,
Frolics with a *reel* mermaid
  With scaly fins and flowing hair.

By the sea I sit and gaze,
  And dream of the golden days gone by
When fairy mermaids spent their days
  Sporting beneath the azure sky.



Kathlyn Williams, Morosco star, has reached the zenith of her stellar career—long may it hold! Long with Selig, the number, difficulty and variety of her rôles were three of the seven wonders of the picture-stage. Her hazardous work with wild animals earned her the title of "Queen of the Jungle."



Wheeler Oakman might well earned his Thespian reputation with the Selig and Fox Companies. Six months ago Mabel Normand captured him for her leading man and now his friends are demanding his "release." "Micky" is the title of the long-expected feature.



Marguerite Snow, otherwise known as "Peggy", is one of the many protégées of Edwin Thanhouser, who has climbed to the top rung of the "star ladder." Her latest course is northward to shine in and over the Canadian Features Company, Toronto.



Earle Williams, who is distinguished by being one of the few original screen stars still holding his place in popular favor, will hereafter appear more often to his audiences in monthly photo presentations.



Cleo Madison has been on the film firing-line so long that she is camera-proof. Long a Universal star and favorite, she played her longest suite in "The Trey o' Hearts." Recently she has formed her own company.



Nell Shipman says that she isn't an actress at all—at least the studio screen is only one of her many pursuits. Short-story writer, lecturer, photo-playwright and just actress (a star, at that) are the four roads that have led her to fame.



Charles Ray, who rose to stellar honors in less than two years, has pledged himself to the Triangle "overheads" for two years more.



Miriam Cooper, whose portrayal of "The Friendless One" in "The Honor System" made first nighters sit up and take notice, is a graduate of "Kalem Film Seminary." She hails fron Baltimore, is still in her teens, and has already put her future behind her.



SOME OF THE LASKY KIDDIES IN THE SCHOOL SCENE FROM "THE TIDES OF BARNEGAT"

School at the Motion Picture Studio

By KENNETH McGAFFEY

"PLEASE, teacher, if I get my lesson quick, will you ask the director to give me a close-up?"

"I've got to go now, teacher, I'm in the next scene."

"Now, Billy, if you dont behave I'll make you go and sit with the extra children."

The above are fragments of conversation that came floating from one of the unusual schools of the country—the studio school for Motion Picture children.

The laws of the Board of Education of Los Angeles require that every child shall receive so many hours of schooling a day. This applies to all children of the school age, without exception.

The little actors and actresses of the film colony must have their hours for education, too, and whether they are busy working or not, a certain time must be devoted to study. At the majority of the studios these schools are merely temporary and employed only on the days that the children are used in the scenes, but at the Lasky studio, where several children are employed, they have school every day in the week.

Little Billy Jacobs, the clever child-actor who has appeared with Fannie Ward, Marie Doro and a number of other prominent stars, is a permanent scholar, and Peggy George, Marjorie Daw and others are compelled to report on the days they are not in their regular schools.

Each day the children have a new

schoolhouse—unoccupied sets being used for this purpose. One day school will be held in the library of a Parisian villa; the next day it may be in a room in a New York tenement-house; the next day it may be held in a Mexican hut, or in a miner's log-cabin. Again, it may be held where they are working in the children's nursery, or a village street.

Recently, for two days school was held in a fairy forest, and the children would run from their lessons to fly thru the air as little elves.

The Board of Education provides a teacher, and her salary is paid by the Lasky Company. When the children are thru with a scene they are obliged to report to the school-teacher and stay in the schoolroom and study until they are wanted again. It is no unusual sight to see the line of a spelling-class suddenly break up and the children flee from the schoolroom to answer the call, "Everybody on Mr. DeMille's set."



LASKY STUDIO CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

And unusual, too, are the pupils. A little fairy elf may be seen studying out of the same book with a ragged Mexican urchin; in private life they may be brother and sister. Pages to the king may be seen sitting on the same bench with a New York newsboy. Some crippled children from the hospital scenes, with their crutches under their arms and their bandages carefully put aside to keep clean, may be seen studying with the children from the workhouse of Oliver Twist.

The teacher has to be a versatile one, too, and familiar with the Motion Picture favorites, for many are the weird questions the childish mind is prompted to ask. No one connected with the pictures can use a technical expression with which the children are not familiar without the teacher being asked to give an explanation. She also has to be familiar with the private life of all the stars and every one, in fact, around the studio, in order to satisfactorily answer the children's questions. It is carefully instilled into their minds that an education is necessary in order to be successful Motion Picture actors and actresses, and as they all aspire to stardom, this gives them a deeper interest and enjoyment in the school.

As little Billy Jacobs put it, "I know a lot already, but I've got to know a lot more before I can be a star."

At first the Lasky Company provided the children with an equipped schoolroom. It was a quiet little building away from the rest of the studio, but the room was not convenient to the

stages, and it was found that the teacher could work to far better advantage by holding school in the unused sets. If the set represented the interior of a home in a foreign country, the teacher would require the older pupils to furnish her information on the history of that country, while she would tell the younger pupils stories of the country.

If they were studying for that day in the hut of an Italian charcoal-burner, the teacher would require the older ones to tell her something of the history of Italy and so forth, and to the younger ones she would tell some Italian story and connect the hut in which they lived with the children of that country.



LASKY KIDDIES WITH "TEACHER" BLANCHE SWEET

During the taking of the scenes of Fannie Ward's starring vehicle, "The Winning of Sally Temple," the children were employed in the streets of London during the reign of King George, and were all required to brush up on the history of that period.

It is an education in itself for an older person to walk around the studio and see these many different scenes of as many different countries, so the impression it would make on a child's mind when being temporarily transported to that country would be most helpful. When "Oliver Twist" was being filmed the teacher required the pupils to visit a number of the foreign sets, describe each, and then give a little incident in connection with the history of the country. This, of course, does not apply to little Billy Jacobs, who is still delving into the mysteries of the First Reader, but to the pupils of the higher grades.

From Spot-light to Camera-lens



Olive Thomas has forsaken the "Follies" footlights to illuminate the Ince-Triangle pictures with her dazzling versatility. As a bit of patriotic work she may do coast patrol duty, and no doubt will make a "hit" if a U-boat is ever struck by the kick at the end of either the off or near leg of her fleet-footed mount.

A Group of Breathing Marble



Photo by Hartsook

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, WHO IS HERE MIRRORED WITH HER RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND IN AN EXQUISITE STUDY IN WHITE, NO LONGER PLAYS THE PART OF LITTLE LADY LION-TAMER OF THE SELIG ZOO. SHE NOW SHINES IN STRONG, EMOTIONAL, DRAMATIC RÔLES AS A MOROSCO-PARAMOUNT STAR. "THE HIGHWAY OF HOPE" GIVES AMPLE SCOPE FOR DEMONSTRATING HER SPLENDID CAPABILITIES

Dame Fashions

FILM FAVORITES AS SEEN BY THEIR FAVORITE PASTIMES

by

D[illegible] G[illegible]

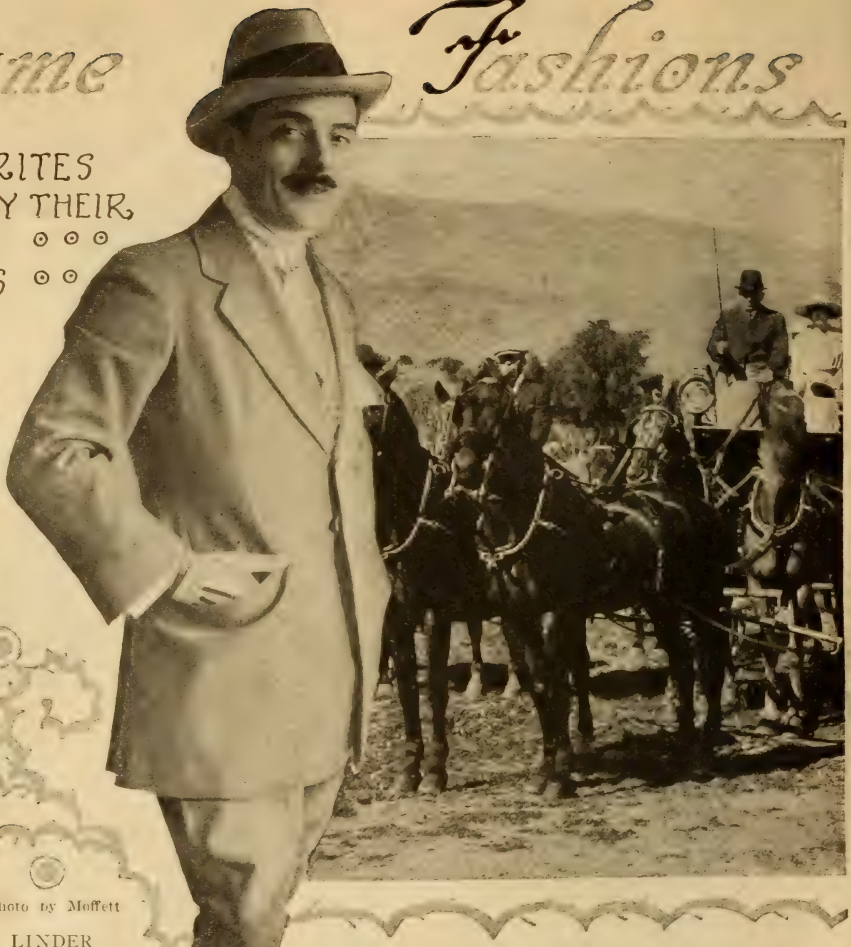


Photo by Moffett

MAX LINDER

THE good old-time music of the coach-horn has been lost along Fifth Avenue in the strident honk of the Claxson, but we still have the old by-ways and by-paths that lead us thru haunts of woodland, hill, lake and stream when the springtime calls.

Then, when every big and every little scintillating star in the deep blue dome overhead beckons, every big and every little movie star feels the call of the great big out-of-doors. Go somewhere they must! But where? Why, everywhere, of course.

"What am I going to do this summer?" (This from Dorothy Dalton, central figure in group of riders.) "Our work is mostly play when we are rehearsing scenes like this from 'Wild Winship's Widow.' What do you think of my 'jockey' riding-habit?—it was designed for comfort."

After carefully studying the graceful lines of the unique sleeveless coat, I replied: "I think, altogether, it's the most jaunty, clever cut I ever saw—a design worthy of the genius of Lucile; in a word, it has style."

Max Linder, recently seen in "Max in a Taxi," is an enthusiastic horseman and handles his mount as easily as he did his airplane somewhere in France, when, as he called it, he "biffed the Boches." The first three pictures made by Monsieur Linder in America—"Max Comes Across," "Max Wants a Divorce" and "Max in a Taxi"—have enjoyed wide popularity. Owing, however, to complications which developed from a wound suffered by Mr. Linder in the war, he will abandon, for the time being, the rigorous program to which he subjected himself.

Horoscope



VIRGINIA PEARSON

Members of the coaching party in the wonderfully photographed exterior scenes of Triangle's bright comedy, "Wild Winship's Widow," include Miss Dalton, Joe King, and other players in the group are Lillian Hayward, Rowland Lee, Alice Taaffe.

Here, too, is a stunning 1917 style in aviation toggery as forecast by a star of the movies as she appears in the sky.

Virginia Pearson has forsaken her roadster and taken to soaring with the eagle. Cant you fairly hear the scream of this latest flighty costume? Miss Pearson is a member of the famous Kentucky family—the Galloways; her mother was a descendant of the distinguished line of men who opened the trail of civilization to the Middle and Far West. Many historical spots bear the name of Galloway, commemorating the memory of the venturesome pioneers. Miss Pearson inherits that spirit, and as a sky-pilot she will have many brave followers if called upon to do her bit of aerial war scouting.

She played under Vitagraph management in 1910; returned to the stage, but came back to the screen. Since joining the Fox Film Company she has been kept busy rehearsing in California, Florida, and Fort Lee, N. J. Latest releases featuring her are "Sister Against Sister" and "A Royal Romance."

Virginia Pearson is one of America's beauties, either on or off the stage. She won her spurs in the spoken drama, and brings to the silent the same charm.

Kathlyn Williams, Morosco - Pallas - Paramount comet (she has starred in a dizzy whirl of orbits) knows as much and more about a horse than some people pretend to know, and that's saying a whole lot. I may not be a judge of horse-flesh, but I believe I know the right sort of toggery when I see it. Her artistically cut habit of fine black-and-white-stripe cheviot, with vest in white and maroon stripe; white gloves and tri-cornered hat of black straw, with band of maroon, edged in white, strikes a note of pleasing individuality.

Miss Williams has recently played opposite Theodore Roberts in "The Cost of Hatred" (Lasky); supported House Peters in "The Highway of Hope" (Morosco), and co-starred with Wallace Reid in "Big Timber."

She likes being a photo-player because she likes doing the difficult, unexpected things. Her latest ambition is to be the first successful hydro-aeroplaniste in the world. Any one who has looked into that fair Anglo-Saxon face and those fearless blue eyes can well believe that she may be accorded this unique distinction. If her eagle eye sights an undersea U-vulture, her steady hand and a well-aimed shell will do the rest, and add new laurel-leaves to this adventuresome lady's crown of glory.



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

An effective contrast to Miss Williams' habit is that of Marin Sais, who appears in this correct cross-saddle habit. Doesn't she present a charming picture? She is an enthusiastic horsewoman, and can point with pardonable pride to the many blue-blooded, blue-ribbon winners among the valuable horses of various types and ages roaming the broad, green acres of an equine paradise on her ranch in Utah.

Her favorite mount, Blue Devil, played an important rôle in a thrilling scene in "The Girl from 'Frisco," in which Miss Sais, as the heroine, arrives on horseback at the critical moment to save the persecuted girl from the crowd of dreadful villains. She is an accomplished equestrienne, and spends a great deal of her time riding 'cross country on Blue Devil. She has been a lover of horses from childhood, and organized a women's team of polo-players, composed of screen stars, to play a match game of "mounted croquet" with the famous Burlingame masculine aggregation at Coronado for the benefit of the Actors' Fund of America; one of the first volunteers to present her name to Miss Sais was Helen Gibson, whose daring riding is a feature of the "Hazards of Helen."



MARIN SAIS

Versatile Marin often quotes poetry, Kipling, Khayyam and Meredith, but her favorite lines are the oft-repeated philosophical lines of Walt Whitman: "I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained; I stand and look at them long and long; they do not sweat and whine about their condition; they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins; they do not make me sick discussing their duty to God; not one is dissatisfied; not one is demented with the mania of owning things; not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago."

Miss Sais recently featured in "The Fate of Juan Garcia," an episode of "The American Girl" (Kalem).

"Screen work," she says, "gives a player an opportunity to live at home and for study; besides, seeing oneself in Moving Pictures is the most helpful criticism an actor can have."

For a woman, the saddle, above all places, is *the* one in which absolutely correct attire is essential to an effective appearance, and here attention to detail assumes its highest importance. Olive Thomas, a famous beauty now starring in the Triangle-Ince screen productions, wears the conventional black derby. It appears to be both comfortable and becoming. A smartly tailored black broadcloth habit; black silk four-in-hand tie; white linen shirt-waist; with natty bordered mouchoir tucked in the upper left coat-pocket, and a gardenia boutonnière, complete a very neat outfit. Miss Thomas is twenty years of age, a brunette of the vivacious type, with gray eyes and golden-brown hair; unaffected, wholesome, fun-loving.



OLIVE THOMAS

BEVERLY BAYNE

Miss Beverly Bayne observes the ultimate formality of dress for the hunting-field. The silk hat is the distinguishing feature of the attire for this occasion, and the combination soft white stock and ascot gives the finishing touch.

Miss Bayne first appeared in Motion Pictures at the age of seventeen; during the past six years she has starred in "The Crimson Wing," "Graustark" and other popular Essanay productions. Later she joined Metro with Francis X. Bushman, playing opposite him in "Romeo and Juliet" and "Man and His Soul."



HELEN HOLMES

Helen Holmes and her pal, "Rocket," the horse she rode in the sensational leap in "The Girl and the Game" (Mutual). Miss Holmes is a noted equestrienne and is appropriately garbed in summer raiment. White linen habit; straw sailor, banded with dark red grosgrain; single-breasted vest of dark cardinal red madras; soft black silk bow-tie, soft turn-over "choker" collar; heavy, hand-sewn tan-colored gloves. "Rocket" has his own distinctive brow-band, white patent leather barred with red.

Miss Holmes provides new thrills in "The Railroad Raiders" series.

MAY ALLISON

May Allison, who has recently joined the American Company's forces, smiles bewitchingly from beneath the broad brim of her black straw sailor. A white piqué vest edging and soft white linen four-in-hand stock makes her picture altogether a charming study in black and white.

May Allison was born in Georgia, and, like all true Southerners, she is fond of riding a fine, high-spirited, intelligent horse. She is a talented musician and a dainty dancer. Her light golden hair, violet eyes, sweet, sunny smile and dimples register on the screen as an absolutely "ideal picture type."

As leading woman for the Yorke-Metro Company she played opposite Harold Lockwood in "Pidgin Island," "The River of Romance," "The End of the Road," "The Hidden Children" and "The Secret Spring." Prior to her entrance into the film world she played the name-part in "The Quaker Girl" and as "Beauty" in "Everywoman."

(*To be continued.*)



Fritzi Brunette, a Southern girl of Franco-American parentage, will put her Pathfinder into commission as a Red Cross ambulance for first aid to the injured if called upon to do her bit.
She is co-starring with Sessue Hayakawa (Lasky).

A Song-bird of the Films

By J. GORDON BASTEDO



Photo by Carpenter

IN London and Paris, Buenos Aires and Sydney, not to mention the forty-eight States of the Union, they know Myrtle Stedman of the Morosco Photoplay Company as a film actress of real ability. In Chicago perhaps they know her also for her rich mezzo-soprano, which gained her fame thruout the Middle West during her prima-donna days with the light-opera forces of the music-loving Whitneys. In Cañon City, Colorado, the men in State prison know her as the girl with the golden hair and the golden voice who was once kind enough to come and sing for them, anything from the "Lullaby" from Goddard's "Jocelyn" to "Tammany" and "'Way Down Upon the Suwannee Ribber." But in the fashionable Vendome Street bungalow colony out in the Wilshire district of residential Los Angeles, Myrtle Stedman is known for





Photo by Lorillard

Vendome is a little wonder-spot of trailing vines, artistic pergolas, smart, well-kept lawns, and great, deep bungalow porches, delightfully roomy and comfortable. It is a place of homes. Its life is homelike. Its women prefer their homes to the mezzanines of the cafés downtown. Too, it makes one's heart warm to this young girl, who, for all her busy professional career, is yet woman enough to find her real delight in working at the old-fashioned arts of the kitchen.

Any time of the day Miss Stedman's telephone is apt to ring. "Yes?" she answers in her musical voice, probably having left her piano to come to the telephone. It turns out to be Mrs. Standing, over at "206," who would like Miss Myrtle to please be so good as to give her that recipe for Raisin Whip? Or it may be the lady down the street at "227," and would Myrtle please tell her how to make the ripe olive sandwiches that had the splendid dressing? She is expecting cousins from Santa Monica, and she wants something a little something far beyond these things. In a word, her fame is wafted to the four corners of the earth, carried on the four winds of heaven, all because of her "Butter-scotch Pie."



MYRTLE STEDMAN IS AN EXPERT WITH DRIVER AND LOFTING-IRON

extra for tea. Or one of the girls at "217" simply must have a little advice on a roast of lamb.

So it goes the whole day long, except that these particular days most of the requests are for "that Butter-scotch Pie." There would be no more sense in attempting to describe it than in painting the lily. Let it speak for itself, and for those with imagination like that of the mechanical man who can "see" a thing by reading the blue-print, the famous Myrtle Stedman recipe is herewith submitted:

Butter-scotch Pie

1 cup brown sugar, 2 rounding tablespoons of butter, 2 rounding tablespoons of flour, yolks of 2 eggs, and 1 cup of milk. Cream brown sugar, butter and flour together. Mix eggs and milk together and heat to boiling. Remove from fire and pour over the sugar, butter and flour. Mix all together and let come to a boil until thick. Pour into crust, which has been browned; beat whites of eggs and spread over top, adding a little sugar.

Viewing it dispassionately, it seems to be some considerable fame



Photo by Hartsook

to which Miss Myrtle has been daintily ascending by means of this ladder of crisp, well-shortened pie-crust, the ladder itself firmly grounded



AND IS ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS ON THE LOS ANGELES LINKS

upon the foundation of a hundred other delicious recipes.

Viewing it thru Miss Myrtle's own eyes, it seems quite as attractive a fame, too. With all the rest of us, she likes to have people like her. It pleases her that people have said so many complimentary things of her work in photoplays. It pleases her that the Chicago musical critics called her work at the Whitney Opera House "a grand-opera success." But, despite all this, Miss Myrtle frankly confesses her one big, honest, hope-to-die achievement, in her own estimation, is "having my own little home," and she confesses that deep down in her heart she is pleased the most when people telephone her for her recipe or praise "that Butterscotch Pie."

Miss Stedman was born in Chicago, and educated there. Her father was a business man and an old soldier. Her mother was a singer of note, and Miss Stedman seems to have inherited her voice. She had the advantage of a musical education, studied elocution and voice-culture. "I am the youngest," she was once heard to tell, "the baby of the family—spoiled—but I am glad I was. It is nice to be the youngest and be petted and fussed over. I had a jolly girlhood, and altho I was a bad scholar generally, I was devoted to music, and my parents had me specially trained for the operatic stage."

During Miss Stedman's school-days, when she was only twelve years old, she did a solo dance with the Whitney Opera Company in Chicago, Aubrey Boucicault, Grace Golden, R. E. Graham and Hughey Dougherty being with the company at that time. Then Myrtle's father became interested in mining, and they moved to a little mining town in Colorado. It was called Black Hawk. There they built a big log cabin, about eight miles from the town, and finished it with redwood inside, furnishing it comfortably, having some real Indian rugs on the floor.

"I have never lived in a place that I loved more," she once confessed; "and we were in such a wonderful location, too, ten thousand feet above sea-level, almost at the foot of James' Peak, which is higher than Pike's Peak, upon whose crest the snow never melts. We were right in the heart of the Rockies, with the white peaks all around, and range after range of hills stretching out until the clouds met them. I used to love to climb so that I could get a view of Clear Creek Cañon with its tumbling waters winding in and out until they met the plains, and I could see the city of Denver in the far distance. In winter the snows were almost impassable at times. I learnt to walk on snow-shoes there. We still own the log cabin and have a caretaker there, and some day I mean to go back and don divided skirts and ride and climb and ski to my heart's content. I kept up my singing, and used to practice in the open, and I often used to sing to the miners as they sat around smoking their pipes after the day's work was over. Oh, I could talk about the mountains all day long."

We will pass on to Cañon City, in Colorado, where Miss Stedman went on several occasions to sing to the convicts at the penitentiary. You know they have a wonderful chief warden at Cañon City, who puts the men on their honor and gets them to work on the roads, and the men worship him there. He always welcomed Miss Stedman's visits, and allowed her to talk to some of the men. She loved to sing to them, and got into the way of going up on Sundays, when they would choose their hymns. They seemed always to want her to sing "The Holy City." "What a wonderful audience they made, with their upturned, earnest faces!" described Miss Stedman when telling of these little episodes. "I sang to them as I never sang before or since, and when they all joined in the hymn, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee,' it was the most impressive sight I can recall. No one can make me believe many of those men are really bad; they have made mistakes, that is all."

Several of the convicts made presents to Myrtle, and one of them gave her a beautiful bridle, made of hair and mounted with silver. He used to sell them for from fifty to a hundred dollars.

Myrtle Stedman returned to Chicago and settled down for a long time to serious operatic work, and again joined the Whitney Opera Company among others, and was on the road for a long time as prima donna, and sang in a big

variety of parts, both in opera, comic-opera and musical-comedy, and in between-times sang on the concert platform. Miss Stedman got terribly tired of the traveling, and so decided to go into Motion Pictures.

When Myrtle Stedman comes into the room, it is like a breath of air from the country, because she is so wholesome and frank—her smile is so friendly, and her whole-souled laugh rings true. At first sight one would take her to be a trimly dressed schoolgirl, who has just come in from a frolic in the hills. She has big blue eyes, the color of which does not show in the photograph or on the screen.



STUDIO CHILDREN ARE ALL DOLLED UP AS FAIRIES AND PRINCESSES ONLY IN THE FILMS. OUR GRAFLEX-MAN SNEAKED UP ON LITTLE KATHERINE AND JANE LEE AND "SNAPPED" THEM BETWEEN SCENES, MAKING MUD-PIES—WHICH SHOWS THAT THEY AREN'T SUPERHUMAN, AFTER ALL

When the Drews Went South

By PEARL GADDIS

(Photos by National)

THE scene was the dining-room of the Hotel Mason, in Jacksonville, Florida. Be it known, then, that the Hotel Mason is the Mecca of South-bound picture-players. It's the nearest approach to the "White Lights of Lil' Ole New York," and yet there is an air of genial, Southern hospitality that makes it delightfully homey.

The stage having been set, we pass on to the principals. He was dressed in Southern winter attire—which is to say, white trousers, black dinner-coat and so on. She was stunningly dressed in an evening frock of black chiffon and lace, over black satin, properly adorned. And the atmosphere fairly blossomed with peace on earth, good will toward men.



"I'M NOT CROSS—I'M BLISSFULLY HAPPY," HE SNAPPED

And then it happened! A tall, good-looking youth, a juvenile leading-man with a very famous stage-star making her first bow in the movies, came up, greeted the two as old friends, and then asked the lady to dance. With no more ado, they swung off across the polished floor. They danced beautifully together, and with a quite evident enjoyment.

The husband—whom we now introduce to you as Sidney Drew, jovial "Henry" of a score or more Metro comedies—glowered after them, furious with jealousy. Hang it all! she had no business deserting him to dance with that good-looking young whipper-snapper. What if he did work in the same studio with them in New York? What if he had been invited to dinner at the Drew apartment, and to the summer home at Sea Gate? That was no reason why he should kidnap Mr. Drew's wife, in so summary a manner, was it? And he answered his own question—it wasn't!

Mrs. Drew, flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling with the pleasure of the dance, came back with her escort, whom she invited to join "Sidney and me" for the rest of dinner—since said dinner had reached the salad course before the dance. Her husband remained morose and taciturn thru the rest of the meal, paying no attention to attempts to arouse him. He also neglected a most excellent salad and dessert, and swallowed his coffee at a gulp, finding it so hot that the tears sprang involuntarily to his eyes, and he felt the steam rising from his mistreated throat. This he piled as a fresh grievance at the door of the graceless young scamp who had danced with his wife—most unjustly, of course, but who ever knew a jealous husband to be just? It simply isn't being done, that's all!

When the salad was removed, another dance was suggested—and executed. Mrs. Drew was positively sparkling with joy of the dance. Furthermore, her cavalier was almost too good-looking, and an excellent dancer. And what woman, no matter how faithful she may be to her husband, fails to feel a little

thrill when dancing with the best-looking man in the room, who is also one of the best dancers?

"What's the matter, Sidney dear?" she asked, returning from her dance, laying a soft hand on his. "The tooth again?"

"Gru-um-mph!" protested Sidney—at least, that's as near as I can express in words the unintelligible growl with which he answered.

"Poor Sid," commiserated Mrs. Drew. Then she turned to their guest, explaining. "Poor old Sid has a pet tooth that drives him wild sometimes, but he wont have it out."

Just then the negro orchestra, whose souls are tuned to rag-time, struck up "Then My Sweet Tooth Starts Botherin' Me," and Mrs. Drew and the guest laughed delightedly at the coincidence. After this, a fox-trot so delectable that no one who loves to dance could resist it, struck up, and without a word the abominable, conceited, egotistical popinjay (the words are Mr. Drew's) rose and held out his arms to Mrs. Drew. And off they danced again. When they returned, Mr. Drew was on his feet, receiving the check from his waiter and handing him a bill.

"We are going, my dear," he stated. His wife was startled, but after one look at him she turned to the young man and told him how much she had enjoyed the dance. He thanked her, quite nicely, with a well-turned phrase, for the pleasure she had given him.

"Poor Sidney doesn't dance," she added.

"No, but 'poor Sidney' is going to learn," snarled her husband, privately and mentally.

Afterwards, in their own room, he faced her with an angry word about her having made a spectacle of herself and her husband by dancing three times with "that young ass."

"Oh, but, Sidney," she protested, "he dances so beautifully."

"Yes, I suppose so," he snarled; "you women would forgive a man for throttling little babies with a pink ribbon if they were sufficiently ornamental and 'danced well.'"

And he turned his back to her, lest her appealing beauty make him forget his outraged and insulted manhood and husbandhood (again the words are his).

"Ah, but, Sidney dear, dont be cross," she begged, her voice honey-sweet, her eyes tender, as she looked at this big-man spoiled-boy of hers.

"I'm not cross—I'm perfectly happy," he snapped. She said nothing, and he turned to her suddenly. "Ah, darling,



"PROMISE ME YOU WONT DANCE ANY MORE WITH ANY ONE EXCEPT ME," HE BEGGED

I'm jealous of him—I'm jealous of every good-looking boy that you dance with. Promise me you wont—you promise me that you wont dance with any of them any more? I'll take dancing-lessons just as soon as we get back to New York, and I'll go with you to Rector's, Church-



AND THUS WAS PEACE RESTORED

ill's, Murray's—some place to dance every night—if I die from it."

She hesitated a moment, thinking. Then she turned quickly.

"I promise on condition that you wont be angry or cross any more," she answered. "And the tooth?"

"It was the tooth of jealousy gnawing at my heart," he answered, sentimentally.

Mr. Drew turned the last page of my contribution, while I sat watching him with palpitating heart. He grinned as he reached the end, and my heart dared to creep out of hiding and rose suffocatingly to my throat. "Come in, dear," he called. "Mrs. Drew's dressing-room is next to mine," he said, in answer to my look of surprise, "and it's a wonder she hasn't been in before to see who is here and why I am so quiet."

"Now, Sidney," protested Mrs. Drew from the doorway, thru which I caught heavenly glimpses of blue and gold, "you know I'm not curious about your callers, but I surely am glad to meet this one."

"Read this," he said with a chuckle, and while Mrs. Drew, her face expressing surprise, mirth and appreciation, read my "attempt," "Sidney" gave me his verdict. He looked at Mrs. Drew and chuckled.

"Make a corking magazine story," he suggested. And my heart dropped to my boots and I walked on it. "Not enough action for a photoplay. Also been done before. But you have our permission to submit it to—say, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, as a sort of interview. And Mrs. Drew and I will pose for three special photographs to illustrate it, if you like."

I thanked him and rose to go.

"We are sorry," said Mrs. Drew, with her friendly smile, "but we are glad you came to see us, and do try again."

"And I do dance—but I'm not going to tell you how long I have known how!" was his Parthian shot, as I managed to squeeze into the elevator. And the last I saw of him he was telling Mrs. Drew a very funny story.

A Conditional Acceptance

(Apologies to Mr. Tennyson)

By HARRY V MARTIN

"Pray, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I go to be screened, kind sir," she said.
"And may I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you want to," she simply said.

"I, too, am an actor, my pretty maid."
"We'll play together, kind sir," she said.
"And then may I marry you, pretty maid?"
"Yes—in the pictures—kind sir," she said.

Good Pals in Bad Footage



MARJORY WILSON AND CHARLES GUNN

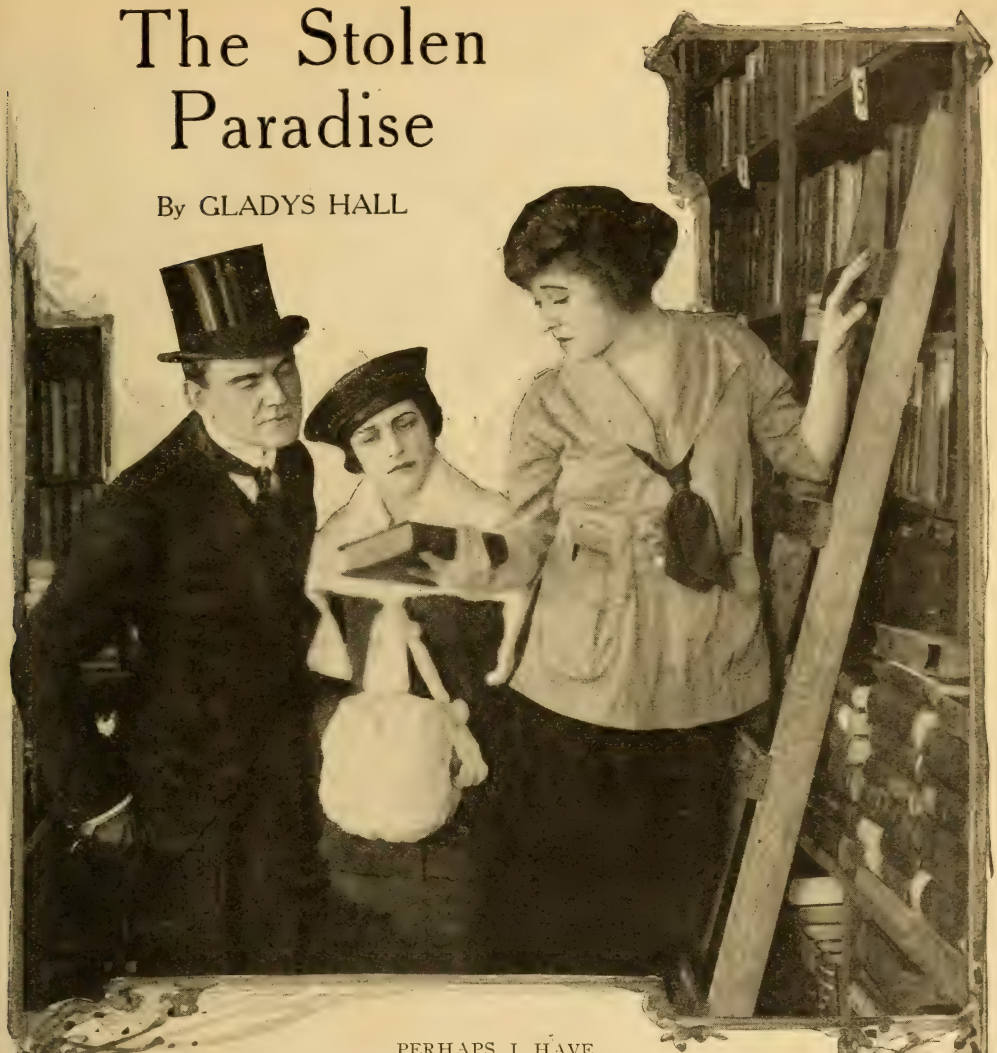
Marjory Wilson registered a bull's-eye hit playing opposite William S. Hart in "The Desert Man," but that is no reason why she should be caught in gumbo-soil in her high-heeled slippers. She was out on location with another "Triangular," Charlie Gunn, and if the footage in the camera magazine was excellent, that underfoot was all shot to pieces. Marjory, of course, balked at walking back to the waiting auto—"it simply couldn't be did," but Charlie Gunn proved what a good pal he was by playing the part of a pack-burro. A friend's camera caught the rescue-act, and here we have a "Moving Picture" of a lady in distress, that was never meant to be "shot" nor shown.



ENID BENNETT, THE AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY STARRING IN "HAPPINESS" (INCE-TRIANGLE), IS AN EXPONENT OF ANIMATION. SHE PREFERS HER FRENCH "BULLY" TO THE STOLID BOSTON AND ENGLISH TYPES

The Stolen Paradise

By GLADYS HALL



PERHAPS I HAVE
LIVED TOO MUCH AMONG BOOKS

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1917.

Oh, Joan, martyr maid of yesteryear, redeem thou me . . . from death by torture . . . at the stake of Love!

I MADE that prayer to you this morning, dear patron saint, because I feel a curious kinship with you—partly because I bear your brave name, perhaps—partly because you fared forth to die for love of country, and I—fare forth to die for love of man. A living death, perchance—a million crucifixions in an hour. I have no adequate reason for this fear, only the white, chill finger of Premonition, only the fact that as I looked upon Love's face today mine eyes were blinded, all the world grew dark, and I shook, there in the warm sunshine, as tho with cold. It must be something the same when mortal looks on God. One yearns to Him, yet is affrighted at His utter gloriousness—is *sore* affrighted at the abysmal chasms of pain the lack of Him could make, once having seen. That—that lack—must be the pictured Hell.

Perhaps I have lived too much among books—have lived too wholly with vast loves, loves that blot out the world as tho a Hand were laid across a silly, scribbled page. Mother has told me, "You will come to grief, Joan—this life laughs a

clown's laughter at the dreamer." And Dad has looked at me and shaken his head. I suspect Dad of deep dreams, too —dreams that sound still echoes in his heart. And so because I believe—sensationally, no doubt—that I am on the threshold of my heart's Gethsemane, I am going to keep this record of it all. And I shall dip my pen, perhaps, into the inkwell of my heart, and write it down in blood. Somewhere I read a little verse:

> Deep where some buried Cæsar lies
> Blooms there a blood-red flower;
> Out of the soul's Gethsemane—
> The resurrection hour!

But let me particularize. He has come into Dad's shop often to buy books. Always I have liked his selection. Many times I have helped him, and even suggested. Once, the second time he came, he told me that he writes — plays and novels—deep ones, of course. I gasped, and he laughed. Always after he left I would feel tingly all over—and so *strange,* so *different* — glad, and sad, and very far and still. The third time he came he told me that he had taken the rooms over our shop. After that I never *stopped* feeling different. With every breath, with every fiber, with every littlest particle of me I was *conscious* of him. And the consciousness stung me, and *smote* me. Yet I didn't want it to stop. Now I know that it never will. The fourth time he came he told me his name—David Clifton. I have kist each separate letter in my heart. And I wrote "*Mrs.*" David Clifton all over my books and pads, and Dad's check-book, and mother's monogramed Sunday-best stationery. And mother only laughed, and said she was glad to see that I *could* act silly like a normal girl of eighteen, but Dad looked at my eyes and shook his head. Later I heard him tell mother that I looked as tho altar fires were burning in my eyes.

And today—today when he came—it was the fifth time—there was a broad sun-path streaming down the aisle of the shop, and on each dim side the books. All at once, as I watched him from my remote corner, he wasn't just a very charming man—he wasn't a playwright—a laureled genius—he wasn't even David Clifton. He was *Love*—sheer, positive *Love.* Love that stabbed thru me to the deep, clean places—the forever before unplumbed places. All my shallows were ruffled, and all my deeps disturbed.

And so Love came to me.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1917.

Already I am ascending the Mount—already the chill finger of that premonition I spoke about last month has become a full-fledged hand, holding my own till I am numbed and tense. Love is going to tear me, and mangle and rend me. I am going to burn at Love's stake even as the long-ago Joan burnt. Love is going to place upon my brow a crown of thorns. Yet I shall willingly crush the thorns into my flesh—and love the agony.

Some one has said "the woman pays," but if she does, she pays for a keen poignancy—an ultimate ecstasy—a paradise divinely worth the paying. *David Clifton is not going to love me!* He doesn't love me now.

For all this week I have thrown about him the purple of my love. Purple is for pain. Between the pages of the books I loan him—books he cannot well afford to buy—I press rare flowers for his rare delight—surprise flowers—fragrant ones —flowers that seep into his senses as the thought-fragrances seep into his brain.

Sometimes I enclose a little, anonymous note. Just abstractions — about love — and high things—and dreams. He does not suspect me, I think. Often I believe that he is already unaware of me—that I possess no *essence* for him. That belief is one of my thorns. Unrequited love!—it is the cross on which many and many a woman has been nailed. Somehow, Love and the Crucifixion bear always a

Cast of characters of this play as produced by the World Film Company:

Joan	Ethel Clayton
David Clifton	Edward Langford
Katharine Lambert	Tina Nesbit
Kenneth Brooks	George MacQuarrie
Dr. Crawley	Robert Forsythe
Basil Cairns	George Cowl
Jonathan Merrifield	Lew Hart

strange anomaly in my mind—because, I think, the Crucifixion came of the divinest love of all.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1917.

I am very far up the Mount. David has altar fires in *his* eyes now. But they are not lit for me—nor guarded and tended as he would guard and tend them. They burn there for my Cousin Katharine. David dear, the humanness of you loves her—those gray, those dear, material eyes of yours. Yet I had hoped that you would see with truer, inner sight.

Katharine is dear—and lovely beyond words to look upon. But I cannot believe that she would care even for you, my Shining One. You know, you are slightly threadbare, dear—and your hair is all restless and tousled—and often I know with a pang that you are stretching the pennies a long, long way.

Katharine's creed of love is this—the multi-forked tongue of a Swinburne with the touch of a Midas. She could not eat black bread, dear Love, to keep the White Flame burning. I cannot really describe her to you—in spirit we are so alien.

Only, I fear for you—that you love her overmuch.

I saw the *dawning* expression on your face that day you saw her first, a week ago. After she drove away, smiling back at you, I saw the wondering, *marveling* look. You turned to me, and simply said, "Who is she?" I said, "My cousin" —and you walked away. You did not ask her name. You did not care. And after you had gone, I, like a flagellant of old, tore wounds into my flesh, remembering the dawning and the wondering in your eyes.

SUNDAY, JULY 1, 1917.

My heart's Gethsemane!

How rude and raw and quivering we are when Love is lord of us! I sit here today, shaking, and sick, and rudderless on a sea of fear and passion, terror and remorse.

Over my little study David Clifton's restless pace is silent. I strain my ears, but his mutterings are stilled. I feel as tho I were a lone thing—a sentient, palpitant thing in an utter vacuum.

David Clifton is in the hospital. He lies in a darkened room, with a bandage over his eyes. I could scream when I think of his eyes.

Katharine, for whom—how gladly!—he ventured his life, is accepting the million-dollar proposal of Millionaire Kenneth Brooks. I am trying to get *down* to the thing.

I had two tickets given me—by Katharine—for a masquerade. One of them I sent to David. I enclosed with the ticket a little note saying that he must come as Romeo, and that he must seek his Maid of Mystery—she who had sent him the flowers and the notes.

Straight as a plummet, thru the motley, swirling, pressing crowd he came—to Katharine.

Oh, my soul, how you counted time then!

"Maid of mystery mine!" he murmured in her ear; yet, low as he said it, it smote my ear like a bell, clear and somber.

She looked at him with her Lorelei eyes—she who had flirted with him, played with him, bent to him.

"I do not know you," she said distinctly; then added curtly—"nor care to."

He was so hurt. So hurt in the man-part of him and the boy-part of him. So hurt to the quick in his bright pride and young, green love. I watched him, motherwise.

I watched him furtively all the rest of the evening—a dull, gray, aching evening for him and me. He made a gallant Romeo, and there were ready Juliets galore. But for him the zest of things had died. And in all he said and did there labored *effort*.

I knew that he wanted to go, and *couldn't*.

He clung to the rim of her presence, as I to his.

Then came the explosion.

It was like the first sharp, crackling, blinding lightning, after an ominous period of sullen murkiness.

All at once, the gay and motley crew—the Pierrots and Pierrettes, the Harlequins and Columbines—all the lightsome "comiques"—became wild, frantic tragedies. A new guest had arrived, and, despite smoke and flame, confusion and hysteria, all recognized him. He was

the Fear of Death. Shrill above all other strident cries, I heard Katharine's terror. It was not a pretty thing. It was so *craven.*

David passed me. "Please!" I said.

I was wedged in behind some chairs, precariously.

He glanced at me, but I saw at once that I did not penetrate his consciousness. And I did not try again. He had heard Katharine's cry; had glimpsed her stricken face.

He saved her. He got to her thru veritable brimstone and fire. And, lest he miss her in passing, he kept his eyes wide open, flayed his living flesh, and rescued her.

Today he learns his doom. Deep in my soul I pray the prayer of creation, "Let there be light."

MONDAY, JULY 2, 1917.

David is blind!

Quite blind! The sight has fled from those gray eyes that faced the world with such a shining hope. The altar fires are quenched, as by a sacrilege.

He asked yesterday to see Katharine. The nurse told me. He did not know her name, but he described her, and said that I would know. She refused to see him. "Hospitals make me sick," she complained, "and I never *asked* him to save me. And Kenneth doesn't want me visiting sick men, anyway."

"David Clifton is *blind,*" I told her sternly, "for your sake. Your 'Thank you!' will not be too great a largesse."

Katharine resorted to tears.

Then she was seized with an inspiration. "*You* see him," she exclaimed, "and pretend to be *me.* He will not know. And it will make him happy."

That last won me. I would assume any individuality to make David happy.

And it did make him happy. "There is a light," he murmured to me, holding my hand in his feverish one, "that is not *of* the eyes."

Blind eyes! Blind eyes!

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1917.

I am going to steal Heaven!

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1917.

I could not write more than that last night. The stupendousness of it overwhelmed me—made all things futile. I had to be alone in the dark—quite alone with the meaning of things. It is *very* stupendous—to steal Heaven. And I am going to steal it. I am going to cheat for it, lie for it, dissemble for it, suffer for it. *But I am going to have it.* If I must see God's face and die—so be it. I am going to marry David Clifton. I am going to give to him the soul that is mine, the heart of mine, the loyalty and faith. If he can love all these, then is not the flesh the lesser thing? *He thinks that I am Katharine.*

When he kisses me he kisses, in his mind, Katharine's lips. The eyes he draws close, and still closer, are Katharine's eyes. The sun-gold of my hair is tawny-brown, he thinks. I move, an ardent thing, in Katharine's form; I tenant Katharine's earthly home by proxy; I drive a bitter bargain for my meed of joy.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1918.

I have stolen Heaven! . . . .

I am sitting here in this golden September sunlight, typing David's latest play. It is going to be successful, as the past five or six have been. Beside me is our baby son—Baby David. Verily, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. David has learnt to read the baby's face by touching it. I taught him how, painting with mother-love each tiny feature as my husband's fingers rested on it. He suffered so when the baby was first born. He knelt beside the bed, his sightless eyes upturned. And only what he terms the 'white wings of my arms' brought him solace, and the little, intimate touch-system I inaugurated. Now we are radiantly happy.

Katharine has married Kenneth Brooks and gone to live in Montana. By her marriage the old family mansion, with its wide lawns and massive oaks and memoried halls, has come to me. And here are we domiciled. And here has come heaven to earth.

So twin are we in spirit and in mind, so fraught and bound together are our hearts, that my colossal theft is quiet in my soul.

And David is like a child with his success. He has written three books, and they are sensations in the better sense of the word. They make people *think* and *feel* and *grow*. He has written two dramas, and they are equally successful. David Clifton has become a name to conjure with.

I type all his work for him—suggest tiny things to him now and then—help him enormously, he declares. But that is his dear love speaking. If ever its voice were mute . . .

Next week I am going away from him for a month—for the very first time since the minister placed his ring on my finger and he turned so eagerly to kiss—Katharine's lips.

That thought would be my madness did I not, at every step, *deny it*. I am going on the road with the new play to see exactly how it is taken by the public.

Always I must be eyes for David.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1918.

O Heaven, Heaven, how dearly art thou bought!

I came home today after my month on the road. The home-bound train moved tortoise-fashion to my impatient heart. I quivered like a young aspen at thought of David's touch. My mind raced ahead in anticipation of how many dear delights! I longed for my infant son too, but mostly—mostly for David, who is all my tenderness, all my hunger, all of desire that in me is.



"THERE IS A LIGHT," HE MURMURED TO ME, HOLDING MY HAND IN HIS FEVERISH ONE, "THAT IS NOT OF THE EYES." BLIND EYES! BLIND EYES!

I laughed aloud as I entered the wide, flower-filled hall. It was glowing with massed yellow.

Upstairs, in his den, I thought I heard David echo my laughter. I heard my son coo. Then there came footsteps—quick, sure steps. A man's steps—*David's steps*. I stood, white and still, till he bounded down the stairs, awkwardly, eagerly. He had a framed

picture in his hand. It was Katharine's picture, and, with the strange eye for detail of the suffering mind, I saw it was all blurry with kisses.

Instinctively I threw back my head and raised my face—my strained, white face—to his. The last light of the martyr flared, torch-like, in my eyes.

He was simply staring at me, staring and staring and staring—just relentlessly staring. I knew that one of us must speak.

"Yes, it is I," I said.

"I thought—I believed—I—*you!*"

He could barely articulate. Pity for him stirred in me—that he should, in his extremity, have been deceived. Yet, if deceived, he had been happy, too.

I pitched my voice so low he had to bend to hear me. I whispered to him the illimitable glory of my love—I confessed. Then I waited—for absolution, or penance. Heaven's thief was caught.

"This," I cried to myself as I waited, trapped in his silence—"this is the unbearable moment!"

With a second-sight I penetrated his silence—his thought of our past year. He conned it with his senses and his mind. I knew that my tendernesses called to him; I knew that our intimate hours pleaded with him. He had looked on our small son's face.

And then he held out both his arms.



AND HERE HAS COME HEAVEN TO EARTH

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1918

Paradise Lost!

I keep intoning that over and over again in my heart. I am being driven out of Paradise—by an angel with a flaming sword. The angel has



INSTINCTIVELY I THREW BACK MY HEAD AND RAISED MY FACE

Katharine's face and form. In stress I always generalize. And that is no way to record facts. Nevertheless, I am being driven out of Paradise—the Paradise of David's love; driven out slowly but surely—inch by inch. I am fighting my eviction. But my weapons seem blunt and dull. They are old and worn and futile. Very soon the gate of Eden will swing to, and I shall be barred out.

Thus slowly I am mounting to Gethsemane's summit.

Katharine came back a fortnight ago. She and Kenneth are going to live in town. She is more beautiful than ever—mellowly, glowingly so.

In the largesse of my love I wanted David and her to be *friends*.

And I have asked her often to our home.

She sees David in a different light now.

David Clifton, famous novelist, moneyed, envied, courted and flattered, is a very different matter from threadbare, shabby David Clifton, living obscurely on his fool's dream of her—masked shabbily as the trillionth Romeo, or lying

sightless on his bed of pain. She seems miraculously to have forgotten the shabbiness and poverty. She seems, somehow, to assume the attitude that this—that David—is her one, true Romance—that I defrauded her. And, knife-like, it is reaching me that he believes the same.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1918

Today Kenneth Brooks came to me in a white rage. He quite forgot himself—completely forgot me. In a veritable frenzy he told me that he knew Katharine was visiting David almost daily in a studio he has taken in town since her return, and that he had seen them at luncheon this very day, lost to all outer things in an obscure corner of a café.

I tried to reassure him. I made dismal boast of the dependability of David. My hollow reiterations fell on unconvinced ears. Poor Kenneth departed, still frenzied.

When David came home I confronted him. One cannot cringe on Gethsemane. And tho I stole Heaven, I pray that I may return it fittingly.

"Yes, it is true," he told me, cornered. "God help us all, Joan, it *is* true. I love her. I cant help it. I cant get away from—from the spell of her. It has been that way from the first. Her face illumined my darkness; her eyes shone thru it, and lighted up my soul."

I left him before he tortured me again. Up in the baby's room I fainted. It was a merciful respite.

One pays, and pays, and pays for Paradise.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1919

It is all over. The gate is closed. The pinnacle is scaled. Over—the bloody sweat, the bitterest cup. Over—or just beginning?

For nearly a month Katharine and David were constantly together. He lived at home, but we rarely saw each other, and never spoke. Around my temples the gold of my hair turned white. The altar fires in my eyes went out, and horrid, long dead ashes showed instead. As one would fight an angel or a beast, I fought my unconquerable love. I downed it. I shamed it. I mocked and defied it. And it lived—it lived by its very pain. It had—it has—eternal life.

Then, smashingly, came the climax.

One morning, two days ago, my dear old doctor-friend, Beethoven Crawley, came to me. His every line held a trouble and a reluctant grief for me.

"Joan," he asked me, "haven't things been going—right?"

He brought me into existence, soothed and medicined every baby pain and pang, tended David in his blindness, ushered my wee David into being. I *had* to give him my truth.

"No," I said, haltingly, for any mention of my tragedy came from my mute deeps—"no, dear; things have been very, very far from—right."

"Do you know," he pursued—cruelly, it seemed—"where Katharine Brooks is now?"

"She is doubtless with David," I forced from between my teeth—"in his studio."

"Then, my child," the old doctor said swiftly, "you must make all haste there. I have just left poor Kenneth Brooks. I came upon him reading a half-written letter in his wife's handwriting. The recipient proper you may surmise. Before I made known my presence he had loaded a revolver and pocketed it. He looked — like business. If I were you——"

I did not wait to hear more. I did not know for which of the two Kenneth Brooks meant his pitiful revenge; neither of them must meet it.

On my way to David's studio I did not think. One *can* stop thinking, in straits. But they are the most desperate straits of all. I knew that I must be numb for what I was about to encounter, else the sight would deal me my mortal wound—would hurl me from my balance.

The studio was dim. It was exquisitely toned in peacock blue and greens, with odd purples and dulled silver. The floors were black. Incense stifled the air, and in the grate a fire almost died. In the faint, fitful light their two heads almost touched. Their voices almost merged.

My heart's Gethsemane!

"David!" I called sharply. "Katharine!" They started guiltily. David went white, but Katharine burned to shamed and sullen red. I didn't give them any

chance to speak. I was afraid of what their speech might be.

Hastily I told them what Dr. Crawley had told me. "No such thing must happen," I commanded. All at once I was the dominant one. "There are others to consider. There is my little son. Hide at once, Katharine, and I will take your place!"

When Kenneth's too quick footsteps sounded on the stairs I was leaning close to David—taking Katharine's place; and



KATHARINE BURNED TO SHAMED AND SULLEN RED

as I leaned there, saving him again, as I had saved him countless times before—from himself, from hurt love, from loneliness, obscurity, despair—I knew that I never could save him again after this. I knew that the *will* had gone. I had given beyond all giving, and he had counted it not enough. Now—if ever there should be a now again—it must be he who gives. He must bring *me* the solace and the balm, the sunshine and the joy. He must pull out the crucifying nails from my too tortured flesh. Beyond giving, one must be given to.

Love had not died, but it seemed to me as tho a radiant, living, glowing thing of tint and flesh and blood had turned to stone. It stood there still—quiescent—waiting.

Kenneth Brooks burst—literally *burst*—in upon us. "Hullo, Ken!" I greeted coolly. "Some tea with us? Why look so astounded?"

"I thought," he stammered, only half convinced, "Katharine—a letter——"

I managed to look offended—that part wasn't so hard. Shame at the part I was being forced to play burned my cheeks. "See here," I said sharply, "if you dont stop sowing discord in this family by accusing my husband, *I'm* going to do something radical. As for that old letter you've got, *I* put Katharine up to writing that to David. You've been acting so very odd of late that Katharine thought you had stopped caring, and *I* told Kath-

arine to write that letter, have you see it, and bring you to your senses. Evidently the ruse has worked."

Poor Kenneth! Poor, simple boy, with all his millions! He apologized profusely. We forgave him, hypocritically, and he departed. By a certain flatness of a peacock drapery I knew that Katharine had slunk out before him. After they had both gone there was a long, keen silence. I knew that David



WE WENT UPSTAIRS TOGETHER TO SEE BABY

was looking at me. I knew, too, that he was seeing—really *seeing*—me for the first time. I felt drawn—drawn into his being. I was tired, tho. It seemed to be too late.

All at once he was on his knees beside me, with his head on my knees. He was sobbing out broken things. I closed my eyes inertly. He sat there for a long, long time, just holding me. I felt that he was living that moment I had lived in our book-shop when I had looked on love. I tried to be glad, but I was too weary, too tired.

After a while we went home. David said little. He valued silence and the depths of my knowing.

We went together to see Baby David for the first time in weeks. Dr. Crawley was still there, talking to nurse. I turned to David—to the question in his eyes. "You must go away for a year," I said. "I must be—alone. At the end of that time you may come—home—if you can bring—Love—with you."

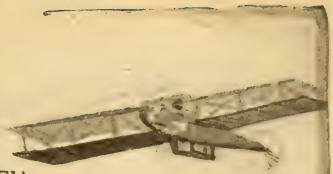
And so, he has gone.

Oh, Joan, martyr maid of yesteryear, redeem thou me . . . from death by torture . . . at the stake of Love!

The Why of the Tankless Film

By
HI SIBLEY



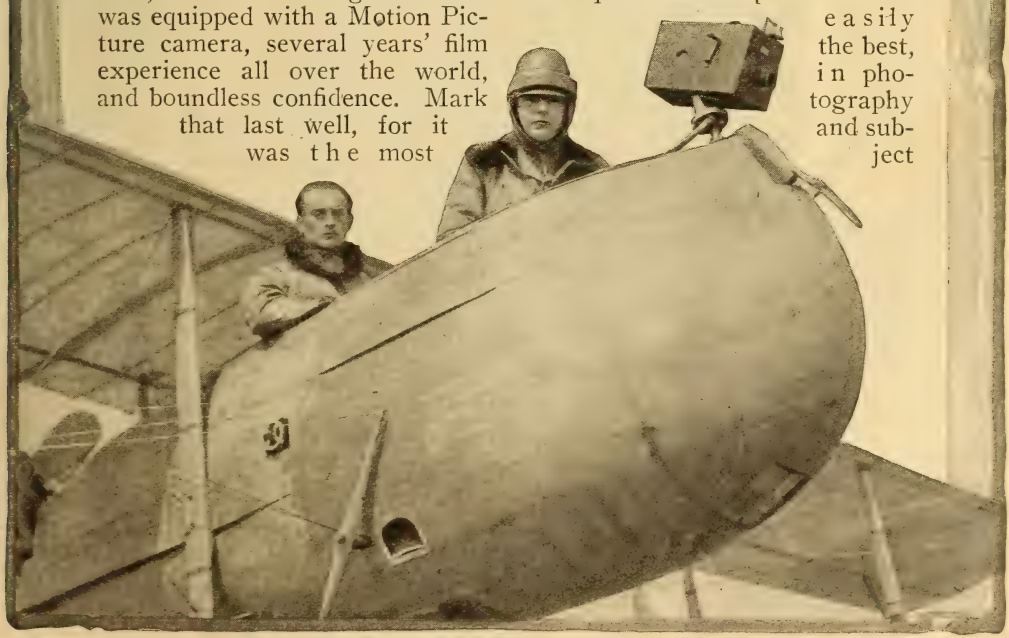


(All photos copyright by LA VOY)

In all the thousands of feet of war film that have been shown in this country you have seen no armored "tanks." In fact, you have not had so much as even a glimpse of the mysterious tractor's footprints. And there is right good reason, too, for the French Service de l'Armée, whose word is law concerning all film activities in the war zone, has denied and does flatly deny permission to film any tractor tank, be it in action or disabled and inert.

Hence, notwithstanding the stupendous value of a film showing the most-talked-of engine of war going into action, we have yet to see it exhibited in America. But we *almost* had the opportunity. If—but that is getting ahead of the story.

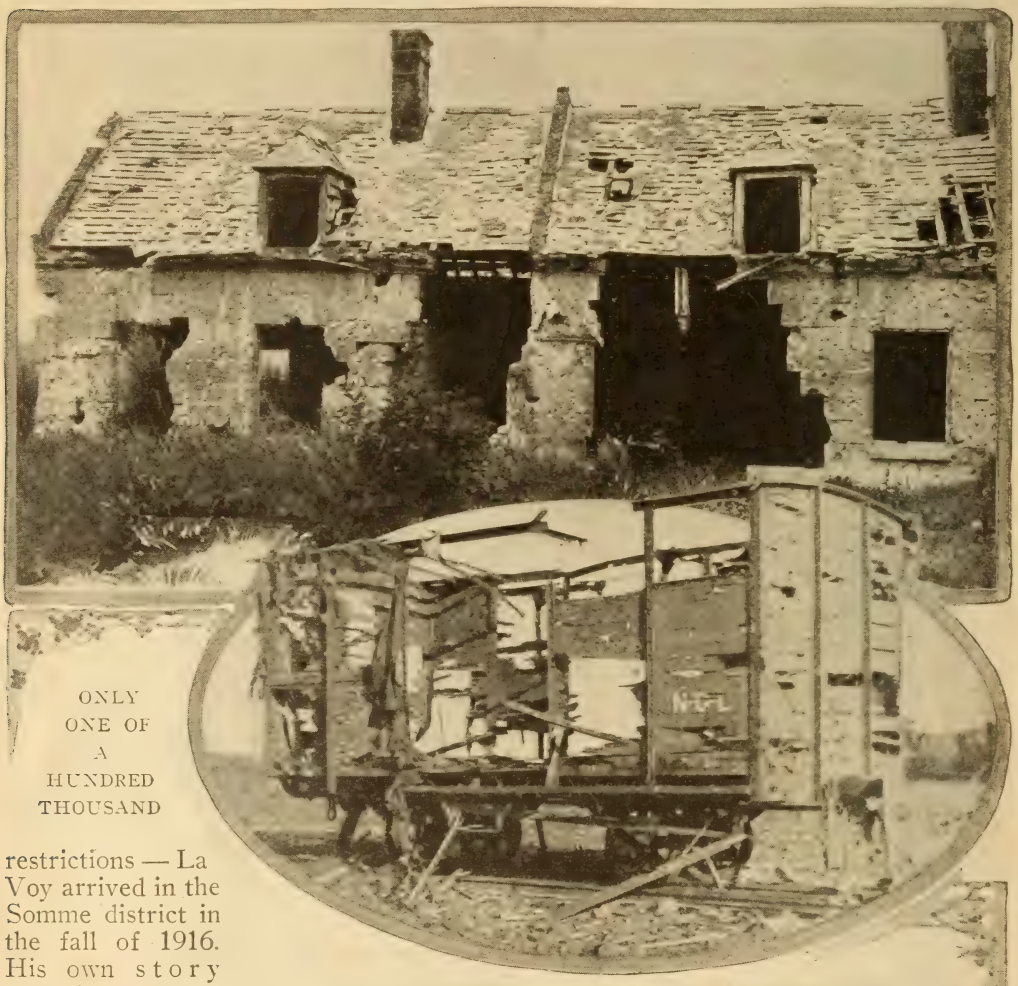
In the early spring of 1915 one Merl LaVoy, American cameraman, sailed for England. He was equipped with a Motion Picture camera, several years' film experience all over the world, and boundless confidence. Mark that last well, for it was the most important part of his equipment. His original plan was to spend a few weeks in the war zone, film everything of interest, and return to America triumphant. Mr. LaVoy's original plan was carried out, too, with the exception of the "few weeks." Over a year was consumed in disentangling red tape preparatory to getting to the French front. Fifteen months is a powerfully long time to wait when one is a-quiver to accomplish a mission, but LaVoy, with his native persistence and his boundless confidence, accomplished precisely what he set out to accomplish, and incidentally is the only civilian Motion Picture camera-man who has been at the front since the first two months of the war. And having spent three months at the front myself, and having seen LaVoy's film, I feel qualified to pronounce it easily the best, in photography and subject



MERL LA VOY, AFTER FLIGHT OVER PARIS IN MILITARY BIPLANE

matter, that has been shown in America to date.

But to get to the tanks, which in this case aren't. Having disengaged himself, in a measure, from the military red tape, and armed with half-a-dozen official papers giving him permission to do this, that and the other thing—with



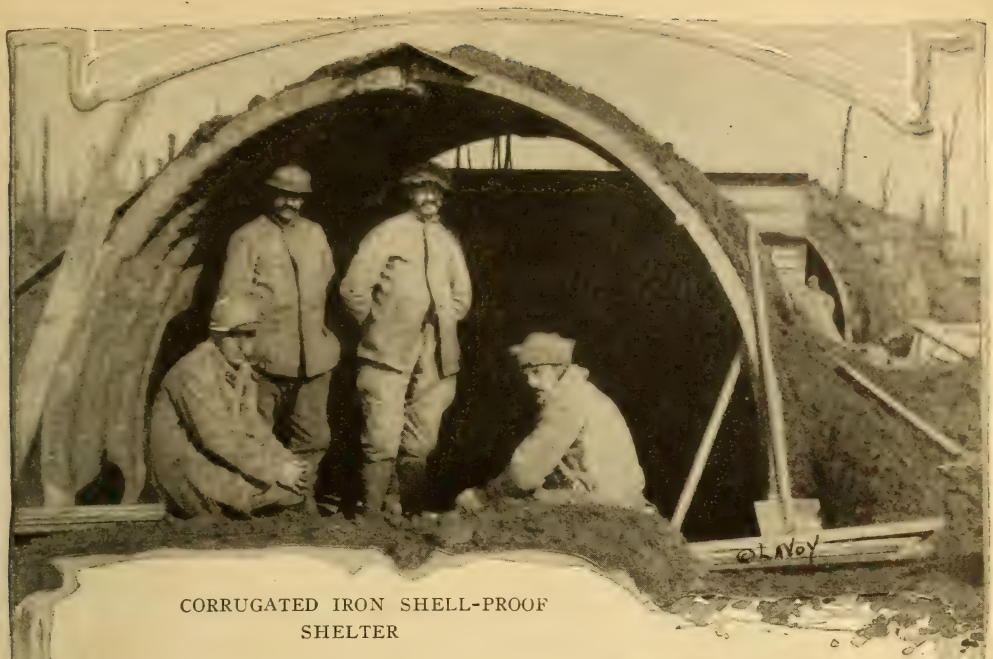
ONLY ONE OF A HUNDRED THOUSAND

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF A GERMAN MUNITIONS TRAIN WHICH A FRENCH SHELL STRUCK AND EXPLODED

restrictions — La Voy arrived in the Somme district in the fall of 1916. His own story runs thus:

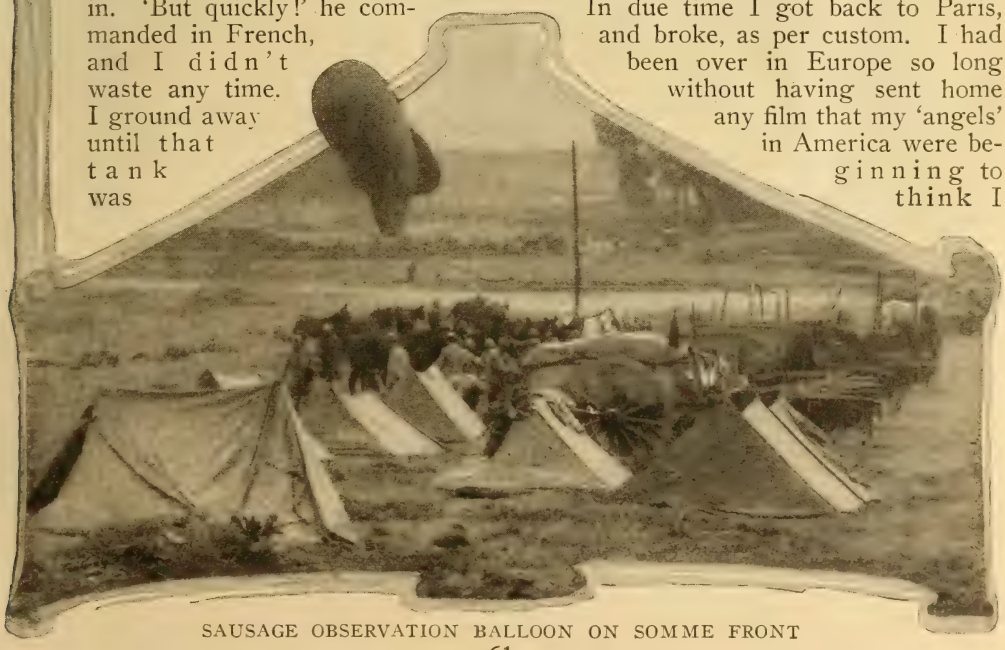
"We were feeling our way along in an early morning fog in the Somme, and as the mist lifted we noticed that the soldiers along the way were gazing ahead at some object of interest, and presently we learnt that it was one of a squad of tanks going into action. It was the first I'd seen, and I made up my mind right there that I was just going to tuck away a few feet of it in my little camera. It was a magnificent sight, that great, lumbering machine forging ahead thru the deep mud without any apparent effort, and a bit farther on it crossed a reserve trench—about nine feet wide, I should say. When its nose had reached the opposite side, it just pushed ahead, and the rest crawled along like a giant caterpillar. Barbed-wire entanglements were nothing in its young life; it plodded thru them like a bear thru brambles.

"About this time my circulation was about as spry as it ever gets, and it was

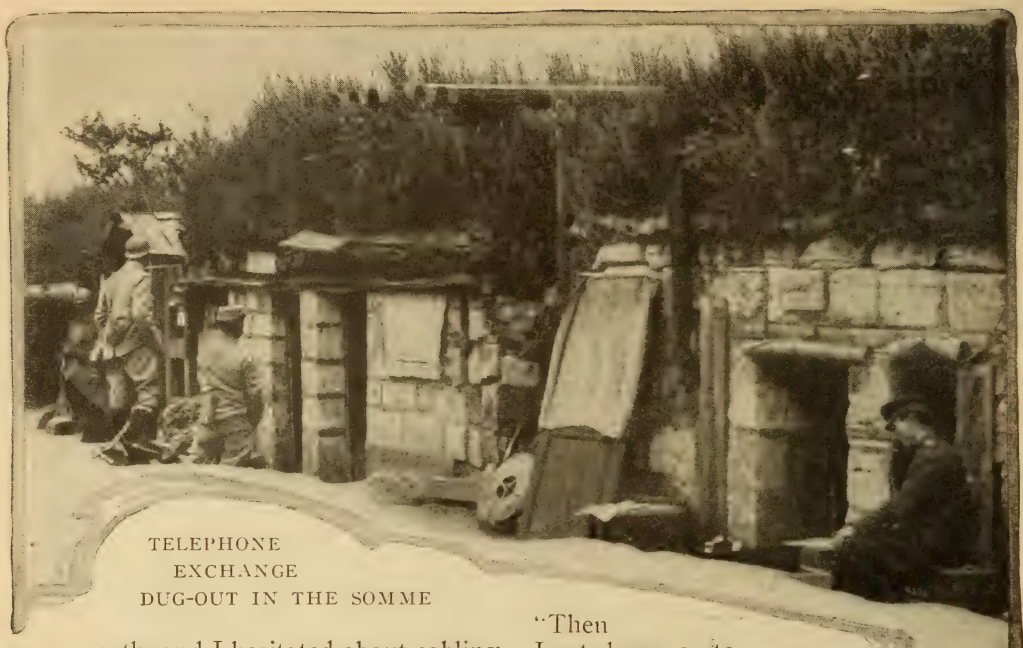


CORRUGATED IRON SHELL-PROOF SHELTER

all I could do to keep my hands off that camera. I begged the officer in the car for permission to 'shoot' the tank, but he said 'No!' emphatically—couldn't think of taking a picture of it, even a 'still.' But I pleaded and kept at him with every argument I could think of, until he finally gave in. 'But quickly!' he commanded in French, and I didn't waste any time. I ground away until that tank was out of sight, and wanted to get some more of it farther on, but my officer wouldn't hear of it. However, I had at last filmed a tank in action, and was feeling mighty chesty about it, and didn't begin to worry; yet, how was I going to get it to America? I had the film, and that was quite enough for the present. In due time I got back to Paris, and broke, as per custom. I had been over in Europe so long without having sent home any film that my 'angels' in America were beginning to think I



SAUSAGE OBSERVATION BALLOON ON SOMME FRONT



TELEPHONE
EXCHANGE
DUG-OUT IN THE SOMME

was a myth, and I hesitated about cabling for money, for these requests, perforce, had been so frequent. I didn't know what sort of a reception another cable would get. However, former S. O. S. calls had met with prompt response, so I concluded to try it again, and, to make the request more welcome, I mentioned in the cable that I had succeeded in filming a tank.

"Then I sat down, so to speak, and waited for the money. About a week later a boy came into my hotel room early one morning and announced that three men from the War Office



WORN OUT
AFTER
TRENCH
DUTY

were waiting for me. They produced a copy of my cablegram mentioning the tanks, and with a significant 'That is forbidden,' then I knew that my chances of getting that priceless bit of film to America were extremely thin. However, after lengthy explanations, they let me go in peace, if not in happiness. For when I think of that little strip of film stowed away over there, and of the dollars it would mean to have it projected over here—well, I just dont care to talk about it any more."



ALMA HANLON, ART DRAMAS STAR, COMBINES RAPID FIRE WITH LONG STRINGS OF HITS, WHETHER PLAYING BEFORE THE SCREEN OR WORKING HER LATEST PET MACHINE-GUN



VIOLET HEMING
H. B. WARNER

OLD MANAGER GRAVITATION DIRECTS THE DESCENT OF VIOLET HEMING AND H. B. WARNER DOWN "THE DANGER TRAIL" ON "SKIS" WITH METEORIC VELOCITY—AT THE BOTTOM NO BUMPS AWAIT THEM, BUT A FLYING LEAP AND FIRST AID TO THE INJURED IN CASE THEY REFUSE THE JUMP

VIOLET HEMING

CENTER GROUP:—AT LUNCHEON ON LOCATION—CECIL DE MILLE, MARY PICKFORD AND



VIOLET HEMING

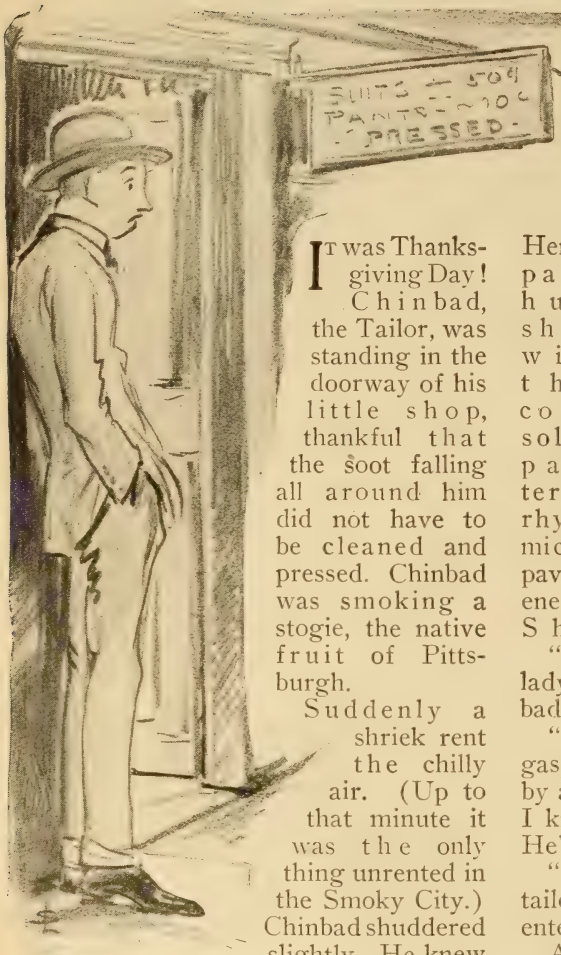
ELLIOTT DEXTER, AFTER A STRENUOUS REHEARSAL OF "A ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS"

Charlotte Caustique, the Charlatan

or

Chapter I of Any Old Serial

By F. P. PITZER



IT was Thanksgiving Day! Chinbad, the Tailor, was standing in the doorway of his little shop, thankful that the soot falling all around him did not have to be cleaned and pressed. Chinbad was smoking a stogie, the native fruit of Pittsburgh.

Suddenly a shriek rent the chilly air. (Up to that minute it was the only thing unrented in the Smoky City.) Chinbad shuddered slightly. He knew that old No. 5 had tooted its way by an hour ago and it was surely too early for the steel-mill whistle. He would wait and see what the noise portended. Not being seated at a table in a New York restaurant, he had not long to wait, for, rushing down the street, her peroxided hair floating in the breeze like the Chinese flag, was a small, frail-looking maiden weighing about two hundred pounds net.

Her skirts clove to her delicate form so closely that he could actually taste the clove.

Her champagne-hued shoes with the cork soles pattered rhythmically on the pavements as she quickened her pace. "Shave me! Shave me!" she screamed.

"This is a tailoring establishment, lady, not a barber-shop," retorted Chinbad, nervously.

"Despite the scarcity of chemicals," gasped the gazelle, "I am being pursued by a deep-dyed villain. If he catches me I know he will tear me limb from limb. He's a human fire-engine."

"More like a limbousine," laughed the tailor; then quickly added, "you cannot enter here."

Aside she brushed him with the dexterity of a Pullman porter and whisked into the shop. Hanging from one of the racks was a pair of trousers made to order for the movie man, Roscoe Arbuckle. It was behind one of the stripes in these trousers that the wan lady hid.

The suit-maker was about to dart into the shop and drag a confession from the maiden, when a big, brawny ruffian, weighing about ninety-nine pounds gross, grabbed him by the arm, whirled him about and inquired in a raucous voice:

"Say, pal, did a slip of a gal come down this pike?"

"No-o-o-o," drawled Chinbad, taking out his false teeth to keep them from chattering. "I didn't see no one slip here."

"Dont lie to me. I'm not the tax assessor, yer know," went on the burly fellow, knocking Chinbad under the chin with such force it put his beard back at least two weeks. "Remember, if you are not telling me the truth, and I find the gal concealed on your premises, I'm going to take this cutlass and cut you up into such small pieces they wont be able to carry you to the cemetery in a sieve without losing three-quarters of yer."

He, he, he! tittered the tailor, with fear rather than with joy.

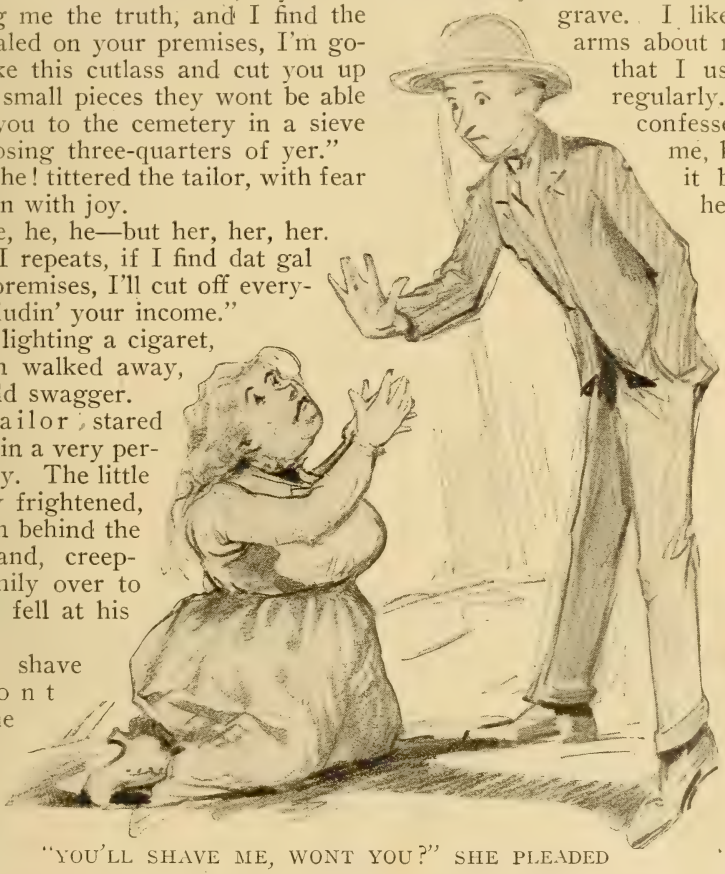
"Not he, he, he—but her, her, her. An' now I repeats, if I find dat gal on these premises, I'll cut off everything, includin' your income."

Calmly lighting a cigaret, the ruffian walked away, with a bold swagger.

The tailor stared after him in a very perplexed way. The little girl, badly frightened, came from behind the trousers and, creeping stealthily over to the tailor, fell at his feet.

"You'll shave me, wont you?" she pleaded.

"Little One, it looks as if I will have all I can do to safety-shave myself."



"YOU'LL SHAVE ME, WONT YOU?" SHE PLEADED

"Then he has threatened to kill you, too?"

"Us two. And he'll do it if he comes back and finds you on my hands."

"But I'm not on your hands; I'm on your feet." She wept hysterically.

"Who is this boiler-maker that so rudely chases you?" inquired Chinbad, pulling aside his foot to prevent her tears from falling upon and spoiling the shine on his shoes.

"He's a professional killist. He kills folks like you and me swats flies."

"Was he ever after you before?"

"No, he was always behind when he was after me. You see Pete was at one time an oyster pirate in Jamaica Bay. One day in June, while I was walking over the L. I. R. R. trestle, my foot slipped and I fell into the bay. My screams brought Pete to the scene and he bravely shaved me from a watery grave. I liked his strong arms about me, and after that I used to fall in regularly. One day he confessed his love to me, but I resented it boldly. Then he threatened to steal me, but I told him I wasn't that kind of an oyster. He then shut up like a clam and told me I was very shellfish. I scoffed at him and then darted away. Then he shouted after me that if he ever met me again he would kill me.

"Yes, go on."

"Well, that was twenty years ago, and today whom should I see as I stepped out of the hotel Shenley but Pete. He began chasing me immediately—and that was yesterday afternoon—and we have been running ever since. And if he finds me here, and if he finds me here, and if he finds me here——"

"Enough! He will never find you here three times. Once will be sufficient. If he comes back I'll——

"Oho!"

Both turned quickly. There, standing before them, looking like Frank Bushman, his brawny arms folded over a

breast that heaved like the artificial sea in the third act of "Treasure Island," was Pete.

"Oho!" he neighed again, fearing that he had not oho-ed emphatically enough the first time.

"Aha!" giggled the tailor, humming that beautiful little nursery rhyme, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

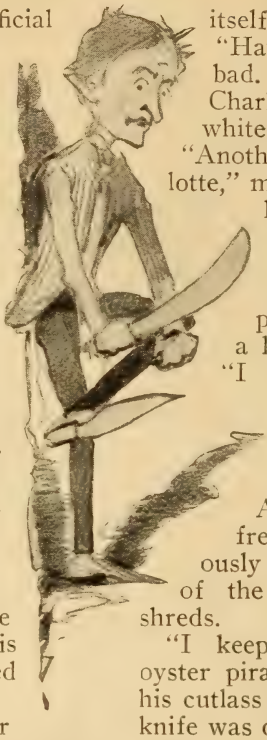
"So yer deceived me, hey?" began the ruffian, pulling his cutlass from its cupboard and sharpening it on the soles of his two shoes.

The pailor turned tale, or rather the tailor turned pale.

"Unless you are a union cutter," he gurgled, "I can have nothing to do with you."

"I wants it understood that I am a fellow what keeps me word." Pulling a hair from his camel's-hair undershirt, he tried the edge of the cutlass.

It was so sharp that the hair was severed in twain. He watched it drop to the floor and run a race with itself before it curled up and died.



"Have a hair!" cautioned Chinbad. "This is ticklish business." Charlotte Caustique turned creamy white with terror.

"Another one of your ruses, Charlotte," muttered Pete—"another Charlotte russe."

And then, while the agony hung suspended on fifty feet of film, Chinbad made his last plea. "Alas, would you cutlass a lass?"

"I am too young," explained Charlotte, "to die—too tough to be flammed—too sticky to be filmed—too bilious for a close-up!"

All this while the little maiden, frenzied with fear, was nervously jerking at the trouser-legs of the tailor until they hung in shreds.

"I keeps my word," repeated the oyster pirate; and so saying, he raised his cutlass aloft, and just as the colossal knife was descending towards the tailor's head——

(To be discontinued)



VIOLA DANA IS NO MERE CAMERA DANSEUSE. SHE CAN ARISE TO HER TOES FROM THIS DIFFICULT SWAN-POSE WITHOUT BEING HAULED UP OR WITHOUT LOSING THE MEASURE OF THE DANCE. IN HER CHILDHOOD SHE WAS A PROFESSIONAL TOE-DANCER—THAT'S THE ANSWER

Mary Pickford, Manager

By ROBERT F. MOORE



Photo by Hartsook

Now that the suspense of the oft-repeated assertions and denials, long current in the news columns, of Mary Pickford's threatened change from the Famous Players Company's management, was finally ended and cold in the discard, I decided to ask Little Mary how she liked playing the part of producer.

The morning paper announced that Mary Pickford was to desert the East for California. A big studio has been taken over for her in Los Angeles and work on the next Mary Pickford Artcraft pictures was to include "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "A Romance of the Redwoods," directed by Cecil B. DeMille.

Everybody seemed to be very busy. Even in the street, the pounding of hammers and scraping of moving scenery were distinctly audible, while a corps of assistants, under a technical director, was busily engaged in unloading several trucks of properties. Affairs of the Artcraft Picture Corporation seemed to be well under way.

After cooling my heels in the office, awaiting the pleasure of a small Cerberus of the studio in the person of a freckle-faced call-boy, I was escorted to Miss Pickford's dressing-room.

Little Mary, fresh from her afternoon's work and the hands of her maid, was resting on a big, comfortable-looking wicker couch.

"Come right in and sit by that window," she called cheerfully, "and enjoy this delightful breeze."

I dropped into the arm-chair with a sigh of content.

"Miss Pickford," I said, going straight to the point, "I came up expecting to find you in an office with books and papers and things. What is the meaning of this?"

Little Mary laughed.

"I'm really very glad you came, for the newspapers have given a very false impression. I dont go into an office unless I have to. I want to make pictures, not sell them.

"You see," she went on, "when an actress is successful, everybody thinks she wants to do everything from directing to running a corporation. Now, I dont want my friends to get that idea. Things are going much the same as usual, except that I get no salary, but share in the profits."

"Then you are not directing your own pictures?"

"Most emphatically no! Mr. Maurice Tourneur and Mr. DeMille are now my directors. Mr. Zukor, Mr. Lasky and myself are in partnership, and Mr. Zukor is still the papa of the concern, as he always has been. Of course I have the choice of the stories and have a say in the studio work, but I am a player and wish to remain one. One person cannot make a picture, much less a corporation."

Little Mary's mouth was set, and she looked quite positive.

"Has forming your own company proved more beneficial than working for the Famous Players?"

"I dont know that it has helped me, but it was my dream for a long while. Every actress looks forward to it, I guess. Everything is going well, and we are all working very, very hard. But my real reason for wanting the change was in order to be independent of any definite program. While I was with the Famous Players, I received many letters from exhibitors,



complaining that they could not afford my pictures because they had to lease the whole program. I began to feel that I wasn't reaching my friends outside as I should, and if they really wanted my pictures money shouldn't stand in the way, so we talked it over, and decided that this was the best way. That's all."

"That's all," but there you have Little Mary's character. She will go to twice the trouble and twice the labor, for she really is laboring very much harder to please her friends.

This latest successful development of Mary's career hasn't changed her a bit. She is just her usual, unassuming little self, with the same childlike wonder at her popularity. Perhaps that is where the secret of her charm lies.



LOUISE HUFF (AFFECTIONATELY CALLED "LITTLE KATE GREENAWAY OF THE SCREEN" BY HER STUDIO FRIENDS) IS SEEN PEERING THRU A FITTING FRAME FOR HER PIQUANT PRETTINESS. SHE IS NOW REHEARSING UNDER LOU-TELLEGEN'S DIRECTION IN A NEW PLAY AT THE LASKY STUDIO

Side-tracking

The Delayed Arrival of Mildred Manning's

By MARJORY



WHEN I hear of a new star in the film firmament I immediately want to go star-gazing. Miss Mildred Manning is the latest recruit to the Vitagraph galaxy, but I happened upon her when she was waiting for her first peep at a wardrobe of new gowns.

It was not my first interview with an actress, but there seemed to be a misunderstanding in my first interview with Miss Mildred Manning. I didn't know whom she was expecting, but I soon learnt.

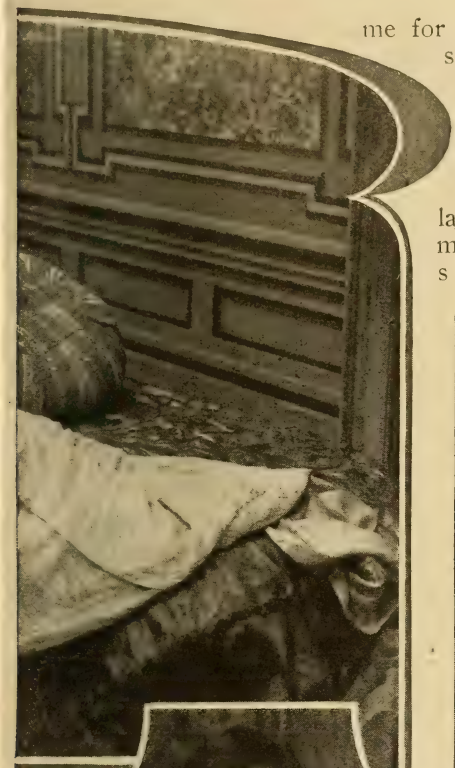
My intended polite greeting of "'Morning, Miss Manning," must have sounded something like "'Morning, ma'am!" Facial storm-clouds were gathering on her mobile countenance and almost "registered" an expression of "wrath." I was about to retreat before the battery of her wonderful eyes. We both tried to talk at once. I didn't have a chance to ask how she liked playing in the silent drama, nor to view the gowns which seemed to be the topic just then of mutual interest.

It seems she took

the Couturière

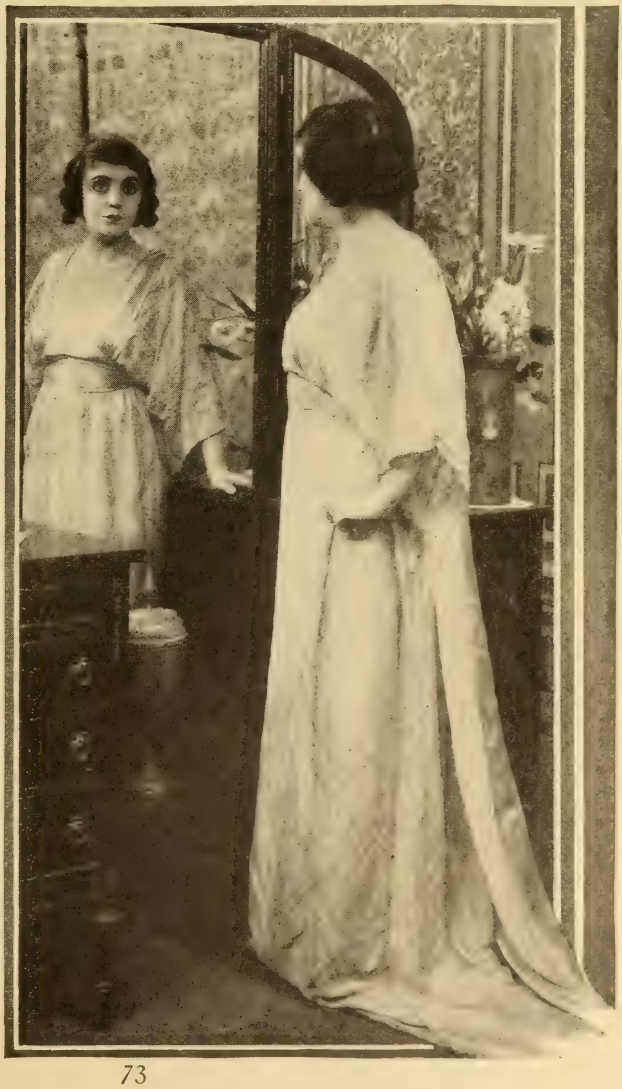
Gowns Makes Interviewing Hazardous

LAMB





me for a representative from "Lucile's" with long-delayed and much-desired gowns. But I wasn't from Lucile's; I hadn't the gowns. I hadn't seen them —I very much wanted to, and to go on explaining just why I was there. And finally, when the explanation was made and she understood I had come for an interview, her sweet serenity prompted me to ask if her second initial was A. I didn't know that she had a middle name, but I wanted to be her fairy



godmother and christen her right then Mildred Amiable Manning. If being disappointed for the 'nth time, at the crucial moment in the matter of the delivery of gowns, was cause for registering "wrath," Miss M. A. M. was justified. She said the "trying-on" had been such a trying experience, but the delay of their receipt was even more trying, and she hoped the gowns would arrive before I left, so that I could see them. In the meantime she showed me how her "homey" spirit could convert an apartment suite into making you feel like saying: "Well, this is something like home."

First we talked about the mysteries of make-up—not the kind that Lola Montez used, but of the timely present-century process of powder "preparedness" before "screening"—that complex subject of "making-up," or, rather, "making-down," as Miss Manning laughingly expressed how "they" must tint a yellowish hue (under the trying light) to appear beautiful. She said: "It's quite simple. First you use good cold-cream, then wipe it all off, and then a layer of cream-colored grease-paint, and a little black grease-paint around the eyes to shadow them; then powder of 'Rachel tint,' as it says on the box. Then take off any grease-paint or powder that is on the lips. Then put the slightest bit of crimson grease-paint on the lips. The reason I use an entire grease make-up is because I find it the smoothest. A great many people use a grease foundation and then other ingredients to finish with, but it is not so smooth for me and does not blend so well. After this, be sure all the powder is out of the eye-lashes, which can be accomplished by wetting a soft cloth and gently going over them. This is about all that is necessary. But what is best for some people is not good for others; for instance, people of a light complexion need a deeper shade, and those of a more olive need a lighter shade both of grease and powder. Some use a cosmetic which is applied to the eye-lashes to bead them and make them longer and which makes the eyes appear larger." When I asked how she had learnt the make-up for the screen, she replied: "D. W. Griffith taught me. I had been using a different make-up for the stage, a nice pink-and-white one with plenty of rouge, which is quite wrong, as we use no rouge in the pictures. At the time I was under Mr. Griffith's direction he wanted an even cream shade. Since then I have tried many make-ups, but I always return to the first, the one Mr. Griffith taught me."

Passing from "make-ups" and "downs," gowns and other subjects, Miss Manning showed a charming versatility in outdoor as well as indoor sports. It was refreshing to listen to her views. I know she can ride a horse. No, not just because she told me so, but just because of this little comment: "You know what I wish the movie managers would do—I wish they would feature the horse; not as they always do, speeding a-mile-a-minute across the screen, but show us something of their intelligent, affectionate qualities." She admitted, too, that the thrill of the swift whirl of an ice-boat, as it came about and shot away on a new leg, had its charm for her.

"Miss Manning, do you prefer the movies to the stage?"

"Yes, I do in most ways—in a few ways, no. You see, in the movies you are always doing something different, which is bound to keep up your interest. You never do the same things over and over again for forty weeks or longer. It is not hard to live a character in the movies as you go straight on with your story, but it is hard to live a character on the stage for three-and-a-half hours every day (and sometimes twice a day) in the week, every week in the month, for eight months at a time. If Sarah Smith is a drab part, she must not brighten up a bit; you dare not let the poor girl have one ray of sunshine in eight months. Just think of that—horrible! Or, if Nellie Brown is a gay butterfly, she must not droop her wings for an instant, no matter how she may feel. But on the stage you do know just how long you are to be at work, and one can arrange one's plans accordingly. In the movies, you never can tell."

Just then the gowns arrived. The one I liked the most was a beautiful negligée of dove-gray silk chiffon embroidered in silver. When I asked her if she would have some pictures taken in that partic-

ular gown, I was promised a copy if I would forget that she had appeared disagreeable about the long-delayed delivery of the gowns. I was glad they had been delayed. It had given me an opportunity of enjoying a visit with the amiable Miss Manning, whose gracious manner left me with the impression of not being disagreeable at all, but most charming.



IT WAS HELEN HOLMES' FIRST DEER—SHOT NEAR CHINQUAPIN FALLS IN THE YOSEMITE—AND, IF REMORSEFUL EXPRESSIONS COUNT FOR ANYTHING, IT WILL BE THE LAST ONE SHE EVER LEVELS A GUN AT

Our Players at the Front



"How I Got In"

A New Department, in Which the Leading Players Tell of Their Beginnings in Pictures and How They Got Their First Start

LAST year we published a series of articles, "How to Get In." These articles were written by leading photoplayers, showing, from their viewpoint, what the chances are to get into Motion Picture work. As a result, we were besieged by requests asking these same players to tell how they—individually—"got in." So we sent out letters of inquiry asking them not only how they got in, but their first impressions of the camera; how they would improve Motion Pictures; if they like screen work better than stage work, and what they say to persons who aspire to become Motion Picture stars. Here are the answers, and they differ in some ways as widely as do the writers. However, nearly all agree in one way—in giving the same advice to photoplayers that Punch gave to the man who asked his advice about getting married—"Dont!" We urge our readers to read these articles carefully and understandingly. Each one is the story of a life's hopes, ambitions, discouragements, and final success. The story is not ended yet, but is being lived, and between the lines we read the secret of success. And it is no different in Motion Picture work than in any other line of work—just careful, painstaking, conscientious, plain hard "plug." Without it there is no royal road to success. Further "How I Got In" "confessions" will follow in each succeeding issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

ALICE JOYCE

The star who vanished—but in her reappearance is shining more brightly than ever

"How did I get in?" mused Alice Joyce. "Well, it just happened so, or almost. I was working as a model when a photographer whom I had posed for sent for me and introduced



ALICE JOYCE



EARLE FOXE

me to Mr. Buel, director at Kalem's. Mr. Buel had given many beginners a chance, and was good enough to give me a lead in 'The Engineer's Sweetheart,' and I continued with him two years.

"My first impression of the camera was fright, pure and simple. I knew only one thing: 'Act naturally and dont look at the camera.' I had no experience in horseback riding—the important thing in that picture. Soon as I became accustomed to the camera, I became interested in seeing what I could do, tho I was completely worn out from the antics of that horse, and am sure I should never have returned the second day had it not been for Mr. Buel's kindly encouragement.

"The conditions under which pictures are produced have been greatly improved; shorter studio hours, for one thing. I have worked under the long and the short hour régime, and I know that players are happier and do more and better work with short hours. Miracles have been accomplished in Motion Pictures, but there is still a chance for improvement. If producers could see the pictures as audiences see them, the stories and titles would soon be improved upon enormously. And I think there should be more fairness about the money question. Why shouldn't a company make more money on a star who is drawing big audiences than on one who keeps audiences away and yet draws enormous salaries because he or she has good business ability? I think players should be paid according to the money they bring in.

"I cannot compare photoplay work with the stage because I have had no experience on the stage, except one night in a sketch. One thing I do know—it always makes me ill to appear before an audience. So I am sure I could never have succeeded on the speaking

stage. I like my work immensely, but would never advise any one to go into it. It is too long and hard a road to travel. Rather, I advise every one who has photoplay aspirations to stick to their 'job' and do it the very best that it is possible to do it, whether housekeeping, dressmaking, blacksmithing or any other thing. I was more fortunate than most—it happened that a girl was needed in a hurry or perhaps I never should have been accepted. Fate (impersonated by Mr. Buel) was kind—that was all. It gave me my chance; but I have worked for and earned every bit of success that has come my way."

EARLE FOXE

Pathé's Leading Man

"I was curious to see how pictures were made, so one day I invited myself to go down to Kalem's. I knew the director, Mr. Lawrence, and he, having seen me on the stage, said I was the type he wanted as leading-man for Alice Joyce, who had just arrived in the cast. He insisted that I try it, which I did, and I found it very much to my liking. Some Motion Picture actors have a great deal to say about their first sensations before the camera. I felt very much the same that I did the first time I faced an audience on the stage. I was a bit self-conscious and fearful of the consequences, but was able to keep my balance and to realize that it was all in the day's work and something to get used to. I watched the director, was soon lost in my part and forgot everything else.

"I like the photoplay better than the stage because there are such infinite possibilities. A greater variety of subjects can be handled in this way and there is a greater scope for the play of the emotions. The more knowledge one has about pictures, the more evident it is that there are a great many ways in which they can be improved. However, censorship will not improve them—least of all a national board of censorship. It limits the efforts of the producer in a direction where enlightenment is needed and might do a great deal of good.

"To the ones who are trying to get in I say—*Unless* you are really talented and are sure of it, and have great capacity for holding on, working hard and making the most of every opportunity, stay out. It is your duty to make the most of your capabilities, but—better a good plumber than a bad actor."

MARGUERITE CLARK

Famous Players' Dainty Little Maid

"I was playing Prunella at the Little Theater in New York when Mr. Daniel Frohman asked me if I would consider doing a picture. I had given very little thought to pictures and was so fond of my work on the stage that it took me some time to decide to leave it. Finally I signed a contract with Mr. Zukor, of the Famous Players. When the script of my first photoplay, 'Wildflower,' was put in my hands I was captivated with it at once, and became quite enthusiastic in the interpretation of my part.

"It may seem strange, but I have never felt conscious of the camera while working; but later, while looking at the results of my work, then I get stage-fright. The finished work always comes so far short of what I had intended it to be, I see so many ways to improve upon it; but there it is before my eyes—mistakes, crudities, imperfections, glaringly apparent.

"It may seem strange, too, that, with my wide range of experience in stage and picture work, I cant tell which I like better; but I cant. In the first place, the work is so different there is no comparison. On the stage the work is very satisfactory because the part is played straight thru from beginning to end, and there is always the inspiration of the audience which helps one greatly. Photoplays are taken piecemeal—sometimes

the last scene first. Unless one is familiar with every part of the play it is like a Chinese puzzle. It is most interesting to see the parts put together and the story brought clearly forth, seemingly from chaos, and to know that it will reach multitudes of people in every country.

"If a boy or a girl have talent, personality, unlimited endurance and enough perseverance, he or she should be given a chance to succeed or to get it out of the system; but I never advise it. The work is very hard and the discouragements and various difficulties that arise make the way to success anything but a bed of roses.

"One great improvement in Motion Pictures or in the making of them, that I can suggest, is economy—if such a thing is possible. When Motion Picture managers have learnt their business as well as theatrical managers have learnt theirs, there will be greater efficiency shown in the management of details, both great and small, and the results will be better.

"However, the amount of money spent on many of the so-called 'spectacles'—the lavish and unnecessary display—is largely the fault of the public. It is what they demand. The spirit of the age seems to be prodigality, and it is very evident in pictures. I have enough faith in the picture-loving world to believe that the day is coming soon when the majority are going to demand sweet, simple stories of everyday life and living."



MARGUERITE CLARK



THE PHOTODRAMA

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

WHAT IS A SYNOPSIS?

Close Views and Inserts

There seems to be almost universal confusion as to the exact meaning of "synopsis"—as applied to the Photoplay—with the consequent dissension as to what the finished product should be like.

Much of the correspondence engendered by this department has sought light on the exact nature of the Synopsis.

Nowadays, when practically all producing companies are requesting "Synopsis only" for Feature Plays, a thoro understanding of that portion of Photodrama seems all-important.

Yet, I am here obliged to confess that there exists a disagreement among editors and producers as to what a Synopsis is.

When one sends a "Synopsis only," one naturally sends only a Synopsis. It follows that this Synopsis must convey one's complete interpretation of a Photoplay.

Yet, there are several producers of my acquaintance who insist that the synopsis-story should be submitted in an arbitrary number of words—such as 400 to 500 to the reel.

There are photoplays the essence of which can be conveyed in even less than 100 words to the reel. This is the type of play that is strong in dynamic plot—in other words, the melodramatic type.

There are other plays in which 1,000 words to the reel are insufficient to disclose its potentiality, its charm, its emotional perspectives, its essential effects.

The play of predominant character demands a continuous touch of personal expression from the creator of the character—the author—that employs many, many words.

The play of comedy-drama necessitates treatment in detail—nothing else will do.

The play of charm—such as Marguerite Clark, for instance, interprets so well—requires infinite data.

"But," I protest to editors who object to lengthy Synopses, "what will you do to my poor play if it I send to you *incomplete*—meaning not fully rounded out?" "Why, if we like it," Mr. Editor responds hugely, "we return it—and request that you put in any missing parts."

Too true—they would return it—and nothing more.

And if they buy it in its crude form of the nude Synopsis? Well, they give it to their rewrite man, who glories in its

nude shame and proceeds to write *his play* based on your idea!

That is the point—some short-sighted editors are trying to degrade us to the level of mere idea-vendors. Having dramatic ideas is no accomplishment—it is a knack. But to combine ideas in an effective dramatic composition called a photoplay—ah, that is an art!

Thus they make us commit *hari-kari* with the sublime notion that we are sacrificing to the gods!

No, sir—the only way to write a play is to complete it. Let somebody else complete my play in the matters of detail, key, pitch, tempo, or what not, that I have left out of it, and I find they have made a monkey out of my little demigod.

There are three reasons at least why editors and producers do not want long manuscripts.

First, give the dub leeway of a word and he will write a book, in his frantic effort to reveal the fact that he has nothing to disclose. Brevity is not a fault of the incompetent.

Second, all companies now employ voracious staff-writers who must be paid and fed. They are expert mechanicians and can construct a twin-six motordrama —with the simple aid of a flivver-idea, a monkey-wrench and a few gallons of gas. The cute invention wont motivate, of course, but the actors work hard pushing it along and the operators make the film whir across the screen, and many in the audience go home and tell their friends they have seen a speed demon photodrama down at the Punk Palace Theater.

Third, they dont like them long because they dont like to read them long. Everything has been speeded up in this end of the business to make up for the interminable dawdling of the stage-setting department.

I write my plays just as completely as I can vision the entire Photoplay that will result. To send it in otherwise is like sending in the mere body of the play minus its soul. In real life we call this corporeal state a "dead one." The companies think they have the galvanic fluid that gives deceased plays life, but they are really undertakers of Hope and licensed embalmers of Plays—with a hurried Funeral Service at the end.

Plotting the Photoplay

The problem, and its solution, that confronts the photoplaywright is almost the same as that lying before the architect—the same pitfalls.

If the architect should leave the necessary kitchen out of his plans until the builder should discover the error, and then try to crowd the kitchen in, the perfection of the whole house would be marred.

Writers often meet with an analogous catastrophe, in that they fail to provide for some vital contingency of their finished play in their plan, or Plot, with the result that they have either to rebuild the entire structure—which is always the better course to pursue—or to follow the course of the house-builder, and make a botched job of it.

This is a common experience due to poor Plot construction.

The units of the Plot are the unembellished units of the Play itself.

The Plot is the potent organism of motives; the Play the effective organization of incidents.

The Plot of the Photoplay must be *complete.*

By that is meant that it must comprise *one complete action.*

In fine, the method employed in arranging Plot matter touches upon the vital characteristics of the Photoplay itself.

While the Plot is based on real happenings from actual life, those happenings are *rearranged* according to the artificial requirements of the story or Play in mind.

Unessential happenings are eliminated; invented details elaborated.

The Plot ignores facts and caters only to fiction—the imagined crises of life.

Screenings from Current Plays

The Fox Film Company's success can be traced largely to its rapid appropriation of popular features. To Fox's credit, it may be said that he usually puts virility into an erstwhile feeble attempt.

In some instances Fox has failed to improve his prototypes.

One case in particular I desire to emphasize.

In "High Finance" we find a far-fetched imitation of Douglas Fairbanks.

About the only phase of the spirit of Fairbanks that is approached is the super-athletics that George Walsh converts into parlor diversions. For instance, if a chair gets in the way, Mr. Walsh leaps over it.

"High Finance" is a farce played in the belief that it is serious drama.

A wealthy young bounder offends his father by spending too much of his ill-earned money. The hero then resolves to do some high finance. He looks in the newspaper and finds an advertisement for a guide to a worthless mine his father has been exploiting.

Our hero has packs of stock certificates of this very mine. He has his valet buy quantities more. He "plants" some copper ore, and the mine is boomed and his father buys all stock in sight at an advance.

But the way Mr. Walsh overplayed this plot in a vain effort to overtake "Doug" Fairbanks made the play ridiculous.

When we see plays like this, we half feel that the *Times's* critic is right in saying, "for this is a tale of the cinema and not of real life." Reel life and real life should be synonymous.

Questions and Answers

Clark Rule.—Producers want only the Synopsis, or the Play-story.

Phœbe Allen.—I can give no information about acting.

Rothwell.—Make a special study of Plot if that is your weakness. The only two books on that subject are "The Plot of the Story" and "The Plot Catalog" (Stanhope-Dodge, Larchmont, N. Y.).

Laveson.—The only way to interest Companies in you is to interest them in your work. Keep up your courage and keep writing. Your story is a duplicate of my struggle.

Laase.—Contests at best are poor comforts, and I make it a rule to keep out of them.

M. E. M.—Scenarios cannot be copyrighted. Get "The Photodrama" (Stanhope-Dodge Co., Larchmont, N. Y.). I will insert a list of reliable companies in the near future.

Hansen.—I cannot vouch for the reliability of advertisers. Sell your own material. You do not have to put stories in scenario form. O. H. Hoyt is not the author of "A Black Sheep." I should advise any one against investing in film company stock. Titles are trite. Your letter shows comedy talent.

As a practical supplement to Mr. Phillips' series of articles on the Photodrama, it will greatly aid our readers to read "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. This little book goes right to the roots of photoplay requirements, and is the slow-gathered experience of a very successful photoplay writer. We will supply the Primer for 50c. postpaid. —*The Editors.*

Mince-Meat Movies

By ELEANOR CHASE

I think it was that mince-meat that I ate—it must have been,
For such things as I dreamed last night on earth were never seen:
The garden where I dreamed I was had Cooper-Hewitt lights,
And there I saw the funniest of any picture sights,
For "Little Mary" Pickford had lost every child-like charm—
A weird and wily vampire, she intended only harm.
And wicked Theda Bara was a curly-headed child,
As sweet as she was beautiful and good as she was mild,
Most frightened by great villainy—no one but Wallace Reid's,
Who hurt the innocent young girls by many lawless deeds.
And Mrs. Vernon Castle, who, without a Lucille gown,
An awkward little girl, was from an unknown country town.
Pearl White, the brave, was just a timid, trusting little maid,
And sprightly, tiny Marg'rite Clark a matron, old and staid;
The villain Holmes a hero, Harold L. a circus clown,
And Margery Daw a wicked queen of very great renown.
Charles Chaplin was a Romeo; Arbuckle, Juliet;
Bill Farnum was afraid of things, and "Dust" a marionette;
Francis X. a lumberjack—and many such a thing
That set my heart a-beating, and my ears began to ring.
Long reels of film unwound—rewound—about my dizzy head,
A crash, a dash, an awful clash—and I woke up in bed.

He Never Knew

By

MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE



THE outside door of the Selig office in Chicago was pushed slowly open and a man of most ungainly figure entered. He was tall—unusually so. His face was gaunt, homely, and yet attractive; his expression gentle and kind.

He advanced with hesitating steps, and stooped to rest one hand upon the railing that separates the waiting-room from the office proper. One of the office girls approached.

"I wonder now," the man asked, with a soft Southern drawl, "If I could speak to Colonel Selig?"

While it seemed highly improbable that



Colonel Selig would see him, the girl ventured to ask, and fate was with both the Colonel and the visitor, for the man was admitted.

"Well, sir," began the Colonel, "what can I do for you?"

"You can give me an opportunity, sir, to play the part of Abraham Lincoln in one of your pictures," said the stranger.

The Colonel eyed him thoughtfully. "I dont recognize

you. What have you done in the way of acting, and what makes you think that you can play the part of Lincoln?"

"I have nothing to tell you about myself," the visitor replied. "I know I can play the part of Lincoln, because I have always idealized him. I have made his character the study of my life. I have lived where Lincoln lived.

"I have visited the old Lincoln cabin, where Lincoln, as a boy, spent hours at night studying by the firelight. I have visited all of his haunts. Thought of him, read of him, and—loved him. I have been told that I look much like him. I want to give, as my donation to the world, a true characterization of this man of men. I want to live, on the screen, the life Lincoln lived in reality. I want to give Lincoln back to the American public, and I reckon I can do it!"

The Colonel looked at the earnest man with interest. There was no doubt of his resemblance to the Great Emancipator. He could look the part, surely, but—could he play it?

"My friend, I have been holding up a half-million-dollar production for weeks, hoping to find a man who could look and act the part of Lincoln," said Colonel Selig. "You undoubtedly look like Lincoln, but looks are not enough. I must have a man who will depict the character in a worthy manner. I can take no chances."

"Well, sir, I reckon I can do it!" quietly replied the stranger.

And—he did!

All during the production of this story of the Southland, the man who loved Lincoln re-lived his idol's life.

He was the shrewd Lincoln in the Lincoln-Douglas debate, and again he was Lincoln, the man of patient sympathy, who listened kindly to the story of a wife bereaved.

He was Lincoln, the thinker, meeting with his cabinet, and Lincoln, the man of sorrow, who placed his gentle hand upon the brow of the negro slave.

He gave us Lincoln in all of his moods. We lived with him, all over again, the battle of Vicksburg and the fall of Fort Sumter. We felt his great heart ache at the injustice of the slave-market.

We saw his resolution, his sympathy, his tenderness and his strength, and we thank the man who loved him well enough to give us this characterization so truly.

His reward came in re-living the life of his hero. He did not live to see what he had accomplished.

Lincoln is no more, except in the hearts of the people. The man who gave us this wonderful characterization is no more.

If you ask about him at the Selig studio, they will tell you that little is known about him outside of the fact that his name was Sam D. Drane and he was a Virginian.

He lived the part of Lincoln in "The Crisis." He died before the picture was released.

That he had given the world one of the greatest characterizations of all time, he never knew.

A Moving Tale

By DOROTHY DE JAGERS

"The man I wed," the maiden said,
"Must look like Wally Reid
And dress like Carlyle Blackwell—
In natty serge and tweed.

"And he must be athletic. Gee!
I hate a chap who's weak;
I think that I'd prefer some one
With Bushman's trained physique.

"And if he win my heart, his grin
Must be like Fairbanks', too;
The kind that's cute but crinkled,
And warms you thru and thru.

"And any man, of course, who can
Make love like Dustin, say,
Would offer more inducements
For me to name the day."

And then, forsooth, a plain, grave youth
(Physique like frail young saplin's)
She wed because she heard his pa's
Net income equaled Chaplin's.

Mae 'N' Ann

By Carol Lee

In Which Is Related the Really-Truly Fairy Story of Two Good Little Girls in the Movies

ONCE upon a time, there were two little girls who worked together. They were nice little girls, and pretty—oh, so pretty! You see, they had to be both nice and pretty, and very, very clever, for they worked for a man who was very strict. They danced in the Ziegfeld "Follies," and Mr. Ziegfeld didn't like for his girls to stay up to all hours, appearing at rehearsal tired and worn out.

And the two little girls were Mae Murray and Ann Pennington. With such good, old-fashioned names as Mary and Ann, they couldn't help but be wholesome, fun-loving, good-natured girls, who were popular with their associates, and immensely popular with the audiences before whom they danced, afternoons and evenings.

The way in which "Mary" became "Mae" was this: Having grown quite popular—sufficiently so to have her name on billboards and ash-cans—Mary desired larger type. So she boldly demanded it.

"Cant do it," said the Publicity Man. "Your name is too long—if we put it in larger type we cant get it in the space left for it."

"Then," said Miss Murray, quite firmly, "make it Mae, instead of Mary."

And, hearing of this a few days later, "Anne" Pennington became "Ann," and the girls gloried together in their little scheme for more publicity. A little later, as both the girls had made a huge success, Mr. Ziegfeld discovered that he had two perfectly good little stars on his hands, whereupon he gave them "solo" dances.



ANN PENNINGTON

While Mae's popularity was at its height, a nice man appeared before her, offered her a contract, indicating with his fountain-pen where the "Mae Murray" should be signed. He was engaging her for Motion Pictures at the Jesse L. Lasky studios in Hollywood. At first Mae hesitated, but she had been in the "Follies" four years, and California sounded alluring. Also, Mae and Ann had spent the greater portion of their spare time attending the movies when something more exciting didn't offer. So she capitulated, and rushed Westward, inconsolable at being parted from her chum and confidante, Ann.

For a time Ann moped around and refused to be consoled. And just at this time, a certain young man — a mysterious stranger-sort of person—with a string of motors, a town-house, a villa at Newport, and all the rest of the Sunday-supplement belongings of the ultra-rich, failed to find anything amusing in the "Follies," or anything nice about New York.



MAE MURRAY

Then "To Have and to Hold," Miss Murray's first picture, was released. Thrilled and excited, the strange young man and Mae's chum sat in the darkened theater watching the shadow of the girl they both loved flitting across the silver screen. And their excited letters of congratulation were answered enthusiastically. Mae loved California, and the bungalows, and the movies. She didn't care if she never saw New York again. Whereat the strange young man and Ann sighed pensively.

About this time, Mr. Ziegfeld decided

on a novelty for the new "Follies." It was to be a Motion Picture travesty, and "Little Ann" was chosen to play "Mary Pickem." Before it was half over, certain silk-hatted gentlemen were seen to rise hastily and exit stage-doorwards. But the first person to reach Ann was the emissary of Mr. Zukor of Famous Players, and when other silk-hatted gentlemen had arrived, he was smiling like the cat that ate the canary, while he ostentatiously fanned a brand-new contract about, in an attempt to dry the ink on that firm, round little signature.



ANN PENNINGTON AND LEO DELANEY

But this didn't bring Ann and Mae together at once. In the meanwhile, Ann was beginning work on "Susie Snowflake," and Mae had finished "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," was half-thru "The Dream Girl," and the scenario department was working nights on "The Big Sister." When that was finished, Miss Murray was asked if she could be ready to leave for New York by the next day. She gave a shout of glee, and rushed to the telegraph-office, where the wires crackled merrily towards "Little Ann" and the strange young man. "The Big Sister" and "Little Ann's" "The Rainbow Princess" were being produced at the same time. There were lovely shopping trips, when neither was needed at the studio, and they visited "back o' the scenes" at the "Follies" just to get the smell of musty air and grease-paint once again in that enchanted realm. There were also numerous dinner and theater parties with the strange young man, and lovely Sunday trips in one of the motors,

or on the river in one of a fleet of yachts.

But all good times must end, and this one did. Mae went back to California and Ann went back to the "Follies," tho still working day-times in the studio of the Famous Players.

But the sudden trip of his divinity had been too much for the strange young man, whom we may now introduce, with a fanfare of trumpets, as Mr. Jay O'Brien, of New York, Newport and the Adirondacks. He suddenly packed his suit-case, and caught the Golden State Limited, headed for Los Angeles. Here his patience and devotion finally won its reward, and just about Christmas-time Ann received a telegram announcing the wedding of her chum and Mr. O'Brien.

And there you have the history of two very good little girls, who danced their way to success and popularity and fame —and the new Mrs. O'Brien to wealth and a gilt-edged position in New York's upper ten, if she cares for it. Want some biographical data about them? Oh, very well; it's like trying to chain butterflies, but we'll try it.

Mae was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and her ancestors have been governors, congressmen, and, of course, colonels. She is even prettier off the screen than on it, for she has soft, sunny, golden curls, and big, heavy-lidded, blue-gray eyes. She is five feet two in height.

Little Ann is one inch taller than Marguerite Clark, and weighs two pounds more. She is a dark-haired, dark-eyed daughter of the North, claiming Pennsylvania as her home. She first attained honors as a dancer when she was three years old (at the age when most of us are crawling about and swallowing Daddy's collar-buttons) in Philadelphia.

And here's to 'em—the pretty little things! Long may they flourish and be happy, as they have made others happy!



THE ONLY STUDIO RECRUITING-STATION IN THE WORLD—UNIVERSAL CITY. LEFT TO RIGHT: SERGEANT L. E. LEE TALKING TO FRED CHURCH, WHO DECLARES "HE IS READY." JACK CURTIS, ANOTHER PLAYER, READING THE POSTER, AND AT EXTREME RIGHT SERGEANT ALLEN WATT, OF THE HOLLYWOOD COAST ARTILLERY, AND AN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR, IS AN INTERESTED SPECTATOR

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen"

By H. SHERIDAN-BICKERS ("Yorick")
of "Vanity Fair," London, Eng.; Editor of "The Photoplay Review"

(*Continued from the July issue*)

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The following lively series of articles was written for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by the witty and fearless English dramatic critic whose reviews of London plays were for years a leading feature of *Vanity Fair, The Era, What's On, The Tribune* and other well-known London theatrical and daily papers, under the popular pseudonym of "Yorick." He is the author of several London stage successes, two of which he has just adapted for screen presentation. While working as an "extra" to get "atmosphere" for this series of articles, however, Mr. Bickers was quickly recognized by an old-time friend, Miss Fannie Ward, whose discerning eye spotted her former London critic thru a character "make-up" which would have deceived any one with a less acute memory for faces and—criticisms. The reunion, said "Yorick," was as happy as were the memories. Which makes it almost superfluous to add that Mr. Bickers is an Irishman.]

FORMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

THE method of registration at these studio employment offices is very much the same as that used at domestic employment agencies, and still more like that used for identification records in police stations. Each applicant for work has to fill in a form, giving his name, address, telephone number, age, height, weight, color of hair and eyes, particulars of last stage and screen engagements (if any), amount of personal wardrobe, and whether he can ride, drive, swim, dance, etc. These index cards are classified alphabetically or according to type, and whenever the applicant seems likely by reason of personality or past experience to prove useful, a photograph of him is attached to the card. This becomes, as a rule, a severe tax on the slender purse of the "extra," or the newcomer trying to get in, while it is very problematical whether the photograph left will ever be looked at again. He can, of course, recover it on application if it has not been lost (I should say *mislaid*), but as a rule he makes up his mind to kiss his dollar portrait good-by. When I first broke out into the cinema rash, I retained enough prudence to offer a few good amateur "snapshots" in lieu of the professional prints. These are more useful than the expensive and elaborately mounted prints, as they give a better idea of how one actually photographs, without the use of "make-up" or a photographic "touch-up." Moreover, these can be attached more easily to the cards, and if lost, can be cheaply and easily replaced. In the cases of those who possess no real qualifications—even good looks or distinction in type—they generally content themselves with taking one's name, address and telephone number. The first two particulars are matters not so much of courtesy as of common decency, while the telephone number rings up that hope which "long deferred maketh the heart sick."

A CITY OF CINEMANIACS

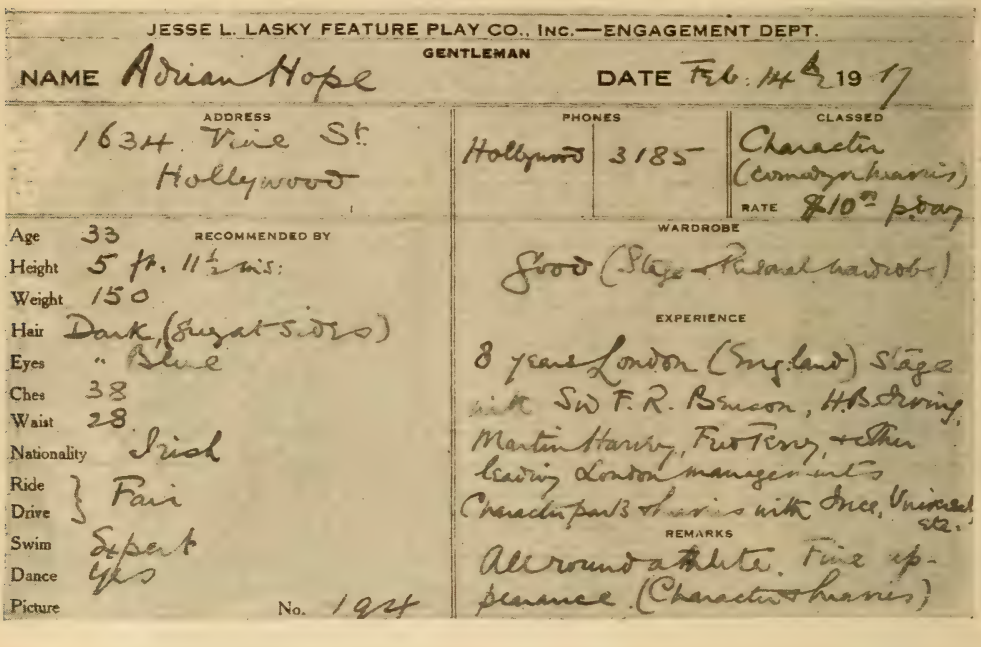
The supply of "extras" will always be greater than the demand in Los Angeles, where there is a population of over 500,000 cinemaniac souls, to say nothing of a number of Mexicans. You have of course been told by your local politician that "figures do not lie," but—liars sometimes figure! Nevertheless I may venture the assertion that out of this Los Angeles' half-million inhabitants the Motion Picture business, in one form or another, employs just five hundred thousand souls—and every Mexican. This sounds like Munchausen in the movies, yet I believe it is the genuine and unadulterated gospel truth. There are between seven and eight thousand residents (or hope-to-be-residents) of Los Angeles who make acting their sole vocation, but of the remaining 493,000 of this cinemaniac multitude it is at least the avocation. You may arrive in Los Angeles ignorant or indifferent to the fact that it is the "place where the movies are made," but you'll be made an

"involuntary extra" before you have been here long. There is no escape. The ubiquitous camera-man is everywhere. He "shoots" you on the street or in the cellar, on the beach or in your bath. Sometimes he asks your leave before invading your home, but every day some one arrives home to find a crowd around his door. His first thought, probably, is that the bailiff has at last arrived. He pushes his way thru the crowd, falling on one or two actors or actresses before he discovers the camera-man, hidden in a corner of the room, or hanging from a clothes-line or from a tree in the garden. Downtown in the business district it is just the same. An attack in the street, a fracas with a policeman outside a saloon, the hurried moving of traffic to make way for a fire-alarm with an engine-load of wildly gesticulating souls in torment and uniform—all mean "merely the movies." You need never want for excitement in America's great Carnival City on the Pacific.

The life of Los Angeles is full of thrill-ums and "fil-ums." You soon become sterilized against all sights and shocks. You are petrified by photography. You become bloodless with sheer cinemia. I think the low death-rate of Los Angeles is due as much to its cameras as to its climate. You either leave after the first shock you receive, or you become shock-proof. Neurasthenia in Hollywood is almost unknown. You can never remain serious long enough to get really worried, and while you may want for money you can never want long for employment. The camera-man will get you in his grind somehow—somewhere—sometime.

My Cinematic Baptism

I had been in Los Angeles only a day or so when I was called upon to play my first part for the movies. It was decidedly an "extra bit," and the performance was both unconscious and unpaid for. I was strolling along the side of the lake in Echo Park just opposite my house, when I saw a sight that made my Irish circulation rise as high as that of the *Saturday Evening Post*. A girl, pursued by a rough-looking man, rushed blind with terror into the water. Before he could reach the bank I was at him and on him. A straight left on the nose and a right hook to the jaw made him



JESSE L. LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., INC.—ENGAGEMENT DEPT.

GENTLEMAN

NAME Adrian Hope DATE Feb. 14th 1917

ADDRESS 1634 Vine St. Hollywood

PHONES Holly. 3185

CLASSED Character (Comedy or Heavies)

RATE $10.00 per day

WARDROBE Good (Stage + Personal wardrobe)

RECOMMENDED BY

Age 33
Height 5 ft. 11½ ins.
Weight 150
Hair Dark (Sugar Sifter)
Eyes " Blue
Ches 38
Waist 28
Nationality Irish
Ride } Fair
Drive }
Swim Expert
Dance Yes
Picture No. 1924

EXPERIENCE

8 years London (England) Stage with Sir F. R. Benson, H. B. Irving, Martin Harvey, Fred Terry, + other leading London managements. Character parts + heavies with Ince, Universal etc.

REMARKS

All round athlete. Fine appearance. (Character + heavies)

PLAYERS' REGISTRATION CARD USED AT THE LASKY STUDIO

My first thought was that I had been in Los Angeles only a day or so when I was called upon to play my first part for the movies. It was decidedly an "extra bit," and the performance was both unconscious and unpaid for. I was strolling along the side of the lake in Echo Park just opposite my house, when I saw a sight that made my Irish circulation rise as high as that of the *Saturday Evening Post*. A girl, pursued by a rough-looking man, rushed blind with terror into the water. Before he could reach the bank I was at him and on him. A straight left on the nose and a right hook to the jaw made him

perform the fall of his life, as he grabbed at me wildly and brought me over on top of him. Before the rest of the company could reach us, the unfortunate "heavy man" was several ounces lighter, from loss of blood, and I was hunting for a crowned tooth which had slipped out of my face into the lake, as I turned to jump after the girl who was now holding onto the bank helpless with laughter. What followed for the next few minutes has permanently enriched an unusually wide vocabulary, gleaned in all sorts and conditions of countries all over the world, since I had my first "extension lessions" from the towing-path of the River Cam at Cambridge University. However, the humor of the situation seized them as the hemorrhage stopped, and the camera-man came up with a broad grin and said: "Oh, h—l! That'll make bully stuff. *Let's take it again!*" "Nix on any re-take for me," said my fallen friend, "we might have too much of a good thing." That incident turned my thoughts from the contemplation of scenarios that wouldn't sell to the possibility of action that would. In forty-eight hours I wrote two scenarios that *would* sell—and *did;* and with the proceeds I spent three weeks learning the art of loafing in the so-called "Employment Offices" of the largest and best companies with the smallest and worst accommodation for the strangers without their gates.

Waiting for "Extra" Work

Both the accommodation provided for "extras" and the method of handling them vary at the different studios. In one thing almost all are alike; that is, in keeping applicants for work waiting so long that it is scarcely possible to visit more than one studio on the same morning or afternoon. While the hundreds that throng the waiting-places inside or outside each of the large studios make it impossible to handle them expeditiously, the amount of time wasted at most places is greater than the amount of time spent in receiving them. But, in the art of wasting time, the methods of studios make one a connoisseur. The method of employment is more or less the same at every studio, tho in some the directors, and particularly the assistants, still select their own "irregulars." This custom is, however, rapidly giving way to the one-man method. Formerly some assistant director would come round from time to time to select the types they require each day for their own pictures, and the directors themselves were buttonholed and "badgered" whenever they were seen. Now, however, most of the studios have fallen into line in turning over all the work to their employment manager. Notices are now posted in the studios, warning applicants against soliciting work from any of the directors or other officials, under threats of permanent refusal for any such action. This injunction is perhaps honored more in the breach than in the observance, but on the whole it has proved a sufficient deterrent to make the director's life a little more bearable.

One can now breathe quickly, if not freely. Some of the bolder ones among us are venturing to walk alone occasionally, and the most reckless have even been seen loitering near a telephone! The marvels of motography have not all been in the photographic department. Even in the kindergarten department of "efficiency," some symptoms of progress are being developed by these high-salaried experts, whose life is just one long cigar after another. The inventive and organizing genius of these gentlemen has not yet lightened the lot of the "extra." They are still bringing up the coming generation in the policy of "watchful waiting," tho some of the watches have gone long since to buy food until the waiting period ripens into a day's work. Still the Great Army of the Unattached falls into line soon after 7 A. M. and remains standing until one by one they receive the sign of the smile and the password, "Nothing doing today." Some days they find a notice posted upon arrival: "No Work Today." Then they all "depart in peace," instead of departing in pieces. Now and then the boldest and the most pertinacious obtain a few moments of sympathetic conversation with the employment director thru the wire-covered window which alone protects the job-giving Job from the hungry womenagerie without. Now and then, too, pluck or luck will end in *work*. But

to most the weary "walk-and-wait" goes on down a blind alley of desolated days.

Job-Giving Jobs

In the matter of patience, the employment director has it over the "extra" every time. As the old comic song says:—



CASTING-DIRECTOR CHARLES E. ROGERS, OF THE FOX (HOLLYWOOD) STUDIO, ENGAGING A CROWD OF EXTRAS FOR THE DAY'S WORK

> Talk about the patience of Job!
> Job had nothing to worry him.

If Job had ever been an employment manager in a Motion Picture studio, he might have had something to worry about. With the employment director, patience is not a virtue, but a habit; and after fifty, even virtue may become a habit!

Only a telephone operator at Central, or the information clerk at a railway terminal, can really appreciate the trials of the Motion Picture employment director. Even these harassed individuals are not sought after for work. The telephone operator's torment can be cut short by electricity; the railroad information clerk's by impatience. There is no such escape for the poor M. P. E. D. He can rely neither upon impatience nor electricity. Nothing short of electrocution will save him. Even then the "extras" around the studio would hold a post-mortem on his remains, and the "coroner's jury" would return the Scotch verdict of "Not proven." No! the M. P. E. D. must be not only of long-suffering, but of great goodness. He must be all things to all men, and nothing to any woman. He must be a Gabriel and a Michael rolled into one. That is probably why most of the studios' employment directors today are—*women*. The Motion Picture has

accomplished much, but it has not yet produced a male Madonna!

Studio Children—and "Some" Mothers

The reasons for employing women in this capacity are not far to seek. A large majority of those applying for work at the Motion Picture studios are women. Many, indeed most, of these are young women. The men required are recruited mainly from the ordinary employment agencies, when any large number is required for battle-scenes or other spectacular purposes. These "irregulars" in the photodramatic army receive "a dollar a day and grub." They are, as might be expected, a very "mixed bunch," of whom I shall have something to say later. The daily throng around the studios is composed mainly of women; many of them little more than children, others with children. These range from three years of age up. Some of them are ordinary children of poor anxious mothers. Others are extraordinary pigmies of infantile precocity, whose mothers are foolish enough for a lunatic asylum or callous enough for a term in the penitentiary. The latter will expose their children to dangers which one would believe none but those morally degenerate or mentally deficient could be capable of. I need mention only one case of a mother whose child would have been suffocated as it lay in its cot during a fire if it had not been noticed by the director. The scene was one in which a fire is supposed to break out in the room where the baby is lying in its cot. After one or two trial "shots" the child was choking from the fumes of the flames and "smoke-pots" used to add to the effect of the fire. The director, on account of something that was wrong, ordered another retake. The mother, without a word, immediately placed her choking baby back in the cot. Fortunately the camera-man drew the director's attention to the infant's suffering, otherwise the child would have been killed. As it was, the director of course stopped the scene, and, himself attending to the child, told the mother never to report at that studio again. I have seen other instances of callousness on the part of these mothers which were little less short of criminal cruelty than the case I have cited, and which have almost to be seen to be believed. Nor, save possibly in one instance, have these mothers been women in actual want. In the main, however, the children employed in the "Movie Camps" are well cared for; and where their own parents are unable to be with them all day, the studio has always a thoroly trustworthy woman official in the mother's place. One at least, of the larger studios, maintains a regular school for their little actors and actresses, where they receive daily instruction when they are not actually at work on the pictures. This studio, until recently, had an entire company of child actors under the direction of Mrs. Lule Warrenton, a very sweet and able woman, who is now organizing a company of her own for the exclusive purpose of providing plays for, and acted entirely by, children.

Where Is That "Studio Mother"?

There is no real moral peril in the employment of children in the Motion Picture studios. Whether the environment is desirable is another matter. While it is impossible to segregate the children altogether, they are far better cared for while working under the studio's supervision than they would be in some of their homes, if one may judge from the way they are paraded by their mothers, and dressed up to resemble bisque dolls. The moral dangers that beset those engaged in studio life, lurk rather around those scarcely grown-up girls who, attracted by the success of others, come expecting to achieve a similar success without experience or any of the qualifications necessary. The public loves pulchritude, and these misguided young people may—and many indubitably do—pay the penalty. For this the Motion Picture producers can scarcely be called to blame. They would just as soon—indeed, they would rather—engage for their juveniles young men and women of greater maturity and dramatic experience. Such would yield better results with less worry. But the public demands youth, *and*—it is easier to grow old by experience than to become young

by art! At the same time, I think it must be admitted that some of those engaged in the production of Motion Pictures are all too ready to give pulchritude preference to personality, with results as disastrous to those thus preferred as to the public and to the productions.

In an article by Mr. Robert Wagner on the Moving Picture industry, which was published in a weekly contemporary a little over a year ago, in writing of the undesirable relationships that had resulted from the letters of foolish women to their film favorites, he said that these problems had been solved in a measure by the employment of a "Studio Mother." According to this writer, "no girls other than recognized actresses are engaged except thru her (*i.e.*, the Studio Mother). Directors and actors can no longer employ any foolish young girl who happens to take their fancy." This will, I think, be news to those engaged or in any way acquainted with studio life. Where are these admirable women—these "Studio Mothers"? There are mothers at every studio. There are those who hope to become mothers, and others again who hope not! But where is Mr. Wagner's "Studio Mother"? I have been associated with four of the largest studios in Hollywood and Los Angeles, and am acquainted with almost every other of the sixty or seventy producing companies in this "Mecca of the Movies." In nearly every one there is some elderly, experienced actress who is probably known as "Mother" by the boys, but none of these members of the various stock companies, so far as I know, correspond to this mysterious mother of friend Rob's photodramatic fantasy. For he proceeds to tell us:—



ENTERING
THEIR DRESSING-ROOMS
BEFORE DONNING COSTUMES AT
THE FOX STUDIO

This mother becomes very alert in sorting out the frivolous, romantic youngsters from the girls of real talent and serious ambition. After they are employed they are chaperoned from morning until night, and must constantly report when off duty. If a director wants extra girls, he sends to the studio mother and she assigns the best one available.

We have recently been thrilled with the cry "Where Are My Children?" Now, it is up to Mr. Wagner to tell us "Where Is My Mother?" I think the Studio Mother must be dead. She was too good to live!

The real mothers of the cinema-crazy children who are to be seen haunting the studios, day after day, with their precocious, or merely stupid, offspring, present some curious studies in personality to the psychologist. No child is too ugly or too mentally backward to be regarded by these women as a potential "star." For the poor little mites, afflicted with such vanity-blinded or mercenary mothers, the most indifferent observer can have nothing but pity.

(*To be continued in the September issue*)

"Lady Marguerite" Snow

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



MARGUERITE SNOW AND HER BABY

Weren't you glad when you learnt that Marguerite Snow — Lady Marguerite of the "Million Dollar Mystery" and "Zudora"—was coming back to the screen? I was; and when I found a white slip on my desk reading "Interview Marguerite Snow," you can imagine my joy. Hastily I donned my coat and hat, fearing that the Editor would change his mind and want somebody else to secure the coveted chat, and plowed happily thru the snow to the subway. Going over to New York from Brooklyn, I was so happy that I positively purred, cat-like, with pleasure at thought of the treat in store for me.



Of course you know that Miss Snow is making her return under the auspices of Artcraft Pictures, opposite George M. Cohan, in his first picture venture, "Broadway Jones"? Well, then, you know as much as I did when I reached the Fifty-ninth Street studios.

"Miss Snow?" said the grizzled but kindly doorkeeper (doorkeepers are *always* "grizzled," but *not*, be it known, always "kindly"). "Yes, she's around here somewhere." And we started off sociably to look for her. Just as we neared a set representing an office, we heard a childish treble:

"Forty-five minutes from Bro-o-adway—
Forty-five minutes from town-n-n"

—and, with heightened curiosity, we peered around a corner of the "flat," seeing something that made us pause.

Before us, on the floor of the studio, knelt Miss Snow—lovely Peggy, only much more beautiful than of old—holding in her arms a sturdy,

Photo by Apeda

MARGUERITE SNOW, HER BABY, AND GEORGE M. COHAN BETWEEN SCENES WHILE PLAYING FOR ARTCRAFT

ruddy-cheeked kiddy of, perhaps, three years. Opposite the two, and intensely interested, knelt—it couldn't be, but it was!—George Cohan, the man who capitalized the American flag. And he was listening eagerly to the small girl sing "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." And never did proud composer listen more flatteringly to the notes of sopranos with fabulous salaries and golden voices than this one listened to a little child's warbling efforts.

Later, when the business of introductions was over, and Miss Snow, having permitted her small daughter, Julie Snow Cruze, to examine the "funny little black box," that was the camera, and the small person had been tenderly wrapped against the cold and turned over to her nurse, I was free to secure my interview.

"It has been so long since we have seen you on the screen," I suggested.

"I have been so busy," she apologized, her brown eyes lighting joyously as at some happy recollection—"so busy just *living* that I haven't had time to act. Julie takes up so much of my time—and babies are such fascinating things. At first I tried to keep up my work and bring her up properly. But I found that I couldn't. I hated to leave her all day, and we picture-people have so little time for ourselves. So I gave up the business of being an actress in favor of the business of being a mother."

And the happiness of her—the whole air of youthful, bubbling good spirits of her, proved that she had found this second "profession" fully as exciting and even more engrossing than the first.

"Jimmy and I" (Jimmy being James Cruze, if you dont know)—"Jimmy and I rented a darling place in the country, not too far from the city, and there, with Baby, we just retired like hermits, and lived the 'simple life' with a vengeance, and got acquainted with each other and Baby. It was a wonderful time." And again her brown eyes grew dreamy.

"And now?" I hinted, gently, to bring her back from her reverie.

"Oh, now I shall play Josie Richards in Mr. Cohan's play, 'Broadway Jones,' and then—well, I'm going to Toronto, with the Canadian National Features Company."

"If the country was so fascinating, how did you ever persuade yourself to come back—and work?" I demanded.

"Well, I was afraid I would forget how to act if I stayed away much longer," she returned, beginning, with an apology, to remove her make-up; "and it was quite a temptation, too, to work opposite Mr. Cohan in his first picture. Really, I consider him one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. He has a really unique personality, and he is going to be one of the *big—really big*—men of the business."

"Oh, Lady Snow, Lady Snow!" I protested, wickedly.

"Oh, I know that sounds like 'press-agent stuff,' but it isn't, honestly. We are all quite mad about Mr. Cohan and he's splendid to work with, so nothing we can say about him sounds extravagant—in our own ears, at least!" And with that she slipped out of the pongee blouse and the tailored skirt of Josie Richards, slipping into a stunning velvet street-suit of a wondrous wine-color, heavily banded in kolinsky.

Should you care for statistics and other dry-as-dust facts, Milady Marguerite was born in Savannah, Georgia. And maybe that proud, fair city doesn't boast of this lovely daughter! Every time one of her pictures goes there her name is plastered, in three-foot letters, the length of town, and Broughton Street immediately takes on a festive air. She was educated at Loretta Heights Academy, making her stage début at an age when most girls are wondering whether they dare lengthen their skirts another inch and are filling with anxious (and foolish) letters the local "Advice to the Love-Lorn" column. After five years behind the footlights, she deserted them for the movies. And there she has been since. On the stage she played with the original company of "The Devil"; was with Thomas Jefferson in "The Other Fellow," "The Road to Yesterday," and many others of equal or greater note. Coming to pictures by the door opened to her at New Rochelle by Thanhouser, she did splendid work as the wicked Countess in "The Million Dollar Mystery" and the title part in "Zudora." From Thanhouser she went to Metro, where her best work was in "Rosemary

—That's for Remembrance," "A Corner in Cotton," "The Second in Command," and others. Followed retirement, and then—Artcraft and "Broadway Jones."

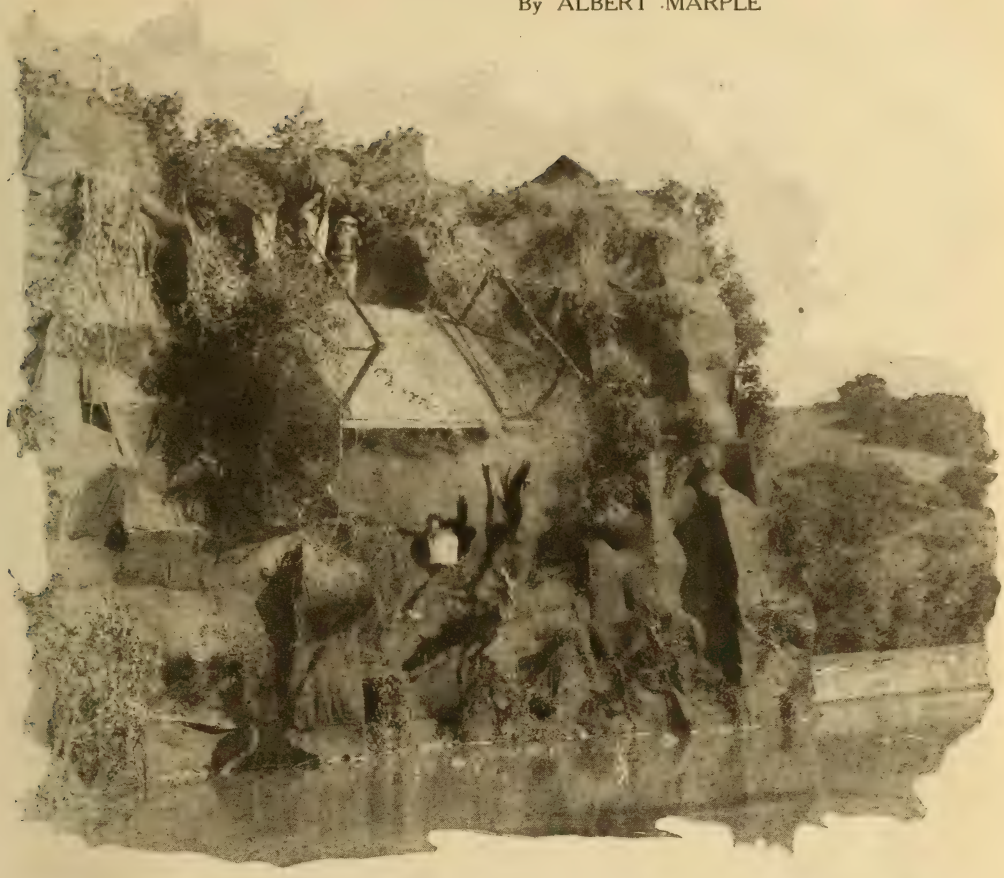
After this is finished, who shall say what? Our heroine has fled across the border. And with such comfort we who remain will have to be content.



RUTH ROLAND LOOKS AS IF SHE WERE "CAUGHT WITH THE GOODS." TRUST HER TO BE A WISE ONE—SHE IS SHOWING HER SHOOTING PERMIT TO THE WARDEN OF AN EXCLUSIVE CALIFORNIA ROD AND GUN CLUB

A Game of "Taking Chances"

By ALBERT MARPLE



MAKING A FORTY-FIVE-FOOT DROP FROM A SPECIALLY BUILT PLATFORM

THERE is probably no line of endeavor in the world where "Safety Last" prevails as in the Motion Picture business. In this, as in no other field, must the danger actually be entered into by the actor or actress—Moving Picture workmen—taking chances being the very life of the pictures and one element which is responsible for the existence of the Motion Picture "game." Many effects are "faked," it is true, but even in the instances where this occurs it is very often that the actor or actress comes so near to the "danger mark" as to make the scene a little uncomfortable for the spectator.

The accompanying illustration shows a man and horse making a 45-foot drop from a specially built platform into a pool of water—and this is not being faked. The idea of the picture is that a gang of bold, bad bandits chase this actor, the hero, who is riding horseback, out upon this trick platform, and after he has left the solid ground in this "opening in the hills" the trap is sprung and the "victim" and his steed are plunged into the pool beneath, which fall, the bandits believe, will, pictorially, end the man's life. Incidentally, it almost in fact did, for the actor was for several weeks confined to the company's hospital with a wrenched back. As there was considerable "close up" work in the remainder of the play in which it was impossible to substitute another actor for the injured man, the making of the remainder of this picture naturally had to wait until the "crip" could get back into the saddle as well as "into harness."

Gail Kane—Twin Star of Stage and Screen



Six seasons ago Gail Kane's deep hazel orbs and burnished red-brown hair were discovered and "played up" by the spotlight artillerist in the theater gallery—today these same snares are binding the camera-men in the studios. Her Thespian career has been remarkable—Broadway favorite and studio star in bewildering alternation—from "The Harp of Life," at the Globe Theater, N. Y., to the American Studio, in Santa Barbara, is her very latest adventure.



Grace Cunard, who was born in Paris, inherits her name from a French father, and her independent spirit from an American mother. She is the authoress of hundreds of scenarios in which she has starred. She is an all-around sportswoman and has a quaint fad—collecting dolls of all nations. Her kennels house many blue-ribbon winners, of which this snappy-eyed Pekinese spaniel is the prize pet.

THE VAMPIRE

A STORY OF TRUE LOVE—

HUSSY!!

THE ADVENTURESS DETERMINES ON A BOLD STROKE TO RELIEVE THE LOVE-STRUCK VICTIM OF HIS WORLDLY GOODS

I'LL DO IT!

AHEM!! ?

FRESH PAINT

HAVING RUINED THE POOR FOOL'S CANDY, REPUTATION, AND CLOTHES, THE VAMP CAST'S HIM ASIDE—

HERE IS WHERE THE TRUE LOVE STUFF COMES IN—

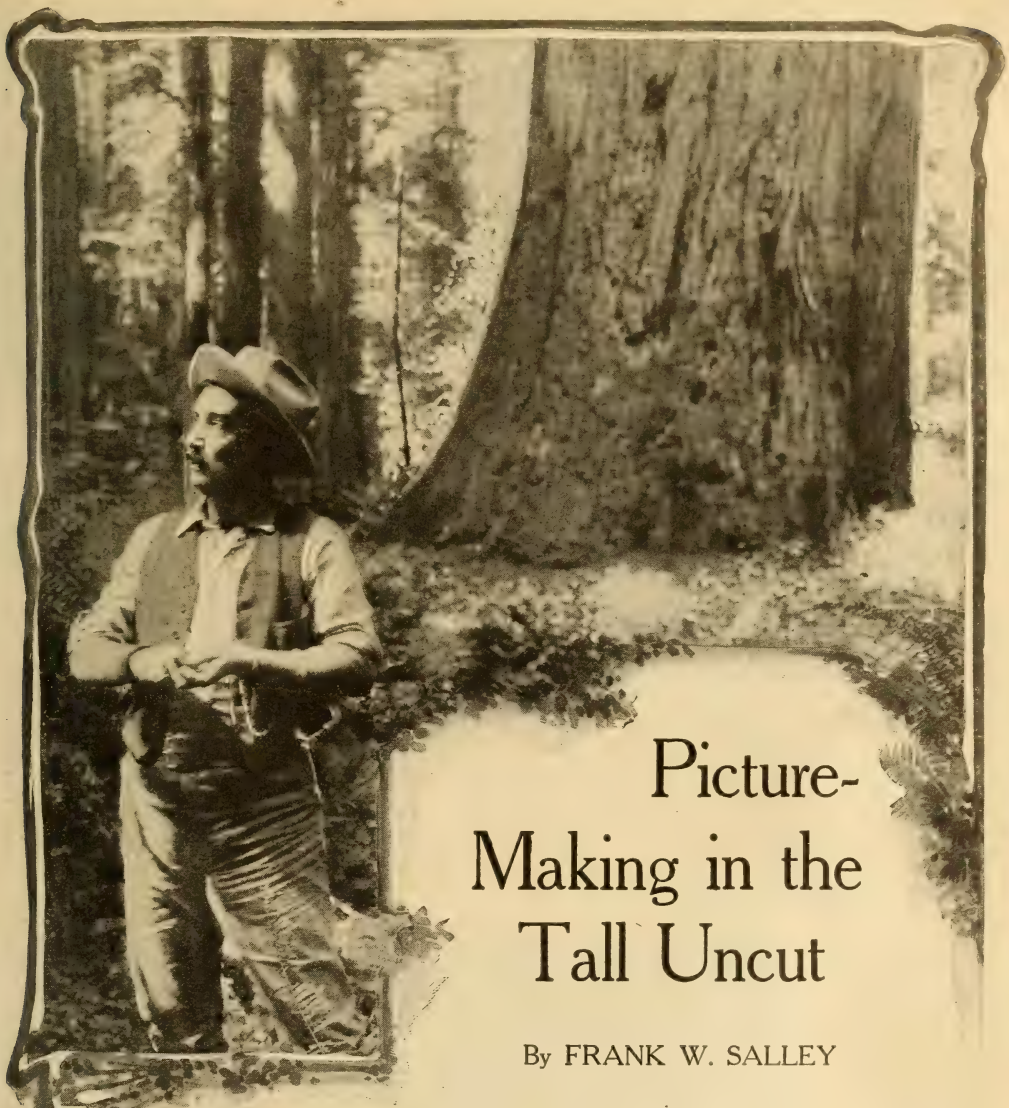
HA-HA!

PAINT

NEVER MIND- I STILL LUV YA'—

THE END

J. VINCENT RADCLIFFE 16



THOMAS G. LINGHAM IN A SCENE MADE ON HAMMOND'S LOGGING LAND. NOTE THE "SAPLING" IN BACKGROUND—IT MEASURED ONLY 30 FEET THRU

Picture-Making in the Tall Uncut

By FRANK W. SALLEY

To begin with, let me say that there are many things more excruciatingly f u n n y than chasing the elusive photoplay thru the wild uncut. Among these I might mention singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" at a French picnic; wearing a hair shirt over a severe case of prickly heat; cranking a 1910 flivver; cranking a 1917 flivver; cranking a flivver; eating soft-boiled eggs in England; eating hard-boiled eggs anywhere; dreaming that you are attending a Screen Club blow-out attired in pajamas. All these and many others are as full of chuckles, compared to photoplaying in the wild uncut, as is Bert Williams or Charlie Chaplin compared to a shorthand account of the County Medical Association in active session assembled. Would that Mark Twain or Irv Cobb could have made the trip, so that we could have an adequate description of the horrors and hardships attendant upon it.

Of course, I didn't have to go, but when I was offered what struck me as

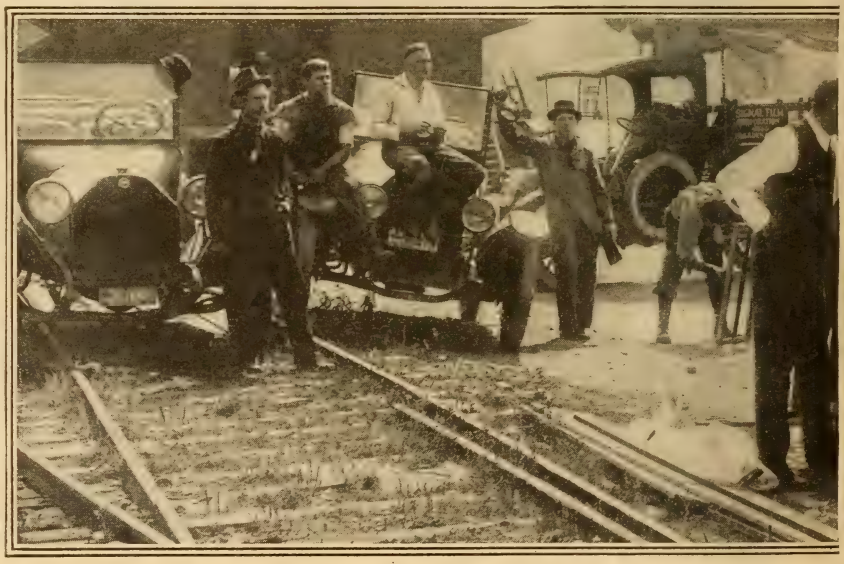
a huge sum per week and expenses, I almost fell over myself accepting. I went around Los Angeles that week, my head in the air, with hardly a glance at the humble extras from whose rank I had suddenly risen, pitying them, in the fullness of my own luck, that they should not have a similar opportunity. Oh, what a fall was due! And it came!



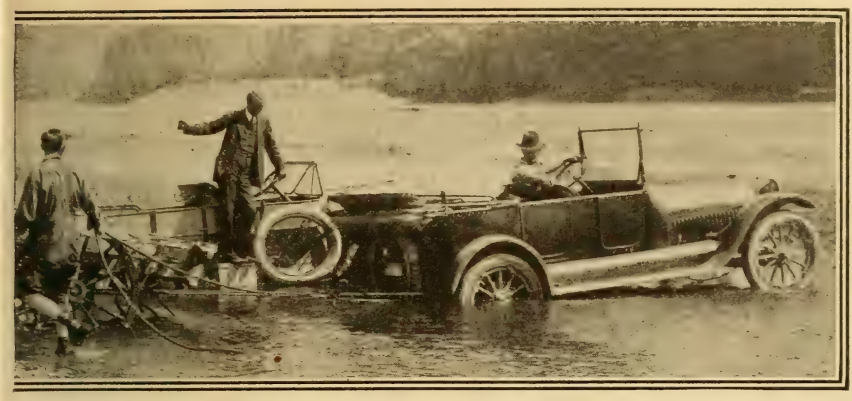
THE AUTOMOBILES WERE MIGHTY BAD ACTORS

To begin with, we left Los Angeles on Friday, and the tickets were purchased on the 13th. We might have known better! We chose to go to the redwoods because of the scenery, which, beyond any question, is absolutely wonderful. Trees whose trunks measure twenty to thirty feet thru, and which reach up to a height of two hundred feet or more; acres and acres of the most beautiful ferns, growing as rank as oats and reaching a height of six feet; hillsides showing green in the lazy autumn sun, with rivers of molten silver winding in and out among them—all these and many others combine to form a picture in my mind which, even backed by memory, is beyond the humble powers of myself and my trusty Remington. We had a slight conception of what we should find there—in the way of scenery; but the actual thing was even more stupendous than we could imagine—and in our bunch were some trusty little "imaginers," both plain and fancy. You see, the Press Guy was with us! Even he was "stumped" for adjectives that hadn't been overworked.

But one thing we hadn't realized—or didn't know—was that where the redwoods are there is the fog-belt. It is the nature of the trees. They will not grow anywhere else—not even in a mildly dry climate. It is not the heavy rain they seem to need, but the prevalent fogs and low clouds—the humid atmosphere from which said redwoods seem to draw sustenance is thicker than a distant cousin at a will-reading.



ALL OF ARCATA WAS WAITING AT THE STATION—



WHEN IT CAME TO STAGING THE WATER STUFF

We reached Arcata thirty-five strong. Arcata, Cal., being apprised of our coming beforehand, was there at the station to welcome us, with autos bearing placards announcing who and what we were—emphasis being placed on the *what!* A banner such as sandwich-men wear was draped artistically around the auto in which Miss Holmes was to ride, and on it was enough biographical data to make a very good interview with that young person. The rest of us traveled up in the other cars, and before the hotel was reached we had resolved ourselves into a sort of triumphant procession. Except for the fact of our twenty-for-ten ready-made cigarets and the presence of our autos we might have been a little wad of Roman soldiery returning from the conquest of Canaan or whatever place they were in the habit of "conquesting" in. Lumberjacks ran over men, women and children to form into a procession behind us and escort us to the hotel.

At first thought perhaps this sounds as if we should have been elated by this attention. But think again. Think once more, and imagine yourself the center of the eyes—a multitude of eyes like that—I should say about eight thousand eyes, or, to be strictly truthful, seven thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, for one of the men had lost an eye some time previous to our advent, so that we could not be blamed for this. Imagine, tho, being rubbered at by such a gang, and you will realize to some extent how we felt. All we needed was a clown band, a steam calliope and a gilt-bordered wagon bearing "the blood-sweating behemoth of Holy Writ," to make the late lamented P. T. Barnum turn over in his grave and start working on another twenty-four sheet.



AND A STAGE WAS ALREADY SET FOR US

Let me pause right here to say that never before in the history of Motion

Pictures has a company been accorded the reception that was given the "Lass of the Lumberlands" company by Arcata, Cal. The people not only let us buy them drinks, but they bought right back at us, and left their cigars and cigaret cases open in front of us. Their generosity was at times embarrassing, and made it hard for us to leave them. Some of us still receive letters from the Arcatans regularly, and they are not letters signed by a fellow named P. Remit, either—they are friendly letters.



MAKING CAPITAL OUT OF AN HONEST-TO-GOODNESS LOG-JAM ON ONE OF THE MAD RIVER'S TRIBUTARIES

Knowing of our intended arrival, the Chamber of Commerce had cleared a vacant lot back of the hotel, and had built there an open-air stage. They had built uprights all ready for our diffusers, and a transformer, so that all we had to do was to hook our lights on and go to work—all at the city's expense, if you please! I ask you to consider that!

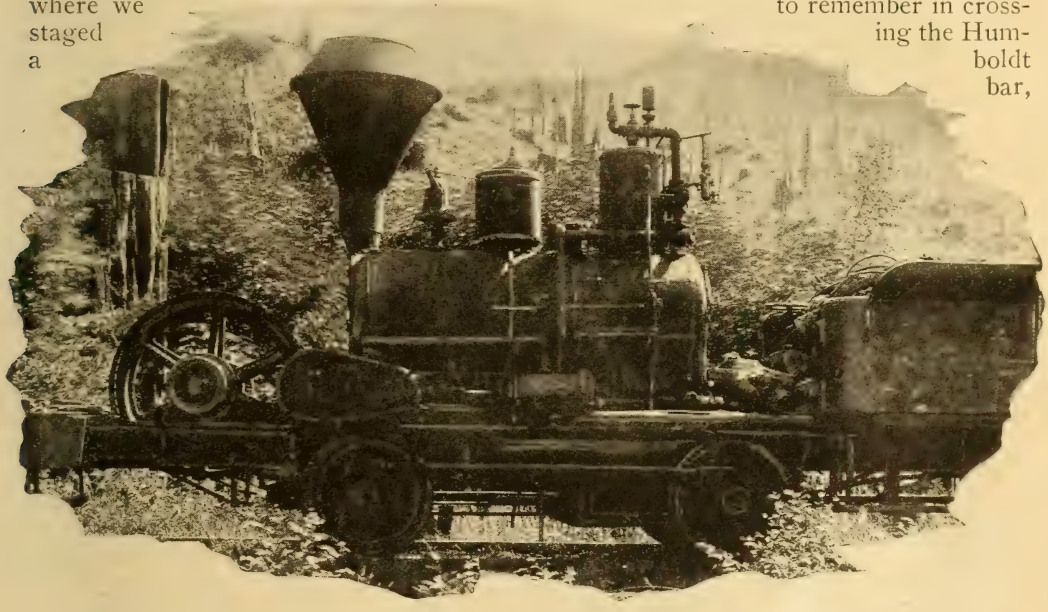
But if the people were wonderful, I have less to say about the scenery. Scenery? Sure, scads of it—but I ask you, what's the use of scenery with no sunlight in which to "shoot" it? The next morning we arose in the midst of a sticky, humid fog. We should worry—we hadn't intended doing anything but get familiar with the locations that day. But the next day was worse. And the next. The natives told us that it would surely be light the next day, and it was—from twelve to one, when we were at lunch. When we came out to begin work, the sun coyly pulled up a blanket of fog and retired behind it. We asked more questions of the natives, and they informed us that this was unusual. I put little stock in such a statement, however, for I had heard it once before, when it froze one winter in Florida; I had heard the same story the year it roasted the natives to death in Guadalajara, Mexico; I had heard it when the wind blew in a two-story building in Denver, Col.; again, when it blew the top out of the mercury in Santa Ana; ditto every other place I had been.

Finally, Mr. MacGowan decided to

commercialize the fog. If it was going to be foggy, he'd make a picture calling for fog. He sat up all night one night writing the "fog episode," and the next day we went merrily to work. And on the second day the fog went and buried itself behind the hills, or in the ocean, or wherever it belonged. Eventually, however, we got it.

But the worst part of the trip came when we chartered a gasoline tug and went down the coast thirty miles to Cape Mendocino, where we staged a number of scenes around the ill-fated steamer *Bear,* where she lay half in and half out of the water. Everybody got so seasick that they rather hoped she would finish sinking, and thus settle, once and for all, this awful nausea. (Sea-sickness being about ten miles the other side of what Sherman said war was!) But there was no such luck for us. It stayed almost right side up all the time. It would nearly go down by port-side first, then the starboard would dip under the briny, and with each lurch of the awful thing we would all shade off from a pretty, waxy white to the color of thick pea-soup, and wonder why they ever built such frightfully loose water. I lost things on that trip that I never ate—including my best hat and a wonderful appetite. But at that it was a wonderful experience —very *wonderful!*

The tug we chartered for the two days' work was called the *Magnolia;* but not, most *emphatically not,* because of her odor—she had been a substitute fish-boat. And she had turned turtle in the mouth of the Klamath River a short time before, and had drowned the entire crew. This was a pleasant little thing to remember in crossing the Humboldt bar, with the combers running thirty-five feet high and half-a-mile long, with Friend Tug swinging back and forth from side to side until it seemed that the topmast was intent on being submerged in the wet.



A SAMPLE OF THE ROLLING STOCK IN THE HUMBOLDT LOGGING COUNTRY. IT WOULD PROBABLY MAKE STEPHENSON'S "ROCKET" TURN GREEN WITH ENVY

Altho it was early fall and delightfully warm around Los Angeles, the water in the ocean at Cape Mendocino was colder than the heart of a scenario editor. Several of the cast were called upon to dive overboard and frolic around in the wet. Accustomed to the warm beaches of the South, it was inhuman to ask it of them; but, of course, that's what we had all been hired for. And over we

went. I speak of it feelingly because I was among those present doing the Kellermann. Miss Holmes went overboard to rescue Billie Brunton, and when she came up she was blue with cold and her teeth were rattling like a Brush car driving over a railroad trestle. But she gamely continued her acting until the scene was over. It looked splendid on the screen, which, after all, was the chief thing.

The next time we made the trip down to the stranded ship, for beach or shore scenes, we went in autos. That lingers in what serves for my brain as the most memorable trip I have ever had. They needed every extra in the crowd, and even the Press Guy worked. That was the only bright spot in that awful day for me—the fact that he himself had to endure some of the discomforts and hardships that make "such splendid copy," as he is accustomed to say. Sitting back in a steam-heated office, with a stenographer at his beck and call, writing cheerful lies about "how crazy we actors are over such things" and the sacrifices we make for "our art," is a bit different to the work he did that day. He himself helped make some of that much-vaunted "good copy"!

Drenched to the skin in ice-water—that in itself would have been bad enough. But that wasn't the worst of it. The day was clear as a bell, but there was a wind blowing straight from the North Pole. I shall never cease to regret that Cook or Peary ever discovered that Pole. The wind registered sixty miles an hour and it whipped along that two-mile beach, picking up sand with which to beat us in the face. It was so cold that we were all bundled in furs and lap-robes when not working. There was no place to sit except on the sand, unprotected from the wind. It would pick up handfuls of sand and grit and drift them in thru the seams of our coats and down our backs and into our eyes; it drifted up beside us and around us until we were in danger of being buried alive. Half the time we couldn't see because of the gobs of mud in our eyes.

At sundown we started for home. The wind had *not* died down with the setting sun, as it is supposed to do by our best little free-verse writers. It increased. From Cape Town to Ferndale you travel over what is known as the Wildcat Trail. At best, that trail is worse than anything you can imagine. Wide enough for only one machine, and most of it standing up on end, it constitutes something a little worse than anything I had ever encountered before. To make it worse, for several weeks a flock of dissipated trucks had been traveling back and forth over that course, carrying salvage from the wreck, and they had worn holes in the road that were big enough for Indian graves. Most of the hills were so steep that they had to be made on second; and on top of this, you must remember that we were driving into the face of a sixty-mile zephyr. Also, that zephyr was cold—it was more than that. Sixty miles we drove thru that blizzard, minus snow and sleet. After the first ten miles I was frozen to my seat and my legs were mere icicles. We had eaten at eleven o'clock that morning; it was ten-thirty that night when we reached that so dear hotel! Speaking for myself, John, I dragged my ice-caked figure into the little room with the third rail in it and hoisted aboard several scorching alcoholic beverages that thawed out enough of me to hold food. But let's draw a veil of charity over that!

A trip to the Yosemite brought us five days of good weather and two weeks of rain and fog, during which we fought the demon rum, exchanged salaries via the national game of poker, and did other little things to keep from going mad during the days that were so dark we had to light matches to see the windows at noon. It was *dark!*

When we finally reached Los Angeles again we were covered with chilblains; we were verging on the borders of insanity; we had caught colds, pneumonia, and housemaid's knee; our patience and nerves were worn to a frazzle, and we were not on speaking terms.

I will be a long time forgetting this, my first experience on a location trip. I never knew how much I loved Los Angeles until I returned to it from the Yosemite. I wanted to kiss the paving-stones, and was restrained only by force from falling upon the neck of the traffic cop at the station. I was *happy!*

Limerick Looseness—A New Frozen Drink!

Fluid Stuff for Midsummer Madness Messed Up by Looney Poets from Acid Lines and Icy Hearts

"DRINK to me only with thine eyes" showed that the has-been poet was 'way off the track. He had never tasted a Limerick nor put one to work. A well-born one tickles the palate, delights the eye, buzzes the ear, clears the nose and touches the Editor—for a prize. The well-developed Limerick can either now-I-lay-me quietly under the tongue or can ring in the brain-cavern like a curtain of fire. No one can quite describe its sensations — every one can make a stab at building one.

We offer $10 in prizes each month ($5, $2, $1, $1 and $1) for the best Limericks. The winners this month are Stanley Barnett, D. Gerbracht, Harry J. Smalley, Mary E. Rouse, Stella Harris and A. Cameron.

ASTRONOMICAL BILL!

I LIKE the dazzling woman-stars
A-shining on the screen;
In spite of telescopic search,
No asteroids are seen.

But best of all a man-star, who,
A-scorning stellar chart,
His own erratic orbit makes—
The shooting-star, Bill Hart!

STELLA HARRIS.
5102 Asotin St., Tacoma, Washington.

100 PER CENT. SCREEN-PROOF.

HE's the brightest of stars that are blinkin',
He knows all about acting, I'm thinkin';
There's none, bless your heart,
On the subject of art,
Can "eddicate" Eddie K. Lincoln!

MARY E. ROUSE.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

NOM LIBRE———VERS DE LIBRE!

AND *this* of the Sisters Du Gish,
To see them "grow up" is my wish;
They are O. K., 'tis true,
In parts "onjinoo,"
But their débutante slouch—oy—slish!

ELEANOR H. BERCEAU.
3435 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

'ANDSOME 'ARRY LOCKWOOD.

SURE, he has a most iligant map,
Has this husky and likeable chap;
But he's the divil on wheels,
From his head to his heels,
When scenarios call for a scrap!

MARY E. ROUSE.
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE MAN WHO SMILES.

(L'Homme Qui Rire)

YOU smile! and, without let or hinder,
Reduce girlish hearts to a cinder;
You have sure "come across"
With the goods—you're the boss
Of all laughter-provokers, Max Linder!

A. CAMERON.
64 Grove Ave., Highland Park, Detroit, Mich.



E. K. LINCOLN

MARGUERITE COURTOT.

THE plot of this limerick's hazy,
But that doesn't prove I am crazy;
The diction-nar-ee
Is correct to a T—
It says: "Marguerite is a daisy"!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.



BECAUSE HIS WIFE KEEPS KIDDING HIM.

SIDNEY DREW is a source of much joy,
Who "comedes" without any alloy;
To me it's a wonder,
However in thunder
A *man* can so long be a *boy!*

LESTER C. WILLARD.
42 Herriot St., Yonkers, N. Y.

PULLY PEARL WHITE.

IN "Pearl of the Army" in khaki
I liked her so much I am tacky;
If I knew I'd be sent
Into her regiment
I'd enlist in a minute, by crackey!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

WITH APOLOGIES TO OMAR.

A HAMMOCK and cushion underneath the bough,
The Movie Magazine to read, and thou—
With Norma Talmadge underneath the trees—
Oh! Germany would be Paradise with these!

ETHEL YOCKEY.
124 Pleasant St., Rockwell City, Ia.

THAT CANNON-STOVE GRIN!

DOUGLAS FAIRPANKS once went to Quebec,
He got stuck in the snow to his neck;
So he turned on his smile,
And just waited a while—
And the snow simply melted, by heck!

D. GERBRACHT.
Ames, Iowa.

AN UNSINKABLE PUN!

MANY vessels have ne'er reached shore
Since the start of the submarine war;
Already the U-boats
Have sunk quite a few boats—
And now our "Cunard" is one "Moore"!

STANLEY BARNETT.
517 Pine St., Ishpeming, Mich.



HARRY MEYERS

HE'S ONLY FOR FIRE-PROOF HEARTS.

YOU dont look the part, Harry Meyers,
But your name is suggestive of fires;
You've kindled a flame
In my heart, just the same,
And I hope that it never expires!

FRED ZIEMER.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Wild and Woolly

By DOROTHY DONNELL

J. Hartley Hillington stood before the triplicate mirror of his dresser, surveying the pleasing young gentleman reflected therein, with an entirely uncalled-for bitterness. Baby-blue eyes, round, pink cheeks, a dimple in the chin, and a delicate lavender neck-scarf—this was the Jeff known to that small portion of the world designated in the atlas as Hartley's Mills, Pennsylvania. The latest census gives Hartley's Mills a population of seven thousand souls; a census of Jeff Hillington's friends would have totaled precisely the same number.

He had health, youth—eighteen years of it—and



he was completely surrounded on all sides by money. He had a smile of such compelling good nature that homeless dogs invariably followed him about, and infants with sticky fingers and grievances recognized him at once as the source of ice-cream and licorice. Yet dissatisfaction, like a worm i' the bud, preyed on his damask cheeks. He gloomed upon his reflection, and his reflection beamed back at him, plump and guileless and incorrigibly cheerful.

"You look more like something they pick and put in vases than a regular fellow!" he apostrophized himself, indignantly. "Quit grinning, cant you, and get a little pep into that Infant Samuel face!"

He thrust his jaw forward, gritted his teeth and frowned mightily with startling effect. The expression did not fit his face and was, moreover, painful to the muscles. And what was worse, instead of looking like a baby who sees his bottle approaching, he looked like a baby who has just lost his bottle and is consequently peeved.

"Aw! what's the use?" moaned J. Hartley Hillington.

Unknown to the world, unsuspected by family or friends, he cherished in his secret soul an ideal of himself which differed from the reality as milk differs from wine—nay, as water differs from blood—a Jeff, stalwart, darkly bearded, with the muscles of the man who demonstrates the patent exercisers in drug-store windows; the jaw of a prize-fighter; the vocabulary of a dime-novel hero. A man of iron, this Jeff, but with a rugged chivalry, feared by his foes—he gloated gently over the number of foes he would have—a man who could drink heavily, gamble away his last cent with a smile on his face, kiss a pretty serving-girl, and shoot an enemy with the same insouciance. A bit of a devil, this Jeff—b-r-r-r!

"Did you call me, sir?" Wilson, the butler, stood in the doorway, consternation in his pale eye. "If I might venture to remind you, sir, of Miss Van Dorn's pink tea at four——" He viewed J. Hartley Hillington critically, head on one side in the manner of a window-dresser regarding the wax gentleman in the nobby suit marked down to twenty-two. "A gardenia in your button-hole, sir"—his voice was almost pleading—"and just a dash of Bridal Boquet on the handkerchief——"

"Damn it, no!" shouted Jeff—at least he shouted the last word and almost said the rest. "What do you think I am? A Christmas present, or maybe a bridge-prize that you tie ribbons on?"

He was several blocks away from the house before he thought to wonder where he was going. He stopped short and considered. There was one thing certain, and that was that he was *not* going to the pink tea, he whose soul yearned for adventure, for grim deeds and dark exploits! He brought his fist down in a mighty blow — and struck something hard and sharp close beside him. It was a display-board before a Motion Picture show. J. Hartley Hillington glanced up and stood enthralled, mouth slightly ajar, as his dazzled eyes took in the gaily colored examples of lithographic art adorning the entrance-way.

"'The Round-up,'" he read aloud, yearningly. "'Red-Blooded Drama of the Wild and Woolly West! Cowboy Life of the Plains—A Thousand Thrills an Hour. Ten Cents Admission.'"

In another moment the gum-chewing blonde displayed in the glass-case before the Palace Picture Theater was richer by the precise amount of one dime, and Jeff Hillington was sitting in the garlic-flavored atmosphere inside, feasting his eyes upon a round-up of cowboys in the realistic Western setting of Hackensack, New Jersey.

It is surprising what a ten-cent piece can do. Properly invested in gum-drops

Cast of characters appearing in this play, produced by the Artcraft Company.

Jeff Hillington	Douglas Fairbanks
His father	Walter Bytell
Hillington's butler	Joseph Singleton
Nell Larabee	Eileen Percy
Hotel-keeper—Bitter Creek	Calvin Carter
Banker—Bitter Creek	Forest Seabury
Lawyer—Bitter Creek	J. W. Jones
Pedro, hotel clerk—Bitter Creek	Charles Stevens
Steve, Indian Agent	Sam DeGrasse
Engineer	Tom Wilson

or salted peanuts, it may win one a wife; injudiciously expended on a whisky-and-soda, it may lose one a wife—it may even change the course of an entire destiny.

Wilson, the butler, weary with butling, was nodding gently in an antique Elizabethan chair—made in Grand Rapids, Mich.—in the Hillington hall, late that afternoon, when a disturbing element crept into his dream. He thought that the Remington picture that hung in the den came to life suddenly with a terrible yell and bore down upon him. He thought he was caught up by the seat of his respectable trousers and deposited upon the floor on his hands and knees; he thought some one in a wide sombrero, waving a revolver skittishly above his head, sat astride of him and commanded him in a strange tongue to "Buck, you pie-faced, moth-eaten coyote!—*buck*, you wooden-legged son-of-a-snail!"

And as the unhappy butler cavorted along the hall, Jeff Hillington felt the blood of Bull's-eye Jim, the Terror of the Ranch Bar-O, tingling in his veins, and laughed a laugh that would have turned the pink tea pale with fear.



"'THE ROUND-UP,'" HE READ ALOUD, YEARNINGLY

Thereafter life in the Hillington home was as peaceful as it must be in the towers of Rheims Cathedral under a heavy bombardment. Finding his plan of putting up an Indian tepee in the drawing-room uncongenial to his mother, Jeff turned the

den into a likeness of the Wild West that is so familiar to every one (except a Westerner), with the aid of a complete department-store outfit—Indian wigwam, iron kettle slung over three sticks, coffee-pot and all. At the same inexhaustible source of supply he purchased a cowboy outfit patterned after those worn in "The Round-up"—bandana neckerchief, leather gauntlets, Mexican belt and chaps the chaste white of unsullied snow. Arrayed in these, he was able to view his reflection in the mirror with less humiliation. He could almost feel his beard commencing to grow.

The pink-tea set looked in vain for the cherubic smile of its favorite; the Bunny Hug and the Fox Trot and all the rest of the zoological dances went on without him, and there were several young ladies who felt that society nowadays was as zestless as a cocktail minus the cherry. Meantime, in the realistic glow of a camp-fire cleverly contrived out of red electric bulbs, Jeff sat evening after evening at the door of his tepee and devoured yellow novels of cowboy life with voracious appetite.

Revolvers barked, Indians stalked their prey, buffaloes and broncos passed before his enraptured eyes.

"Ha! ha! Deadwood Dick never forgets an enemy!" sneered the Villain in the black cambric mask, and—

"Put 'er thar, pard!" chirruped the Rugged Miner with the Heart of Gold.

The authors — Frank Garvice, Dick Daring—seemed, to Jeff's guileless soul, authorities on the life they wrote of so glibly. If he could have known that Frank Garvice was a spinster schoolma'am who had never been further West than Buffalo — but he did not know.

His father and mother took this new development resignedly, as they had accepted the measles and mumps and other episodes of his career, but others of the Hillington ménage found it a trifle trying.

"My word!" moaned the harassed



JEFF GETS IN PRACTICE FOR THE WILD AND WOOLLY

butler to the sympathetic servants' hall. "I 'opes I knows my place and all that, but when it comes to being lassoed and tied to a chair for one mortal hour, it's going a bit beyond the duties of a butler, to my way of thinking!"

It was at this opportune point that the delegation of citizens from Bitter Creek, Arizona, elected to journey



AT THE DOOR OF HIS TEPEE, WHICH HE SET UP IN THE CORNER OF HIS ROOM, JEFF DEVOURED YELLOW NOVELS OF COWBOY LIFE

to Hartley's Mills on a matter that concerned a certain borax mine the elder Hillington was interested in. No sound of merry revolver-shots woke the echoes of Main Street as they entered the town. Black derbies adorned their heads instead of the rakish sombrero; sober sack-suits took the place of buckskin and chaps. They resembled nothing so much as a delegation from the Undertakers' Union as they ascended the steps of the Hillington mansion and were ushered into the library of the millionaire.

Now and again, while they discussed the object of their mission, they caught something besides borax in Mr. Hillington's eye as he gazed about the decorous circle. And concurrent with this expression, they seemed to hear a rhythmic thumping overhead and the sound of muffled cries.

"Gentlemen," said Jefferson Hillington, Senior, finally pointing to the ceiling from which flecks of the plastering occasionally drifted, "gentlemen, you hear that noise. Does it remotely remind you of any sound you have ever heard in your lives before?"

"Whoop-ee!" caroled Jeff overhead,

in the most approved cowboy style. "Whoop-ee! Hi-yi!"

One of the Bitter Creekers said doubtfully that he had had a cousin on his mother's side afflicted something like that; another ventured the comment that, whatever it was, he had it pretty bad, poor fellow, and couldn't anything be done?

Mr. Hillington smiled a satisfied smile. "You are listening, gentlemen," he observed, "to a cowboy yell as interpreted by my son. The thumping you hear is caused by a wooden rocking-horse on which he is learning to ride, roll a cigaret and twirl a lasso all at the same time, as the cowboys do in dime novels, under the tutelage of one T. Clarence Epps, equestrian instructor, lately graduated from a correspondence-school course in horseback riding." The visitors from Bitter Creek regarded one another in bewilderment, but their host's next words bore enlightenment.



JEFF TAKES LESSONS IN RIDING FROM T. CLARENCE EPPS, EQUESTRIAN INSTRUCTOR

"My son has a bad case of romantic fever," he told them, gravely. "He wants adventure, thrills, excitement. In short, he longs to be a cowboy, ride a bucking bronco and shoot Indians. Now, on the homeopathic principle that like cures like, I am going to send Jeff back West with you, and ask you to give him a few doses of what he wants."

A chuckle ran around the circle. With one accord the Bitter Creekers leaped to their feet, brandished imaginary pistols, and lifted their voices in a weird, unfamiliar cry:

"Whoop-ee! Hi-yi! Whoop-ee!"

To Jeff Hillington the journey West was full of all the shivery anticipation of a small boy's Christmas Eve. It was with great difficulty that he was dissuaded from wearing his cowboy outfit on the train, but his fellow travelers assured him — with picturesque oaths decorating their remarks — that he would find it useful, even essential, once they arrived.

"'Member that 'ar tenderfoot th' boys strung up last summer f'r toting a tall silk hat?" one of them asked his neighbor, carelessly. "Sarved him right, too, th' blankety blank dude!"

"Then thar was that son-of-a-gun who sported a wrist-watch!" reminisced another. "The round-up from Ranch Bar-A made him a little visit one night. Chased him clar into Cherokee County, but it warn't no use his running. There

was jest one thing left when they finished with him!"

"What was that?" breathed Jeff, awed.

"Th' wrist-watch," replied his informant, "an' that's running yet. Haw-haw!"

Warned by a long and detailed telegram, Bitter Creek was at the station en masse to welcome them. Barring a slight inconsistency of costume, which ranged anywhere from Mexican bandits to Italian brigands, the result was all that could be desired. Hairy ruffians in red neckerchiefs, dashing ranchers in high boots, ferocious specimens with bowie-knives stuck in their belts and pistols in both hands, swarmed about Jeff, greeting him with the magic words of fellowship:

"Put 'er here, pard!"

"Shake, tenderfoot! One-eye Pete never goes back on a friend!"

"That 'ar's a bad man from Rattlesnake Ranch," hissed one of his train companions into Jeff's ear. "See the notches in his gun? He's pizener 'n hell when he's loaded with whisky. Better keep outen his way!"

"Shake hands with the Belle of Bitter Creek!" another yelled, pulling a pretty girl in riding-skirt and sombrero into the circle about the newcomers—"Nell Larabee, that's refused ter be lassoed by any man in town, including me!"

Jeff shook hands enthusiastically.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE FELL DEED WOULD HAVE BEEN DONE, BUT——

He had read about cowgirls, but nothing in his movies or dime novels had prepared him for such an extremely pretty cowgirl as this. He had a vague notion that a real Westerner would have kist her then and there upon her laughing lips, but tho the Jeff of him was willing, the J. Hartley Hillington was not.

Later, however, as Nell and he were left alone a moment in the dance-hall

behind the saloon, while Bitter Creekers in a committee of the whole debated further amusement over a round of drinks in the next room, conscientiously shooting off a pistol at intervals, he was very near it. He had knelt to fix the heel of one small riding-boot, and the girl, with an audacious movement, put the other foot on his bended knee. The position brought her sparkling face very close to his, and in another moment the fell deed would have been done. But suddenly, without warning, Jeff found himself looking directly into the muzzle of a very business-like gun.

"That's my gal, and dont you forget it!" rasped a harsh voice that belonged to one of the most totally unpleasant countenances Jeff remembered at the moment ever having seen. "When a stinkin', pie-faced tenderfoot comes ogling round Nell Larabee, there aint room enough for both of us on earth!"

"Quit that, Steve!" the girl spoke sharply. "You've got no brand on me, an' you know it."

She watched the shambling figure of her admirer depart reluctantly, a vague uneasiness in her eyes. This part of the performance was wholly impromptu and without rehearsal, and she did not like Steve's manner of holding his gun. It was altogether too realistic.

"He's Steve Shelby, the Indian agent from the reservation," she explained to Jeff, almost forgetting the nasal twang appropriate to her rôle of cowgirl. "He wants to marry me, but I hate him. Sometimes he almost frightens me!"

"Not while *I'm* around!" exclaimed Jeff grimly, and she saw suddenly that his chin, in spite of the dimple, could be very grim. "If he gets gay, just leave him to *me*."

In the next room the finishing touches were being placed on the preparations for giving the Eastern guy a taste of the wild and woolly West.

"I'll be here with my Indians at six," Steve promised them. "We'll shoot up the town a while, and then, if that doesn't satisfy him, we'll try what a little hanging 'll do!"

He laughed boisterously, but there was an ugly gleam in his eyes which the others did not see.

"If he wants adventure and excitement, he shall have it!" Bill Steffins, proprietor of the saloon, declared, rubbing his fat palms together vindictively. "It makes me sick to listen to the wise guys that come poking out here every summer, looking at us as if we was some new kind of animals in a zoo. They think we eat with bowie-knives and sleep in our boots, and dont know nothing about Eva Tanguay, or porcelain bath-tubs, or patty de fo grass, or any other of the rayfinements of civilization!"

"We wont hurt the kid," said another, kindly; "just scare him a little, so's little old Hartley's Mills, Penn., 'll look pretty good to him. Here they come now—all together, fellows!"

And the room shook to the stamping of feet, the clashing of glasses and the roar of a dozen voices raised untunefully in that charming and well-known ditty of the plains:

> I'm wild and woolly and full of fleas,
> I'm hard to curry above the knees;
> I'm a she-wolf from Bitter Creek,
> *And—*
> This is my night to howl!

As the sun went down that evening Jeff Hillington sat upon the veranda of the hotel and reflected on the events of a Perfect Day. Beside him on the steps sat Nell Larabee, industriously braiding a rawhide quirt, and doing it very prettily, very professionally and entirely wrong. A thick braid of brown hair lay along her flannel back, her eyes were downcast and demure. Something in Jeff's breast gave a queer little jump. For the first time in his life he had really seen a girl. Nell gave the quirt an impatient twitch and cast it from her.

"D—n!" she lisped, as artlessly as the Pink Tea girls might sigh. "Oh, dear! It's shore a rotten job tackling rawhide! Got any 'baccy, stranger? I haven't had a smoke all day!"

Thru her long lashes she caught the flash of surprised disgust in the boy's wide, blue eyes, and for an instant the game she had elected to play seemed cheap and burdensome. A hot wave of shame swept her cheeks. She forgot the pique that had led her into this farce, the anger she had felt toward the young

upstart from the East who thought they were no better than savages, and her resolve to make a fool of him. The day's experience had shown her the clean heart of him, the honesty and eager, boyish longing for romance.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet; she would have no more to do with this cruel baiting; then she grew pale. At the head of the street a cloud of dust was rising under a hundred thundering hoof-beats, and the soft air of the evening was filled with blood-curdling yells. She had forgotten the Indian raid!

From the buildings all along the street poured the inhabitants of Bitter Creek, firing blank cartridges in the direction of the approaching band as they ran.

"Indians!" they yelled in tones of dire panic. "A Sioux uprising! Run for the town hall for your lives!"

Bill Steffins, looking out of his doorway to gloat over the tenderfoot's discomfiture, suddenly gave a shrill scream and clutched at his bare, fat arm. A stream of blood was trickling along its mottled surface.

"I'm hit!" he gurgled. He stared at his arm stupidly. "They're not using blanks, after all!"



"INDIANS! WHOOP-EE!" YELLED JEFF EXULTANTLY

A moment later the cloud of dust rolled over them. Curses, hoarse yells of pain and terror came from the struggling mêlée. Horses reared and plunged; the fluttering feathers of the Indians and their hideously smeared faces showed above the press, then were gone. Gasping, bleeding from a dozen wounds, utterly discomfited, the practical jokers of Bitter Creek stood looking after the rapidly disappearing dust-cloud, trying to collect their wits and decide what had happened to them. Then a howl of fury hurtled heavenward, for they had discovered that Nell Larabee was missing!

"It's Steve Shelby, the pizen skunk!" moaned Bill. "He's stole her. He's headed for Mexico!"

They stared at one another, helpless in the grip of horror. Their merry masquerade had changed to brutal reality. The dime-novel exploit they had staged had passed off better than their fondest plans, but the actors had forgotten their lines—perhaps had read them too well.

One man alone of all the demoralized crowd was equal to the situation. Pistol in hand, grim of jaw, alert, determined, Jeff Hillington sprang forward, yanked the tie-rope from the head of one of the horses tied before the hotel, and sprang upon his back as lightly as he had sprung upon the dummy horse in his own chamber, under the tutelage of T. Clarence Epps.

To Jeff alone the situation was familiar, natural. The Indians of his precious yellow-backed novels always did just this thing, and the brave hero always was able to follow them — single-handed, alone — on his trusty steed, and rescue the captive maid. He raised his pistol and took a careless free-hand shot at the rising harvest moon.

"Whoop-ee!" yelled Jeff exultantly. "Coo-ee! Hi-yi! Whoop-ee!"

The clatter of his steed's hoofs died away in the distance. Feebly the wild and woolly citizens of Bitter Creek sought each other's eyes.

"What do you know about that?" they demanded, plaintively. "What do you know about that—aw, *say!*"

The moon was high in the heavens when the Hero and the Captive Maid rode back into Bitter Creek together and drew rein before the hotel. During the evening the crowd gathered therein had

uttered some really eloquent obituaries over Jeff's memory. They regarded him now with much the same exasperation as the mourners at a funeral might feel if the late lamented were to sit up in the coffin and demand a ham sandwich.

friend! Oh, it was *beautiful!* Those Indians and Steve Shelby just stood listening with their mouths open,



JEFF FELT HIMSELF LIFTED BODILY INTO THE AIR

In the dance-hall behind the saloon they fed the two principals in the night's drama. Jeff, basking in the genial warmth of their awe and admiration, caught a disillusioning glimpse of himself in the mirror over the bar — baby-blue eyes, pink, round cheeks, and guileless smile.

Thru his dismal reflections he could hear Nell's voice.

"Just think of it—one man against a hundred! He had them all scared to death. It wasn't so much his gun, because they all had Colts—and he was holding his upside down, anyway—as it was what he *said!* You never heard such language in your lives! He called them pie-faced, moth-eaten coyotes and wooden-legged son-of-a-snails! He said as long as Bull's-eye Jeff, the Terror of the Ranch Bar-O, could pull a gun he'd never forget an enemy or go back on a and we just walked off and left them that way. I shouldn't wonder if you went there tomorrow you'd find them still standing in the same place."

It was at this moment Jeff felt himself lifted bodily into the air amid a deafening chorus of shouts and cheers. From his insecure perch on the shoulders of two brawny enthusiasts, he looked dizzily down into a sea of laughing faces, saw hats flung up and pistols waved, and Nell's face looking proudly up at him—heard his name shouted aloud.

"Jeff! Hooray for Cowboy Jeff!"

A pricking sensation tingled in his cheeks. He put up an investigating hand and made a wonderful discovery. This time there could be no doubt about it. His beard had begun to grow!

The Movie Gossip-Shop

Pictured News Sauced with Tittle-tattle from Screenland

"I speak the truth—not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and the older I grow—the more I dare."
—*Montaigne.*



MR. AND MRS. VERNON CASTLE

It was a dramatic moment in real life when Agnes Castle came face to face with Vernon Castle after his absence of over a year on the fighting front of France. Lieutenant Castle wears the Croix de Guerre (War Cross of Honor) as a reward for his daring services.

And yet there was nothing dramatic in the actions of the reunited couple. Soon after their first meeting, they were dancing together with friends in a hotel ballroom with the inimitable Castle grace that brought them both fame and fortune. Here is the near-tragic part of their recent history. Shortly after meeting his wife, Lieutenant Castle was called to Canada to give aviation instruction. While up for a trial flight with Cadet Frazer, the machine's steering gear became blocked and a terrible fall thru the air followed. The veteran aviator, Castle, had presence of mind enough to loosen his straps during the fall, but Cadet Frazer was caught in the wrecked machine and burned alive. Lieutenant Castle escaped with only bad bruises and a general shaking up. Agnes Castle says that she would like nothing better than to fly with her husband and to be his observer. Knowing her courage and daredeviltry it wont be strange should she decide to forsake pictures and become one of Uncle Sam's human eagles.

The English and French missions have received such glorious ovations in the big cities that we have almost forgotten the remarkable receptions which William S. Hart is receiving while on grand tour. At Kansas City the stockyard boys stayed up all night to catch an early morning peep at "Big Bill," from the cattle country. In St. Louis they went one better and the National Guard turned out, selecting him as "Colonel Bill" for the day. Bill Hart's turning point is Newburgh, N. Y., where his mother still lives.

When the Famous Players sent Louise Huff to Block Island to get the exterior



W. S. HART IN ST. LOUIS

scenes in "Destiny's Toy," the script made no mention of a dog, but at the hotel where the company stopped there was an Irish terrier

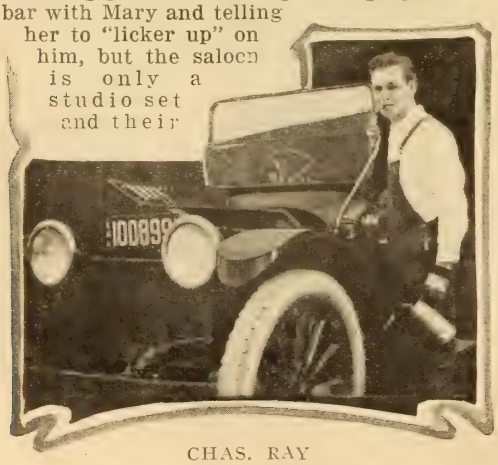
which took a violent interest in Miss Huff. The dog followed her all over the hotel and was so devoted that he even accompanied the players out to their location.



LOUISE HUFF

Seizing the opportunity thus proffered for adding interest and a note of sympathy to his production, the director told Miss Huff that she could use the dog in all her scenes. He is snapped sitting on a rock contemplating his newly discovered mistress with an almost fatherly interest.

"Doug" Fairbanks and "Little Mary" are not planning to combine their millions, and there is no romance astir, as both of them are muchly married. But they do have a good bit of fun frolicking together between scenes. "Doug" is shooting together "Wild and Woolly" and Mary is rusticating in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," but, as they are working on the same lot, they naturally want to frisk together there, too. Here is a shocking picture of "Doug" lining up to the bar with Mary and telling her to "licker up" on him, but the saloon is only a studio set and their booze-party is made up of purely Christian Science shocks.



CHAS. RAY

Charlie Ray was on location during the filming of "The Millionaire Vagrant." His company was working in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home in Sawtelle, Cal., and Charlie found it necessary to leave his car several blocks away. Then the street urchins got busy—"5c. to 4th St." was the sign that they hung on his car. After a strenuous day's work, Charlie, upon reaching his machine, was astonished to find two very complacent old ladies ensconced in the rear seat. Then his eyes caught the placard, and entering into the spirit of the joke he started the car, whisked the old ladies home, and accepted their proffered dime, with a thank you.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS MARY PICKFORD

There is a moth-eaten saying that "A camel can go ten days without drinking, but who the deuce wants to be a camel?" When Fatima's mother passed away, the baby camel became an orphan with nowhere to go for a drink of good camel's milk. It was Louise Lovely who took it upon herself to mother the distressed Fatima, and each morning she makes it a bright and early duty to bottle-feed little orphan Fatima.

Viola Dana's secretary has thrown up her job. They say that she is suffering from a nervous breakdown. This faithful shadow did not mind the moil of sending hundreds of autographed photographs and answering thousands of questions, but she fainted dead away upon the receipt of the following. "Dear Miss Dana," ran the epistle, "will you please send me a complete outfit of clothing?

I especially need a new evening dress. Dont send me cheap things, as my social position would not permit it. I shall enjoy opening the box very much." The young lady has not yet opened the box. The faithful secretary had almost recovered from her swoon, when she read a long letter of inquiry as to whether Miss Dana wore artificial eyelashes—it was simply impossible for any one to have such long lashes. A stamp was inclosed for reply. As this was the first return-postage stamp the secretary had ever received, the combination was too much for her delicate nerves. She has fled.

Every studio has got to have a goat—it's usually the property-man, but with "Betsy"



THEDA BARA AND BETSY

it's different. She is a luxurious creature, who browses upon the asparagus and neglects the can. Betsy's rise to exclusive film circles came about in this way. Her ancestry is simple—she simply tagged over the hills of Fort Lee, N. J., after any old mother goat, but bare-footed Theda Bara needed a kid, and not kid shoes, in "The Darling of Paris"—hence the kidnapping of Betsy. Since that eventful date she shares her luxurious moments between the fair Theda's dressing-room and her limousine. In such a case, who wouldn't be a goat?

It is commonly accepted that the dog is the most affectionate of all animals, but George Beban begs to differ. In his latest picture, "A Roadside Impresario," a big, black bear co-stars with "Dago George." According to George, bruin "meka da whole show."

But George is unduly modest—he spent many untimely hours teaching "Romeo" how



GEORGE BEBAN

to get into the movies, and "Romeo" is now a post-graduate. He follows "Dago George" everywhere and is a past-master at the screen kiss and the screen hug, much to the discomfiture of George's make-up.

In effete Manhattan, the *grande dames* of

(*Continued on page* 168)



ANN MURDOCK

Frozen Echoes

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE



WM. S. HART

THEODORE ROBERTS

EUGENE PALLETTE

SUPPLEMENTING my articles on this subject that appeared in this Magazine last year, I am calling this series "Echoes à la Character."

That means the big men—the character-men—the ones who have to exit if it comes to a choice between them and the leading-man, but who, when it comes to real merit, would have to get up and make their bow. Why, plays without the character-man would be like cake without baking-powder, and these men are in reality the artists, with a few exceptions on the part of the heroes, who, I suppose, are wondering why I am treating them so. So, as a token of esteem, what seems more plausible than to have some echoes made just for them — not dainty concoctions, but something more substantial and at the same time just as good?

Wm. S. Hart Sherro—Sounds as if it might be Spanish or Mexican, but what do we care, as long as it is named for "Our Bill" and as long as it is good enough for him? He's a prince, and to show you the international feeling towards him, I'll have to quote part of a letter I received. It contains the feelings not only of the writer, but nine-tenths of the great world of picture-fans:

"Saturday I saw my favorite in 'The Aryan,' and he was certainly great. He is the greatest ever, and after seeing him I retire to a dark corner and hate myself fervently. He is what the Lord intended when He made the race, but most of us today are parodies on the original type. However, it's a tonic to see one once in awhile."

How's that for a criticism? Let's see if the echo comes up to the standard.

In a dish put some ice-cream that has been frozen with pulverized pieces of stale macaroons. Flavor with sherry to taste, and now you've found out why it was named "Sherro." Good? I know so.

George Beban Italian Sundae—Isn't he the regular essence of sunny Italy? Never self-conscious and always doing his best, he does praiseworthy and flawless work, and as a plain every-day "Dago" he cant be beat. Put him beside a Tony and you couldn't tell the difference. On the screen you can almost hear him speak his broken English as he gesticulates freely and the very way he shrugs his shoulders reminds you that "his banans are da vera besta."

In a dish put some vanilla ice-cream and pour over this some crushed strawberry syrup. Sprinkle with Kirschwasser and it makes a dish that will be remembered as long as George Beban and his work will be—forever.

Theodore Roberts Plat Admirable—It's true I had to look in the *dictionnaire-français* to find a word so aristocratic-sounding as to suit both the name and the work of Mr. Roberts, and now comes the real trouble of finding something to eat that will stand on the same level with him. For Theodore Roberts is more than well known—he's famous; and his work is such that one longs to see him again and again. Not many men have had the career he has had, but he has worked for it untiringly and earnestly and so must be rewarded.

Cherry ice makes the dish's foundation and should be served in a sherbet glass. Over this is poured some chocolate syrup—not too much—and several of the fat, juicy maraschino cherries. Serve with cakes and see if it doesn't taste better than it sounds.

Henry Walthall Wonder—This dish is a wonder and so describes Henry Walthall, for he keeps you wondering all the time, and at the same time is a wonder himself. He gave me the nightmare one night, and the next time I saw him I wondered how he did it, for he was just like a regular man; nice, polite, and—human. I gasped in amazement, for

(*Continued on page* 152)



HENRY WALTHALL

GEORGE BEBAN

ANTONIO MORENO

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Louise Lovely and Allen Holubar will appear in two Butterfly brand releases of Universal features. The first, "The Field of Honor," is a drama of Civil War days by Brand Whitlock; in "The Adirondack Affair," Holubar, as a young detective, solves the mystery of the missing heiress.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle hired the largest cabaret in New York City to act in a number of his trick stunts for "A Rough House," third of the series of Paramount-Arbuckle comedies. Many of the scenes are played in Churchill's famous "White Light" restaurant.

In "Fires of Youth," a five-reel Thanhouser play, Frederick Warde plays the part of a steel king who has given his boyhood and youth in exchange for his massive fortune; Jeanne Eagles helps him disclose the manner in which he finally finds happiness.

"Sweet Marie" Cahill, who wears a No. 5 glove and a No. 2½ shoe and a $1,000 opera-length sealskin coat, recently preached on "wartime economy in clothes." She is all wrong. The fur and shoe factories would go out of business, so also would the nickelodeons and two-bit movie palaces, if "Sweet Marie's" advice were generally adopted. She should boost home industries and advocate the wearing of your best clothes—and more of 'em.



ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

S. Rankin Drew, son of Sidney Drew, has completed the sociological photoplay, "Who's Your Neighbor?" a seven-part film for the Master Drama Features Company, and has sailed for France to join the American Ambulance Corps.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, who have appeared in more than three hundred photoplays, have re-signed with the Metro Pictures Corporation on a long-time contract at a large figure—exact salaries are undisclosed.

That most conservative of all Western cities, Portland, Ore., has just experienced the delights of its first film ball. Dorothy Dalton and the Governor of the State led the grand march. Among the four thousand odd who attended, Margarita Fischer and J. Warren Kerrigan were there to add gaiety to the occasion.

Eugene Strong, who played the part of Robert Clayton, the artist, in the serial, "The Crimson Stain Mystery," will support Emmy Wehlen in the Metro production, "The Trail of the Shadow."

Maud Hill, who was the haughty leading-lady in the barnstorming troupe of the story, "The End of the Tour," playing Camille to Lionel Barrymore's Armand, has been engaged for a part in the Metro production, "The Lifted Veil," in which Ethel Barrymore will star.

Popular masculine stars who will be seen in fancifully named photodramas are Bryant Washburn in "The Man Who Was Afraid," and Harry Morey in "Richard the Brazen"; another contrasting couple presented is Antonio Moreno in "The Magnificent Meddler" and William Farnum in "When a Man Sees Red"; two more who are right at home in the parts are Stuart Holmes in "The Broadway Sport" and George Walsh in "Some Boy"; by way of diversion, Jack Mulhall is presented as "Mr. Dolan of New York," while House Peters appears as "The Lonesome Chap"; best and last of all, Jack Devereaux gives us "American, That's All."

Carlyle Blackwell will play a dual rôle in "The Price of Pride." Two half-brothers so closely resemble one another that one is convicted of a train hold-up committed by the other. As leader of the bandits "going thru" the Pullman sleeper and relieving the startled passengers of their valuables, Blackwell is "the real thing" as a hold-up man.

The sixth in the series of Mutual feature pictures starring Marjorie Rambeau is a picturization of Marie Van Vorst's novel, "Mary Moreland."

George Webb, James McCandlass and Lincoln Stedman will support the popular little actress, Ella Hall, who returns to the shelter of Bluebird's wing in "Little Fairy Fix-It."

The birds of the air have their nests and the foxes their holes. Several new little foxes trotted into the William Fox cave—from the Universal nest came William Worthington; Clyde Hopkins from Fine Arts; Max Davidson from Triangle, and Mae Busch from Keystone.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Violet Mersereau has signed for another year with the Bluebird Company; she is at present at the Leonia (N. J.) studios, preparing to film "La Cigale," a play in which Lotta Crabtree starred about twenty-five years ago.

Pearl White, the "Queen of the Serials," is nearing the completion of "New York Nights" and will soon commence work upon her next serial production, "The Fatal Ring."

Milton Sills will play opposite Ethel Clayton in "Chasms," a Brady-made World feature picture.

Here is a batch of real important studio news: Henry Walthall and Mary Charleson have severed their connection with Essanay, with future plans not yet announced; Myrtle Stedman has completed her contract with Morosco and announces that she is going to take a long vacation; Mary MacLaren has resigned from the Universal Company and will head a new company known as the Mary MacLaren Company, releasing thru Horsley; Cleo Madison has cast her fortunes in with Capt. Wilbert Melville, formerly of Lubin, who is branching out with a new studio of his own; and lastly comes the big rumor that Charlie Chaplin is not satisfied with his $640,000 per year pocket-money and is about to branch out as his own producer. Charlie, no doubt, will vote to give himself at least $5,000,000 per.



CHARLES CHAPLIN

J. Warren Kerrigan's first production—going it alone on his own, as an independent star at the head of his own organization—will be "A Man's Man," a seven-reel feature released thru Paralta Plays. Peter B. Kyne, who wrote the book, makes his types of men and women the rugged, red-blooded sort, in novel and picturesque locales of scene, similar to Jack London's style.

Mary Pickford last week donated an ambulance of the latest type to the local Red Cross at Los Angeles. It was designed by a surgeon connected with the American Ambulance Corps. It has twice the capacity for wounded cases as the present type.

Sally Crute was married a couple of months ago to W. George Kirby, a Wall Street broker. They managed to keep their little secret for awhile, but the news just got out. They are honeymooning in a delightful bungalow atop the Palisades-on-the-Hudson.

Film favorites flit as fleetingly as fleas from one lot to another: Todd Browning jumped from Triangle to Metro, while Ralph Herz hopped from Metro to Selig; Arline Pretty of Artcraft, and Eugene O'Brien of World, leaped to Selznick; Helen Gibson bounced from Kalem to Universal; Sam DeGrasse of Fine Arts, and Geraldine Farrar of Lasky, will flicker for Artcraft.

Julian Eltinge, the artistic and beautiful female impersonator, has decided to take a shy at pictures. When playing in New York, the fair Julian always appears at his own theater, The Eltinge. It will be interesting to note how gracefully he will swish his skirts under The Famous Players management.

The recent career of D. W. Griffith is shrouded in mystery. He is "somewhere in France," and recently he cabled a hurry call for several picture stars to join him there. It is presumed that Mr. Griffith is producing a big war-picture with the French firing-line for his setting.

Here is another table d'hôte of meaty news: Alfred Vosburgh will star for Vitagraph in place of Antonio Moreno; Warner Oland has gone from International to Pathé; Bessie Learn, for many years with Edison, has been engaged by Famous Players; True Boardman has just left Kalem and has not yet announced his future plans; and Raymond Hitchcock, of Broadway and the world at large, will soon star for the Emerald Company.

The latest fad in the players' colony in Los Angeles is the giving of private swimming-parties. Recently Douglas Fairbanks acted as host upon the completion of his new swimming-pool; among those who splashed with "Doug" were Mary Pickford, Eileen Percy, Charlie Chaplin, Mrs. Pickford, and Ruth Allen.

Antonio Moreno has joined the Astra-Pathé Company and will soon be featured in Gold Rooster plays—so the company says. Mr. Moreno, on being interviewed by our reporter, denies the new connection. "O Antonio, Antonio! wherefore art thou Antonio?"

Marguerite Courtot asks us to deny the statement that she is with the Pathé Company. She states that she never has been connected with them and that she is now preparing to star in "The Natural Law," produced by the France Films Company.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

As a tribute to the artistic manner in which "The Undying Flame" was presented at the Rialto Theater, New York, Madame Petrova presented the management with a magnificent silver trophy known as the Petrova Cup. Each season for the next ten years, exhibitors thruout the country will compete for it.

Prominent feminine stars are about to present the following oddly titled plays. First, Valeska Suratt in "She"; next comes Theda Bara in "Her Greatest Love"; Gladys Brockwell follows in "Her Temptation"; Fannie Ward appears in "Her Strange Wedding"; Gail Kane is featured in "Whose Wife?"; Ruth Roland goes one better in "The Neglected Wife"; Alice Brady in the "Self-Made Widow"; Evelyn Nesbit in "Redemption"; Regina Badet in "Atonement"; Louise Glaum in "Love or Justice," and Edna Goodrich in "Reputation."

Illness has again overtaken Anita Stewart, and she announces that she will retire from production for about one month and recuperate in a sanatorium. The Vitagraph officials and her friends are keeping Miss Stewart surrounded with souvenirs of their affection.

Moving Picture stars in the New York colony have done their "big bit" in selling Liberty Bonds. "Mother" Mary Maurice and little Bobby Connelly demonstrated the childhood and old age of patriotism so well that they sold over $100,000 worth in a Brooklyn department-store. The Sidney Drews, Ethel Barrymore, Mabel Taliaferro and a host of others obtained subscriptions by the thousands in New York.

Vitagraph stars have made an arrangement with Witmark and Sons, the big song publishing house, which will act as a mutual boost. Corinne Griffith and Walter McGrail are posing for the cover design of a new military song, "Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by." Adele De Garde illustrates a beautiful colleen for "Somewhere in Ireland."

Mary Garden, the famous prima donna, says that voiceless singing is the easiest thing in the world. When asked how she was going to compensate for the loss of her voice in adapting the opera "Thaïs" to the screen, she said, "I shall sing to my audience with every fiber of my body—far more beautifully, I think, than I have ever sung with my voice alone."



ANITA STEWART

Here's a bit of grief for some of the maiden admirers of William Russell: Handsome William has spliced the matrimonial knot with Charlotte Burton. The marriage was a great surprise to all their friends in the Santa Barbara and Los Angeles film colonies, but the romance has been quietly prospering for the past two years.

Marguerite Snow sprang a delightful surprise upon the public by appearing at the Liberty Bond booth in a Brooklyn department store and by acting as a bond saleswoman for an entire day. The polite floorwalker whispers that the beautiful Marguerite made a stunning "girl behind the counter."

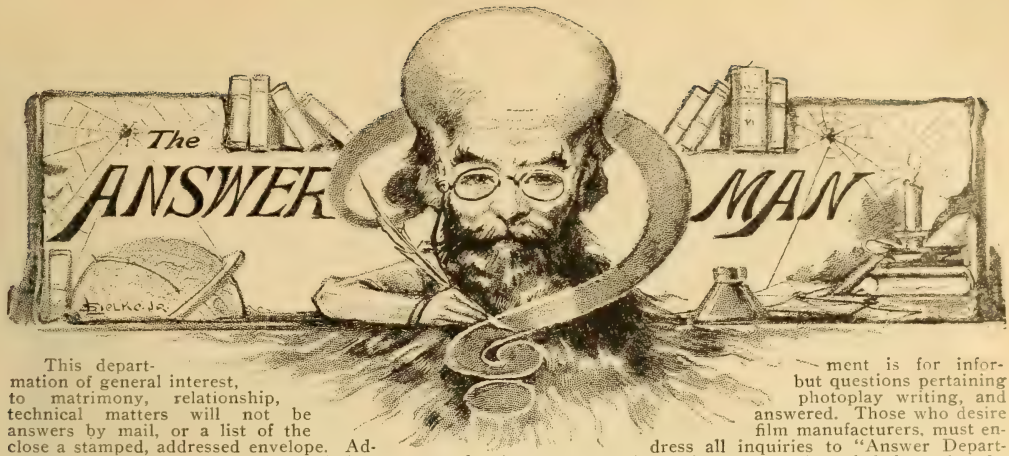
Speaking of Liberty Bonds, Douglas Fairbanks has come across with the big punch in buying $100,000 worth of the precious patriotic paper. John Emerson, his director, and Anita Loos, his playwright, have each come across for $10,000 worth.

The screen courtships of Earle Williams and Anita Stewart are still in the condition of "lovers once but strangers now." It was recently announced that they were to co-star together again, but Miss Stewart's illness has postponed the long-expected meeting. Corinne Griffith has been advanced to stardom and for the present will play opposite Earle Williams.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are having a wonderful time of it in their triumphal tour of the South. Birmingham, Ala., gave them a military ball; Nashville, Tenn., made them the feature of a big Red Cross benefit, and New Orleans crowned the fair Beverly the queen of its "Beauty Ball."

William B. Davidson and "Villainous" Harry Northrup, in support of Ethel Barrymore in "The Greatest Power," got real rough with each other in a big fight scene. "Villainous" Harry was knocked under a table, where his hand was badly cut by broken glass. In the meantime, he had landed squarely on Bill Davidson's nose, starting the gore and breaking the cartilage. In spite of this, they are still the best of friends.

Theda Bara has recently arrived in Los Angeles, where she received a royal reception from the film colony. Miss Bara will immediately start work on the much-talked-about production, "Cleopatra."



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

OLIVE, 15.—The war hasn't interfered with my department as yet. I get just as many letters. Edna Goodrich and Juan de la Cruz in "The House of Lies." You just write to me whenever you feel like it.

HARRY M.—Herschel Mayall was the King, and Howard Hickman was Count Ferdinand in "Civilization." So you think I am not so sarcastic as I used to be. Perhaps I have not cultivated courtesy. Nothing costs less nor is cheaper than the compliments of civility. Chapin and Chaplin are two different persons—entirely different.

A. E. T.—Mildred Harris was Mary in "The Bad Boy." Yes, that was Constance Talmadge's mother in "The Girl of the Timber Claims." You think Marjory Wilson and Vivian Rich look like sisters. Jack Richardson is with Kay-Bee.

IGNATIUS.—I have no cast for that play. Sorry. Accent on the first syllable. Any one may send in cartoons, but we are not using as many of them as formerly.

ALMA H.—Oh, I get to church sometimes. You think Francis Bushman puts too much make-up on. Nothing doing on that kind of advice.

To the Answer Man

"By BUBBLES"

You're wondrous wise,
  Your name we do not know;
You're up on all the stars and guys
  Of every movie show!
You say you haven't any hair
  And wear a flowing beard—
Which, with your spectacles so queer,
  Must make you look quite weird.
You claim your age is seventy-four
  (Which puts you close to heaven),
Divide by two, for you're not more
  I bet than thirty-seven!
Your wit is keen, your knowledge deep,
  But I must cease my praises—
"Too long!" you'll murmur in your sleep,
  One of your favorite phrases.
So "Rippy," dear, I raise my glass
  To you and all your fame;
My Birthday wish that every lass
  Will some day learn your name!
From time to time I'll always come
  To you with all my troubles—
With love and joyous wishes from
  Your loving little
"Bubbles."

MUGY H. F.—Francis Bushman is a friend of mine, and I am sure I said nothing against him. If I did, I am sorry.

SOPHOMORE.—Great guns! Run out of questions? No, indeed. I usually run out of space. Last month there were two galleys of proof left over. A picture of Richard Travers under way.

WHITE-HALE ADMIRER. — "Good enough" is not good enough unless it is your best. How often we hear people say "That's good enough!" Niles Welch is with Technicolor. Write our Mr. Harrington at this address.

ALICIA H.—Yes, I wept when I saw "Lilac Time." The deer sheds his antlers every year, the camel his fur, the snake his skin, the crab his shell—but some humans cant shed even a tear once in a lifetime. Lillian Wade, you mean. Thelma Salter is about eight years old. Florence Lawrence is not playing now. Yes; Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson. Thanks for all that.

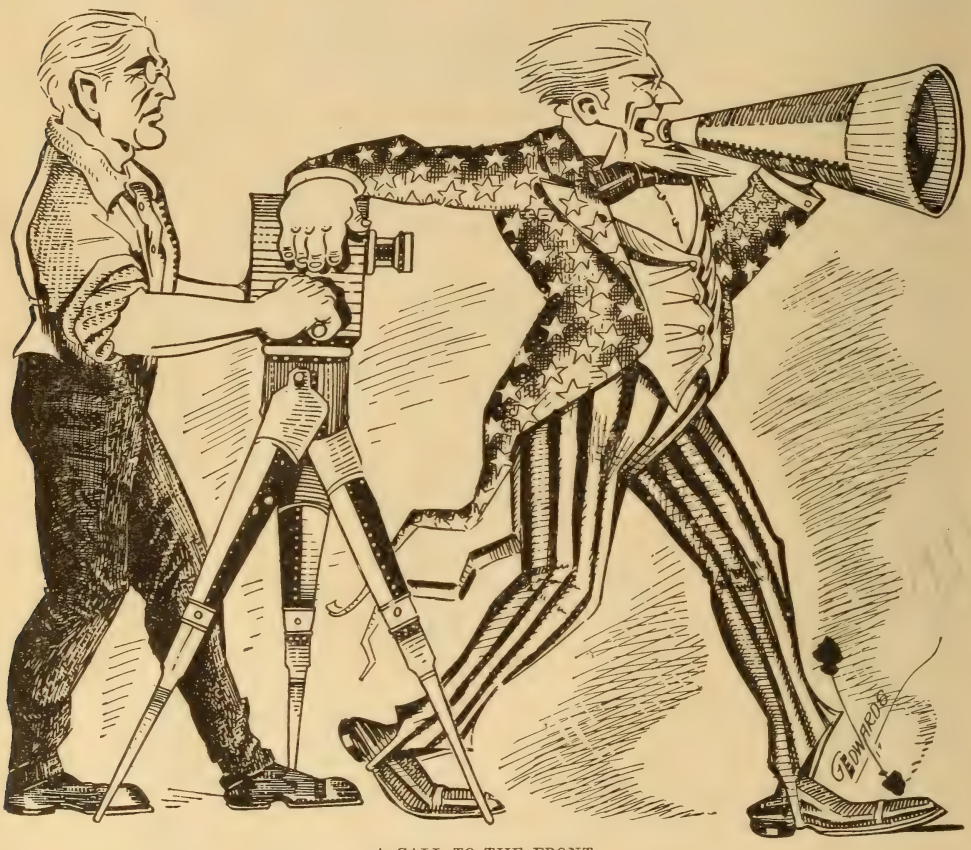
A. L. A.—I did like your letter, yes indeed.

CHERRY SUNDAE.—Roland Bottomley is with Balboa. You want to know if the church in "War Brides" was a Catholic church. This is quite beyond my jurisdiction.

OLGA.—Thanks for the little jar of cheese—it was great! Satisfactory cheese cannot always be made from goat's milk, however, because the goat is a butter. Annette Kellermann is Mrs. James R. Sullivan.

SOPHOMORE.—You here again? Ann Pennington is dancing in Ziegfeld's "Follies" atop the Amsterdam Theater. Some one said that there were too many roof-gardens and not enough vegetable-gardens in New York City. Thanks, I dont need an assistant just now.

REIDE R.—I'll answer your question fully. More macaroni is grown in North Dakota than in any other State in the Union. The stalk reaches maturity when about three months old, and contrary to general belief does not grow with a hole in it like bamboo. Macaroni farmers waste a good deal of it in boring a hole in it, which is a silly fad, because it destroys nutrition and saps the strength of the macaroni stalk. Think it over, Reide.



A CALL TO THE FRONT

M. E. B.—Mary Martin was Hester in "Scarlet Letter." Never heard of the concern you mention. Thanks for the nice things you say about this department. Always glad to get them.

COUNTRY LOVER.—So you really liked "Enlighten Thy Daughter," and you feel sure that any girl who sees it will never go wrong. You want a picture of Zeena Keefe in the Gallery. Thanks.

CARMEN R.—You want pictures of Richard Sterling, Richard Travers and Harry Benham. I dont care how old you are, as I am always glad to hear from my readers.

LENA L.—Awfully sorry to hear you were ill. Hope you will be able to go back to school in the fall.

FOX STEW.—I doubt whether "Gloria's Romance" has been published in book form. Anita Stewart was born Feb. 17, 1895. This is absolutely right. You would like to see Anita Stewart and Earle Foxe play opposite.

BABY BLUE BIRD.—William Riley Hatch and Bruce McRea in "Hazel Kirke" with Pearl White.

JUNE, 15.—It's no bother. My cranium is as chuck full as Pandora's box. Only I keep my lid on and Hope stays with me. De Wolf Hopper and Bessie Love featured in "Stranded." Dont know if they ever did outside of the Triangle studio. You had better send for a list of manufacturers. Charles Ray and Margaret Thompson in "Honorable Algy." Awfully sorry, honest I am.

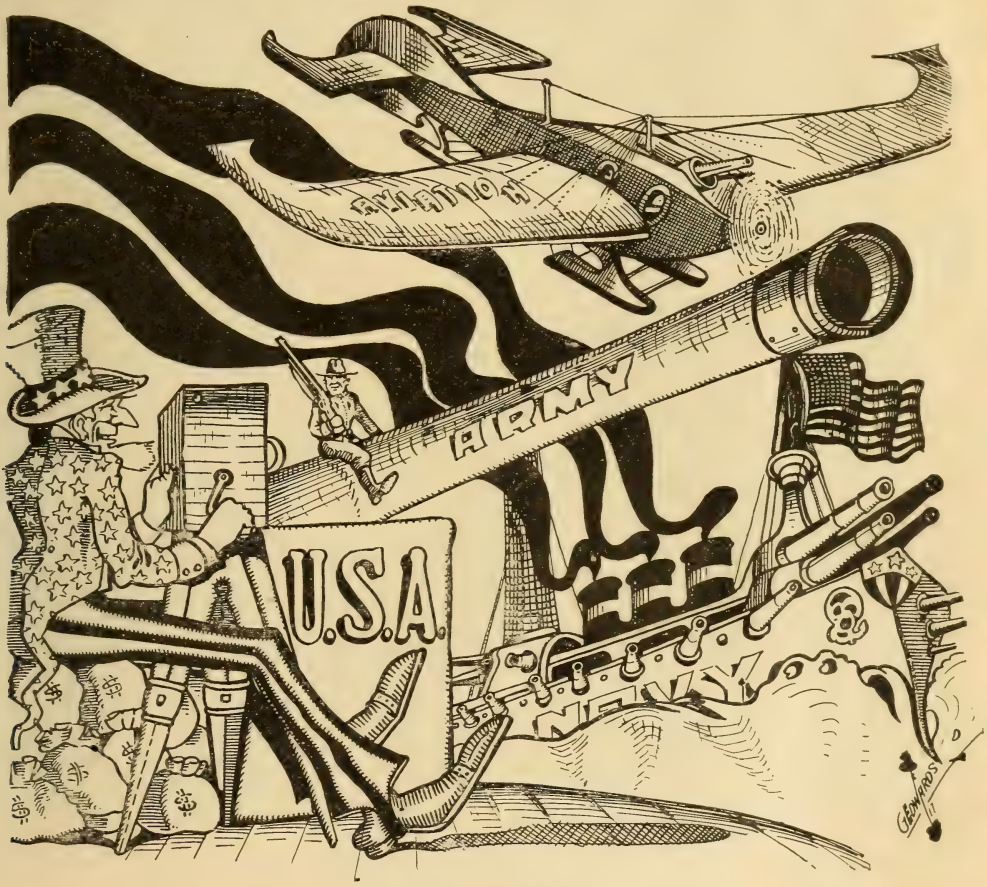
SARNIA.—Yes, I saw the play "Within the Law." You must remember that the plot is fine, and admits of fine opport nities. You refer to Sue Balfour as Mrs. Clark in "The Great Secret." Miriam Nesbitt is with Art Dramas Pretty sure Clara Young will send you her picture. Thanks, I enjoyed yours very much.

TAYLOR.—Rudolph Cameron was Bob and Charles Stevenson was Col. Taylor in "The More Excellent Way."

you haven't seen her opposite Wallace Reid. Victoria Forde was with Fox last. Bess Meredith was with Universal last.

HARD TO SUCCEED.—I'm sorry for this. I know of no studio in St. Paul.

DUTCH.—So you live forty miles from a picture theater, and you say it almost kills you. Just think of this, girls—how fortunate you and I are. You just write to me whenever you feel like it, and as often as you like.



HIS BEST WORK, IN THREE GREAT PARTS

CHICKEN CASEY.—Didn't see Bobby Connelly in the fishing scene of "Her Right to Live," but I'll believe you that he acted as lively as an eel. Never know what that jack-in-the-box youngster will do next. Louise Huff and Jack Pickford in "Seventeen."

MARY.—Creighton Hale is back with Pathé, and Arnold Daly was playing on the stage on Broadway. The Strand Theater shows Paramount and Vitagraph pictures, and the Rialto shows different features. Broadway Theater also shows Moving Pictures, but their plays usually have a two weeks' run.

H. M. L.—No, I am not a *père de famille*. Cleo Ridgely has been ill and that is why

MARION T.—Miss Impudence! You must respect my age and gray hairs, or I shall be compelled to sue for breach of etiquette.

EVERI.—Of course I am 75. You want me to define love. That's pretty hard. Look for it later, I am not in the mood just now. William Courtenay is on the stage playing in "Pals First." I know players dont want mushy notes. Write them if you must, but throw them in the waste-basket afterwards.

ELSIE G.—Geraldine Farrar will appear in new Artcraft Pictures. Gladys Brockwell with Fox. Ha ha, he he, ho ho, and then some. You ask why is a sad iron so called; because it depresses the very freshest little wrinkles.

D. T. G., ORANGE.—Charles Gunn and George Fisher in "Three of Many." Sneezing and laughter are infectious, but who wants to be a sneeze? Niles Welch was Trafton in "Miss George Washington." Willard Mack was the Constable in "Nannette of the Wilds."

RALPH KELLARD FAN.—Interview? Yes, later. No record of the player you mention. You cant expect to receive an answer from a player that soon.

NELLIE J. L.—Alfred Vosburgh was with Kay-Bee last. Another new correspondence club, the "Lady Anne Schaefer Club." Success to you. Most people dont acquire a distaste for evil things naturally and you know that. It's too bad.

MARGARET F.—The man who does things will make mistakes, but he never makes the greatest mistake of all—doing nothing. You mean Wilfred Lucas.

INEZ.—Edna Wallace and De Wolf Hopper were once twain. She is now a grass widow and he is a grass-hopper widower. Henry Walthall in "Ghosts." Alla Nazimova is Mrs. Charles E. Bryant in private life. Juanita Archer was Johanna in "Ghosts." Al Filson was the doctor.

ANNETTE G. B.—I thank you.



PREPARING THE NATION. OLIVE THOMAS, THE LATEST INCE-TRIANGLE STAR, IS TAKING INSTRUCTIONS IN MACHINE-GUN FIRE FROM MEMBERS OF THE SEVENTH CALIFORNIA INFANTRY

DOUGLAS F. AND WILLIAM S. HART FAN.—Alice Joyce and Tom Moore were married May 11, 1914, at Jacksonville, Fla., and Mary Pickford and Owen Moore were married June 24, 1916, at San Juan, Copistrano, Col.; and Grace Cunard and Joe Moore were married Jan. 10, 1917. You would take up the whole Magazine if I answered all you want. Better send a stamped, addressed envelope. Harold Lockwood and May Allison in "Big Tremaine." William Desmond and Bessie Barriscale played in "A Corner in Colleens" and "The Last of the Ingrams." Dont believe all you hear.

SOMERVILLE SOPHOMORE.—So you thought I was a fake. Most unkind of you, to say the least. Mary Pickford has a very sweet voice and her hair is real. She took off a most beautiful white Georgette (guess that's what it was called), and had me examine them. She is true blue and everybody loves her.

PEGGY OF CRABTOWN.—Just to prove that I know everything and cant answer any question—shredded-wheat biscuits are made from the skirts of hula-hula dancers, which are discarded each year and are found in large quantities by the beach-combers on Waikiki and other beach resorts in the Hawaiian Islands.

SILVER SPURS.—She might get a servant's part. I dont know why you call servants domestics when, as every one knows, they are mostly foreigners. Earle Foxe told me himself that he was going to play in a serial with Pearl White, but I have heard nothing since.



MAE MARSH AND J. A. FUREY IN A COMING GOLDWYN PRODUCTION

KITTY CARLYLE.—You say, of the seven magazines you get monthly, you believe ours is the best. We thank you. I thought the July was about as good as any we ever put out. You refer to Vera Sisson; not Harry, but Robert Burns.

A. M.—Conway Tearle has been on the stage mostly, and in fact is playing now in "The Fugitive," with Emily Stevens.

W. W. W., OHIO.—Yes, William Farnum had a dual rôle in "A Tale of Two Cities." Your father is right. Your letter was not too long. I cant quite figure out what I am: "At 10, a child; at 20, wild; at 30, tame, if ever; at 40, wise; at 50, rich; at 60, good or never." At 75, I should be all of these, but I'm not.

I. B. INTERESTED.—Bessie Eyton was Helen in "The Spoilers." You sure do stand up for William Farnum. Sorry we cant print your letter.

LITTLE NELL.—Elsie Jane Wilson was Madame Maroff in "Temptation." Dick Le Strange was Tamarack in "The Call of the Cumberlands."

WALTHALL ADMIRER.—Nat Goodwin, Conway Tearle and Lillian Russell all believe in "If at first you dont succeed, try, try again." Anna Mae Walthall is a sister to Henry. Your letter was all right.

ELIZABETH L. C.—I dont quite get you in your first. Francis Ford remains with Universal. I took that day off and read your letter as you suggested.

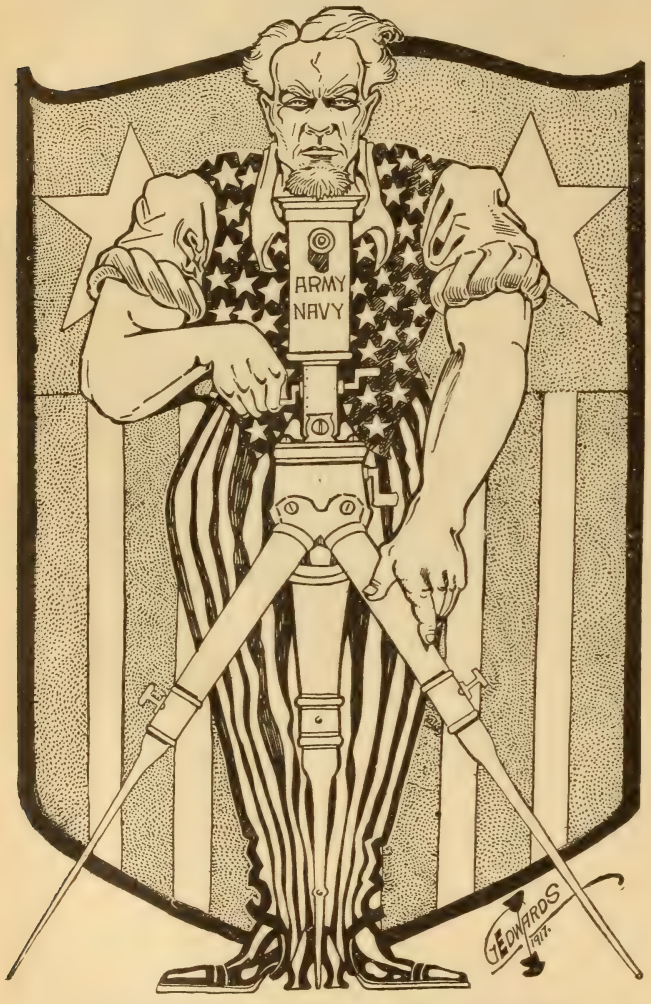
ALICE K. O.; MISS SIWANOY; E. W. TROY; MARY R. E.; EMILY G.; LIZZIE C.; F. P. S.; PHELPS; ADMIRER OF JUNE CAPRICE; and W. S.—Sorry, but your questions have been answered before.

MARJORIE C. M.—You failed to enclose the extra stamps as you said. Better send a stamped, addressed envelope for your questions.

ELIZABETH P. K.—We carried a picture of Niles Welch in November, 1916. He played opposite Kitty Gordon in "The Crucial Test."

BUCKEYE MAID.—So you think Warren Kerrigan has a glorious voice and a magnetic personality. Quite so.

MONKEY EYEZ.—You refer to Harold Lockwood. You should consult another kind of Answer Man—a physician.



THE DIRECTOR WHO GIVES ANYBODY A CHANCE

VYRGYNYA.—A thousand thanks for the handsome "snap" of yourself. What beautiful hair! Please dont go! Come back! I enjoy yours much!

MARGARET S.—Progress has two friends—the conservative and the radical—and she seems to walk right between the two. No record of William Shay. Sorry. How many times have I said that you must not believe all you hear! Reputations, like mushrooms, grow and crumble in a day, because of scandalmongers and quick believers.

INQUISITIVE SUE.—Dorothy Davenport was in "Treason." "It makes a difference" last. So you like Carlyle Blackwell in "Broken Chains." If you are satisfied with your education now, you will never get any further in this world.

ARLINE.—Your drawings are pretty good likenesses. I cant think of a verse now, but I wish you all the happiness in the world.

MRS. E. A. C.—Thanks for the fee. I doubt whether Marc MacDermott ever played in a serial—I think not. Harold Lockwood was Frederick Graves. E. K. Lincoln in "The World Against Him." George Fisher was Arnold in "The Gentle Intruder." Charles Hines was Joe in "The Argyle Case." Jack Mower is with American. Corinne Griffith in "Ashes." I guess they are teasing you.

ILONA H. M.—I believe 30 is the last birthday for women. You just stop in.

I. M. A. FRIEND.—Glad to hear it. You say you are convinced that I am a man, because I smoke a pipe. You are a born Sherlock Holmes, and you are really quite a discriminating critic. Earle Williams was admirable in his portrayal of the strong character of John Storm in "The Christian." You would like to see "The Quick or the Dead" on the screen. Amelie Rives might consent. I can tell you the difference between 'em. Them what gets out of the way of the autos and them what dont.

GRACE, DETROIT.—Ruth Darling is with Fine Arts. Jewel Carmen has been on the stage. She wore a wig. No, I didn't see Gen. Joffre when he was in New York, but he was only a block away from me in the parade.

L. W. H.—Yes, I have seen that letter before. Guess that player is doing some circularizing.

MARION MC.—We printed "Zaza" in the November 1915 Classic and "The Moment Before" in June 1916 Classic. Write to our Circulation Department for back numbers.

EUNICE M.—Nothing about Clio Ayres. But you must not fret. Horace Fletcher, professor of menticulture, says that anger and worry are the foundations of every evil except corns.

MOVIE MAD.—It isn't "The Hunted Fortunes," nor "The Mistaken Fortunes," but "The Fortune Hunters." Vitagraph and Lubin produced it. You must get the titles right. Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift."

ELYOH, 24.—No, never been in Australia. You ask if Kitty Gordon and Julia Swayne Gordon are any relation. No. You say Gladden James reminds you of a frightened rabbit. Yes, the same J. W. Johnston. He is with Pallas now. Billy Quirk is with Gold Medal.

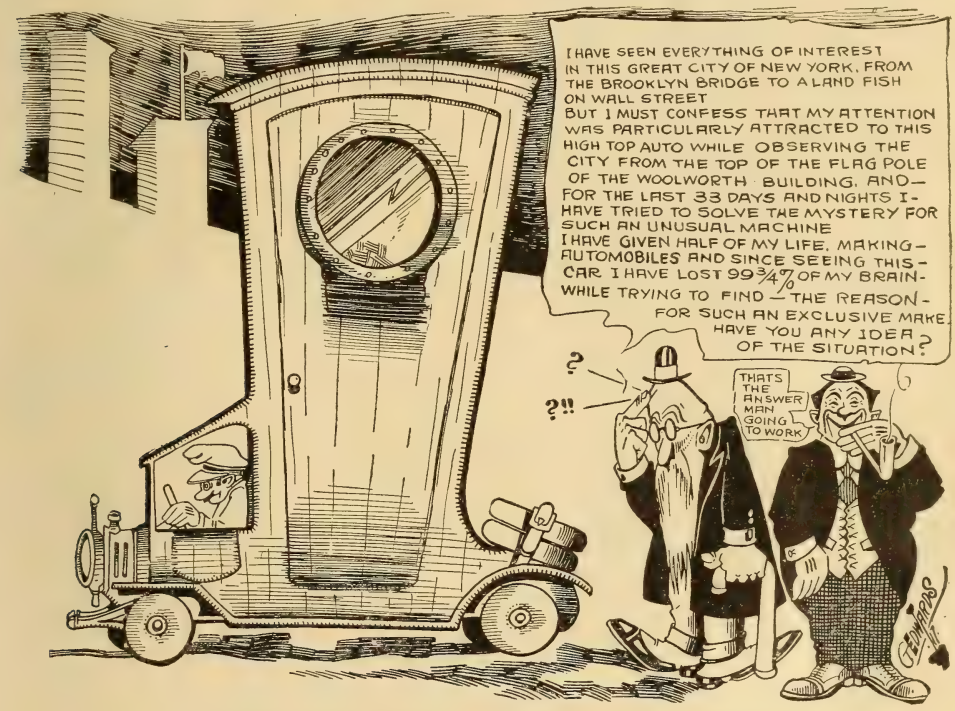
R. M. REEDLEY.—Haven't heard of that revue as yet. Yes; Mary Pickford played for the old Imp company. Exit Chaplin, enter Fairbanks. He is certainly making a clean sweep.

MORMON N.—You ought to be able to get a ukelele for about $5.00. You can get them at any music store.

KERRIGAN FIEND.—Thanks for welcoming me into the Scroll Club. I am delighted to be one of you, and I thank all of you who have written me such nice letters of welcome.

TOM, 55.—Glad to know you. Sometimes. Why, yes; Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati in 1887. Good future outlook for you. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"—when the others are thru with it.

VERA NUTTI.—Thanks. Yes, Herbert Prior was the doctor in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Charles Wellesley was her father. Come in again.



TWO HEADS WERE BETTER THAN ONE IN THIS CATASTROPHE

OLGA, 17.—So you think Clara Young is neglecting her looks. Yes, David Powell was opposite her. Dry cleaning was invented to keep people from getting wet.

BUSHMAN FAN.—Joseph Kaufman is a Famous Player director, James Vincent a Fox director, Robert Vignola a Lasky director, Francis Ford a Universal director and James Kirkwood a Mutual director. Thanks.

H. D.—Sorry, but I cant print your verses. They are too long. The jelly bean was invented by Elita Proctor Otis in 1861, and was the principal sustenance of the Southern army during the Civil War.

CHARLES B.—I believe I returned your picture. I would advise you to write to some company and explain the series to them. Send for a list of manufacturers for addresses.

JESSIE B. A.—Thanks.

DOT B.—The glass of fashion today resembles a kaleidoscope or a scrambled Easter egg—such a dazzling riot of color! Some color combinations no Cubist or Futurist artist would paint. A walking rainbow or rainbows on parade. Mary Miles Minter is with American. Dan Hanlon was Bill and Lionel Adams was George in "The Great Problem." They are not married. Thanks.

JOE NELLY.—No, we have never carried a picture of Claire Whitney. Gladys Brockwell in February 1917 Classic. Anna Luther is with Kay-Bee. William Farnum still with Fox, and Ruth Roland, after taking a husband, has gone back West.

ROBBY D.—Watcha trying to do, take my job away? Nothing doing!

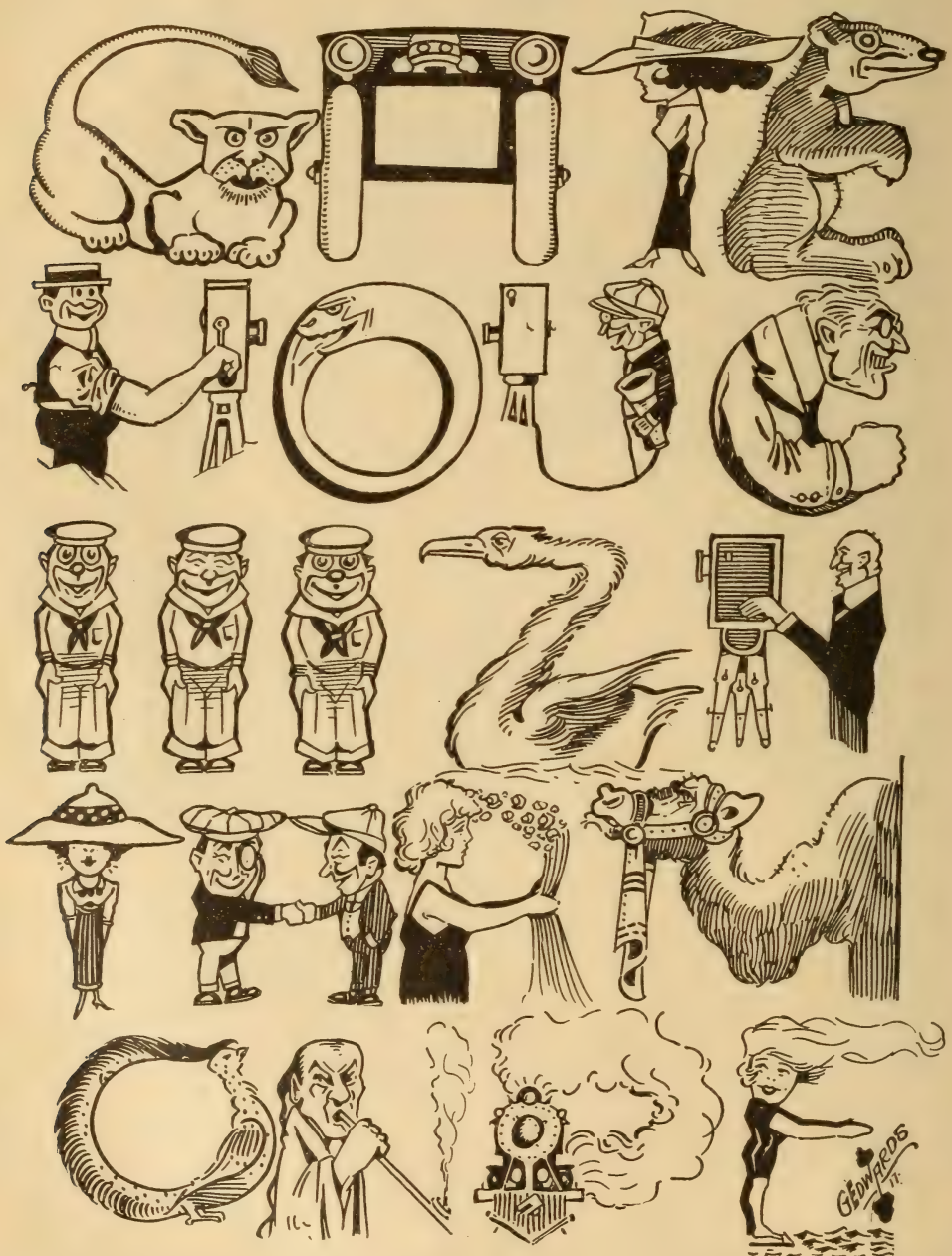
D. F. H. S.—Yes, Marguerite Clark stays with Paramount. Yes, that was the original "Doug."

LAURA L. C.—Billie Rhodes lisps, but she doesn't say "Thweetheart, path the thuger." Altho that depends upon whom she is addressing. She is still with Christie Co. Vivian Martin is Nell in "The Stronger Love."

H. G. D.—Yes, Mrs. Vernon Castle is doing very well in that series. Charles Ray—I'm neutral.

HECTOR W.—I understand that she was a grass-widow. So called because they dont let any grass grow under their feet. If you want to stand in with a grass-widow, tell her you're a vegetarian. Last I heard of Constance Talmadge she was joining Paramount.

G. C.—Yours was very interesting, but you dont ask questions.

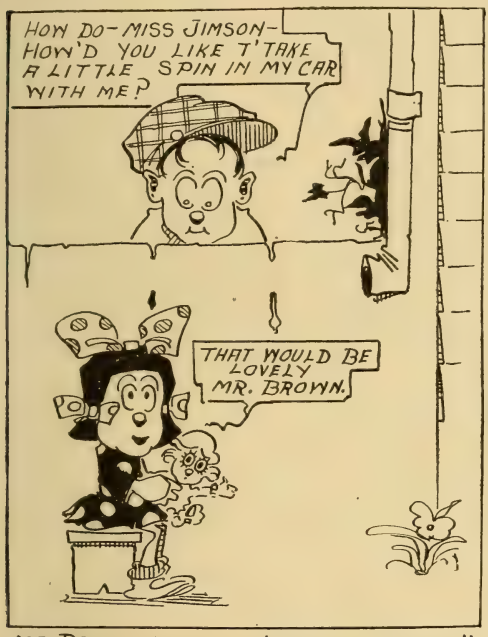


EACH DESIGN REPRESENTS A LETTER. A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE FIRST PERSON WHO SOLVES THIS PUZZLE AND GETS HIS OR HER ANSWER IN OUR HANDS

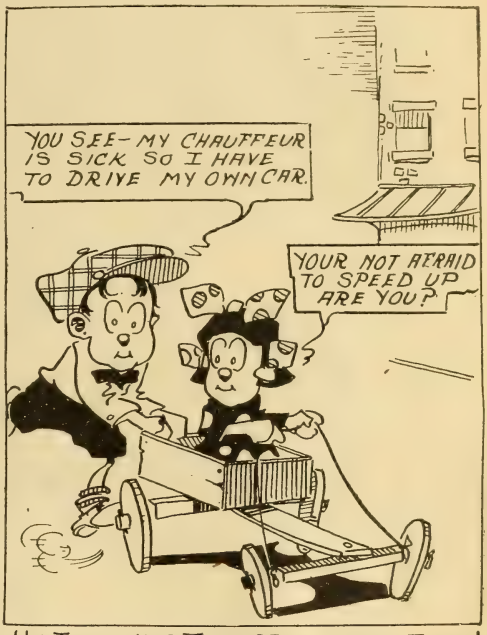
MISS E. P., VICTORIA.—I'm glad you aren't going to ask how to get in pictures. That is the favorite question. Sessue Hayakawa was Lin Foo in "The Secret Sin." House Peters and Dave Wall played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Bishop's Carriage." I shall always remember that as one of Mary Pickford's best.

JENNY L.—Your first offense—I'll be lenient. Dorothy Dalton is with Triangle at Los Angeles, Cal. You dont mean Walt Whitman, do you?

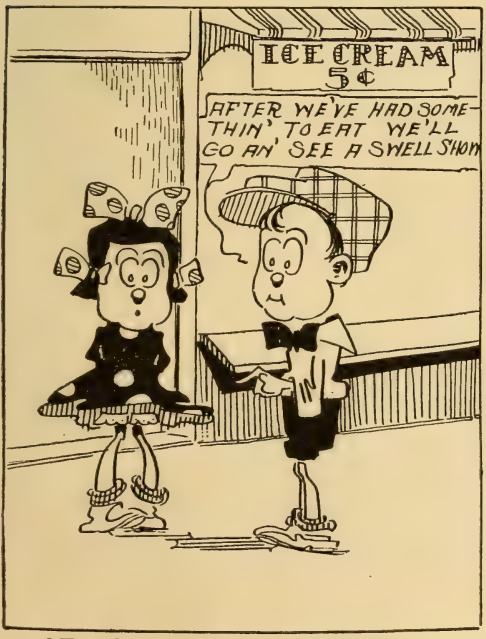
E. S., JOLIET.—Theda Bara was interviewed in April 1917 Classic and the April 1916 Magazine. Corinne Griffith is with Vitagraph.



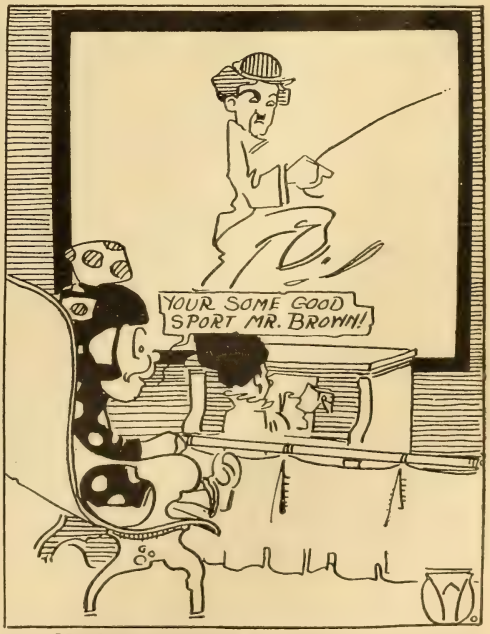
MR. BROWN CALLS ON HIS LADY FRIEND!!



HE TAKES HER FOR A SPIN AROUND TOWN!



AFTER SOME REFRESHMENTS—



THEY SPEND AN ENJOYABLE AFTERNOON AT THE MOVIES



"BIG CHARLIE," UNIVERSAL'S ACTOR-ELEPHANT, SAVES A BABY FROM THE WRECK OF A PRAIRIE-SCHOONER IN A SCENE FROM A JUNGLE PHOTODRAMA

IRENE O. S., NEW YORK.—There are a number of studios in Fort Lee, N. J., which is just across the Hudson River from New York. Violet Mersereau is living at the Apthorp Hotel, New York City. It is better not to have a pain than to seek an antidote for it.

LINNIE T.—I wish I could tell you what has become of Alkali Ike and likewise Gene Gauntier. I guess they have dropped out of the pictures for a while, and it's a shame.

JESSIE R. A.—When you get so that you make "long teeth" over everything you do, it is time to buy yourself a floral design. Lou-Tellegen and Nell Shipman in "The Black Wolf." Yes, D. W. Griffith is a wonderful man, so are they all, all wonderful men.

S. Y. L.—I am sorry, but there is little chance to get a child in pictures these days. There isn't much demand for children, and besides 'most all companies have several children at hand that they can hire for any particular picture.

MARION E. S.—Henry King was Hal with Little Mary Sunshine in "Joy and the Dragon." I enjoy eating immensely. The only trouble is I dont hold enough. I'll have to get a stomach pump, for then I can eat two or three table d'hotè dinners and enjoy them all.

INEZ.—You here again? Wallace Reid was Frank and Blanche Sweet the girl in "For Her Father's Sins." Gladys Hanson in "The Primrose Path" (Pathé). Al Filson was the manager in "Bred in the Bone." Frank Jonasson in "The Parasite" (Kalem).

GILMA L.—All right, I was glad to get your letter. It was very helpful. That's right, just say what you want. The only way to get anything in this world is to make a kick for it. Edith Storey and Earle Williams were the stars in "The Christian."

VIOLET B.—Success is a combination of believing in yourself and making the other fellow do the same thing. Frank Jonasson was Ace Brent in "The Girl from 'Frisco."

ARCHIE J.—I dont think Theda Bara answers mail personally. She has a secretary. Well, Edward Earle is quite a favorite.

HERSHAL.—You say you wouldn't want my job. Well, I wouldn't want you to have it. Ernest Forti was Pietro. Everybody has time to do what he really wants to do.

SUNNY OLD SPOKANE.—Thanks for the compliment about our covers.

IVAN I.—He should have been hanged for smoking that brand of rope. I've heard that smoke will keep mosquitoes away, but I'd advise you to choose the mosquitoes in place of that brand of cigar. See April 1917 Classic for the puzzle.

MAILTON, CANADA.—Donald Cameron played opposite Lillian Walker. She is now in Ogden, Utah. Tell your theater manager about it.

MOVIE, VIRGINIA.—Pearl White has a home in Bayside, L. I., but she usually stops at the Astor when in N. Y. Thanks for clipping.

FLOSSIE.—You can reach Mrs. Blackton and her charming kiddies at her home at 213 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

TOODLES.—Just write to any of the clubs I have mentioned elsewhere and you will get attention. You say you would like to get a peep at me. All right, come along and get it.

VIOLA.—You send a long list of players and ask their ages. This would take too much time to find, and besides you must keep posted from the chats, etc., that appear.

LILLIAN L.—I think you have the wrong title on that play. Thanks for the pictures. Sorry you did not win in the guessing contest. The greatest guessing contest I know of is the one I see in the papers every morning, conducted by the Weather Bureau.

SKARABANDA.—Dorothy is a Greek name meaning "The gift of God." A pretty name, tho. You certainly have enough theaters in your town. No wonder you see so many films. I think you are all right.

LUCIUS C.—Most people who claim they want justice are lucky if they dont get it. H. B. Warner was with Selig.

ANITA W.—Sorry, but I have no cast for that play. More people would throw away their smoked glasses if they knew that happiness was only a point of few? Bertha Kalich and Stuart Holmes in "Love and Hate."

THE BOB LEONARD CLUB GIRLS.—What a happy lot you must be! Last I heard of Robert Leonard he was with the Lasky Company. You might write to him.

NINA G.—I am sorry you are sad. Certainly you may ask more questions. There's a skeleton in every corset, as well as in every closet. I wont tell you what the one in my closet is.

BILLY J. H. T.—Octavia Handworth is not playing just now. No, we haven't had a picture of Elliott Dexter. Tell your little sister we shall have one soon. You can address him Morosco, Los Angeles, Cal.

SKARABANDA.—Some people are good because they find it cheaper than being bad. Yes, Stuart Holmes was good in "The Scarlet Letter." I mean, he did good playing; he was quite naughty otherwise. You send in a sort of photoplay review.



EILEEN SEDGWICK (UNIVERSAL) HOLDING A "SITTING OUT" PARTY WITH CHARLIE, THE HUGEST ACTOR-ELEPHANT IN UNIVERSAL CITY'S JUNGLE

BEATRICE DE B.—Yes, I have noticed that expression in E. H. Sothern's eyes. I shook hands with him not so long ago. Thanks for that very beautiful description of your garden. It made me feel quite refreshed.

LENA L.—I referred to all the slapstick comedians when I said: "Chaplin *et al.*" "Who's Al?" you ask, "and why did Chaplin eat him?" Ye gods! Look him up in the dictionary. Raymond McKee was Danny in "Sunbeam." Of course I like typewritten letters. They are a relief sometimes. Encore!

LESTER W. H. O.—Better write the players direct for pictures. Ivor McFadden was Billy in "Measure of a Man." Thanks for the programs.

FARMER R. F. D.—Of course Harry Hilliard is a star. So you prefer to have the husbands and wives play opposite each other. You must stop in to see me when you come to New York.

GUSSIE J.—Glad to see you again. Thanks for the pressed flowers. Irving Cummings is with Fox. Violet de Bicard was Anna in "The Unwelcome Mother." You refer to Elmer Clifton. Thanks for all you say.

DAN, 88.—Oh, well, considering what most people are willing to do for nothing, it's a wonder that we are not all millionaires. I haven't the faintest idea where Ormi Hawley, Lottie Briscoe and Florence Lawrence are. They seem to have dropped out of sight. Alice Hollister is with Famous Players, and Robert Leonard is with Lasky.

J. C. W.—I dont know why the Triangle Theater, in Brooklyn, is now exhibiting Paramount pictures, except that the lease was assigned by the former to the latter.

FRANK A. O.—Put your temples forward—not your jaw; the one shows mental strength, the other physical. Spottiswoode Aitken was the president in "The Americano." Eric Campbell in the Chaplin comedies. I was sorry to hear of your illness and hope you are recovering.

CRICKET.—Glad to hear about your favorites, thanks.

I. B. INTERESTED.—Of course you must obtain the author's permission, unless the copyright has run out. So you think Douglas Fairbanks is second cousin to perpetual motion. Your letter was full of good wishes, and I thank you.

ICE BOX.—Sounds good on a day like this. Yours was good, as far as it went. I am very fond of Shakespeare. He borrowed from every source, but he contributes to every need.

KENTUCKY LASSIE.—Thank you a whole lot for the pretty "snaps."



BATHING SUITS AND "BREECHES" OF PROMISE.

Chorus-girl, show girlie, "extra" girl!
You haven't amended your ways—
In winter, the top floor back-room,
In summer, the beach and swell days.



SPLASHING THE HERO

MAUDE—Pretty tough on our new leading-man today.
KITTY—Whyfore?
MAUDE—He's got to save me from drowning, and he cant swim a stroke.

LEE H.—Thanks for giving me your address. You say you are "Yours, still lonesome, Lee Hudson, Jr., 701 E. 16th St., Chattanooga, Tenn."

MARION.—If you give us time, we will get around to all the players. Pauline Frederick's picture on last month's Magazine. I enjoyed your criticism.

MALVALOW.—Napoleon said, "Men err not so much in prompt action as in hasty judgment." Take heed. James Cruze was the detective in that play.

Edgar Davenport was Beauvois in "Wormwood." Harry Springler in "Bondsman."

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Bryant Washburn's wife was a player. We ought all to help ourselves. The Lord freezes the water, but we are expected to cut our own ice.

TOGO.—Camera-man's duties are the taking of the picture. To set up his camera when instructed by the director, to include the scene pointed out by him, to begin turning and to stop turning when told by the director, to keep his camera in adjustment,



THE ROAD-AGENT IN DOUBT

BLACK PETE—Now, I wonder if that's the regular stage going thru with the strongbox, or just one of them darn Moving Picture concerns coming up here to take pictures.

PRINCESS ELEANORE.—Your definition of coiffure is good: "An insurmountable obstacle, obstructing the view. To be found in all public places, principally Moving Picture theaters." I will see what can be done for you. I wish I could have printed your letter.

GRANT MC.—George Probert is with Pathé. H. E. Herbert and Theodore Von Eltz in "His Wife." Dot Bernard is with Art Dramas. A nice chat with her under way. Arline Pretty played in one Artcraft.

BABY VAMP; K. G. S.; J. W.; HELEN B.; DOROTHY K.; IMA NUTT; NELLIE L.; and LENORE W.—Thanks.

DOUGLAS.—Violet Wilkie was little sister in "The Children Pay." Loretta Blake was Christine in "His Picture in the Papers."

to keep an ample supply of film for requirements, and to turn over to the factory a correctly exposed roll of film, having upon it a record of the scene from the word "start" to the word "stop." Fred Mace died February 23. I would advise you to write again and send it registered, and request a receipt.

VYRGYNYA; KERRIGAN FIEND; LILLIS ST. CLAIR; MARGARET MC.; HELEN L. R.; EMMA K.; GERTIE; ESTHER M. T.; BETTY OF MELROSE.—I want to thank you a lot for remembering me with your thoughtful cards. You see, I am a very smart man, because I live on my wits. Only a very smart man can get along on such small capital. I have added the cards to my storehouse of treasures.

EMMA S.—No; I seldom talk to any one over the 'phone. I dont hear well. If I said I did, I could not get time to do anything else. You want a picture of Warren Kerrigan on the cover. I told the Editor, and he said he would grant your request. Jessalyn Van Trump is not playing now. Mae Gaston opposite Crane Wilbur in "Spite Husband."

BIRDIE.—The sacred idol of Buddha in "The Master Key," Universal's play of mysticism, was an exact replica of that worshiped by the followers of that faith about the 5th century, B. C., in Northern Hindustan. Robert Leonard played the leading part and staged it, and is therefore entitled to great credit. Some natives from India now in America participated, also some Californian beach-bronzed natives of America.

KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—Marshall Neilan is with Lasky. Just renewed his contract for 2 years. He is married to Gertrude Bambrick. Even experience is unable to teach a fool anything.

CLOVER BELL.—Allan Murnane was Arthur in "The Mystery of Myra." Hal Forde was Ned and Gladys Hanson was Joan in "Primrose Path." Camille Astor is still playing. Nell Shipman in "Melody of Love."

KERRIGAN FIEND.—So you, too, are raving about J. Warren Kerrigan. Sorry I cant print your letter. Yes, Clio has been asking for you.

MOVIE CHILDREN.—Edwin Stevens was Ali, and Florence Malone was Princess in "The Yellow Menace." Look up April 1917 Classic.

E. A. J.—You might write the photographers. A picture of Billie Burke in February and July 1916 Classic.



EILEEN SEDGWICK IS THE LATEST "UNIVERSALIST" TO CATCH THE EQUESTRIENNE FEVER. SHE IS "UP AND TO HORSE" BRIGHT AND EARLY EACH MORNING

JANE CANUCK.—But one half of the world cant understand how the other half can live without it. Carl Van Auker in "The Intrigue." You will have to get U. S. stamps.

INEZ.—Yes, Holland is indeed in Dutch. Gertrude McCoy and George Lessey had the leads in "A Fresh Air Romance." Evabelle Prout was the bare-back rider in "Not on the Circus Program." You refer to Richard Stanton.

R. C. GORDON.—You say that May Allison and Harold Lockwood did play in "The Masked Rider." I thought it was Cleo Ridgely. The Child Labor bill was signed by President Wilson September 1st, 1916.



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EVA A.—You say you are a toe-dancer and have stiffened toe-slippers, and that Pavlowa has her own patent, but since I am not up on toe-dancing I cannot advise you. I'm afraid I shall have to take your advice and dispose of that picture by placing it in the waste-basket.

LUELLA, 16.—Owen Moore opposite Mary Pickford in "Mistress Nell." You ask for a picture of Howard Estabrook on the Classic cover.

CAPRICE ADMIRER.—"The Girl Who Lost" was one of Cleo Madison's pictures. I guess you mean Ethel Tearle. Yes, Hazel Daly in "Skinner's Dress Suit." The Dodgers are always slow in getting started, but they sometimes come out first in the end.

TRIXEY.—Richard Barthelmess as Robert in "The Valentine Girl." I am glad you are attending to business. Progress, success and power reduced to their lowest common denominator equal Duty Done.



LIONS HOLD NO TERROR FOR HERBERT RAWLINSON, WHO POSES BEFORE CAMERA IN WILD ANIMAL CAGE AT UNIVERSAL CITY

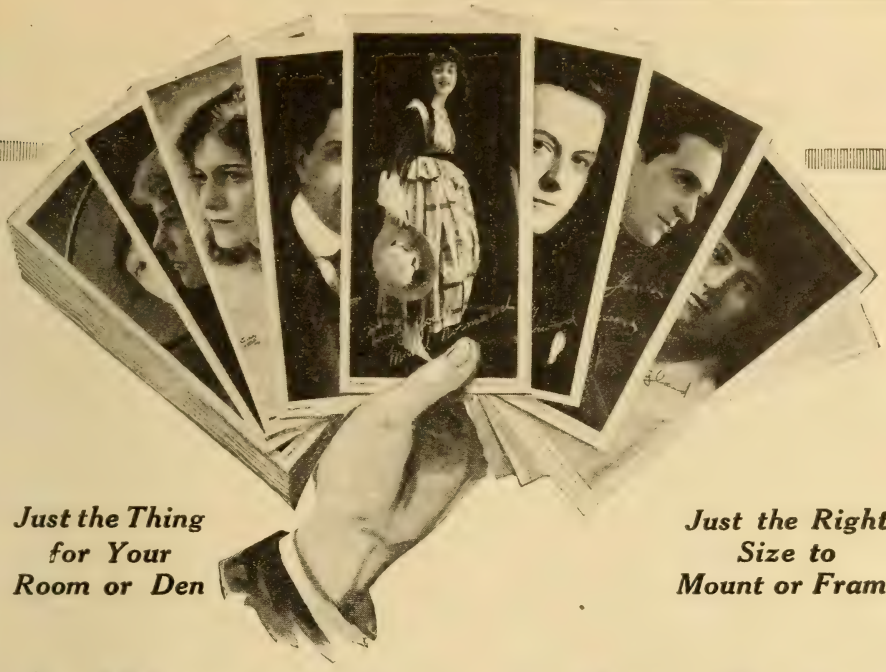
L. W. H.—You want a Gallery picture of Ann Pennington. John Emerson directs. Never carried the story of "Panthea." Lorraine Huling is with Thanhouser. Florence Dagmar with Kay-Bee. All the players you mentioned have played for Edison. So you thought Julius Steger was great in "The Stolen Triumph."

HAPPIE.—Frank McGlynn was Trask in "Gloria's Romance."

JUNO.—You seem to haye a grouch. Why not take Douglas Fairbank's advice—"Keep a smile on your face till 10 o'clock and it will stay all day"? Dolores Cassinelli was to play in her own company.

CAPE COD.—Billy Sunday is the Charlie Chaplin of the pulpit. Of course I have been up to the Tabernacle and hit the sawdust trail. See Valeska Suratt in "New York Peacock." You say you didn't care about her in that costume. Hobart Bosworth and Jane Novak in "Scarlet Sin." Ada Gleason was Kitty in "A Voice in the Fog." Katherine is older than Jane—4 and 7 years.

FRANKIE.—The very best advice I can give you is, do right and fear no man; dont write and fear no woman. I am sure you will come out all right. I am always glad to listen to your troubles if you must tell them to some one.



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King Baggot	Alice Brady	Bessie Eyton	Viola Dana	Ruth Roland
Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli	Ormi Hawley
Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Edwin August
Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew	Kitty Gordon
Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
Lucille Lee Stewart	Pauline Frederick	Mae Busch	Mollie King	Anita King
Charles Richman	John Barrymore	William S. Hart	Muriel Ostriche	Wallace Reid

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JANIE.—Harry Hilliard in "New York Peacock" and "Her Great Love." Herbert Heyes was Dr. Boulden in "The Victim." We have never carried a picture of Edward T. Langford. Paul Capellani was Armand in "Camille." Chester Barnett played in "Trilby."

RICHARD W. CONG.—About five years ago Martha Spiers played for Pathé. Paul Scardon was the hypnotist in "The Goddess." My hair—what I have left—is gray. That's true, but when a man's wrong and wont admit it, he always gets angry.

R. C. F.—Elaine Hammerstein is with Selznick, and Charlotte Ives with Edward Warren Co. Your letter was all right.

ONE THE SQUIRRELS DIDN'T GET.—Are you referring to somebody? Jess Willard says that if they will bring on the German army one at a time he will end the war. That's the only way I know to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas. Edward T. Langford was Derwent in "The Dark Silence." He also played in "As Man Made Her." John Bowers played in "Darkest Russia."

BEATRICE.—Your letter was very interesting. You say "Little Mary" uses too much make-up. Mary, please note what Beatrice says. One hundred dollars if allowed to remain in the bank for one hundred years, at compound interest, would absorb practically all of the gold in the United States. No one has ever had the time to try it, but I think I will start the experiment.

MAURICE M.—Gail Kane in April 1916 and June 1916 Magazine and chat in August 1916 Magazine. No, I dont own a car. Such luxuries are beyond my dimensions.

WILHELMA.—Mary McAllister was Rosalind in "Little Shoes." Helen Badgely is with Metro. Cant tell you what caused the high price of shoes, but the manufacturers say that it is because ladies wear shorter skirts and therefore higher shoes. Nevertheless my shoes are twice as expensive as formerly and my trousers are the same length.

NETTIE B.—The correct answers were not published, nor will they be. In fact there was no correct answer—we just took the average.

M. S.—Leota Lorraine was Miss Baker in "The Promise." Yes, I like the odor of your sachet. When I got mad at foolish questions I used to run up and down stairs ten times—but the stair carpet wore out and the fool questions didn't.

VERMONTER.—Gladys Hulette and Pat O'Malley in "The Heart of a Princess." I will be glad to inform you about the Puzzle Editor.

RICHARD W.—You are a pacifist, yet are going to the front. That's putting the fist in pacifist, is it not? See above. I am sorry indeed, but I cannot supply the name of the play from your description. It sounds very much like a foreign play. Yes, thanks, I have a very fine bed—all the comforts of home that can be crowded into a hallroom.

JEAN.—Why all this fuss about Mary Pickford's hair? Marcellina Bianca was Cabiria in that play.

FLORENCE M.—William Hart no doubt is a member of that club. Haven't his second name. Yes, but we have found that a stern gun is more effective than a stern note.

MRS. J. J.—Edward Earle is with Art Dramas now. You think Olga Petrova makes up her lips too much. I cannot inform you what Lillian Russell meant when she said "Let the clear wind blow the cobwebs from your body." Perhaps she means sun-baths. I prefer water.

DOROTHY C.—You say you wont call me Rip because I haven't been asleep for twenty years. You should put your name on the top of your letter. Ethel Gray Terry. Thanks.

A VIRGINIA ADMIRER; PEGGY SNOW CLUB; MICKIE; PEARL WHITE TRIO; LEROY W.; GRETCHEN E.; LILY C.; SAN JOSE.—Sorry, but, you know the rest.

M. A. A.; EDITH D.; H. D., MONTREAL; BENNETT S.; THE SKARABANDE; ED. K.; VIRGINIA P.; and C. C., ATLANTA.—Well, just look elsewhere.



THE SCREEN-KISS SKIRMISH



"STARS" IN THE AUDIENCE

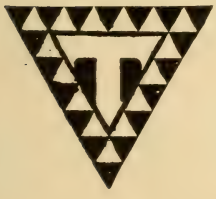


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MELVA, PORTLAND.—What has happened to you?

DIMPLES.—Now, now, I am right about Seena Owen playing the lead in "Fox Woman." It was an old Majestic play.

GIRL SCOUT.—I salute you. Yes; Marshall Farnum was a brother to William. Not Franklyn. Dustin's picture in April, 1916. Yes, I like butter, but it is fattening. The natural color of butter is white to pale yellow, and it is artificially colored to suit market tastes. Pink butter is not at all common in Boston, and violet is a favorite shade among the New York *haute ton*.

MAE ADAMS.—Violet Mersereau was the girl in "The Great Problem." Yes, all the New York department stores are selling Liberty bonds. In one store in Brooklyn, Bobby Connelly and his sister Helen, Violet Mersereau, "Mother" Maurice, the Lee children, Hazel Dawn and other players were present selling bonds.

JERRY T.—Why, yes; Mitchell Lewis was Doret in "The Barrier." Glad you liked it.

NAUGHTY VAMPIRE GIRL.—Glen White was Quasimodo in "The Darling of Paris." The next Theda Bara picture will be "Cleopatra." My! but you are sarcastic yourself. I've got nothing on you.

JOHN E.—No, I never sit in box seats. That reminds me of the four boxes that rule the world—cartridge box, ballot box, jury box and hat box. I doubt if Mr. Lubin is doing anything at all in the picture business. The plant is closed, I understand.

MOLLY MC.—You might get a picture of Geraldine Farrar in Joan costume if you write to Lasky. I enjoyed your letter a lot and I want you to write me again.

JOHN V. S., WINNIPEG.—Glad to hear from you again. The consensus of opinion is that the May Magazine cover is the best yet. Thanks for the invitation.

LORRAINE V. W.—There are more red stripes than white in the American flag, and since this will be more or less a bloodless war none of the white stripes will be stained with the blood of our young patriots who are going to the front to perpetuate liberty and peace for all the world. You want to see more of Olga Petrova. We had a chat with her in February 1917 issue. Also more about Ethel Barrymore.

J. W., LEEDS, ENG.—I am glad to know you. Thanks for you good wishes.

H. H. S., HOULTON, ME.—You refer to Herschel Mayall. Well, Germany couldn't seem to make out what international law was, and now they are made an international outlaw.

INEZ.—You are a regular. Louise Orth was the sweetheart and Reggie Morris was the florist in "Knocks and Opportunities." Alice Rodier was Tottie Twinkletoes in "Midnight at Maxim's." Jean Dumar was Audrey in "Up in the Air."

SYBIL.—Since this is your first letter, I will try to be lenient. Margarita Fischer in "Little Miss Missionary."

NIFFIT, SCOTLAND.—I did not get your first letter. You see, most of our mail is either held up by the British or sent down by the Germans. Frank Farrington is with Fox.

GABY GIRL.—Yes, I have missed you a great deal. So you are traveling—lucky girl! You saw Carlyle Blackwell in Savannah; also Romaine Fielding, who you say is directing Carlyle. And now you want to protest against any one saying that Carlyle Blackwell is effeminate, and that he doesn't use perfume. That's right, stand up for your favorite, but what if he *does* use perfume? I use it myself.

KATHRYN.—Thanhouser last.

MARION N.—Just five days before I was. Mary Pickford is in California just now. I'm afraid your amativeness and philoprogenitiveness are poorly developed. I advise you to consult a doctor or a phrenologist.

JIMMIE F.—Dont know about Earle Foxe; see elsewhere.

DOLL-POLL.—Creighton Hale is with Pathé. So you didn't care for Louise Lester in the "Calamity Ann" series. Well, you know it isn't brave to face what we cant dodge.

BALTIMORE GIRL.—You refer to Elizabeth Burbridge. William Russell is with American. You say you haven't missed a Talmadge or Lockwood release in over three years. I should say that is stepping right on their heels.

EDITH O.—Right you be. Fashion is a fickle and misleading jade. She is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads us, step by step, to the quicksands of financial ruin. It is nice to be well dressed, but folly to be overdressed. Hi, ho—hi, ho! Shirley Mason is with McClure Pictures.

BILL FRENCH.—That studio isn't in Niagara Falls now. Marguerite Snow started her career on the stage. She was born in Savannah, Ga., but most of her childhood was spent in Denver, Colo. She has dark hair and brown eyes.

GRACE ADD.—Please dont write and ask me if I think that if you wrote to such and such players would they send you a picture. Most players send out pictures upon receipt of 25c. to pay postage. A few, including Crane Wilbur, send them for nothing. Yes, that was John Mulhall in "The Man Who Called After Dark." Richard Tucker in "The Power of Decision" (Metro).

VERA NUTTI.—How could I suspect you? I enjoyed your letter indeed. Just beware of a sudden friend and a slow enemy.

MICKY.—Yes, Antrim Short is with Universal, Lou Short Universal also, and Gertrude Short with Rolin. But I am short of information on Stella. William Conklin played in "Out of the Wreck."

BIJOU.—Dont remember "When a Man's a Man." See elsewhere for Grace Cunard. There was no correct answer to that puzzle. Lottie Pickford's baby is called Mary Pickford Rupp. Well, I wonder! No, no; you have me wrong. Fe, fi, fo, fum!

HOOSIER GIRL.—Bryant Washburn is with Essanay, but I dont know where Mary Fuller is now.

(*Continued on page* 155)

Tasty Reading in Sweet Cider Time

September Motion Picture Magazine Is a Vacation Week in Itself

When the pages of the September Magazine flutter in the wind, something cooling and seasonable—outing clothes, frozen dainties, yachting and deep-sea pictures—reveals itself to the reader's eye on every page. It is just the sort of a summer pal to take out under the shade of the trees or stow away in the canoe. And to those stay-at-homes it brings the greens and sweet smells of the country right into your room. Here is a partial list of the gems that are scheduled for the next two numbers:

Dame Fashion's Horoscope—A continuation of the dressy article in this issue. In the September Magazine screen favorites will be shown and described at length in sport clothes, outing toggery and beach and boating duds in the latest modes.

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen"—leaves off in such an interesting place and is such a corking "inside" tale of life in and about the Los Angeles studios that every picture fan will want to read its conclusion. Illustrated with new photos of the "army of unknown actors."

All About the Submarines—Edwin M. La Roche takes his readers a-cruising on a deep-sea pirate, tells how they swim, dive, see and fight and gives some thrilling tales of how the submarine has played the heavy rôle in Motion Pictures.

As They Grew Up—By Lillian Montanye. Here is a real "scoop," as newspaper men say. The author has spent months in collecting the baby pictures of first-water stars—Viola Dana, Mabel Taliaferro, Gracè Valentine, Alice Joyce, Earle Williams and Anita Stewart. The players have never parted with these babyhood pictures before and never will again. And with them we have the charming stories of the stars' toddlesome days.

Frozen Echoes à la Character—Lillian Blackstone dessert recipes, published in the Magazine last summer and dedicated to the players, made such a hit that the National Association of Ice Cream Manufacturers has asked and gained our permission to distribute the original recipes by the million. This time Miss Blackstone dedicates her cooling desserts to William S. Hart, Theodore Roberts, Eugene Pallette, George Beban, Henry Walthall and Antonio Moreno.

Afloat With Our Camera-Girl—Nance Monde, a clever newspaper woman, has bought herself a Graflex and is trailing the fugitive star to his or her lair—to "shoot" them on the spot. Her first series of pictures, and the sparkling little narrative that goes with them, cover an ocean steamship "location" day spent with Mrs. Vernon Castle.

How I Got In—A new department in which leading players tell of their beginnings in pictures and how they got their first start.

Their Favorite Rôles—By Roberta Courtlandt, one of our favored and favorite authors, is with us again in a delightful summer chat in which Marguerite Clark, Bryant Washburn, Cleo Madison, Theda Bara, Dorothy Gish, Jack Kerrigan and several others tell about the parts they liked best to play and have contributed their favorite photographs to beautify the stories.

Fighting on the Screen—L. E. Eubanks, whose "Screen Venus" and "Screen Apollo" are still being talked about by Magazine and Classic readers, describes the famous fighters in Studio-land. A man's tale, with a punch and a strangle-hold, and finely illustrated with photos of Harold Lockwood, William Farnum, Jack Richardson, Jack Kerrigan and William S. Hart.

A Shower of Midsummer Chats—the cozy, homey, out-of-doors kind are coming in the September Magazine. Players' vacation days, their outdoor fun, their home life, will charm you and get you acquainted. And, too, all the regular features—pages of clever short stories, up-to-the-minute news, gossip and hundreds of outdoor pictures will flutter thru your fingers.

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FROZEN ECHOES

(*Continued from page* 127)

"The Truant Soul," tho wonderful and all that, was terrible in its way. I marveled and became an ardent admirer.

In a tall glass dish place some vanilla ice-cream—or another flavor if you so desire. Then add pieces of cut-up bananas, oranges, grapefruit, grapes, peaches and pineapple. Keep putting these pieces in till the top is reached and then top off with some whipped cream and a cherry. The result will be so good that you'll be trying it on your friends.

Eugene Pallette Desperado—Is he desperate? Well, rather—that is, you'd say that after seeing him in some of his rôles. But really and not reely speaking, he's very nice and not in the least "devilish." Of course, he lands in court occasionally for speeding, but outside of that he's a regular man and just as nice as his "good" pictures indicate.

In a shallow dish place two slices of orange—the round slices, and have them already divided so as to be easy to handle. And then over this sprinkle nuts and pour some pineapple syrup and then add some vanilla ice-cream. Cover with whipped cream mixed previously with slices of peach and the dish is finished. It will just about melt in your mouth and you'll be a strong Pallette fan by the time you've finished.

Antonio Moreno Spano—"Mr. Aladdin" wouldn't have been nearly so good if it had not been for this versatile young actor, and so would a lot of plays suffer if Antonio hadn't stepped in and done his best. He's the kind who doesn't try to "make a show" and yet succeeds in capturing every feminine heart and winning all the applause. And he's so real in character that you feel like approaching him and telling him how glad the boys at the club would be to meet him. He's the kind you'd trust your wife with and he has so won all the hearts—feminine, masculine, and neuter—that it will be long before he is forgotten.

Have some of the cream-rich peppermint ice-cream put in a dish and over this pour some thick chocolate syrup. Cover all with marshmallow and then treat the family to something delightfully unusual. "Oh, for another dish!" you will murmur.

GOOD STORY CONTEST
ANNOUNCEMENT OF WINNERS

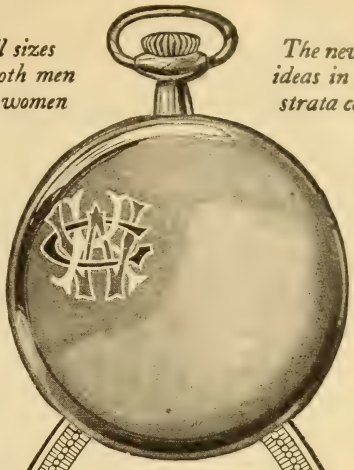
In recent issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, the Scenario Service Bureau offered $135 in prizes for the best original story. The contest closed on March 31, and the judges have just completed the work of reading several thousand excellent stories and a few that were not excellent. The judges have made their awards, and the Bureau has asked us to publish the names of the winners, who are as follows, in the order named: Gerald L. Carson, P. O., Inwood, L. I., for "The Sleep-Walker"; E. L. Krizan, Groom, Texas, for "The Warning Call"; James V. Hamlin, Newark, N. J., for "The Final Analysis"; Miss Georgette Poulard, 76 Franklin Av., Passaic Park, N. J., for "The Masterpiece"; R. W. Meguiar, 172 Formwalt St., Atlanta, Ga., for "When Hatred Fled"; Miss Eda Bowers-Robinson, 134 Hubinger St., New Haven, Conn., for "The Madonna of the Wayside"; Carroll E. King, Highland, O., for "Duty"; W. F. Weddle, Piedmont, Mo., for "The Ray of Light"; Miss E. Maitland, Vernon Lodge, Hughenden Road, East St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, for "Man's Sacrifice"; Miss Ursula R. Blake, 806 E. Water St., Pontiac, Ill., for "That Clayton Affair"; Mrs. W. Harry Bosworth, 85 Brent St., Dorchester, Mass., for "Her Reward"; Arthur F. Bissonette, 74 Broad St., Hudson, Mass., for "Nan from Nowhere"; and Miss Nancy M. Burns, 7629 Loraine Av., Cleveland, O., for "What Would You Have Done?" Among those whose stories competed strongly for a prize are: Marie L. Waibel, Charles E. Harris, Eleanor C. Brooks, A. Loretto Quigley, Jessie M. Whipple, L. L. Williamson, C. B. Woods, Ethel Dunn, Wm. A. Fahrenhorst, Wong Chin, Ethel Reid, Joseph Milam, Mrs. Edward Pels, R. E. Lutz, Leon C. Bailey, Maym M. Wooley, Margaret Morgan, John Lindgren, Julian E. Isaac, B. I. Scanlon, Mary C. Rupp, Orpha M. Hughey, Ada B. Rhea, Fred. R. Whittemore, E. B. McOrmand, M. R. Murphy, Claire O. Goldstein, H. J. Fraser, Pearl Stahl, Edith Dangerfield, Mrs. J. L. Long, Patty Gardinier, Charlotte M. B. Boles, Maude Vandiver, and many others too numerous to mention. We have taken over from the Scenario Service Bureau the rights to the prize-winners, and we have sent the prize-money to the successful authors. Some of these stories will be published and some filmed—it has not yet been decided.

REGARDING OUR ART GALLERY

Several of our readers have suggested a remedy for the complaint that they do not always see pictures in the Gallery of the players they wish for most. For years the Editor has tried to keep his fingers on the public pulse, and in making up the Magazine each month, he has tried to remember what has been most demanded and to publish such material as would please the

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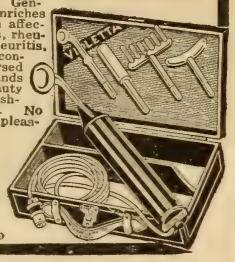


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greatest number. While it is quite impossible to get every reader's opinion, and while it is impractical to ascertain what sort of article and department appeals to the greatest number, it *is* possible to give all an opportunity to designate what pictures they prefer in our Art Gallery and on our cover each month. So, hereafter, we shall publish a coupon and invite our readers to make their own selections. Each month, when the time comes for making up the Gallery and cover, the Editor will assort and classify these coupons and choose pictures of those players whose names appear the most times on these ballots. So, if you do not see your favorites in the next Gallery, you will know that it is either because we did not obtain a suitable photograph in time, or because your favorites did not get enough votes during that month. Please note, however, that our Galleries are made up in advance, and it may be two months before your votes are effective. Our motto shall be: "This Magazine is YOUR Magazine, and the majority shall control." In other words, to borrow Jefferson's famous phrase, "The greatest good to the greatest number." We publish the coupon below. Fill it out and mail it to the Editor, or inclose it with any other mail that you happen to be sending in to any department of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I request the Editor to publish in the next Art Gallery pictures of the following players. I have marked a cross opposite the one that I prefer on the cover.

1.....
2.....
3.....
4.....
5.....
6.....
7.....
8.....

WHEN THE PICTURE IS BAD

THE STAR—It's a rotten picture and it's the director's fault.

THE MEMBERS OF THE CAST—The picture's terrible—the director did it.

THE CAMERA-MAN — That director dont know nothing.

THE GENERAL MANAGER—I think we ought to fire that director.

THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR—They ought to make *me* director, and then we wouldn't have any more awful flivvers like this.

THE ANSWER MAN

(*Continued from page* 150)

ORIENTAL AL.—Tomorrow is the day when the debtor pays, the idler works, the habit-slave reforms and the wicked repent. Also thanks for the picture. Of course I am glad to hear from you.

LOUISE VON O.—Never mind about the size of my head. Aristotle believed the brain to be a complex organ, but held that the small head was the standard of perfection—"Little head, little wit; big head not a bit." Well, I swan! you have never seen Mary Pickford? You can get a job in any museum as a curiosity. Yes; Violet Mersereau is with Universal.

IDA M.—I would advise you to submit your Christmas plays now. I know of no company that specializes in children, but Fox is doing some fairy plays. Violet, the amethyst, signifies love and truth, or passion and suffering. Purple and scarlet signify things good and true from a celestial being.

THE JAYS.—Peeved! Surprised! Yes, I will forward any letters to Olga that you may send, but I wont guarantee an answer. Some camels live to be 100 years old; the elephant 400 years; a whale 1,000 years; horses, cows and deer about 20 years; cats about 15; dogs and sheep about 10, and rabbits and squirrels about 7.

OLGA, 17.—Tortoise-shell combs are taken from the back of the deep-sea tortoise, who carries thousands of these delicate spines on his back. Nature probably provided him with this wonderful implement to comb and prepare the sea-weed for his meals. George Walsh and Doris Pawn in "Blue Blood and Red" (Fox).

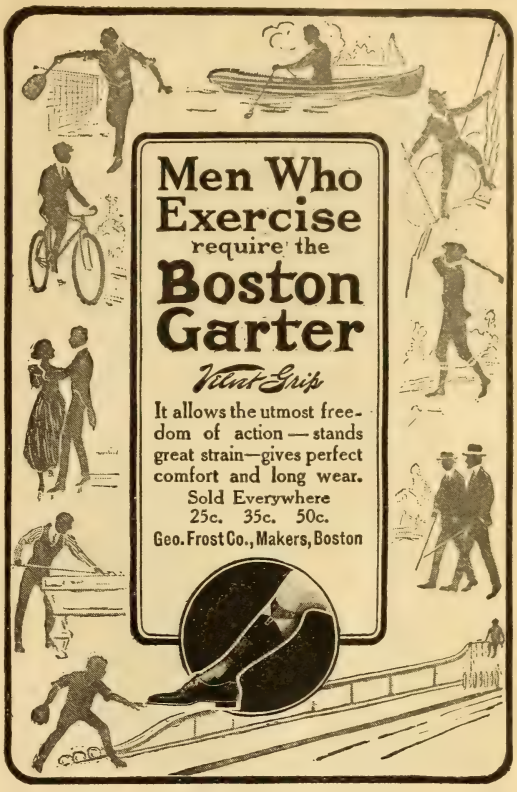
CURIOSITY.—I am sorry you have been neglected. Your limerick was sent up-stairs to Doc Limerick. He is on the floor above me, next to Mr. Sielke. I am on the same floor with the Editor.

BARRY B.—No, we haven't a painting of May Allison, but we have one of Harold Lockwood.

RUTH M.—May Allison has left Metro. Ruth Stonehouse is with Universal. Washing a film is very easy. Two assistants wash the film thru several waters to free it from hypo, then turn it in a tray of diluted glycerine—1 part glycerine, 33 parts water—for a minute and carry it into the drying-room.

M. M. M. ADMIRER.—I notice now that a good many of you say this is the first time I have written you. I am glad to see so many new readers. It isn't necessary to call your questions scenes, even tho some of them would be. Theda Bara has never been on the stage, I believe, altho stories vary.

MRS. W. E. H.—Florence Lawrence isn't playing now. Crystal Herne was born in Boston, Mass., in 1883. There are a number of reds this year—the American Beauty, Jacqueminot, Magenta, Carmine, Cerise, Scarlet, Cardinal, Turkey Red, Aztec Maroon, Mahogany and Flame.



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THE ANSWER MAN

YANKEE.—But you ought to sign your name and address. You can get "Aladdin from Broadway" pictures at 25c. each direct from us. Only those that were used in the Magazine—and we have only one set.

MORENO FAN FOREVER.—Hal Cooley was with Keystone last. Martha Erlich opposite Max Linder in "Max Comes Across." She certainly is a beauty. And Antonio Moreno is your favorite? You will hear about him when he joins Pathé.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Cant give you Anita Stewart's address. Tunics, artists' smocks, middy-blouse effects or a near-Chinese mandarin coat appear to be the proper cut for this summer's bodice. Divorce or separation scandals between blouse and skirt—bands are now decidedly passé. Mary Martin was Hester in "The Scarlet Letter."

HAROLD H. F.—Elsie Janis has played for Bosworth. Among the Moors, if the wife does not become the mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe and can marry again. It wouldn't do for this country, for there's dear "Little Mary" Pickford Moore.

HOODOO.—Thanks for yours. Of course you have to have training. I dont see how any one can learn music by mail. Usually the so-called dignity a man stands on is nothing but a bluff.

INEZ.—William Russell and Irene Howley had the leads in "The Bondage of Fear" (Biograph). Wilfred Lucas had the lead in "Enoch Arden," an old Biograph.

AMERICAN MILDRED.—Not yet. James O'Shea was Banty Tim in "Jim Bludso." No, we dont need any more reporters on our Magazine. Thanks. My opinion of Clara K. Young? She is a splendid actress.

IRIS, 13.—That's right, Iris, but the shorter the word, the harder it is to say—for instance "No." Norma Talmadge and Chester Barnett in "The Law of Compensation." We had a photo of Mollie King in July, 1917.

MISS LA TUQUE.—There are places where "Little-know-it-all-and-tell-all-he-knows" hasn't been, yet I solved the Sphinx's riddle: What animal has four legs in the morning, two at noon, three at night? Answer, man: Creeps on all four in youth; walks on two legs in manhood; supported by a cane in old age. The Prizma Natural Color process has brought the beautiful rainbows of Niagara Falls to the screen. Armand Cortes was Hong-Kong Harry in "Yellow Menace." You ought to speak to your manager. Yes; Olga Petrova, Maude Adams, Pearl White, all have homes on Long Island.

O. U. STOP.—Of course there aren't as many movie theaters now because of the feature pictures. Some of the smaller houses that ran five reels cant afford to rent the six-reel features. It is June Elvidge, and not Eldridge. Niles Welch is now in New York.

THE ANSWER MAN

MABEL W.—Ethel Gray Terry was Sonia in "Arsene Lupin." We had an interview with Earle Williams in June 1912, September 1913 and November 1915 issues. Did you see him in "Apartment 29"? Corinne Griffith is his new leading-woman.

MARION O.—Yona Landowska was Uana in "The Cry of the Firstborn." William Quinn was Lord Crenwell. It was released September 23, 1915.

CARL T.—You say you are waiting for a picture of Jewel Carmen. Here's your chance to select whom you want to appear in the Galleries on another page. The Fairbanks case was won by him. His picture in May 1917 issue. Send along the article.

SYDNEY G.; GLADYS W.; C. S. W.; KITTY; MANILLA P.; THEDA; G. D., BROOKLYN; HURLBUT G.; A. R.; MARJORIE B.; IGNATZ; DIXIE & BILLIE; RICHARD D.; LILLIAN C.; LUCILLE F.; L. H. V. S.; MARY A. P.; HARRY S.; AILEEN B.; HELEN H.; ADA H.; E. H.; and VIVIAN W.—Glad to hear from you all. Look elsewhere for your answers.

JUANITA R.—You want Antonio Moreno on the cover. Wait until you see Harold Lockwood. Good idea, I will put it in motion. Yes, I think there is some resemblance between June Caprice and May Allison.

MARGARET K. T.—Thanks. Of course I liked that cake. I hardly think Biograph are doing anything at all now. I believe you refer to Harrison Ford in "The Tides of Barnegat" (Lasky).

JIM H. D., SYDNEY.—No; Charlie Chaplin is not deaf and dumb. Mary Pickford never acted as Miss Griffith. She has always been Mary Pickford. Billie Burke is married to Florenz Ziegfeld. Send International coupons. Your letter was very interesting, but you must want me to write an essay. Next time.

FULLER FAN.—Thanks very much. Vivian Rich is now with the Treasure Feature Co. Billie West with Metro and Betty Brown isn't playing just now. Blanche Sweet went with the Frohman Co. I doubt whether Mary Fuller has signed up with another company. Of course you are not a pest. I want to hear from you. The most appropriate thing you could send would be candy.

F. C. S.—Thank you kindly for the Alaskan moccasins. They just fit, and are perfect wonders. Let me hear from you again.

KATHERINE B.—No; Henry Morey is not married. You say you are mine till Ivory Soap sinks. J. W. Johnstone in "God's Half Acre." You are too sentimental.

WILLIAM, 22.—Winnifred Kingston and J. W. Johnstone in "The Virginian" (Lasky). Albert Parker was Percy in "American Aristocracy" (Fine Arts). L. Shumway and Adda Gleason in "Convict King" (Lubin). Theodore Roberts was the lead in "Puddinhead Wilson."

NICKABOBATOTATO.—Answered you meek—it was a mistake. I didn't mean to. No, I never get mad—never. I enjoyed your interview very much indeed.



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THE ANSWER MAN

ALICE A.—Another new club—any one wishing to join the Francis Bushman Club will please get in touch with Mrs. Alice R. Allen, 3011 Abell Ave., Baltimore, Md. I'm afraid I wont be able to join, and besides I couldn't be an active member.

BEATRICE DE B.—Your verse is very, very clever. In fact, you are one of my prize writers. You say you would much rather be called charming than intellectual. I wouldn't. Yes, thanks; I received the Chinese cap. That ought to keep me warm now. I adore the button. Walter McGrail is a Brooklyn boy.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE EDITOR'S WORRIES

SELECTIONS FROM RECENT CONTRIBS THAT PUT "THE JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY" IN THE BACK SEAT

DEAR SIR—Can I be known as a Limerick writer? Can I submit them artistically as the few above? I ask such question to endeaver my name in your 'adequated histrionic simplicity of a magazine, sublimable to the audience that always endeavor essential for subsistence.'

Remaining for a wishful answer

PASQUALE RALPH MENNONE.

474 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
I wonder where you give most light,
On the screen or in the sky at night.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Twinkle, twinkle with all your might—
But you cant twinkle as well as Pearl White.

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2237 84th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Progressive MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE occupies a permanent authority of functions policies that protect its commonwealth and conquer barbarous manipulations. Such doubtless jurisdictions visualize its mammon with wordly celebrity of still greater futurity. A heavens wherein its astronomers discover theoretical asterisms; a museum of the filmdom arts classifying the studies of nebular hypothesis of its mythical beauties; a library of thrilling tales and experiences narrated and extruded by realistic deeds of intellectual abilities. An ostentatious and odorous vale of lilies, roses, lilacs and violets, whose blossom and maturity substantiate a perennial and delicious taste of gratification of the flowery paradise. A proliferous field of exumbrant and prosperous discipline of the Photoplay writer and aspirant. Congenial to unison jingle the limerick choir upon the lyre of euphony, supplicating the gods and goddesses of filmdom. The Mount Photoplay of chit-chat wrath and tempestuous felicity of

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

the supreme deities, whose jeopardizing countenance of subtile grace and tantalizing deception of infinite charms, but non deciduous, yet their mystifying dearness hath not hypothetically been conceived, thunders the elysium of amazing populace whose fanfare praiseth their ulustrious movie characteristics. Are not the forget-me-nots its essential vanities, humouous and ridicules of saterical vivacities ratified by the emotional and tearful overstraints of the fortunate reader?

How listful and furious are beheld those ambiguous purifications of the therapeutic inquiries, whose fair and wrathful Apollo doth communicate their theories of the divines, often mocking at their efficient curiosities by snappy short-slushed devitalized repartees. Sequentious hence, thereto, a connoisseur's opinion asseverates the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, as a standard scope of universal and cosmopolitan system, unequalized and unsurpassed.

Ridgewood, N. J. A. C. ROLLINS.

W. Gordon-Macfarlane, the errant—and, some say, erring—"Kanuck," of 2493 Rue St. Dominique, Montreal, Can., is with us again. His criticism is sometimes caustic, sometimes ill-advised, but he always has the courage of his convictions with him. Make ready! Aim! Fire!

THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW—

If Wallace Reid is not the husband sans peur et sans reproche.

What the Moores think of their new sister-in-law.

If Grace Cunard could see herself pouting, would she do it again.

Who told Joe Moore he is an actor.

If other movie families could not imitate that at Bushmanor with advantage.

When Seena Owen means to exercise her wifely authority and make George Walsh get his hair cut.

If Billie Burke really believes she occupies the place Anna once Held.

What kind of glasses Rose Tapley wore which made her describe Theda Bara as "a very beautiful woman."

If Linda Griffith loves the Pickfords.

Who the rude man was at the Lasky studios who exclaimed: "Some legs!" after seeing Geraldine Farrar in armor.

If Fannie Ward would not have made a better Jeanne d'Arc.

If Roberta Courtlandt believes all the sugary things she writes.

If Beverly Bayne's "Juliet" was not a revelation.

If Jack Pickford did not find his fair companion's appetite somewhat alarming while he lunched her at Gertner's one Sunday recently.

If the recent washing of movie matrimonial dirty linen in a Los Angeles divorce court does not make Bessie Barriscale's article look like a sin against the Ninth Commandment.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

If Earle Foxe's ambition is similar to Nat Goodwin's.

If Francis X. Bushman was only thirty-one in 1916, how he comes to have a son nineteen years old.

If Lottie Pickford is at last convinced she does not "belong" to the movies.

If the Answer Man is aiming for the Iron Cross.

If Theda Bara means us to believe her mother has the gift of bi-location.

Why the William Fox Company cant be original without being foolish.

Phyllis Weston, 486 Rossmore Ave., Bronxville, N. Y., gives us an interesting, "close-up" appreciation of William S. Hart:

I had the pleasure of being at the Eighty-first Street Theater, in New York, when William S. Hart made his personal appearance there on May 20, and I thought a letter might interest those of your readers who were not fortunate enough to see this remarkable actor off the screen. He is much the same William whom I have seen in fourteen of his pictures, yet not quite the same. The eyes, that one usually sees narrowed in anger, were wide open and warmly smiled a greeting to his friends. The lips, that are most often only a straight line, or drawn back from his teeth in a snarl, were smiling a delightful, tho somewhat bashful, smile. But his voice is what delighted me most. I liked the soft little drawl whenever he said "California." I liked the natural, unaffected way he gave us the verse about "Rags"; and when he told us about "Jane Jones," who "actually said 'twas so," it seemed that you were listening to an uneducated old "forty-a-month" cowboy telling of his instruction at the hands of the aforesaid Jane.

Also, I liked his strong, brown hands. They looked as tho they were strong enough to crush the life out of one he hated, or caress the woman he loved, with equal ease. Two surprises I received in seeing Mr. Hart. His hair, which I believed to be nearly black, is a golden brown and appears much thicker and softer than on the screen. Then his age—I have seen his age given as forty-seven, and it may be true, but, after seeing him, I should take at least ten years off that, if I were asked to "give a guess." So I am mighty glad I saw him, and when he leaves New York I should like to go to the train to see him off, and, as the Indian once said to his father, I should say, "You are going on a long journey. I speak to you from my heart, and my heart is on the ground."

Miss A. R. Oliphant, Trenton, N. J., reduces all the favorites to kindling-wood in swinging her ax as a champion for Pauline Frederick:

A number of us have decided to write you, because we consider the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC far superior to the others.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Considering such to be the case, however, we cannot understand your apparent lack of appreciation for real acting.

We can, of course, see how actresses such as Louise Glaum, Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson and a great many others would appeal strongly to some movie-goers. But why not save a small space in your Magazine for remarks about really good things, remembering that educated, well-bred people go to the movies also and naturally like to read about the things they enjoy and appreciate?

There was absolutely no notice taken in your Magazine of "Sleeping Fires," with Pauline Frederick, and yet it was positively the cleverest, most beautifully finished picture we have seen this year.

Miss Frederick is a real actress and her work in that picture was exquisite, and yet it was not in any way remarked upon in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We can understand that a great many pictures must necessarily go unnoticed for lack of space, but that picture was a jewel, and only lack of appreciation could keep you from mentioning it.

For several months we have not had Famous Players pictures in Trenton, and a number of us have gone to Philadelphia to see each of Pauline Frederick's pictures when they were advertised at the Stanley, and we have always felt it well worth while.

The same child played with Miss Frederick in "Sleeping Fires" who played David with Ethel Barrymore in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie." After seeing Pauline Frederick with the child and remembering Ethel Barrymore with him, one can only liken Miss Barrymore to a large piece of putty.

A very great thing in Miss Frederick's favor is her exquisite taste. She wears, always, exactly the kind of clothes any well-bred American woman would wear if she could afford it—and the lines of her figure are lovely.

A great many of the actresses wear expensive clothes, but if they have not good taste that is sometimes worse than more simple gowns.

Clara Kimball Young is beautiful, but the lines of her figure are far from good, and, unless she chances on something, her clothes are very bad—she simply hasn't any style.

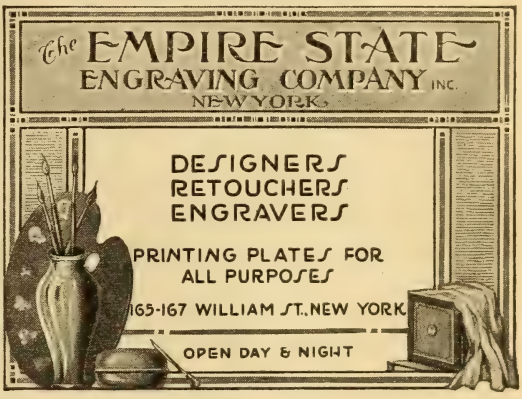
Mary Pickford looks adorable in rags or quaint dresses, but, with her hair up, in present-day clothes, she looks like a country bride very often.

She was altogether lovely in "A Romance of the Redwoods," however. I wonder if you will give that a notice?

Unlike Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark looks charming, alike in rags or up-to-date clothes, and she has a lovely little figure, the most winsome charm possible and mighty good taste, apparently.

Madame Pavlowa always starts us to wondering what poor, misguided man started paying her a large salary. There is something rather sweet about her, but all she does is stand around, look intense and fall into the most un-











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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

natural attitudes — and — her figure! ! — that might have been all right twenty years ago.

Some one told me she was Russian and designed her own clothes. I can believe both. No American woman would wear them unless she were broke or unconscious.

John L. Stanton, National Press Club, Washington, D. C., is an enthusiastic movie fan—but his nerves are strained to the breaking point at times. Witness his letter:

I am a movie fan. I enjoy the film drama, but every time I see one which has to do with a newspaper or a newspaper man I get sore.

For instance, we see in the screen newspaper headlines something like this:

"John Brown, Millionaire Manufacturer, Brutally Murdered. Suspicion Points to His Son, Reginald, a Prominent Young Clubman. Police Hot on Suspect's Trail."

In the last reel we find that it wasn't Reginald at all, but the butler.

Most Moving Picture newspapers are utterly without fear of the law of libel. They publish the most defamatory statements without thought that the person injured may institute suit for $50,000 or $100,000 damages. Even the latter verdict would be small in comparison to the injury I have seen done by movie newspapers to perfectly innocent and well-intentioned parties.

Here's one I witnessed recently, the heroine being one of "our popular favorites." Of course she didn't write the scenario.

She appears as an actress. A reporter is assigned to interview her. While he is waiting in her dressing-room the city editor of his paper, attired in evening dress and bearing a large bouquet, calls to invite actress to dinner. She declines.

The city editor returns to the shop and tells reporter he will write a criticism of the show and interview himself. This he proceeds to do —in long-hand.

He says the show is "mediocre," the company worse, and follows with the statement that the only possible conjecture for its appearance is that the leading-lady has the backing and protection of a "prominent New York stock broker." Because the lady declines to go to dinner with him, he tears her reputation to shreds. The only thing that saves the newspaper is that the reporter finds the story, tears it up and punches the city editor.

I have been in the newspaper game for quite a spell, and I have never seen a city editor in a dress-suit—much less bearing bouquets. Furthermore, a city editor who would permit his personal feelings to enter the columns of his paper in a way to injure, would last about as long as it takes the managing editor to fire a copy-boy. Aside from this little incident, the picture is a good one.

Another thing—reporters when they are assigned to cover a story dont carry notebooks and paper in their hands.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

If notes are necessary, these are made on the back of an old envelope or a scrap of copy paper. I have never seen a real reporter who carried a notebook.

I am writing this in the hope that the suggestions contained therein may be conveyed to our Moving Picture playwrights. The only compensation I ask is that I may see a movie in which a newspaper or a newspaper man figures without either of them being made to look ridiculous.

Gabriel Fernandez, 340 West 59th St., New York, tells how he has made his MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES "immortal" and is an able attorney for Mary Fuller:

Since the first of last month (when I bought the Magazine) I wanted to write, but did not have time until now to congratulate you on the new Gallery.

It's really superb!—the best on the market!

This month's is dandy—such a wonderful cover, and two lovely letters from "our" readers!

Good thing the Motion Picture Club wrote about the good use to which the Magazine is put after it has been read.

I myself, having done something similar, will relate it to you.

All the Magazines I had from the year 1915 I took apart without tearing a page, took all the photographs from the Gallery and the interviews and chats; then secured two pieces of cardboard a little bigger than the contents, bought a yard of very dark velvet, covered first the two pieces of board, sewed them together to the volume with a "shoe-repairing needle" and cord that was dyed gold; after, to cover the bottom edge, a piece that was cut the same size was pasted—thus this wonderful album was finished. Later, my father, being more of a "genius," was able to print on the cover, "Who's Who on the Photo Screen."

Dont you think this a great and priceless possession?

A great deal is said about Mary Fuller being conceited; I think every one, when the time comes, is, but some are so fortunate as to keep it within.

I mention this awful rumor so as to prove it.

As every one of the readers who read the Magazine and Classic from cover to cover know, Miss Fuller was employed by a well-known firm (?) to co-star in a feature. At the conclusion, perhaps disliking their method, she severed her connection.

The feature was to be released a month ago, but has not been as yet.

To make it worse, I think it has been refilmed and scheduled for a later day.

Now, am I right or not?

With my sentiment still for Miss Fuller, I'm going to ask you this little favor, as I believe it's an outrage:

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Please, as soon as you are able, honor Miss Fuller and the host of her admirers with her "presence" in the Gallery and on the cover of either the Magazine or Classic.

There are others with enticing personalities; as soon as I was ready to begin raving for Dorothy Kelly you had an interview. Good for you!

Miss Curtis Pierce, Hotel Deshler, Columbus, Ohio, writes a sparkling letter, but perhaps there is a hatpin concealed in her bouquet of words:

The next time I see Mr. Bushman on the cover, or hear somebody work himself into a fever over Miss Minter's age, or hear Mr. Chaplin knocked, or read about Miss Bara's Sahara origin, I'll have to be carried, shrieking, to the nearest sanitarium.

In March's issue, Thomas Finnerty took half a perfectly good column to prove that poor little Mary Miles was old enough to vote. *Good-night!* If he were a woman, what a cat he'd be! What do you care, Tom, whether she's fourteen or forty, so long as she does her work? Our common sense tells us that if she really were fourteen she'd be scrawny and undeveloped; but why become excited about it? The child doesn't appeal to *me*—she and her type are too milk-and-watery; but if she wants to think she's fourteen, for heaven's sake let her! She isn't kidding anybody but herself.

I'll dispose of Mr. Bushman, as Harold Bell Wright would say, in a few terse, clean-cut sentences. He doesn't belong on the cover any more. He's what is called a "has-been." Besides, any man who would wear sport shirts and curly hair—well, words fail me. No, Genevieve; I'm curly-headed myself, so it isn't sour grapes. Years and self-indulgence are telling strongly on Mr. Bushman. He's had his day. His place isn't on the cover—no. It's in the "Dont You Remember" column.

And now Mr. Chaplin: Most of the present-day comedies tend to make me weep, but I can laugh every time *he* steps into a picture. He's *there,* in every sense of the word. A bit vulgar, his vehicles are, but you can countenance it *because it's Chaplin.* He gets by where other comedians would disgust. Harry McCoy gets a laugh out of me once in a while; I can smile at Sidney Drew's genteelly funny stuff; but I can laugh myself weak at Mr. Chaplin. After seeing "The Floorwalker," I was positively ill. Anybody that didn't think those antics on the moving stairway were funny wants to see a doctor.

But again, philosophizing, would one think of keeping a vase of faded flowers for the sake of what they once were? One of our best-known humorists says, "Even the best of perfume grows tiresome when applied with a garden hose." Yea, verily. To quit while the quitting is good is, indeed, a high art—and, unfortunately, few of our stars have adopted it as an indoor sport.

In "Purity," I saw a picture which was beautiful, classic and unusual for three reels, then died an awful, lingering death. The main story was hackneyed, amateurish, old-style, crudely and carelessly delineated. I was sorry. "Purity" might have been a wonderful picture. I saw a man get up in the middle of the fourth reel, saying disgustedly, "Shucks! *I* didn't see anything a child shouldn't have seen." Yes; those who went to see a suggestive picture were disappointed. I'll never forget the fresh, clean beauty of those first reels. Miss Munson's face would stop a street-car in the middle of a block, but I'll bet not many noticed it.

Last but not least—Miss Bara. I admire her loudly and extravagantly. You'll have to hand it to her—she's the best "vamp" in captivity. Miss Glaum is a close second, and the Lord knows Miss Suratt tries hard enough to be the prize man-killer, but she overdoes the thing—too much black around the eyes; too many sneering, Satanic smiles; too much of that "hicki boola" in her walk; too many costumes that make every noise of the universe, from the Jupiterial thunderblast to the crashing rhetoric of a William J. Chautauqua speech, seem weird whispers in comparison. Valesky from Terry Hutt isn't convincing, that's all. She's too many.

Miss Bara's every movement convinces, and, backed up by her distinctive, persuasive, heavy-jawed beauty, they are more convincing still. Verily, she's some female. But *when* do we see the last of this idiotic "Sahara desert" stuff that her press-agent thinks is good advertising? That last bunch of truck about the hieroglyphics, etc., affected me like a red rag affects a bull. Why, man, when you're born in the Sahara desert of French-Italian parents, you simply cant be anything but a vampire. Really, nothing else is being done. Ask anybody along the Nile. But if Miss Bara's press-agent would only tell how eagerly papa Goodman watches for the postman, who brings daughter Dosha's bi-weekly letter—and how Cincinnatians love to say that "Theda Bara aint nothin' but a Cincinnati kike!" (in which statement there is more truth than elegance)—think what a relief it would be from these weird, wild tales of her shadowy infancy! It's a long journey from Cincinnati, Ohio, to the heroine in "A Fool There Was," and all the more credit to Miss Bara for making it successfully. Mister Press-agent, wont you please tie the cans to the Sahara stuff and give us a little human interest, while the orchestra plays "My Dear Old Ohio Home"?

Editor, dear, consider yourself overwhelmed with congrats on the best picture magazine on the market. Aw vawr.

We've got to keep our ear to the ground when the rising generation calls, or else be moral deaf-mutes. This letter from Master Donald Challans, 1353 Rose St., Regina, Canada, is food for both the picture art and for the boys and young men:

In the June edition of your Magazine a letter was published by you from Thomas Finnerty,

(*Continued on page* 166)



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have *you* tried it?

Mercolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

Take the Backache Out of Washday

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By using **I-V WASHING TABLETS. No Rubbing—No Machine,** therefor **No** wear and tear; **No Chemicals,** therefor **No** injury to finest color or fabric. **Insures** long life to clothes. **Easy** to use. **No** experiment. **15 Years** continual use by thousands of housewives proves their merit. **Satisfaction Positively Guaranteed. One Months Supply 10 cts. One Years Supply $1.00. I-V CO., Dept. H —1966 Park Ave., N. Y. C.**

THE CLEVEREST BOOK



L. Case Russell

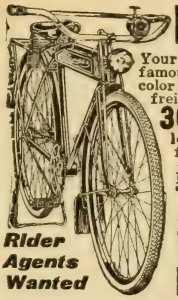
Shakespeare said: "The play's the thing!" Nowadays, an audience of 20,000,000 says: "The plot's the thing!" Fame and fortune await the new profession—the photo-dramatist. $2,000,000 is paid each year for clever plots, and a strong "plot-maker" is caught up and captured alive.

We have retained the services of L. Case Russell, the O. Henry of screen story-writers, to tell how it is done. No lessons, no text-books, no dry detail—a simple, readable, "inside" story of plot catching is

THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHT'S PRIMER

Nothing but new ideas—the confessions of a big plot-writer told in a way to please and stir you. Mailed on receipt of fifty cents, stamps or coins.

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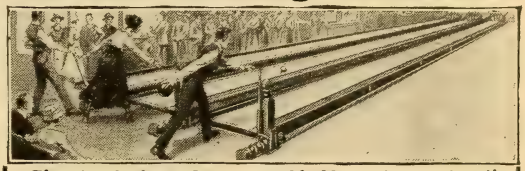
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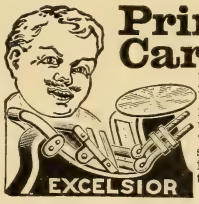
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PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT STARS

Each card contains a portrait of a great star, including Marguerite Clark, David Warfield, Julia Marlowe, Alla Nazimova, E. H. Sothern, Willie Collier, Blanche Bates, Rose Stahl, Blanche Ring, Frank Daniels, Anna Held, Grace George, James O'Neill, Ellen Terry, Henrietta Crosman, Frances Starr, Margaret Anglin, Eddie Foy, Mrs. Fiske, Harry Woodruff, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Cissy Loftus, and other well known stars. Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history. Why not take advantage of this opportunity to make a collection of the portraits of these great stars, even if you do not want to use the cards to play with? (Please note that this set of cards has no connection with the set of Motion Picture cards in our new game called "Cast.")

Only 50 cents a pack, in handsome telescope box, mailed to any address, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. (One-cent stamps accepted. If a 50-cent piece is sent, wrap it in folded paper and enclose in envelope in your letter. An unwrapped coin sometimes cuts thru the envelope and is lost in the mails. It is perfectly safe also to send a dollar bill by mail.)

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO. 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

(*Continued from page* 164)

Brooklyn. He protested against the way the heroines in the great military serials seemed to be able to outwit their enemies and opponents and endure a tussle against a big, brawny villain. His remarks were all right, so far as they went, but he omitted one thing. What about those mysterious masked personages in the Astra serials, who turn up just in time to stop the shrinking heroine being ill-treated by the nasty villain? Take, for instance, "The Laughing Mask." That gentleman showed a surprising want of common sense. He ran around under the noses of chauffeurs and policemen as if he were not the man whom the police wanted for several murders. Then again, there are "The Shielding Shadow," "The Silent Menace" and the stranger in "The Mystery of the Double Cross." No doubt these blood-thrillers are intended to give us pleasure, more especially children, who are supposed to delight in such things. Being but a boy of fourteen, I can say that very few children really like them. In a theater, it is a common thing to hear adults say, "How foolish!" and certainly the mysterious ones are.

At frequent periods there are beauty contests in various photoplay magazines, and a woman, tho she may possess but little beauty, may have a chance to enter the realm of the silent drama. Why not have contests of some kind whereby men and boys can have a chance to become actors? There seems to be little chance for a boy living in Canada to enter the movies. Could you not establish some means so that both sexes may have a chance?

The irrepressible Thomas Finnerty, 73 South Second St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is with us again, and this time he philosophizes on Movie Etiquette:

In regard to Mr. A. C. Cox's letter in your June number, permit me to suggest a few rules which should govern the conduct of all movie fans.

Helpful hints for movie fans:

Upon purchasing your ticket, do not fail to call the cashier "Blondie" and exchange reminiscences of last night's ball, given by the Boilermakers' Union. This will put the victims waiting on line in a good humor.

If you happen to be one of the shriller sex, you will, upon entering, no doubt lamp an acquaintance on the other side of the house. Do not, under any consideration, go over to her. Simply stand where you are and shriek, "Yoo-hoo, Lizzie!" or whatever her label happens to be. If you can manage to think of some small talk, touching on the general health of her family, do not neglect to get it off your chest. This never fails to distract attention from the picture and to put you in the limelight—a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

Removing your shoes to ease your pet corn has been known to draw flies, and for this reason it is no longer done by our best people.

To go out for a drink between each reel is apt to annoy the other patients, and it will add greatly to their happiness if you have the forethought to take aboard a liberal cargo of liquid nourishment before entering.

It is no longer considered good form to munch peanut brittle, as it renders the picture inaudible. Try to cultivate a taste for Virgin Leaf or Ivanhoe.

If the picture breaks down, stamp your feet vigorously, to notify the operator of that fact. Operators are notoriously disagreeable, and the brute is probably doing it just to get your goat.

When the orchestra commits "The Yacka Hula Hickey Boola Boo," or some other operatic gem, do not fail to treat the inmates to an impromptu concert, punctuated with numerous thumps with your trilbies on the seat in front.

If you have taken a correspondence course in ventriloquism, the movies is an ideal place to practice. If some kill-joy suggests that, as you are apparently able to throw your voice anywhere, you would oblige him by throwing it out in the alley, report him to the manager at once.

When the orchestra plays "Let's All Be Americans Now" or "Nephews of Uncle Sam," be sure to stand up and denounce those who do not as being pro-German. This is guaranteed to create quite a little excitement.

There are many contingencies which, I am aware, are not covered by the foregoing rules, but I am confident that the good sense of the majority of movie fans will enable them to decide for themselves when these situations, involving the proprieties, arise.

Yours for Etiquette!



Content

By IDA McINTOSH ZUMSTEIN

My plain little house has no room to spare,
For the kiddies swarm thru the blessed place,
And the wife knows fear, and the wife knows care,
But she meets them both with a smiling face;
For we laugh a bit, and we rest a bit,
And the good days come, and the bad days go,
And we take the trips that we cant afford,
Upon the screen at the Picture Show.

My plain little purse is lank and slim,
For we spend a bit, and we save a bit,
And there's such a lot of the "musts" of life
That there's little left for the fun of it;
But we share the good, and we share the bad,
And when evening comes, and the lights are low,
The wife and the kiddies and I are off
For a quarter's worth at the Picture Show!



Prof. I. Hubert's

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is a safe aid to a soft, clear, healthy skin. Used as a massage it overcomes dryness and the tendency to wrinkle. Also takes the sting and soreness out of wind, tan and sunburn. Send for testimonials. Use **Malvina Lotion** and **Ichthyol Soap** with **Malvina Cream** to improve your complexion. At all druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. **Cream 50c. Lotion 50c. Soap 25c.**

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Do not confuse the "Motion Picture Magazine" with any other publication. This magazine comes out on the 1st of each month and the "Motion Picture Classic" comes out on the 15th of each month. These are the only publications in which this company is interested.

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175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Should Be Smooth for most gowns.
Secure X-Bazin powder from your druggist, apply it, and note how quickly, harmlessly and effectively the hair disappears. In use over fifty years. Doctors endorse it. 50c and $1.00 at druggists or send direct to
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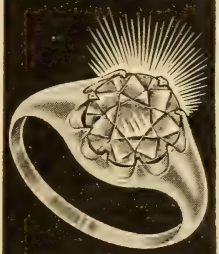
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If satisfactory upon arrival I agree to pay $3 on account and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days.

Name.....

Address.....

The Movie Gossip-Shop

(*Continued from page* 125)

the stage have nothing to do but chase artificial will-o'-the-wisps. There are shopping raids and film reviews of themselves, mixed in with press interviews. Occasionally some one goes back to nature. 'Tis so with Ann Murdock—she can double on the stage and screen, chase her hobbies, and still have time for a canter in Central Park. This means that Ann has got to beat the daylight hour by an extra hour or two and set her 8 o'clock at 6. Once mounted on her horse, she says, "the city is forgotten," and the bridle-paths of the park, flanked by tall apartments, contain for her the lust of the prairie and the lure of the woods.

Jackie Saunders recently took over an ostrich farm in satisfaction of a mortgage. It contains four hundred perfectly good ostriches.



LOUISE LOVELY (BLUEBIRD)

"Every one," laments Jackie, "of the rooster ostriches is covered with fine feathers, but nobody wears ostrich feathers now. These ostriches are eating me out of house and home. I tried to get back at them by eating an ostrich egg. No one else has ever eaten an ostrich egg and lived to tell the tale. It tastes—it tastes——" Here Jackie made a face that was a composite picture of every suffering emotion under the sun.

CONSTELLATION PRIZE CONTEST

HERE'S another little contest for our readers. In the following verse is concealed the names of many stars —we wont tell you how many, except to say that there are more than a dozen and a half. You are to amuse yourselves by rewriting this verse, preserving the rhyme, but spelling the names of the stars correctly, and adding a list of the full names of the players:

Lou, tell again Lee's little story,
How strong, furry lions drew Morey
Close a stonehouse, grey,
One sweet, lovely May,
An' "et" ham an' heart with true glory!

We wont tell you whether the first name or the last name, or both, are in this verse—you must find out for yourselves. For the first correct answer received on or after July 15, 1917, we will award a year's subscription to this Magazine and to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. For the second correct answer, a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and for the third, a year's subscription to this Magazine. In case more than three correct answers are received at the same time, we shall be compelled to award the prizes to those whose answers are the neatest and most artistic. Address "Constellation Prize Contest Editor," 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other mail to any department of the Magazine.

William S. Hart, the movie favorite, is one of the most magnanimous men on earth. The other day an enterprising real estate man of Los Angeles took him out to look at a piece of land. Hart didn't want it, after he saw that it was rough, hard and rocky, but he listened very patiently while the energetic agent delivered his speech. Hart timed him, and it took the man exactly thirty-two minutes to get his realty phrases out of his system. When he was thru, Hart looked at him with that penetrating yet faraway look of his, and remarked nonchalantly:

"You're a fine spieler, and all that you say may be true, but I dont want the property. If I bought it I shouldn't know what to do with it. To be downright honest with you, my friend, the only thing I think any one could do with a piece of ground like this would be to deed it back to God."

Paramount Proclamation

World's Greatest Stars for *all* the People

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT *from* ADOLPH ZUKOR

AFTER August 5, 1917, you who want Paramount Pictures can have them at your favorite motion picture theatre.

On the above date Paramount will inaugurate a new policy of service to the *entire* playgoing public. Any theatre in America can secure Paramount Pictures and Paramount Stars, just as it chooses to book them.

The Restrictions Are Off

This announcement is the most important addressed to motion picture patrons since September 1, 1914, when the Paramount program was born.

By this plan your theatre will carry out your wishes. Paramount will be able, for the first time, to satisfy the enormous public demand. And, after all,

Paramount Is a Public Service

Paramount *originated* the feature photoplay idea. Beginning with Sarah Bernhardt and James K. Hackett, we gave to the screen the famous stars of the speaking stage, with master writers, master directors, an investment of millions to lift motion pictures to their present high plane.

Paramount Has the Stars

The Paramount roster includes such famous names as Mme. Petrova, Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, Vivian Martin, Billie Burke, Julian Eltinge, Margaret Illington, Marie Doro, Fannie Ward, Ann Pennington, George Beban, Wallace Reid, Pauline Frederick, Marguerite Clark. Also, the famous Paramount-Arbuckle two-reel comedies, the Victor Moore and Black Diamond one-reel comedies, the Paramount Bray Pictograph, weekly "Magazine on the Screen" and Burton Holmes Travel Pictures.

Ask for Paramount Pictures

Your theatre manager is now able to secure the stars he may *select*—just as he wants to book them. Tell him you want to see Paramount Stars and Paramount Pictures. **Hand in the Box Office Request below.** He will be glad to *know* and *will follow* your wishes.

Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures Corporation
Controlled by
FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
Adolph Zukor, President
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NEW YORK

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Paramount Pictures

I should enjoy Paramount Pictures and Stars.
Name.....
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The parting gift—

A Vest Pocket Kodak.

It is monotony, not bullets that our soldier boys dread. No fear, when the time comes, they will uphold bravely the traditions that are dear to every loyal American heart. But in the training camps and during the months of forced inaction there are going to be some tedious, home-sick days—days the Kodak can make more cheerful.

Pictures of comrades and camp life, pictures of the thousand and one things that can be photographed without endangering any military secret will interest them, and will doubly interest the friends at home. Tens of thousands of brave lads in the camps and trenches of France are keeping their own Kodak story of the war—a story that will always be intense to them because it is *history* from their view-point. And when peace comes it will make more vivid, more real *their story of their war* as they tell it again and again to mother and sister and wife and little ones.

The nation has a big job on its hands. It's only a little part, perhaps, but a genuine part of that job to keep up the cheerfulness of camp life, to keep tight the bonds between camp and home. Pictures from home to the camp and from camp to the home can do their part.

There's room for a little Vest Pocket Kodak in every soldier's and sailor's kit. The expense is small, six dollars. The cheerfulness it may bring is great. They are on sale by Kodak dealers everywhere.

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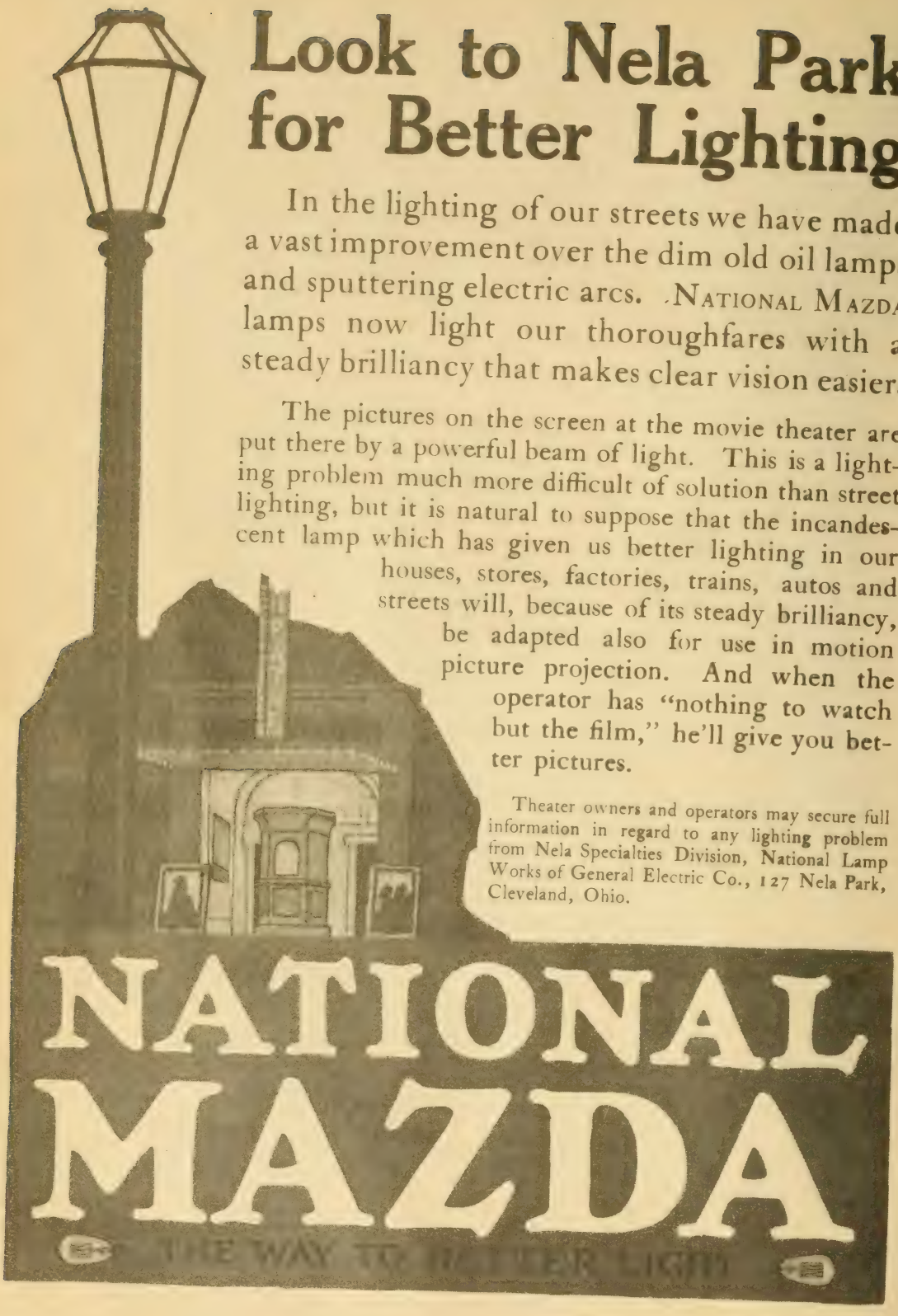
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MOTION PICTURE

MAGAZINE

AUG -6 1917




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for Better Lighting
In the lighting of our streets we have made a vast improvement over the dim old oil lamps and sputtering electric arcs. NATIONAL MAZDA lamps now light our thoroughfares with a steady brilliancy that makes clear vision easier.
The pictures on the screen at the movie theater are put there by a powerful beam of light. This is a lighting problem much more difficult of solution than street lighting, but it is natural to suppose that the incandescent lamp which has given us better lighting in our houses, stores, factories, trains, autos and streets will, because of its steady brilliancy, be adapted also for use in motion picture projection. And when the operator has "nothing to watch but the film," he'll give you better pictures.
Theater owners and operators may secure full information in regard to any lighting problem from Nela Specialties Division, National Lamp Works of General Electric Co., 127 Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.
NATIONAL
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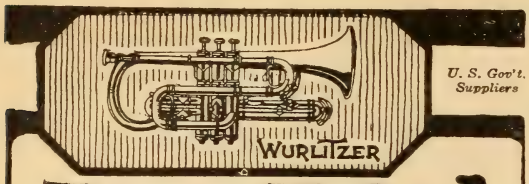
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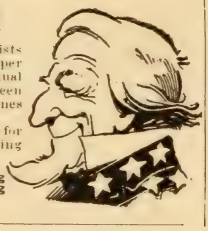
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Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Inner Shrine" (Lasky).—Margaret Illington, one-time star of the speaking stage, makes her début under the Cooper-Hewitts. For the picturization of such a novel, the story is strangely unconvincing. In her lighter moments the star fails to strike a sincere note, but carries the emotional passages with an ease and facility which augurs well for her second picture. The supporting cast, including Elliott Dexter, Hobart Bosworth and Jack Holt, is excellent. P. A. K.

"Love or Justice" (Triangle).—A melodramatic treatment of the self-sacrificing power of love theme. A female David Garrick. One of the best vehicles yet provided for Louise Glaum, who shines more brilliantly than ever as the woman who gives up her lover that he may become a great lawyer. Of course, she is recompensed by obtaining his real love and respect, which is after all as it should be. The happy ending is still to be desired in our movie entertainment. H. S. N.

"Hater of Men" (Fine Arts-Triangle).—Self-labeled a defense of mankind by its author, C. Gardner Sullivan. An excellent cure for the restlessness and rebellion of women against the bonds of matrimony. Mr. ...van has drawn with such deft fingers, ...life of the girl who chooses to be a toy ...r than the working mate of a man, that ...l help more girls to a real understand... ...f the values of life than any problem ...e-opening play. Clean, true to human ...re, unmelodramatic, sane, simple, logi... well produced and excellently acted, ...ter of Men" is a distinct achievement. ...sie Barriscale is the star. H. S. N.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Rough House" (Paramount Arbuckle).—Fatty Arbuckle in his latest slapstick comedy, composed of such old-time tricks and worn-out laugh-getting methods that one would think it produced years ago.
P. A. K.

"The Little Boy Scout" (Famous Players).—Chiefly noteworthy because of the distinctly feminine charms of dimply, rounded Ann Pennington. The story, that of a small Mexican maid who runs away from her wicked Mexican uncle, to a New England aunt, being helped and rescued a dozen times by a band of Boy Scouts and their Scout Master (Owen Moore), serves well as the basis for a pleasant pastime, but lacks dramatic punch.
P. A. K.

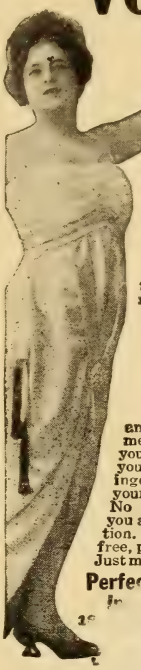
"Poppy" (Selznick).—Norma Talmadge comes into her own again. Depicting the life of Poppy Destin from the age of fourteen to thirty, Miss Talmadge has an opportunity to display her remarkable ability as a character actress. Eugene O'Brien makes a fascinating hero, as does Frederick Perry a "villain." All in all a splendidly directed picture.
P. A. K.

"Wild and Woolly" (Artcraft).—Douglas Fairbanks at his best in a rip-roaring western comedy. Jeff Hillington is enamored of the West and believes that cowboys, bad men and Indians are still on the rampage. His father sends him West to be cured, and the townfolks of Cripple Creek, Arizona, play up to Jeff's delusion. Rich humor, clever athletic stunts and a lively plot keep "Doug's" audiences grinning and expectant.
E. M. L.

"Giving Becky a Chance" (Morosco).—The thoughtless selfishness of the only daughter, whose parents work themselves to death that she may have what other girls have, including an expensive boarding-school education, rich clothes and friends, is the basis of this essentially human little play. But the girl is made of the right material, and when she learns how great a toll her parents are paying to give her what she wants, she takes her rightful place by their side and repays them. The photography is unusually good and Vivian Martin never fails to be lovable and sincere.
H. S. N.

"The Girl Glory" (Fine Arts-Triangle).—An affecting little photoplay, dealing with the vice of liquor traffic. Glory, a young, small-town girl, has a veteran grandfather, whose only fault is a craving for alcohol. In order to cure him, Glory goes out with the town sport and really becomes intoxicated, thus causing the saloon's license to be revoked. Enid Bennett, Triangle's muchly advertised new find, proves herself not only exquisite to look upon, but a clever little actress. Seldom does one see a more pathetic characterization than that of Walt Whitman as the grandfather, who just couldn't pass by a whiskey bottle.
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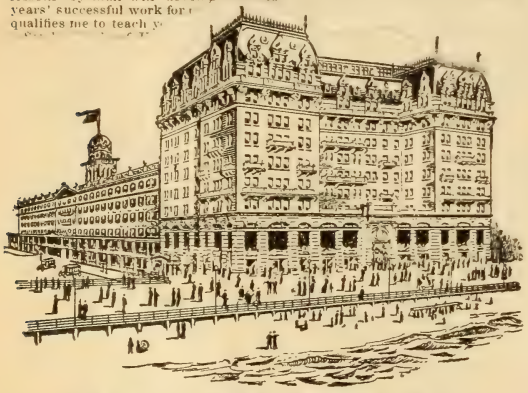
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Jimmy Dale—The Gray Seal" (Mutual).—A rather unusual series of crook and detective stories featuring E. K. Lincoln, Doris Mitchell and Edna Hunter. P. A. K.

"Madcap Madge" (Triangle).—A prank-playing school-girl, kept sweet sixteen by an earl-hunting mamma and elder sister, runs away and marries the man who saves papa financially. Olive Thomas, a new star, shines sweetly and prettily as Madge and the picture is wholesomely but not hair-raisingly novel. H. S. N.

"Bungalowing" (Klever Komedies).—Victor Moore in a travesty on bungalow buying at a dollar down and a dollar a week. A scream. Highly to be commended because it has a really original thought behind it. P. A. K.

"American—That's All" (Triangle).—A delightful satire poked at the *nouveau riche*, overdrawn, of course, but none the less keen. Jack Devereau and Winifred Allen are the stars. T. L. E.

"Her Strange Wedding" (Lasky).—Never have I seen Jack Dean more simpering, more unlike the strong hero he is supposed to represent than here. I am sure that Tom Forman, who takes the part of the weaker brother, could have knocked him over with his little finger. It is an unnatural picture thruout. In the first place, we doubt if a guest would interrupt a wedding service even if her bracelet had been stolen. Secondly, we think a new-made wife, in love with her husband, would forgive him even if she did discover he was a thief. Fannie Ward is the picture of eternal youth, but we do itch to pull her mop of hair down. Otherwise there's no fault to find with the picture. Oh, yes, some praise: Tom Forman acted like a human being and deserves better than secondary parts, and the scenery was beautiful. H. S. N.

"The Saintly Sinner" (Universal).—One of the best things Ruth Stonehouse has ever done. As the wealthy boarding-school miss, she's adorable — as the sad young stenographer, afraid of the web of her licentious employer, she is very sweet and pathetic—but, finally, as the defender of another girl's wrong, she rises to undreamed-of heights of both beauty and acting. Jack Mulhall is ideal, as her leading-man—the dissolute son of the governor, reformed by Ruth, and returning, in the last moment, in time to save her from the electric chair. The suspense of the almost-too-late reprieve goes a little farther, this time—in the shadows, you see a woman's figure strapped to the chair, a close-up of a hand throwing in the switch, and then, knowing that the pardon is on the way, you have a sickening gulp of disappointment, just as the warden announces that the socket has blown out, and the girl is saved. It's melodrama, but it grips. Raymond G. Wells is responsible for the direction of this. R. B. C.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"A Roadside Impresario" (Pallas).—Given a stale plot with conventional situation, involved with a long "memory" story of the past, and you would expect a poor outcome. Decidedly not so; George Beban, as the wandering Italian in search of his lost child, and his performing bear, Bruno, do more than lend a touch of picturesqueness. Beban's splendid characterization, his simple heart-touches, his message of nobility under the peasant's jacket, are beautifully rendered. His little touches make a weak plot strong.
E. M. LaRoche.

"The Cure" (Mutual).—In this comedy Charlie Chaplin reverses the order and constantly receives the sympathy of the onlooker, whereas, usually he is the one to do the pie-throwing and other mischievous pranks, and gets no sympathy for his misfortunes. There is a slight vein of pathos running thru this play which adds to the interest not a little, and yet the comedy is as strong as ever, perhaps a little stronger, for it has more real laughs in it than ever.
J.

"The Rough House" (Paramount).—The latest of Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle's slapsticks. Hardly up to its predecessors, but funny enough for those who like this sort of thing, even if it is now considered out-of-date. J.

"God's Man" (Frohman).—A vivid, powerful picturization of George Bronson Howard's famous novel, featuring H. B. Warner. Easily one of the best plays of the year, if not of all time. It is founded on a lofty theme and appeals to the higher intellect and emotions, yet there is just enough melodrama in it to make it interesting to those who seek merely excitement. Beautifully staged, excellently acted, and superbly photographed. My hat is off to the people who are responsible for this masterful play. J.

"On Trial" (Essanay).—Founded on the Cohan and Harris big stage success of Elmer Reizenstein's melodrama by that name. Sidney Ainsworth plays Robert Strickland, the leading rôle, and Barbara Castleton is the wife "On Trial." Little Mary McAllister appears as little Doris Strickland and is a most appealing child artist. In this drama that favorite device of the photoplay, the flashback, was used. In the trial scene the wife of the man who was killed started to testify, and as she spoke the courtroom scene dissolved and when the lights came on again her testimony was enacted before the eyes of the audience. A compelling play with a strong cast. L. M.

"Perils of a Bakery" (Keystone).—The funniest thing about this is Harry McCoy as the would-be baker. The prettiest thing about it is Vivian Edwards. She is an exquisite little thing, and would that we could see her as something other than the froth on the Keystone oceans. She is quite capable of starring, alone. R. B. C.



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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Big Timber" (Lasky).—Even tho the eternal triangle is the motif of the story, the author has given a new and most interesting twist to an old theme and made it seem almost original. Wallace Reid is a manly husband of a wife who simply married him to escape from an impossible situation. Kathlyn Williams is forceful and convincing as the wife, tho her success is marred at times by little inadvertencies, which call up a smile of derision from the observant ones. For instance, when Stella (Miss Williams) falls out of her rowboat and is rescued by Walter Monahan (Joe King), after desperately fighting the strong current of this Northern river, Stella is placed safely on terra firma, her hair, her dress, her dainty feet, as dry as when she started off for her lonely row. And, again, Stella would appeal much more strongly to popular favor if she arrayed herself in habiliments more fitting to the grand Northern woods. To see a young lady picking her way over giant tree-trunks, and rowing feverishly on a turbulent forest stream, attired in a striped piqué skirt and spotless shirt-waist, makes the live ones in the audience groan in spirit. T. H. C.

"Bawbs o' the Blue Ridge" (Triangle).—Bessie Barriscale, for, I think, the first time, in a ragged little mountaineer part. The play was well written, and Miss Barriscale's characterization splendid. Arthur Shirley lent acceptable support to the "poah writin' man." The author, Monte M. Katterjohn, is to be congratulated on his subtitles—the dialect of a North mountaineer being almost perfect. The one false note was Bawbs' sorrow for the death of the wicked, domineering aunt. If the aunt had been made a more lovable character, we could have sympathized with Bawbs' grief much better. A scene that is sure to make a hit with Miss Barriscale's admirers is the involuntary bath given Bawbs by the huge negro woman, whose pickaninnies stand around and shout gleefully, "Oh, goody! Bawbs is gitting scrubbed up, too!" R. B. C.

"The False Friend" (World).—A tiresome, old-fashioned, melodramatic story, of the villain in love with the heroine, who is willing to dare all for her sake, even to the length of having his valet cook up a lot of circumstantial evidence against the hygienically pure and chaste hero, who is too good for mere words. Robert Warwick has this milk-and-water part, while Gail Kane struggles manfully (or womanfully) with the idiotic rôle of Virginia Farrel, a shuttlecock of a woman who can never seem to decide anything for herself, despite the fact that she looks remarkably intelligent. There must be people who like these things — or they wouldn't be produced. R. B. C.

"The Page Mystery" (World).—This play is as good as the foregoing is bad. The Page Mystery has, first of all, a story that

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

couldn't be spoiled. It's a regular Edgar Allan Poe mystery, in which about half-a-dozen people are all armed, and waiting to shoot the villain, and, when he is finally murdered, everybody with a gun begins to act suspicious. Arthur Ashley, as the villain, is *great!* His crawl thru the snow, and back into the house, ending with a tumble down the stairs that is breath-takingly realistic, is pitifully like that of a wounded animal crawling into a hole to die. I repeat that Arthur Ashley, as a villain, is immense! Carlyle Blackwell is the hero—a young Englishman who has shouldered the burdens of his oldest brother's sins, in order that the older brother may "inherit" according to tradition. And Mr. Blackwell is quite good in the part—one of the best he has had in a long while. June Elvidge—well, I cant admire June as a "sweet, young thing." As a vampire, she leaves little to be desired—but as a heroine, especially one down-trodden by so much trouble, she isn't convincing, or even pretty. Lila Chester as a very pretty young opera singer, whose morals were in the discard, was the best of the women in the piece. She is a beauty, and a very clever actress. A young woman who looked like Theda Bara furnished some more dark villainy, and was among those present at the "gun-holding" convention, being suspected of the Page murder, along with half-a-dozen others. Not the least part of this picture were the subtitles, which were "spooky" to say the least of it. A corking mystery picture! R. B. C.

"The Slave" (Fox).—Another trashy photoplay. The terror of the situation finally attains such strength that the director has turned the whole nightmare into laughter, as Poe did in "The Premature Burial." But the odors of evil remain in one's memory. It is a strange, weird, much out-of-the-ordinary picture, individual to a degree. Valeska Suratt, always a pliant and workable movie actress, is so much more impressive here than on the stage that one wonders why she should ever go back to it. Photographing very well, the lady of polka-dot gowns and outlandish hosiery displays a wardrobe large and insane. Her support is quite "actory." D. A. D. Jr.

GLEN T. KILLION WINS

On page 138 of the August Magazine we printed a puzzle of various designs, and the first reader sending in the correct answer was to get a year's subscription to the Magazine. The first correct answer was received from Glen T. Killion, Garden City, Kansas, who telegraphed the words "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE" and later confirmed it with a letter, so the prize goes to Mr. Killion together with our congratulations.



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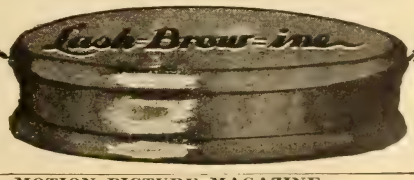
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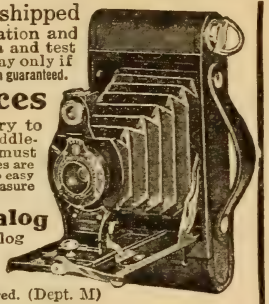
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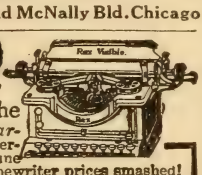
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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

Thomas H. Ince has arrived back on the Coast, and is going ahead rapidly with the plans for his new company. It is understood that he will release his features on the Artcraft and Paramount programs.

The Marine Film Company have completed their scenes on the Santa Barbara islands, and have returned to their studios in Hollywood to finish up the picture. Henry Otto says that he secured some beautiful backgrounds for his scenes while there. Tyrone Power and Frances Burnham will be featured in the production, while Jay Belasco, Winifred Greenwood, John Oaker and Gypsy Abbot will be among the supporting cast.

Charles Ray has severed his connections with the Triangle Film Corporation and has joined Thomas H. Ince's new company. Charlie has always been under Mr. Ince's supervision, and decided to stick with him when the latter sold out of Triangle. His last picture on the Triangle program will be "Sudden Jim."

George Periolat has gone back to playing deep dyed-in-the-wool villains once more. He is doing a picture with William Russell now, in which he is the worst kind of a villain imaginable. George thought that he was getting to be more gentle in his crooked film ways until he was given his present part by Director Edward Sloman. It is a very good part, however, and Periolat is enjoying doing it.

Bessie Barriscale and Jack Kerrigan have started to work for the Paralta at the Clune studios, and are well advanced with the making of their first pictures. Both Bess and Jack think that they will do the best work of their careers with the Paralta company.

Myrtle Stedman, the Paramount star, is now making a tour of the country, appearing at the various picture houses in each State, and addressing the audiences. Myrtle is also doing something new and novel in her line. She is singing a song or two at each theater, and believe me, Miss Myrtle has some wonderful little voice! She studied for the opera long before she ever thought of entering the silent drama. She is making quite a hit with her novelty, and is kept on the go all the time.

Al Ray has a wonderful wide-awake coat of sunburn that he inherited from three weeks of work at the beach. He says that he has tried all the preparations for removing sunburn that there are.

Mack Sennett has sold out his Keystone name to the Triangle, and will probably make comedies for the Paramount program, issuing one every two weeks. He will keep his Edendale plant, while the Keystones will most likely be made at Culver City. It came as quite a surprise to some, but many expected it when the announcement arrived that Thomas H. Ince had sold out his interests.

The Lehrman Sunshine Comedy Company on the Fox lot is beginning to look like Keystone in the old days. Dick Jones, Dave Kirkland, Hugh Fay, Edward Kennedy, Harry Russell, Jack Weiss, Dot Farley, and Boss Henry Lehrman are the old Keystoners now on the job, turning out the funny pictures for the Fox program.

Jay Morley has been fighting again! No, not in the ring or the street, but on the stage of the Bernstein studios on Boyle Heights. Jay had one terrible slugfest with the villain, and was sore for several days, but he was even more so when he found out that there had to be a retake and the fight filmed over again. Jay used to box quite a good deal, but when once you stop for any length of time there is an awful stiffness in evidence when taken up again.

Speaking of the Sunshine, Lloyd Hamilton, famous as Ham in the Ham and Bud comedies, has joined the company after leaving Kalem, with whom he had been for several years. Lloyd is being featured in a new comedy, and is all dressed up—everything changed but the face. Jack Weiss and Kitty Howe are directing the picture.

Changes are getting to be a very common thing at the Pacific Coast studios. Every day something new in the change line comes up. C. Gardner Sullivan, the best known writer of photoplays for the screen, has left Triangle to go with Ince. Ditto Enid Bennett and Dorothy Dalton. Lynn Reynolds and Jack Conway have joined the Triangle forces to direct. A visit from H. O. Davis is expected at any moment at the plant.

Herbert Rawlinson is getting to be some versatile little fellow. One night he wins a swimming contest in the tank, and the next evening he walks away with a dancing contest cup.

Monroe Salisbury has gone to the Universal to do a picture with Rupert Julian. Monroe has a wonderful part, and hopes to make the most out of it as he has done with his other work. He seems to be increasing in popularity every day, and is always in demand. He hasn't been idle for the past two years, altho he would like to get away long enough to enjoy a vacation on his ranch.

The Smalleys are at work in their new studio, producing independent pictures, and seem very happy in their new surroundings. Mildred Harris is playing the leading rôle in the feature they are staging at the present time.

William D. Taylor, the Morosco director, has received many letters from both exhibitors and film fans, asking him to return to the screen, since Vitagraph reissued his "Captain Alvarez." Taylor insists that there is no chance of his returning to the screen as he is too wrapped up in his directing to tackle the acting end again.

Dashing Harry Ham, former Christie juvenile, has joined the aviation corps, and is now practicing his feats in the air instead of on terra firma.



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Regarding Our Art Gallery

SEVERAL of our readers have suggested a remedy for the complaint that they do not always see pictures in the Gallery of the players they wish for most. For years the Editor has tried to keep his fingers on the public pulse, and in making up the Magazine each month he has tried to remember what has been most demanded and to publish such material as would please the greatest number. While it is quite impossible to get every reader's opinion, and while it is impractical to ascertain what sort of article and department appeals to the greatest number, it *is* possible to give all an opportunity to designate what pictures they prefer in our Art Gallery and on our cover each month. So, hereafter, we shall publish a coupon and invite our readers to make their own selections. Each month, when the time comes for making up the Gallery and cover, the Editor will assort and classify these coupons and choose pictures of those players whose names appear the most times on these ballots. So, if you do not see your favorites in the next Gallery, you will know that it is either because we did not obtain a suitable photograph in time, or because your favorites did not get enough votes during that month. Please note, however, that our Galleries are made up in advance, and it may be two months before your votes are effective. Our motto shall be: "This Magazine is YOUR Magazine, and the majority shall control." In other words, to borrow Jefferson's famous phrase, "The greatest good to the greatest number." We publish the coupon below. Fill it out and mail it to the Editor, or inclose it with any other mail that you happen to be sending in to any department of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I request the Editor to publish in the next Art Gallery pictures of the following players. I have marked a cross opposite the one that I prefer on the cover.

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By E. W. TEITZEL

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"'He b'longs to my missus' (naming a well-known screen artist).

"'Aren't you afraid of him? He's awfully big.'

"'No indeed, sah. Dis dog wont harm nobody; he's just chuckful of fun all de time.'

"'What kind of dog is he?'

"'Well, sah, I hears my missus call him a full-blooded Sam Bernard.'"

As It's Done in Society

Virginia Pearson, popular Fox star, is noted for her private philanthropies. It is not a fad with her, but Miss Pearson, having a keen sense of humor, tells this story on herself, thereby scoring a hit on philanthropy as a fad:

"I was making a call on a poor woman in whose children I had become interested. When I started to go I gave her a card with my name and address and said, 'If there's anything I can do, let me know.'

"'Thank ye, mem,' said the woman, 'but ye'll excuse me if I dont return the call, wont you? I've no time to go slumming meself!'"

A Youthful Censor

Ethel Barrymore, stage and screen favorite, tells this story of her father:

"One day my father, Maurice Barrymore, met Sidney Rosenfield on Fifth Avenue, and the playwright rushed up to him, all excitement.

"'Oh, Maurice,' he wailed, 'I've had such a misfortune!'"

"'What's the matter?' inquired father. 'Anything wrong with your family?'

"'Yes,' said Rosenfield, 'my little boy got hold of my new play and tore it to tatters.'

"'I didn't know the child could read,' said my father, and went his way."



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The charm o' youth has never been more glowingly portrayed than in the cover painting of June Caprice on the September Classic. It is by far our handsomest painting. Leo Sielke, Jr., made a personal study of the little wonder-girl, June Caprice, and has caught and imprisoned in warm pigment the blue, ivory and golden gleams of her eyes, skin and hair.

"Home Bayonet Practice"—The boys are marching to the front, and the stay-at-homes are defenseless. In a very instructive article illustrated with poses by himself, William Desmond, Triangle's athletic star, tells all about self-defense with a bayonet.

"A Picture Kennel of Famous Actor-Dogs"—Lillian May has made the round of the studios and watched all the regular actor-dogs at work. In a sumptuously illustrated feature article she tells us all about them.

"Pauline Frederick"—A "Close-up" Chat. Here is an intimate Chat by Carl Seitz that tells a lot of new and interesting things about her.

"The Scenario Reader's Humoresque"—Norbert Lusk is an original thinker and has absorbed many vivid impressions from his mile-high pile of authors' "brain-children." These he has set forth in a very amusing as well as thoughtful essay.

"Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview"—Frederick James Smith, former editor of the *Motion Picture Mail* and photoplay critic of the New York *Evening Mail,* is at his best in a heart-to-heart talk with the one and only "Doug."

"Tricks of the Screen"—Some of the studios did not want us to "expose" their trick photography, but Dorothy Dickinson has made a tour of personal inspection and bears witness as to how the best known "screen magic" is posed and operated.

"The Sidney Drews"—To catch this busy pair en famille is like seeking the bee at home in clover-time. Illustrated with snapshots and exclusive pencil drawings by James Montgomery Flagg.

Among the News-Gatherers—"Via Camera, Wire and Telephone" has set all the studios to competing with each other and the last-minute illustrated news department will continue to click its typewriters and snap its camera-shutters up to the closing date. "Greenroom Jottings" and "Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific" promise a hundred items of news. Our reserve pages will be packed full of surprises, beautiful new pictures, short stories by noted authors, taken from the latest screen features, summer puzzles and novelties, costumes and "creations" galore.

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MOVIE-PUN-ITIS

IN days of olde, a BUSHMAN bolde
Along his way did wander;
His footsteps strayed, a LOVELY maid
Ye object to encounter.

"By skye above canst REID my LOVE?"
Began ye BUSHMAN roughe;
"Re-JOYCE with me——" then paused to see
Ye maiden in a HUFF.

Quoth maiden pert, "My HART is hurt,
So prithee do not bother;
To capture me you fain must see
The haughty EARLE, my father."

"My PATHE he blocks, ye wily FOX,"
Quoth BUSHMAN with persistence;
"He'll meet with me e'er yet he be
Ye BAYNE of my existence."

With growling harsh from out ye MARSH
A HALE and hearty LYON
Sped o'er ye grounde by leape and bounde,
Ye luckless lovers spying.

Quoth maiden child, "Yon LYON wild
Can FORD this LITTLE river";
Ye BUSHMAN roared and DREW his sworde
(Ye maiden all a-quiver).

"Ye beaste lay dead!" Sir BUSHMAN said;
"Now o'er the SNOW so WHITE
Let's flee away, my guiding RAY,
Oh, SWEET and shining light!"



Olive Thomas, Triangle's new-found star, is a disciple of the out-of-doors—the long hike and the vigorous sea-splash. Her footlight training in the mazes of the song and dance of Ziegfeld's "Follies" assures her an active picture career.



The Allison-Lockwood hyphen first became a question mark and is now improper punctuation. Anna Little is the new "hyphenated star" in Little-Lockwood.



Like Rider Haggard's "She", Olga Petrova is seeking immortality. "The Waiting Soul" and "The Undying Flame" both defy the theory of "ashes to ashes, dust to dust."



Louise Glaum, Triangle's emotional lead, claims the blue ribbon for the interpretation of bizarre roles and the creation of outre modes. Trying to Anglicize "modiste" into "modest" is a trying situation for a screen vampire.



Daredevil Patrick O'Malley has "ridden the films" as well as he used to ride bareback. His venturous career has associated him with such famous shadow players as Gene Gautier, Sid cott and Gladys Hulette, in comedy, character and dramatic rôles.



"She's no good—send her back to the laundry!" was the first studio criticism passed upon Margaret Thompson by a director. It was her first offense as a leading lady—before that she had been just one of the "mob". Since then, three years of stardom have routed all criticism and firmly fixed her in the stellar firmament.



It's all wrong to say that stars never rest in their courses. William Farnum, the Fox planetary [illegible] now in strict retirement at Sag Harbor, N.Y., building up energy for his coming screen flights.



Neither being "Little Mary's kid brother" nor "Freckles" has publicized the face of Jack Pickford. He came into Screenland by the ability route and Famous Players have issued him both unlimited mileage and footage.

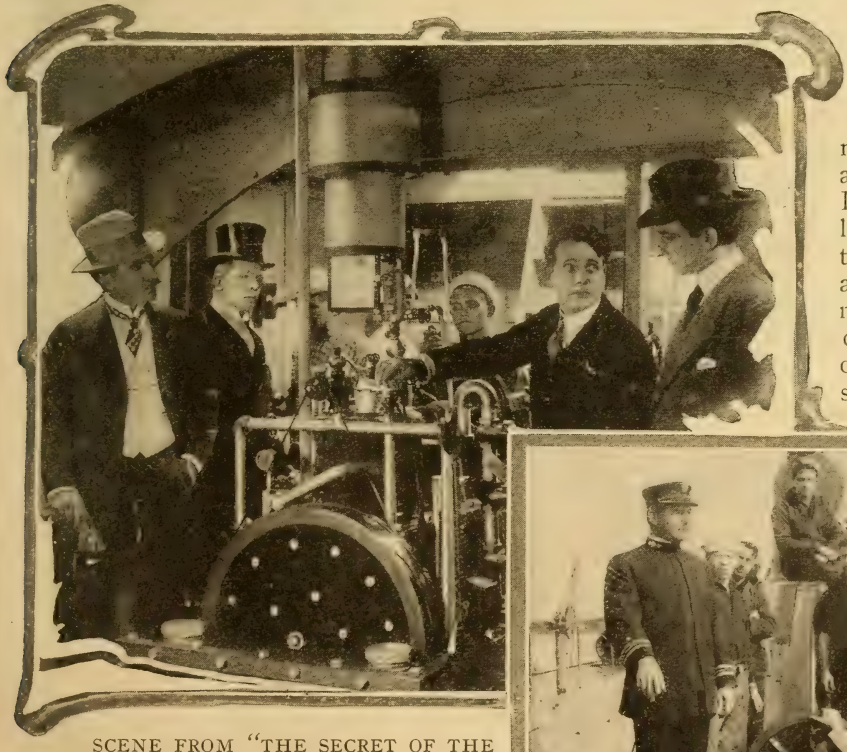
All About The Submarines

HOW THEY DESTROY AND ARE DESTROYED AND HOW THEY ARE MADE TO DO SERVICE IN MOTION PICTURES

by Edwin M. La Roche

THE first undersea vessel to sink a warship in actual warfare was the *David,* a tiny wooden vessel propelled by hand-power, which attacked and sunk the U. S. *Housatonic* off Charleston, S. C., during the Civil War. People soon forgot about the little *David's* prowess in sending a Goliath warship to the bottom, for the mighty exploits of the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* soon overshadowed it.

But Jules Verne dreamed a dream with his *Nautilus* in "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," and the world responded that it was time for him to stop printing such hasheesh foolery. It is a curious thing to note that the first practical submarine, invented and tested in 1881, is associated with Motion Pictures. Frank Currier, the veteran actor—one time Frank Currier, able-bodied seaman—made the first trip with Holland on his first submarine, *The Irish Ram,* in the waters of New York Bay. Their little craft was blind, as it had no periscope, and ended its adventurous career by running its nose deep into a mud-bank. Its only oil-lamp crashed to the floor, and for a dramatic hour its crew was left in darkness and suffocation.



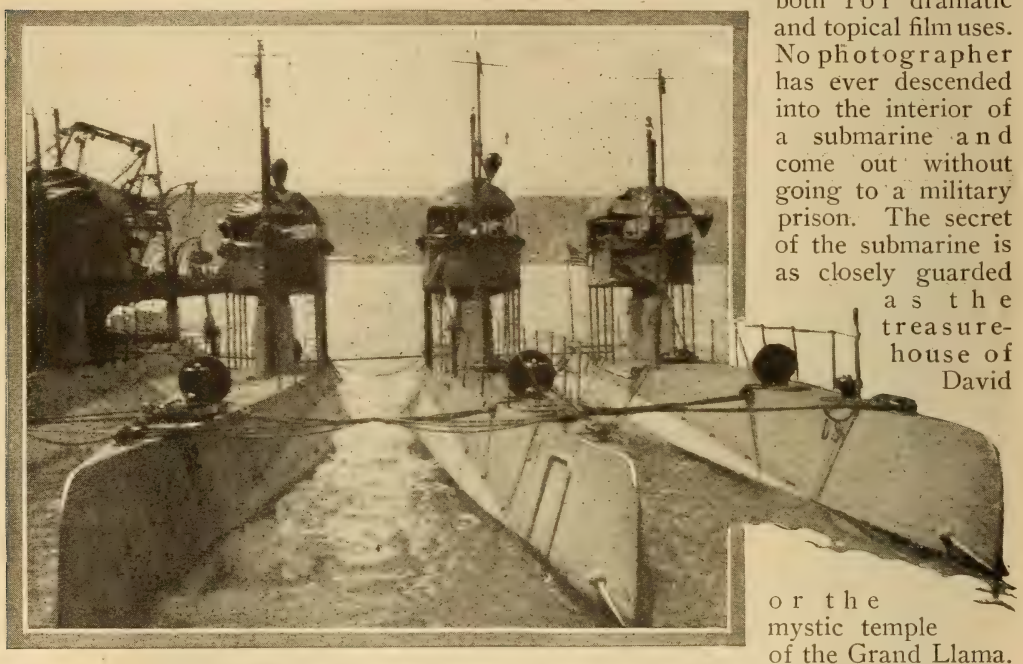
SCENE FROM "THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE"



CHARLES RICHMAN ON THE DECK OF A K-2

But in time the little craft shot to the surface again, and the theory of the submarine was proven. Fully as dramatic were the early trials of Captain Simon Lake in his little submergible, the *Lake*.

The navies of the world began to wake up from their dreams of fancied security, and in 1889 the French submarine, the *Gustave Zédé*, gave warning to the battleship *Magenta* that she was about to sink her, disappeared under the waves and launched a torpedo that struck the battleship fairly under the water-line. It was a sham battle, of course, but if the torpedo had been charged, another great sea tragedy would have been written into history.



A FLEET OF UNCLE SAM'S LATEST TYPE OF SUBMARINE

Immediately thereon the naval nations of the world started building submarines in alphabetical progression. The "A" type were the first practical submarines in the British navy, which have found their latter-day perfection in the modern "E's." The ultra-modern German submarine is expressed in the "U" type, and it is said that the ones now planned are 250 feet in length and will have a cruising radius of 8,000 miles. This, too, brings us down to the United States "K's"; their size, their efficiency, their power, their armament is a secret that belongs to the Government alone.

This brings us around to the statement that the submarine has been used in Motion Pictures, but no Motion Pictures have been used in the submarine. It is true that the United States and other governments have permitted the exteriors of their submarine craft to be photographed and to be projected on the screen both for dramatic and topical film uses. No photographer has ever descended into the interior of a submarine and come out without going to a military prison. The secret of the submarine is as closely guarded as the treasure-house of David or the mystic temple of the Grand Llama. It is only recently that, thru the capture of enemies' submarines, their closely guarded secrets have been found out —these secrets of structure, mechanism, motive power and the thousand and one delicate parts that make a complete submarine are retained within the high confessional of naval officials and ranking officers.

But the United States, just as Germany has succeeded in doing, has got to obtain and train special seamen for submarine service. These sailors, up to the present writing, are obtained only by volunteer enlistment, and as they are recruited from the ranks of our citizens, they naturally show a healthy curiosity to become more familiar with the mysterious diving-boat.

A modern submarine can submerge in

less than three minutes. This has added immensely to their element of safety from attack. When water is pumped into their ballast-tanks in order to make the submarine submerge, the air which fills these tanks is compressed into a fraction of its former space, thus exerting a downward pressure, increasing as more water is pumped in. When the time is ripe for the submarine to come to the surface again, it is only necessary to open its valves and allow the compressed air to force the water out.

A submarine is kept submerged and travels under water thru the guidance of her horizontal rudders. She can submerge or rise to the surface in the awash condition, solely thru the use of the rudders. They act on the same principle as the ordinary rudder, except that controlling influence is upward and downward rather than from side to side.

The average undersea boat does most of its traveling on the surface, both for economy of electric power and for better navigation and speed. On the now famous voyage of the *Deutschland* from Germany to New London, Conn., last summer, her captain stated that she traveled in a submerged condition for only ninety miles out of a total distance of 4,800 miles; but those ninety undersea miles in the English Channel were essential to her very existence.



HOWARD HICKMAN AND THE MUTINOUS CREW IN "CIVILIZATION"

UNIVERSAL'S ADVENTUROUS "SUBMARINE," THE *NAUTILUS*

The principal offensive arm of all submarines is the torpedo (a little boat in itself, charged with high explosive), which is expelled by a charge of compressed air in the torpedo-tube fitted into the submarine's bow. All the latest pattern submersibles are also equipped with small-caliber, quick-firing guns for use when the submarines are in light

condition. The guns can instantly disappear below decks when the "hornet of the seas" is ready to dive.

Perhaps Motion Picture undersea drama, in its simulation of the mystery of the sea, has come very close to the truth, but if so the truth has been dreamed or conjectured. No government will allow a still camera or a Moving Picture camera beneath the decks of its invisible fighting craft.

It is not generally known that the Universal Company was almost put to its wits' end to obtain a submarine for their "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea." As a last resort, the producers decided to build one—or something that closely resembled one. A Universal official, with a corps of carpenters and metal workers, picked out one of the most unlikely little islands in the Western Hemisphere in which to hatch his scheme. It was that detached little coral reef known as Nassau, a day's sailing from the coast of Florida. Unfortunately, they kept the secret of their submarine construction from the British provincial government, and on a certain dark night launched their submarine and started to tow her out of the little harbor of New Providence. Immediately telegraph-wires and wireless stations got busy, and a fast patrol-boat was sent in chase of the "deadly" Universal submarine. In the gray of early dawn, just as they thought their escape was certain and were heading for the friendly Florida coast, the smoke of warships began to appear upon the horizon. The mighty leviathans of the Mistress of the Seas had become aroused by the mysterious little creature in their midst. Shortly afterwards the patrol-boat overhauled the *Nautilus* and, hooking a second tow-line to her, towed Universal's first and only submarine back to New Providence, where she was "interned." To make an ending to this odd little bit of news, it is enough to say that in time the over-zealous Nassau officials investigated the *Nautilus,* found her to be a harmless creature, and sent her forth upon her Motion Picture career.



GETTING READY TO LAUNCH A TORPEDO FROM THE *NAUTILUS*

The Vitagraph Company went about the taking of its pictures, "The Hero of

Submarine K-2" and "Womanhood," more boldly and perhaps more intelligently. Their plea that the use of Government submarines in dramatic Motion Pictures would be of great use for naval enlistment purposes was evidently listened to. In the former picture not only were the grounds and buildings of the Naval Academy at Annapolis turned over to the Vitagraph Company, but several submarines of the latest type were commandeered as film properties. Many graphic scenes were shown of submarines in light condition, awash, and in the act of submerging. But when it came to staging a scene in the interior of one of Uncle Sam's deep-sea monsters, there was absolutely nothing doing. It was a dramatic moment, indeed, when Charles Richman, as Commander Colton, U. S. N., was shot from the torpedo-tube of the submarine and was seen struggling to the surface. It is a pretty safe wager to make that said torpedo-tube was a "property" in Vitagraph's famous tank in Vitagraph's yard in Brooklyn.

And now let us descend into the interior of a submarine, since the film companies have insisted upon doing so—scenically speaking. Most of us imagine the interior of a submarine resembles a dungeon—hot, stifling and in semi-darkness. This is exactly contrary to the truth. The temperature is only slightly above the normal of an ordinary warship's engine-room, the air supply is excellent, and the whole interior is as well illuminated as the Great White Way. The crew can do plain or fancy cooking on odorless electric stoves, and trestled tables are erected for meals when capacious hammocks are not slung for sleeping. Most of the complicated machinery is tucked away in the conical extremities or under the interior decking, or affixed to the steel sides. In other words, submarines are as neat and complete inside as human ingenuity can make them. Not so with some of the submarines in Motion Pictures. They are either neat but not complete, or complete but not neat. The mass of machinery devised by technical directors in some film submarines would outdo the busiest corner in an automobile plant. This charge cannot altogether be brought against the American Company in its recent serial, "The Secret of the Submarine." Several excellent interior scenes were presented showing the lens and reflectors of the periscope in use, and one scene that I remember had a complete Diesel oil-engine installed and actually running in the picture.

The answer to the dreadful question, "Who sank the *Lusitania?*" was the inspiration for that most dramatic and most convincing amphibious super-feature, "Civilization." Upon the judgment-book of man's inhumanity to man—his frightfulness—is writ, below the names "Nero," "Attila," "Catherine de Medici," the most despicable of all, "Lieutenant Otto Steinbrink." What was his earthly punishment? The Kaiser decorated him with the highest military honor, *Pour le Mérite!* It was he, or rather this unutterable thing, whom Ince translated into his character of Count Ferdinand, as portrayed by Howard Hickman in "Civilization." But in creating his film lieutenant, Mr. Ince's common sense and his American interpretation of fair play warned him that such a character as Lieutenant Steinbrink would not be tolerated even in film. The story of "Civilization" is now an open book. Ince idealized his chief character, so that at the crucial moment when his torpedo was about to be launched against the *Lusitania* his soul revolted and he refused to perform the dastardly deed. It was then that his crew mutinied and sped the fatal missile upon the course that shocked the civilized world.

How true Ince's depiction is of the interior of a German "U"-boat can be told only by a chosen few in the German and Entente navies. From "Civilization's" opening night its audiences have been quite carried away by the rush and tremble and heart-flutter of its message. At its première in the Criterion Theater in New York Miss Ethel Barrymore, who sat in the boxes, was overcome and had to be assisted from the theater. This presentation was the supreme sublimation of the silent drama. One spoken word would have ruined it. But, after all, the mystery of the submarine has not been solved. Only those who come down to the sea from Zeebrugge and Cuxhaven can tell the real tale.



Ode to Gail Kane as Molly O'Toole in "The Upper Crust"

By PETER WADE

There's all kinds av bakin', yer appetite slakin',
There's pies med with crusts an' without,
But th' prisint confection must be yer selection,
You'll eat it right up, without doubt!

She's an *edible* jewel, is Molly O'Toole!
Wud ye *taste* her? Just go to the show!
Whin wance ye have got her, she'll make yer mouth water—
Ye *must* kill th' darlint, hurray and heigho!

Sure, she's fresh fr'm th' oven, all glowin' f'r lovin'!
Take wan taste, there's no stoppin' ye then;
Have ye seen her in bathin'? Th' swate little haythen!
It's sorry I am f'r all single men!

Chas. Ray

A Regular Fellow

by Pearl Gaddis

IN the first place, I want to say that I *like* Charlie Ray! He's a "regular fellow"—a man's man, for all that half of feminine Young (and Old) America seems bent on adopting him and adding him to their collections of curios and monstrosities, labeled "Matinée Idols." They wont capture Ray for that weird menagerie—not if I know hu nan nature! And I believe I do!

I first met him down at the historic L. A. A. C. —in other words, the Los Angeles Athletic Association—and I "cottoned" to him right at the start. It was good to meet a real human being who was also a movie actor—a man who can wear a "soup and fish" outfit and not look like a waiter—yet a man who isn't afraid of letting a fellow see that he *is* a man.

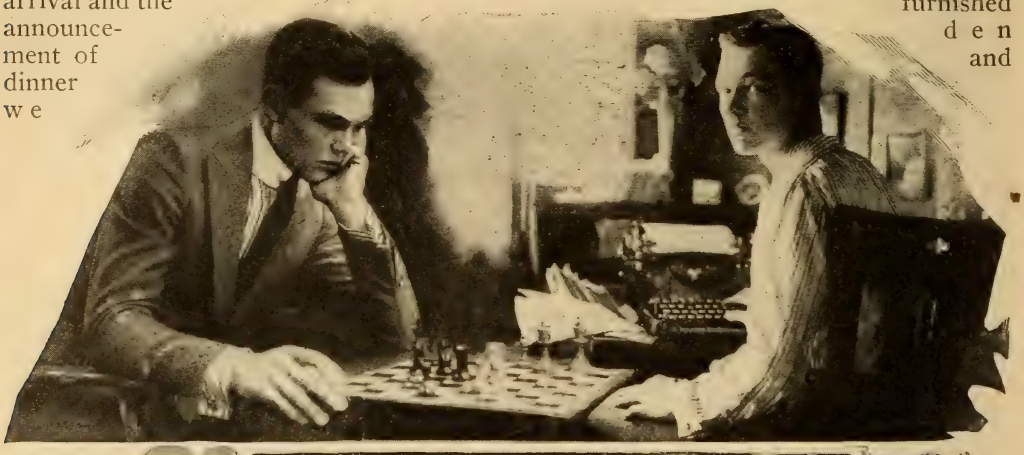
I had known him for some months, and so, one day when we were out for a good game of golf, he suggested, at the finish, that I go home to dinner with him. In a manner as casual as his invitation, I accepted. His home is a comfortable brown and white, vine-screened,



INFORMAL "SNAPS" OF CHARLES RAY

fern-decorated bungalow, with a peach of a garden (no pun intended) at the back of it. As we went up the steps I could readily see that "home" meant a good deal to him. In the interim between our arrival and the announcement of dinner we played chess — in which game I delight, but I could see that only my host's fine, old-fashioned idea of courtesy to a guest allowed me to win the first game. Then, his notions of hospitality having been honored, he proceeded to "set to" and politely efface me from the map, in a manner of speaking. After which we rose to go for a stroll in the garden. He wanted to show me his peach-orchard, the boughs laden with fruit. He brought out a huge basket and filled it easily in a few moments from the laden branches.

After a marvelously well-cooked and served dinner, we sat in the comfortably furnished den and "swapped stories." It was then that I learnt something about my host that I had never known before — his early successes and failures, and so on. In that quiet sense of well-being that pervades the spirit of the well-fed male, over the curling rings of smoke from an excellent cigar he waxed more confidential than I had ever known him to be. He is almost boyishly shy and reserved concerning the subject of Chas. Ray—which, I must fain confess, is a rather refreshing trait to discover in a person so much in





THE PICTURE ABOVE SHOWS CHARLES RAY PLAYING CHESS WITH HIMSELF, ANSWERING CORRESPONDENCE AND TALKING TO PEARL GADDIS ALL AT THE SAME TIME. THE PICTURE BELOW SHOWS MR. RAY HOLDING ELEANOR RAY HARE

the public eye. But tonight the barriers were, in a manner of speaking, down.

He told me of his early life in the little home-town of Jackson, Illinois. He was a splendid example of the average small-town boy—he guyed the new teacher, stole the gates on Hallowe'en and placed them on tops of barns, went coasting down-hill in winter, and went swimming in summer, in common with the average boy.

When he was just at the age to enjoy it most—meaning when he was about sixteen—his family moved to a small ranch in Arizona. Here he built up the strong, sturdy body which is so splendid an asset for his screen work. He learnt to ride, to rope and shoot—to live clean, think clean, and talk clean—in other words, to be the sort of fellow he is now.

His stage experience — well, there couldn't have been a great deal of that, for he didn't speak of it. But a few years ago, when in Los Angeles, he met Thos. H. Ince, became imbued with an ambition to enter pictures, and for three years worked hard, often choosing to play very small parts in pictures where the lead had been offered him, simply because the small part was a character part and gave him real work, while the lead was just, as he disdainfully called it, "looking pretty and kissing a girl." He worked hours over a "make-up" that was used for a few seconds only, in a part far back in a corner. He never complained, but was always keenly interested in everything he was asked to do.

His first real work was "The Coward," in which he co-starred with Frank Keenan. That picture marked "twelve" in the life of the young player. Since then he has been starring and working hard to place himself in the first rank as a player—not as a "matinée idol."

He doesn't receive a thousand letters a day; he doesn't wear a purple bathrobe with socks, ties and ear-rings to match; he doesn't need incense burned in his room while he is planning out a new character; he's just a simple, good-hearted, good-looking, likable lad—one who has more male friends than feminine for the pure reason that the feminine sex, as a whole, doesn't interest him. Individually—well, that's another matter. His correspondence manages to consume a goodly portion of his spare time, but he shoulders the task grimly, if not joyously, and he painstakingly answers every letter he receives. And if he doesn't exactly weep tears of joy over the task, perhaps there are extenuating circumstances.

Anyway, Chas. Ray, take him up and down, or across, is about as fine a chap as you would meet in a year's journey—simple of tastes, even-tempered, with no hint of conceit; in other words, just a real, honest-to-goodness *man's man!* Which is about the highest praise one who has trailed many an actor—and actorine—to his lair can offer.

Fickle

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

Quite fickle is the heart of man who visits Motion Pictures;
His homage and his loyalty are not abiding fixtures.
He loves a maid upon the screen; within his heart he sets her,
Until another comes along, and then he soon forgets her!
Now, with me it's different, quite, because *I* love one only;
She's charming, is this love of mine—but "charming" is a sick word
To fully voice the attributes of winsome —— ——!
'Tis her I love! but there is one—believe me when I talk—her
Dimples have bewitched me, quite, the ones of —— ——!
Ah! she's the girl—but, oh! those eyes of which I've often sung;
The glorious orbs which light the face of —— —— ——!
Of all the girls—and there is one who's pure as snow in winter—
She has my heart all torn to rags, has childish —— ——!
I love but her; but come to think there's one I cant recall,
Who's won my heart—what *is* her name? Oh, shucks! I love 'em all!

Dame Fashions

FILM FAVORITES AS SEEN BY THEIR FAVORITE ○○○ PASTIMES ○○

by Dorothy Gregory



Photo by Moffett

MAX LINDER

(Continued from August issue)

WHEN the fashion oracles in Paris decree the latest styles, the stars of Screenland lose no time in adapting the newest modes to their own individual requirements. Next, almost overnight, they are flashed upon the screen for all who will to admire and copy; and the little village belle as well as the society queens of the big cities may have the latest things in clothes.

And it is not wholly to enhance their attractiveness, nor is it due to vanity, that the screen stars adopt this policy of watchful waiting for the newest thing in clothes. Beautiful gowns, picturesque and becoming hats, smart footwear and modish wraps are part of their stock-in-trade.

That this adornment is costly, any well-dressed woman of the screen can testify. "Well, they get big salaries, and they can afford it!" we hear. Which is perfectly true. That is, many of them get large salaries. But, as a rule, the larger the salaries, the more expenditure is required for clothes.

Contrary to popular belief, the producing companies do not furnish costumes. Not a bit of it! That's what they pay the stars big salaries for! There are a few exceptions. If a picture requires a medieval setting with medieval costumes--something that can be worn at no other time or place—the company will have them made. Otherwise, the planning, buying, the superintending of all the troublesome detail of making are done by the much-envied star. In addition to a secretary, she must have a maid who is skilled in needlework—

Horoscope



VIRGINIA PEARSON

unless My Lady Star is the fortunate possessor of a worth-her-weight-in-gold combination maid and secretary.

Contrary to another popular belief, any kind of material and any kind of putting together will not do for the screen either —the material for an elaborate gown must be of the best and the making must be as carefully done as tho the fair owner were about to take part in an Easter parade. In the feature pictures the star must have at least twenty changes of gowns, hats, wraps and shoes. It is necessary to keep each change carefully tabulated and pinned in a conspicuous place, else the star of the serial might be seen wearing the same gown twice.

The movie people are always glad for spring and summer, because it means not only long, happy days of outdoor workdays, but a letting up on elaborate wearing apparel.

Women, especially, seem to instinctively dress in harmony with nature. They want to fit in with the background of birds, trees, flowers and floating clouds. Never have the summer things been so adorable and never did our movie friends indulge their tastes and desires to such an extent as in the summer that is passing. "Sport clothes dont cost so much either," they exclaim; "and they are so refreshingly simple and comfortable!"

Refreshing seems to express it.

Louise Glaum is the skipper of her own trim little sea-going craft. Her white flannel yachting-suit, with cuffs and collar, buttons and buttonhole edging of black moire silk; Yale blue-and-



LOUISE GLAUM

white striped tussah silk blouse; black moire silk four-in-hand tie, forms a chic combination; stitched white canvas hat, yard-square white crêpe chiffon veil, white silk hosiery and black leather



FRANKLYN FARNUM AND AGNES VERNON

colonial pumps are dainty and effective accessories that give an added charm to this very nautical picture.

Franklyn Farnum and Agnes Vernon are ultra smart on the golf-links in this Bluebird scene from "The Clock."

Miss "Brownie" Vernon, as she is popularly known, is an Oregonian, and in her state found ample elbow-room in the great, wide, wild, western spaces to swing her brassie and drive a golf-ball straight as the crow flies in record-breaking, Col. Bogey score-smashing scores.

She presents a stunning appearance on the putting-green in a reseda stripe linen blazer and becoming panama sailor hat, with Roman stripe, gros-grain ribbon.

MYRTLE STEDMAN



Myrtle Stedman also plays a good game; you can trust her to drive a nail, a four-in-hand, or a two-hundred-yard golf stroke equally well. She played opposite Wallace Reid in "A World Apart" (Paramount-Morosco).

Ned Hay, who plays leads in the Goldwyn productions, is an all-round sportsman. In the saddle he is right at home—on the bridle-path or prairie.



NED HAY

Alma Reuben, Triangle-Ince popular player, is fittingly attired for her favorite game, golf, in this dazzling black-and-white-checked suit; her hypnotic eyes are shaded by a fuzzy, reseda-green felt hat. Miss Reuben is a

ALMA REUBEN

decided brunette type and has been pronounced by artists to have a perfect profile.

She shared honors with William Hart in "Truthful Tulliver"; appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Americano," and with Charles Gerard in "A Woman's Awakening."

She was born in the Golden Gate City in 1897, and when in her early 'teens went from the Convent of the Sacred Heart for her first venture in a Vitagraph picture.

Helen Holmes paddles her own canoe, dressed in a white "tub" suit, middy blouse, sailor collar and narrow-band cuffs of marine blue, finished in three rows of narrow white braiding; hair plaited in braids characteristic of the picturesque Indian maidens' style. Hazardous Helen is dee-lighted. "And, oh! the river runs swifter now; the eddies circle about my bow. Swirl, swirl! how the ripples curl, in many a dangerous pool awhirl!"



HELEN HOLMES

Marjorie Rambeau is a bright example of "watchful waiting." Her modish skirt of beige-colored "La Jerz" silk sport cloth; smart little white felt hat; pussy-willow taffeta shirtwaist of foliage green-and-white stripe, with sport sleeves, make a playtime outfit that is cool, comfy and altogether fetching.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Marjorie Rambeau made her screen début playing opposite Aubrey Beattie in "The Greater Woman," a (Mutual-Powell) picturization of Algernon Boyesen's drama. She co-starred with Robert Elliott in "The Debt," and appeared with Paul Everton in "The Mirror." The snow-scenes in "Mary Moreland" (from Marie Van Vorst's book), starring Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Elliott, were made in the Catskill Mountains.

Margery Wilson, snapped just after making a good catch. Her jolly little outing-frock of heavy cream shantung



MARGERY WILSON

has a wide, hemstitched collar and tie of same, the flowing ends carelessly knotted in sailor fashion. The queer little graceful apron panel produces a decidedly uncommon effect.

After seeing her work opposite William S. Hart in "The Desert Man" and "Wolf Lowry," one realizes that clothes dont make the actress—the actress makes the clothes.

Marjorie Rambeau, homeward bound, with a happy smile on her face, listens to the song her paddle sings: "August is laughing across the sky, laughing while paddle, canoe and I drift, drift, where the hills uplift, on either side of the current swift. And up on the hills, against the sky, a fir-tree, rocking its lullaby, swings, swings its emerald wings, swelling the song that my paddle sings." (From "The White Wampum.")

Marjorie Rambeau (in private life Mrs. Willard Mack) had a great deal of travel and experience in her youth. When a little girl she traveled to Alaska with her widowed mother, an actress who organized a stock company in the Land of the Midnight Sun. When Mrs. Rambeau returned to Southern California, little



MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Marjorie was engaged by Mr. Morosco as ingénue in his Los Angeles stock company, where she made a great sensation.

Billie Rhodes, the wonderful little Mutual comédienne, not only rides, swims and dances well, but always knows the proper thing to wear at the proper time, and how to wear it.

Billie Rhodes will be featured in a series of fifty-two one-reel comedies to be released thru Mutual, under the general title of Strand comedies. The first three releases of these comedies will be "Her Hero," "When Mary Took the Count," and "In Walked Uncle."



BILLIE RHODES



MYRTLE GONZALEZ

That happy little member of the Bluebird flock, Myrtle Gonzalez, is very smartly costumed for motoring; with her extra tire and expectant smile, she is ready and waiting for whatever is coming. She is equally skillful at motoring, golf and swimming, and says that outdoor sports have caused her to cancel all her life-insurance policies.

Miss Gonzalez co-starred with Val Paul in "Mutiny" and with George Hernandez in "Southern Justice."

This constellation of flickering film stars, expert in whatever they do, give authoritative expression to the last silent word in the trend of fashions for the lovers of outdoor sports and of the movies.

What the National Board of Review Stands For

(Formerly the National Board of Censorship)

To the Editor—The public has so little accurate information about the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, whose activities include the review of practically 99% of all photoplays exhibited in the United States, that it would be greatly appreciated if you could publish the following or any part of it.

Yours truly,

National Board of Review of Motion Pictures.

"Comparatively few persons attending Motion Picture exhibitions know that Motion Pictures are edited just as newspapers are edited. When they pick up their paper in the morning they do not realize that it represents the work of an intelligent group of men and women seeking to provide them with what could be of most interest and value, and eliminate that which is not according to their taste. What appears in the newspaper is that which will interest the public and what public opinion calls for.

"So it is with Motion Pictures. The editor is a body of volunteers living in New York and the neighborhood. It is the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures. This organization, formed in 1909, at the request of the Motion Picture exhibitors in New York, reviews, in the capacity of editor for the public, upwards of 10,000 reels of Motion Pictures in the course of a year. This represents approximately 88% of the total output of photoplays in this country. It is constituted exclusively of unpaid workers, including a General Committee of 35 members, self-perpetuating, from which is selected an Executive Committee of 9. These in turn select and elect members of the Review Committee, in 1916 numbering 190.

"This committee is divided, for efficiency, into sections, which attend from 25 to 30 review meetings a week. In 1916, members of this committee attended 1,186 meetings and reviewed 9,550 reels of film. They paid their carfare, cab-hire and often their restaurant checks, all because they believed in keeping this great public amusement in tune with public opinion. The General Committee acts as a court of appeal for pictures which may be held for further consideration by any section of the Review Committee, or which are appealed by the producer from the decision of the original reviewers. All decisions on pictures are made by volunteers in no way connected with the Motion Picture industry, the Executive Staff of Secretaries being confined to the clerical work.

"How does it come about that the producers exhibit their pictures to a volunteer body for review and editing before they are presented to the public?

"This relationship between producers and the volunteer group began in 1909 when the Motion Picture exhibitors of New York City—poor men, who had been unjustly treated by Mayor McClellan—appealed to Charles Sprague Smith, Director of the People's Institute, to form a volunteer disinterested and stable board drawn from persons associated with social organizations, in order to rehabilitate themselves. Mayor McClellan ordered every picture house in the city closed, despite the findings of two carefully conducted investigations of the Motion Picture conditions made in 1907 and 1908—one by a joint committee of the Woman's Municipal League and the People's Institute, covering nine months; the other by General Bingham, then Police Commissioner — both of which showed that, in spite of some defects in subjects and treatment, the large majority of films were wholesome.

"The Motion Picture exhibitors, whose business had been seriously damaged in this way, welcomed the response of Prof. Smith, which took the form of the National Board. The manufacturers then recognized the assistance given by this public-spirited group, and agreed to submit all their product for pre-publicity criticism. Since that year the National Board has daily inspected and passed upon films, until it now reviews on an average of 10,000 reels, or 10,000,000 feet of film a year, which are copied from twenty to one hundred and fifty times for circulation in all parts of the United States.

"In the course of the year 1916 the number of feet of film eliminated, including the pictures condemned *in toto,* was

46,990, representing a cost to manufacturers of $70,485. The sales value to manufacturers of the film thus kept off the American market was $156,465.

"The Board does not review pictures for any particular audience, but tries to judge as to the real effect of each film on the composite audiences which will see it. It does not regard itself as a censor of taste, unless it is clear that the question of taste is an essentially moral one, for tastes differ in different parts of the country. Nor does it regard itself as a censor of accuracy, unless the inaccuracy in question is of a libelous kind, or will result in some concrete disaster to the person whom it misleads. It does not review Motion Pictures from the standpoint of protecting the exhibitor or manufacturer from the consequences of producing a film which may alienate some powerful element in the community. Nor does it assume responsibility for posters, handbills, or other advertising which may be given out concerning Motion Pictures. On the other hand, it does all that it can to stimulate the use of fine pictures, of artistic worth and joy-producing qualities. From those which these committees see are selected and listed the films which are considered to be particularly clean and fine for exhibition.

"In 1916 its activities were marked by the formation and the active work of the National Committee for Better Films. This organization, associated with the National Board, is charged with the responsibility for the development of the use of better Motion Pictures both for the family and for young people. It has found so many local and isolated committees attempting better film entertainments that the Affiliated Committees for Better Films has been organized to unite them for greater efficiency. This loose organization is on the basis of local autonomy and initiative, mutual service and efficiency. Monthly bulletins are issued to these committees, giving ideas, methods, lists and suggestions. It appears to be a simple and effective method for obtaining results desired by many localities.

"The National Board represents so thoroly public opinion, thru its many connections in every part of the country, and provides such a fine piece of machinery for the editing of Motion Pictures, that many cities thruout the country rely upon its bulletins and reports for the regulation of Motion Picture exhibitions. Among these cities are Boston, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Syracuse, N. Y.; Bridgeport, Conn.; Rochester, N. Y.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Denver, Col.; Atlanta, Ga.; Asheville, N. C.; Nashville, Tenn.; Spokane, Wash.; Detroit, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, and many others.

"Among those on the General Committee are: Roland Haynes, of the Committee on Recreation of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment; Ralph Folks, Commissioner of Public Works; Dr. Frank Oliver Hall, Church of the Divine Paternity; Henry E. Jenkins, Dist. Supt. of Schools; P. F. Jerome, Business Bureau of the International Committee of Y. M. C. A.'s; Burdette G. Lewis, Commissioner of Correction, New York City; Orlando F. Lewis, General Secretary of Prison Association of New York; Dr. Chas. S. Macfarland, General Secretary Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; W. Frank Persons, Director of the Charity Organization Society; and Edward F. Sanderson, Director of The People's Institute. On the National Advisory Committee are: S. Parkes Cadman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Shailer Mathews, Chicago, Ill.; Felix Adler, Robert E. Ely, Prof. Franklin H. Giddings, Bishop David H. Greer, Jacob H. Schiff, and Oscar S. Straus, of New York City."

To a Movie Rose

By J. P. ROBINSON

"Full many a flower was born to blush unseen,"
The poet wrote; such then was p'raps the case,
And many a beauteous maiden in those days, I ween,
In some secluded village hid her face.
"Full many a rose was born to blush unseen"
Is rendered null and void by Progress' pace;
These days each budding beauty seeks the Screen,
And, un-blushingly, to thousands shows her face.

Shooting the Shoots at George Ovey

An Echo of the Studio Baseball Season

By HARRY H. POPPE

"WHAT do Motion Picture players do to occupy their time in the interim between scenes?" is a question often asked of picture people by laymen. Taking players as a group, the question is difficult to answer; but taking them individually, one will find an interesting assortment of diversified interests.

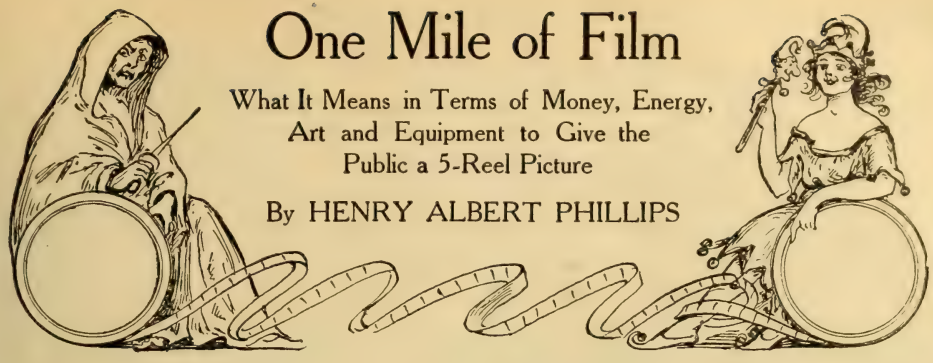
For instance, George Ovey, the star in David Horsley's Cub Comedies, finds baseball a pleasurable form to occupy his spare moments during the course of the making of a picture. If the Cub Company goes on a journey to a "location" to make exterior scenes, Ovey frequently throws ball and gloves into the car for later use; if the company is engaged within the studio walls, Ovey often indulges in the game of "throwing a few."

Lately his ball-playing tendencies have had a decided stimulus. The cause is Jack Ryan, famous Pacific Coast League pitcher and the mainstay of the Los Angeles Club's pitching staff. With such a personage "on the lot" it is no wonder that Ovey should take up baseball with renewed vim, and that nearly every noon-hour should be used partly for ball-playing purposes. Ryan is known as the originator of the "nail" ball. He grasps the ball between the nails of his first and second fingers and the thumb and throws it with an overhand motion. The ball sails slowly thru the air without revolving, so that the stitches can be



readily seen. As it nears the batter it describes a sort of a weave, turning first inward, then outward. Ovey soon learnt the effects of this throw thru several damaged digits, and then set out to master the ball. Inasmuch as it took Ryan four years to master the curve so that he could throw it accurately, one can imagine what a task the Cub comedian has undertaken.

Incidentally, it may be news to many of his admirers that Ovey shows considerable efficiency as a ball-player. In his earlier days, the diamond called him loudly to him as a means of livelihood, he says, but the stage had a more voluminous voice, and he hearkened to the latter calling. Considering the position he has attained, the move was the proper one. But baseball is in Lil' George's blood never to be boiled out. Under his able management the "Cubs" have administered sound lickings to all the other studio nines that have ventured on George's lot. The recent big game between the "Comedians" and the "Tragics," played as a Red Cross benefit, and in which Charlie Chaplin matched his hurling wing against Herbert Rawlinson, was the envy of George Ovey — not the brand of baseball displayed, but the fact that he had not "pulled" the big idea. George says he is going to "do his bit," tho, and we believe him. Los Angeles' heart always warms to charity, and when the war takes its toll of the wounded, George is going to play baseball with a purpose—funds for the boys in blue.



One Mile of Film

What It Means in Terms of Money, Energy, Art and Equipment to Give the Public a 5-Reel Picture

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

"DONT try to save on expense—if you make it show in the picture!" is a stock motto in all well-established studios.

Not that Motion Picture producers enjoy spending their profits any more than you and I do, but rather they know that surplus profits are enhanced because of your and my surplus appreciation of the lavish production.

A few years ago, an author's manuscript was frequently rejected because of the unwarranted expense foreseen in its production. Today, William A. Brady informs the author that he cannot use any manuscript that does not call for a lavish production thruout!

"Dress your stars up! Give them a party, a ball, a reception! If they must begin in rags, cut it short, and see to it that they wind up in riches! We have magnificent country estates, city palaces, steam yachts and special trains just spoiling to be used—use your imagination and our pocket-books!" So, all along the line, a supreme effort is made to dazzle the audience into a state of dizziness.

There is another very effective influence behind the screen luxury; that is, the treasure of jewels, fine clothes and costly automobiles that every well-known actor or actress is reputed to possess. Why have them, if they cant be displayed in a proper setting?

So the picture plays of today are being fashioned according to a pattern of luxury that is largely missing in our own lives. Thank heaven, we can associate with it in the pictures!

It is doubtful if Mr. and Mrs. Public stop to think how great is the producing cost of a luxury that costs so little for them to consume.

Strangely enough, the play itself—that upon which such expense is lavished, that over which a small army of well-paid mechanics and fabulous-salaried artists sweat and worry for a month or so, and that which millions of people enjoy to a more or less extent—is the smallest item of expense. Say $100 to $500. Our Author spends anywhere from two weeks to two months on his idea, making a play out of it. He wears his heart sore waiting about three months to a year for his play to be sold and is lucky if his sales average two plays out of five written.

Let us forget the Author and his troubles and pass right along to the next exhibit, the Editor. Here we will find a man with more troubles than the author ever dreamed of. The editor is not alone in his misery. He usually has several assistants who take the chestnuts out of the fire—and send them back to the expectant authors. Editorial offices receive anywhere from ten to a couple of hundred of manuscripts daily. Many of them are illegible, the majority of them a thousand miles from being a photoplay idea, ten per cent. may be worth looking beyond the first page, and one in a hundred is worthy of the editor's perusal.

Fifty per cent. of the manuscripts handed to the editor are rejected by him; the other fifty per cent. he probably brings before a conference that again throws out more than half of the aforesaid candidates. In other words, less than one-quarter of one per cent. of all the material received from outside sources is available. Dont let any prospective writer take too much courage from this estimate, because I fear it is 'way high. But our point is, that anywhere from 400 to 1,000 manuscripts have to be "combed" before a flea is put in the producer's ear. And, as we shall

see, the producer's troubles multiply as the plot thickens.

The author has received his check, thank goodness! But no sooner has a manuscript been purchased than the director begins to worry. There are certain radical "changes" that must be made in the manuscript. The Continuity Man is called in conference and the conspiracy is thereupon hatched for "making such changes as the policies of the present company warrants." Frequently the Continuity Man will labor several weeks in thus making the "continuity," or working script. He is frequently so brilliant that he has builded a play of his own. If he doesn't succeed in "losing the author," the director may manage to do so—after all of that laborious search for the needle in the haystack of manuscript, which is again lost and turns up again in the orchestra seat of the author when he witnesses a photoplay said to be from his typewriter! The shock is sharp and penetrating, and as he removes the needle he finds in it the thread of his story—intact.

Now we begin to spend regular money! Directors get anywhere from $200 to $1,000 a week. David Wark Griffith's salary exceeded $110,000 a year. Cameramen average about $100 a week. Actors—you know as well as I do that the incomes of railroad, bank and United States Presidents are a mere bag of shells beside the salaries of some well-known players. Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford pull down nearly $2,000 every week-day. That does not mean working days, or rainy days, or getting-ready days, as you will see.

While all Stars are not in Mary's and Charlie's class—speaking of salary now—one is not far afield in setting an average of something like $400 a week per star in the brilliant heaven of the screen.

In connection with our five-reel Moving Picture we multiply all weekly quotations by four, as it takes about four weeks for each process.

We have just mentioned the star to get the pitch of our actor composition. There are never less than four principals, usually about ten minor characters (such as waiters, policemen, passers-by, etc.) and one or two "big scenes" with anywhere from fifty to five hundred in the "Mob." An ordinary face and figure for the "mob" will net its owner about $3 per day. A good "character" type, cripple or monstrosity, is good for $5. We are not mentioning the Artists who "support" the lead—they never tell how much they get, but we imagine that they would starve rather than exert their art for less than fifty per.

Now we are all ready to produce, and where one or two worried and fretted before, there are now a hundred people hanging around apprehensively. For there is more hanging around to the square inch in a Moving Picture studio than anywhere else in the world.

The working manuscript is ready. All the "mob," and the low-priced talent who are paid only when they actually do a day's work, are assembled. Much time is taken "making up." More time passes waiting for the star, who at length telephones that she is indisposed—in truth, she shone too radiantly the night before and has a pimple this morning. Now the director must skip over his scenes to Scene 172, in which the star does not appear. It happens to be an exterior, or outside scene. They are about to start out in the several waiting automobiles when it starts to rain! The director is impolite to the weather. He now dicides to do Scene 93, interior. He looks about for the "spacious drawing-room of Louis Quinze period" and fails to find it. The director sends his assistant to the Stage-manager and asks what has become of the spacious drawing-room. The stage-manager appears and brings an order in the director's own handwriting requesting that the Louis Quinze set be in position on Stage 16 not later than "next Wednesday." Such loud words follow that the fat comedian who has been placidly snoring in the "electric chair" in "23" is cruelly awakened after an hour's nap. It is time for lunch!

The above is not a daily tragi-comedy of costs, but any one who is familiar with a "busy" studio has seen its counterpart more often than they can remember.

There are few directors who average more than ten scenes a day—there are approximately 200 scenes to a five-reel picture. There is little doubt but that

directors could increase their output, but there seems to be no perfect system of co-ordination in the majority of studios up to the present writing. Waiting is more tiresome than working, and hard-working actors spend about one-third of their time while employed in hard waiting.

For instance, the majority of the scenes are taken twice at least. Each director or camera-man has his own method. Some take a scene indoors and have it developed immediately, in order that any minor defects of exposure, expression or action may be corrected while the cast is in the mood. Other directors re-photograph a scene at once, in order to insure the perfection of a scene. Still others have been known to play two cameras on the action at the same time.

The point here is, that while the audience eventually sees one mile of film, the company's books will show a charge for anywhere from two to five miles of coated celluloid. The surplus is waste of time, nervous force and materials. This costly canned energy all goes into the scrap-heap that has no by-products, except the nitrate of silver extracted from the film stock.



EVERYTHING IS GOING UP! EVEN NORMA TALMADGE IS "UP A TREE" IN "THE LAW OF COMPENSATION" (SELZNICK)

From first to last, consciously or subconsciously, the one thought of the vast army that makes up the producers of the Moving Picture play is You, the Audience of the World.

But a feverish fortnight follows the

actual photographing of the dramatic action. The aforesaid action is garbled in an infinite number of strips of film. An important personage now steps to the fore whose magic touch—of nearly a week's duration — will assemble those fragments in a coherent sequence that may possibly resemble the original story-idea in the mind of the author. This wizard is the Maker of Titles. Not only does the title-maker put the action in the proper sequence, but she—or he—creates most of the reading-matter that appears on the screen and puts the punch in much action that would stagger along drunkenly without it. We know two producing companies that are paying their makers of titles considerably in excess of $100 weekly. They come high, but we must have them.

Let us concede that we now have five strips—or reels—of film measuring 1,000 feet each. Altho waste has now been reduced to a minimum, your play is not upstairs in the projecting-room of your favorite theater—not by a jugful.

We have only our single copy, or negative. We have got to have enough copies, or positive prints, of the film story to supply the world market! This may mean only a few copies—of a super-feature like "Intolerance"; or more than a hundred—of a Charlie Chaplin scream. When a print is all ready for the market we do not mean that it is either sold or has made a profit for its makers. Theaters do not get films from the producers, but from exchanges to which producers must first dispose of them. Subsequent returns depend upon rentals.

In the Exchange and State's Rights departments we come upon a vast net-work of commercial activities which employ hundreds of big-caliber men with 75-centimeter salaries, with thousands of capable, well-paid employees under them.

We need not go into detail about the palatial theaters that open their doors to you at a fraction of the price you pay for stage versions of perhaps the same stories.

We have given you some idea of the cost of giving you a stupendous entertainment, the smallest of which is on a scale with the greatest stage productions. You can see for yourself that it must be never less than many thousands and you pay a few cents to see it.

What is the Motion Picture worth? As well ask how much air, or laughter, or life itself is worth? All are priceless. We can only begin to measure their value when we are denied them—which, God willing, may never be!

What Have You Seen on the Screen?

By R. H. DYER



What have you seen on the screen, my friend?
What have you seen on the screen?
Nothing, I vow, that did offend;
Nothing that served an evil end,
Or motive low and mean.

What have you viewed with eyes aglow?
What feature worked the thrill?
Was it a story of hellish woe—
A tale obscene and rotten? No!
Such themes corrupt are nil.

You have seen the giant Virtue smite
The demon to his fall;
You have seen the accurséd Shades of Night
Succumb to the pressure of Moral Light—
And you haven't seen it all.

You have witnessed the battle of Right and Wrong,
And cheered for the victor crowned;
Your stagnant blood has leaped along,
Your heart has broken into song
With one ecstatic bound.

This have you seen on the screen, my friend,
And this have you felt before;
This is the high and noble end
The pictures favor and defend—
Now and forevermore!

Jack and the Beanstalk

(Fox)



EDITORIAL NOTE—"Jack and the Beanstalk" is an English fireside tale that has been told around the world—in the huts of African Zulus and under the tepees of Indians. Nor was the tale repeated from the lips of a white man; it seemed to originate at the world's end. Jack's adventure is a simple and marvelous tale that appeals to childhood, and to the "second childhood" latent in all of us. 'Tis the same feeling translated into action that makes the "stern" parent insist on escorting his little boy to the circus. The equally marvelous appeal of Motion Pictures has added a new zest to the tale, and the opportunity for story illustration is unequaled. "Jack" was first illustrated on slate-rock and the trunks of trees; thereafter by the crude wood-cuts of German foresters, but the breathing images of the real characters remained for the modern camera-man.

ONCE upon a time a poor widow lived in a little cottage with her only son, Jack. Jack was a giddy, thoughtless boy, but kind-hearted and very fond of his mother. It had been a hard winter, Jack did no work as yet, and they were dreadfully poor. The widow saw that there was no way of keeping Jack and herself from starvation but by selling her cow; so one morning she said to her son, "Jack, you must take the cow to the market and sell her for me."

"All right, mother," said Jack. "Trust me to make a good bargain." And away he went toward the market. He was a little sad at first because his mother was sad, but soon recovered his spirits and went whistling along until he met a butcher.

"Where are you going?" said the butcher.

"To market, to sell the cow," said Jack.

"It's lucky I met you," said the butcher. "You may save yourself the trouble of going so far."

With this he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out five curious beans. "Here," he said, "are the most wonderful beans that ever were known. If you plant them overnight, by the next morning they'll grow up and reach the sky—and I'll exchange them for that cow of yours."

And as Jack hesitated, a fairy softly whispered in his ear, "Take them," so Jack cried "Done!" and ran all the way home to tell his mother how lucky he was. But when he showed her the beans, instead of the money she expected for the cow, she was vexed and shed many tears. Jack was very sorry and they went sadly to bed; but, first, Jack went out into the garden, took a piece of stick, made a hole and put in the beans. "Mother says they are just common scarlet-runners, and nothing else, but I may as well sow them," he said. At break



WHEN JACK WOKE UP IN THE MORNING THE BEANS HAD GROWN INTO AN ENORMOUS STALK-LADDER REACHING HIGH INTO THE SKY

of day, Jack was up and looking down into the garden. What was his surprise to find that the beans had come up in the night and seemed to cover the cottage! He called his mother; they went to the garden and gazed in silent wonder at the beanstalk, that had climbed up and up until it covered the high cliff that sheltered the cottage, and disappeared above it. The stalks had twined and intertwined until they formed a ladder.

"I think I will climb up and see where it ends," said Jack to his mother.

His mother did not want him to embark on this strange adventure. But Jack was sure there must be something wonderful for him at the end of the beanstalk, so she yielded to his wishes.

Jack began to climb and went up and up the stalk until everything he had left behind him—the cottage, the village, even the tall church-spire—looked very small, and even then he could not see the end of the beanstalk. But Jack was a persevering boy, and he knew that the way to succeed is not to give up, so he climbed higher and higher until he was afraid to look down for fear he should be giddy.

At last he reached the top of the beanstalk and found himself in a beautiful country, finely wooded, with beautiful meadows covered with sheep, a crystal stream running thru the pastures, and not far away stood a strong, fine castle. A beautiful princess was looking from a window. When she saw him she opened the long window, stepped out and came quickly to him.

"I have waited a long time for you," she said. She wore a long robe of blue satin, wonderfully beaded and spangled, and her bright golden hair waved softly about her lovely, childlike face.

Jack took off his cap and bowed low. "If you please," he said, "are you a real princess, and do you live in that beautiful castle?"

"Hush!" she said. "Let us go to the castle tower and I will tell you a story.



AT THE TOP WAS A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, FINELY WOODED, WITH BEAUTIFUL MEADOWS COVERED WITH SHEEP, AND NOT FAR AWAY STOOD A STRONG, FINE CASTLE

"Once upon a time," she began, "a noble knight lived in this castle, which is on the borders of fairyland. He had a fair wife and several children. His neighbors, the little people, were friendly toward him and bestowed upon him many precious gifts. A monstrous giant who lived nearby and who was a very wicked being, heard of these treasures and determined to obtain possession of them. He bribed a false servant to let him inside the castle one day when the knight was asleep, and killed him as he lay. Then he went to the nursery, killed all the little ones, and took possession of the castle.



THE HEN THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGGS WAS OF A SNOWY WHITENESS, WITH A BLOOD-RED COMB AND LEGS AS YELLOW AS THE MOON

"The mother, with her little son, had gone to the valley below. On her way home she was met by the frightened nurse (who had escaped the giant) and was told of the fate of her husband and babes. She was eager to go back and share their fate, but the nurse besought her to remember her living child and to save her life and his.

"She finally consented to go with the nurse, who had a little home in the valley, and remain there as her best place of refuge from the giant. After a year the old nurse died, leaving her cottage, furniture, spinning-wheel and cow to her former mistress. There was a garden in which they raised peas, beans and cabbages, and with these and the milk from the cow they managed to subsist. The mother did not tell her son of their former life, as she did not wish to sadden him by the contrast.

"Jack, you are that son; that poor lady is your mother. This castle was once your father's and must become yours."

Jack uttered a cry of surprise. "It

cannot be! This castle my mother's and mine! And you—why are you here—why does the giant let you live?"



"THE GIANT FOUND ME AND MADE ME A PRISONER"

"Listen," she said, "and I will tell you. I lived in the village yonder, where every one hated and feared the giant. He had killed my father, the king, but I escaped to the forest and was lost. The giant found me and made me a prisoner. But the little people—the fairies who loved your father so dearly—have watched over me and have made it possible for you to win back your inheritance. A precious gift of the fairies to your father was a hen that lays golden eggs. That is the giant's chief treasure. When the giant made me a prisoner the fairies made known to him that unless I was well treated and cared for the hen would not lay the golden eggs. I have been waiting for you. Today you must get the hen and take it to your mother. Then you must come back for me."

She took him to the first floor of the castle, thru a long hall and to a large wardrobe that opened from it. The key-hole was large and thru it he could see everything that took place. By-and-by he heard a heavy tramp on the stairs and a voice like thunder roared:

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to butter my bread!

"There's a man in the castle!" cried the giant. "Let me have him for breakfast!"

"No," said the servant, "it is a nice fresh steak from an elephant that I have cooked for you. Sit down and make a good breakfast."

When he had breakfasted he called the princess and told her to bring the hen that laid the golden eggs. She did as she was told, placing the hen before the giant.

"Lay!" he said to the little white hen, and she instantly laid a golden egg. "Lay!" said the giant, and she laid another. "Lay!" he repeated the third time, and another golden egg was laid on the table.

"I'm sleepy," said the giant. "Go away, but leave the hen here," he said to the princess. In a minute he was sound asleep and

snoring so loudly it sounded like thunder. When Jack saw that the giant was fast asleep he pushed open the door of the wardrobe and crept out. He softly stole across the room, picked up the hen, made his way from the castle and to the top of the beanstalk, which he descended as fast as he could. When his mother saw him she wept with joy, for she had feared that the fairies had carried him away or that the giant had found him. She was very glad to see the hen, which would make them rich once more, and told Jack he must not venture up the beanstalk again.



"BRING ME THE LITTLE WHITE HEN OR OFF GOES YOUR HEAD!"

But Jack knew the beautiful princess was waiting for him, and he knew the giant would not spare her life when he found that the hen that laid the golden eggs was gone. So next morning, when his mother had gone to market, he hastened up the beanstalk to the giant's castle. He did not see the princess, so he crept around to the back of the castle and thru the long hall where he had left the giant sleeping the day before. He peeped thru the door and saw the poor little princess cowering in terror before the giant, who was sharpening his ax and roaring, "Bring me the little hen, or off goes your head! Bring me the little white hen or *off* goes your head!" Jack was paralyzed with fear for a moment, then he threw open the door and jumped into the room so suddenly and so startled the giant that he dropped the ax. "Come!" said Jack to the princess, and they fled, shutting and locking the door and throwing the key away as they ran.

They ran from the castle and hid behind a huge rock that lay at the foot of the castle and not far from the top of the beanstalk. As they cowered there they could hear the giant battering down

the door and knew he would soon be upon them. From behind the rock they heard him striding over the ground and calling:

"Fe, fa, fi-fo-fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to butter my bread."

When he saw Jack and the princess he was in such a rage that he stumbled over a loose stone and fell flat on the ground. This gave them a chance to escape to the beanstalk, but as they started to descend they looked back and saw the giant, with his huge club, in hot pursuit.

"Never mind," said Jack to the frightened princess. "We'll put an end to him when we get down." And to reassure her he sang gaily, "Hitchetty, hatchetty, down we go; hitchetty, hatchetty, down we go"; but behind them they heard the enraged giant roaring forth, "Hitchetty, hatchetty, down *I* go; hitchetty, hatchetty, down *I* go."

"Quick, mother!" cried Jack as he and the princess safely reached the ground. "Bring the ax!" His mother ran to him with the hatchet, and, warning her and the princess to stand back, Jack cut thru the stem of the beanstalk. Down came the mammoth beanstalk and with it the giant, and, as he fell on his head, he broke his neck and lay dead at the feet of Jack's mother.



FROM BEHIND THE ROCK THEY HEARD HIS PONDEROUS TREAD

THE TERRIBLE GIANT OF CASTLE BLUDGEON

The villagers had been attracted to the widow's cottage by the terrible uproar, and stood awe-struck, gazing upon the curious beanstalk and the dead body of the giant. One and all were greatly relieved to know that he was really dead and that they need fear him no longer. For even in this little village, far removed from the castle where the wicked giant lived, he was held in terror by young and old. They listened with amazement to Jack's story, and congratulated the widow upon being the mother of so brave a son.



THE VILLAGERS GATHERED AROUND THE CURIOUS BEANSTALK AND THE FALLEN GIANT

When the widow had somewhat recovered from her agitation, she sought out the beautiful princess and asked her whence she had come. "I, too, was made fatherless by the giant," the princess explained. "But the little people have watched over me, as they have remembered and secretly watched over you. Together they have planned to bring your inheritance back to you and to reinstate you and Jack in the castle.

"They sent the beans to the butcher, hoping he would dispose of them to Jack, as they thought it time to find out what kind of man he was growing up into. If he had thrown them away after you had told him they were worthless, or if he had looked at the gigantic beanstalk and stupidly and fearfully wondered, they would have left him a while longer where

(*Continued on page* 162)

Their Favorite Rôles

By Roberta Courtlandt

In Which Some of the Most Popular Players Discuss Their Best-Liked Rôles

It's just a bit surprising, sometimes, to learn that the play in which you liked your favorite player so very, *very* much is one that that particular player actually detests. This is true more often than the reverse.

For instance, a great many of Marguerite Clark's admirers think that she was best of all in "Snow White," or "Still Waters." But Miss Clark herself likes "Molly Make-Believe" best, altho "Snow White" is a close second.

"I adore children," said Miss Clark, with a tender light in her brown eyes, "and when I learn that the kiddies like me best in 'Snow White' or something like that, I am delighted. But I really must admit that, while I enjoyed 'Snow-White' and loved playing the part, I like 'Molly Make-Believe' best of all. Or, really, I think they must both rank as favorites — 'Snow White' because the children liked it, and I liked playing a child in it; 'Molly Make-Believe' because it's such a darling little book, and I fell in love with the heroine the moment I read about her. Why, I read that book when I was on the stage, before I ever even considered picture-work, and I wondered if it could be made into a play and if I could play the lead. So when Mr. Zukor told me that he had bought the picture-rights for it, and that I was to play the lead, perhaps you can imagine my delight. Molly was a delightful little person, and a real human being, so it was a delight to play her!"

On the other hand, Cleo Madison likes a play that nine out of ten of her admirers conceded to be her best—namely, "The Trey o' Hearts" series. One of the prime reasons that caused Miss Madison to say this was that she was given a unique opportunity in this play to play a sweet, faded mother, who gives birth to twin daughters, dying later just when the twins need her most. Afterwards, as every one knows, Miss Madison played the twins.

"I dont suppose one is ever completely satisfied with a rôle," mused Miss Madison. "The character is either too goody-goody or else too wicked. But in this play I played Judith and I was just as wicked as I could possibly be. Then, before the thought of that wickedness had palled on me, I was allowed to play the sweet, self-sacrificing, noble Rose. And there was a charming thread of love-interest thruout that completely satisfied my yearning for romanticism. In fact, I dont believe there was ever a more likable part to play than mine in 'The Trey o' Hearts'."

Bryant Washburn admits that he liked "The Prince of Graustark" best of any

part he has played so far. And that isn't to be wondered at, for Prince Robin is a most interesting creature and a character much admired by all who have read of his adventures. And Mr. Washburn was one of those who had read and admired the book Robin. So when the call came for the part of the Prince, he was quite ready—and a dashing figure he made in the uniform of Graustark, slim and straight and manly, this bonny Prince in the guise of Bryant Washburn.



MARGUERITE CLARK IN "SNOW WHITE"

Was there ever an actress who didn't yearn for the opportunity to play Juliet? I dont believe that there ever was. Theda Bara, of course, was no exception, and tho she had never had just the opportunity she wanted on the stage, it was still in store for her, and one day it came. And such an opportunity! A Juliet with a background of real scenery—real forests and lawns, a real balcony overhung with great, fragrant roses; and a Romeo quite worthy of the honor! This, then, is Theda Bara's favorite rôle, and I dont think it needs any explanation! Do you?

"I always thought myself a comédienne," observed Fannie Ward, apropos of nothing in particular, it seemed, one afternoon. "In fact, when I first made my English début, and it became known that I yearned to become a dramatic actress, one critic kindly informed the public that I had taken leave of my senses—or words to that effect. He added—'that poor Fannie Ward, who wanted to be a dramatic star! Why

if she would mind daredevil riding, a bad fall or two, swimming thru cataracts or jumping over bridges and incidentally climbing under and over a moving train, she merely



HOBART HENLEY
IN "THE MAN IN THE CHAIR"

smiled. These things were all in the day's work for her, for she had been doing most of them, and "then some," all her life. On her brother's ranch in California she was the only girl within a radius of two hundred miles. And because help was hard to get, she donned trousers and chaps, and learnt to ride as hard, shoot as straight and throw a rope as well as any man on the ranch. Back in Chicago her father was a railroad official, and she was taught from the time she was a child to face life squarely. She knows everything there is to be known about the railroad, from the roundhouses and the switching-yards to the chairs of the officials. She—the dashing, spirited adventuress of the rails—is, of course, fond of railroad dramas. Who can imagine Helen doing anything else?—that is, unless you *have* seen her doing something else. Her favorite rôle is Helen Holmes in "A Lass of the Lumberlands." And the reason? Oh, well, the reason is as thoroly feminine as is Helen herself—"Just bêcause!"

J. Warren is the one and only Kerrigan—he's the popular idol of the screen, and every one who has been intimately associated with him says he's a prince of a fellow. Handsome, courtly, chivalrous—he is well fitted for the leading rôles which call for him in the part of a business or society man—but he goes 'way, 'way back to the early days of



DOROTHY GISH IN "GRETCHEN THE GREENHORN"

filmdom for his favorite rôle, and it does him credit. It is the title rôle in an old play called "Harmonica Jack," when he and Pauline Bush were at the head of the old American Company. Ah, them were the good old days! J. Warren played a good-looking, carefree cowboy engaged to the ranch-owner's daughter. All went merry as a marriage-bell—and those festive instruments could be heard all over the place!—until the "cowgirl's" Eastern friend came on a visit, and immediately it was all up with "Harmonica Jack's" wedding plans. However, his fiancée was a dutiful, self-sacrificing sort, and she gave him up to her rival—"riding away into the heart of the sunset," leaving the two alone to their new-found happiness. Curtain—or fade-out!

If there's anything Wallace Reid hasn't done we would like to know it. He was educated at a military academy, worked on a ranch in the West, ran a hotel, worked on the government survey of Shoshone dam, and was for a time a reporter on the New York *Evening Sun*. Then, as a matter of variety, he went into vaudeville in a sketch written by his father, and about three years later faced the camera. In Motion Pictures he has done everything a scenario-writer can think of, including cowboy stunts, falls, fights, dives, and has



J. WARREN KERRIGAN IN "HARMONICA JACK"



HELEN HOLMES IN "A LASS OF THE LUMBERLANDS"

even been a female impersonator. Among his many noted screen achievements was his support of Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" and "Marie Rosa," and he quite recently supported the fair and talented Geraldine in the gigantic production, "Joan the Woman." But for all that Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely both have the same play as a basis for their favorite rôles. It was —and is—"The Golden Chance," and it was the first time they had ever co-starred. Neither knew the other very well until this picture was started, but immediately they discovered that they were ideal opposites. It was purely a matter of business, but each realized that the other made a splendid support to his or her work, so they set out to see what they could do with this, their first picture together. The story was a charming one—a sort of Cinderella thing—with the poor girl masquerading—for a price—in borrowed plumage for the enticement of the young millionaire, who was "straight and clean." True love came and found them, and made their favorite rôle.



CLEO RIDGELY AND WALLACE REID IN "THE GOLDEN CHANCE"



GEORGE BEBAN, WHOSE ITALIAN CHARACTERIZATIONS HAVE SHED NEW LUSTER ON THE SCREEN, PRESENTS ANOTHER ORIGINAL RÔLE IN "A ROADSIDE IMPRESARIO" (PARAMOUNT)



AFTER A STRENUOUS SCENE PATSY DE FOREST DISPLAYS A BIT OF THE "SEAMY" SIDE OF LIFE AS WELL AS MOTHERING A PAIR OF VITAGRAPH KITTENS

Pictorial Lessons in Photoplay Expression

By HARVEY PEAKE



INNOCENCE

If you
Weigh two hundred pounds,
Dont try to register
Innocence.
If you pull the beam
At less,
You may get by with it,
If you will roll up your eyes,
String out your hair,
And look as if
There was
Nobody Home.



CUNNING

To register
A Vampirish cunning,
You will have to wear
Long black ear-rings,
And do your hair
Into hooks,
The rest dont matter.
But thus equipped
You can Vamp
From Daylight unto Dark,
And then some—
No home complete without one.



FURY

To do
Justice to Fury,
You should have the
Director tell you exactly
What he thinks of
Your acting.

If he tells you that
You remind him
Of Marie Dressler
In your tragic scenes,
You will register Fury
Just about right.



SURPRISE

If Surprise
Is to be depicted,
Get the eyes
Straight up and down,
With the lashes pointing
To the North and South—

No matter how painful
It may be.
Then open the mouth
In the same manner,
But be careful not to
Yawn!

Truthful Dorothy Bernard

By Carl W. Seitz

SOUTH AFRICA is of especial interest to Motion Picture fans for two reasons: first, it was the habitat of all of Fannie Ward's diamonds; and, second, it was the birthplace of that "Little Gypsy" of Motion Pictures, Dorothy Bernard. The first reason is a very, very important one from a publicity standpoint, but it is far outshone by the one-thousand-candle-power incandescence of the Bernard personality, for while money will hire a press-agent with an imagination so vivid that Edgar Allan Poe would appear like an amateurish impostor in comparison, gold, silver and diamonds cannot buy an attractive personality.



Whether it was inherent love of America or a desire to travel that incited Dorothy, while less than a year old, to make life so miserable for her parents, both of whom were actors, that they decided to return to their native land, we do not know, but, anyway, the important event took place and the Bernard family returned to California. As soon as Dorothy was old enough to walk she became a member of her father's company. The time came all too quickly for her to attend school, but when she was fifteen years old the call of the footlights became too great and she again joined her father's company. For three years she was the leading actress at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles, and then she decided that she wanted to come to New York, and to New York she came. She was starred on Broadway, which, in



"STRAITS" AND "STILLS"—OR DOROTHY



actor slang, means that she played the lead in a legitimate play for two seasons, and then she became a member of the "Old Biograph Company," along with Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and a number of other present-day celebrities in the world of Motion Pictures.

If D. W. Griffith should, by chance, read this conventional outburst of Biographic past, will he please account to the Editor why he allowed Miss Starlet Marjorie, who accompanied her mother, Miss Star Dorothy, to the studio, when only three months old, only fifteen minutes for lunch, when the recognized authorities proclaim that forty-five minutes should be allowed?

After two years spent in private life, Miss Bernard joined the Famous Players, and then came a contract with Lubin. Fox next signed her name to a contract, but this expired some time ago, and Miss Bernard is now starring for the Art Drama Company.

Every one remembers Miss Bernard in "Princess Romanoff" and "Little Gypsy," and recognizes her smiling face on the screen, but very few people know that her "nom de plume," if you please, off the stage and screen, is Mrs. Dorothy Van Buren, and that Miss Marjorie, who



BERNARD IN REAL LIFE AND "IN ACTION"



© Underwood & Underwood

shares the Van Buren apartment in upper Manhattan, and whom D. W. G. so cruelly mistreated, is already a girl of six, and is growing fast. I have her word for it, and she certainly should know.

On the day that I had the pleasure of interviewing her, Miss Bernard was wearing a new white walking-suit, trimmed with black fur. White shoes and gloves and a plain black-velvet hat completed the costume. Of course, I do not know whether face-powder, cosmetic or rouge was included, but for the sake of peace at any price, let us assume that it was, for I am sure that Miss Bernard will not care, and it will make the interview so much more romantic, you know. If I am any judge of beauty—and to be perfectly candid, that is the one subject that I consider myself qualified to discuss —Miss Bernard is a very good-looking brunette.

Miss Bernard is five feet eight or nine inches tall, rather light in weight, and jolly. She has a very pleasing smile, which brings into being a set of full-grown dimples, and every smile or laugh brings to view a row of sparkling teeth. While Miss Bernard is far from a nervous

wreck, it is plain that she is rather "high-strung," and wishes to be kept busy. Her hands, too, are distinctly characteristic; narrow palms and long, sensitive fingers betray the fact that Miss Bernard is an accomplished pianist.

As I sat and listened to Miss Bernard relate the story of her life and experiences, I decided that that eminent Crusader, St. Bernard, had been no more of an adventurer and "globe-trotter" than his namesake. The only country that I could suggest that she had not visited was China, and she said: "The nearest I ever came to China was Chinatown, and then I resolved that I did not care to visit the land of rats and rice, but I may change my mind."

"Have you any special hobby?" I questioned.

"None at all out of the ordinary," was the reply. "Of course, I have an auto and I just love motoring, and I like music, too, altho the car has more attraction for me than the piano. By the way"—she looked at her wrist-watch—"I have an appointment down on Thirty-fourth Street at three o'clock, and I've got just ten minutes. If you happen to be going that way you are welcome to the ride."

My intentions had been to go uptown, but it took me just two seconds—or possibly a little less—to change my mind, and I followed Miss Bernard out to her car. No, you have guessed wrong. This car did not come from Detroit, and instead of running on its reputation, it decomposes a gallon of perfectly good gasoline every seven or eight miles. Miss Bernard unlocked the door—it was a town-car—and took her place at the wheel, and I deposited myself in the other seat. Miss Bernard said:

"I haven't had this car very long; I exchanged my other car for this one because it is so convenient. You see this is all enclosed, and when I pull down the curtains I have a private dressing-room. When we are out on location, it is very handy, for it is the only place to change costumes. I also use it as a shopping-car, and now I can come downtown oftener. There is no car like your own, even tho you do drive it yourself. What do you say?"

"Well, Miss Bernard," I answered, "all I can say is that I cant say a thing. Interviewers and cars are seldom on speaking terms."

Miss Bernard stepped on the self-starter, and a moment later we were on our way. West on Forty-fifth Street to Eighth Avenue, down the Avenue to Forty-fourth Street, and then back to Broadway we went. At Forty-second Street we were forced to wait for a moment until the traffic-officer, a tall, broad-shouldered Irishman, gave us the signal, and as we shot past him he doffed his cap and called out, "Saw you in the movies last night, Miss Bernard; you were fine."

He failed to hear the cheery "Thanks" that Miss Bernard sang out, but if he caught a glimpse of the pleased smile on her face he felt amply repaid for breaking the "talking-to-your-friends" rule.

As I stepped from Miss Bernard's car, at Thirty-fourth Street, she admonished, "Now, be sure and tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, in your write-up. Say that I am twenty-six years old, and not twenty."

The Very Sad Fate of the Girl from Decat'

A shipwrecked screen star from Decatur
(Her figure was her *raison d'être*)
Was saved from the sea
By cannibals three—
Line 2 will explain why they ate her.

How do I write
A photoplay?
Well, I'll explain—
It's just this way:
First lay your scene—
The month of May,
A lonely road,
A mansion gray.
Then find your man,
A handsome chap—
Present him with
A dire mishap.
A maiden,
Chasing butterflies,
Comes to where
The hero lies.
She takes him to
Her home—'tis nigh—
And nurses him,
And time goes by.
Dan Cupid enters,
Bow and darts,
And thus entwine
Two loving hearts.
What do they bring?
I cannot say—
My last one came
Back yesterday.



THE PHOTODRAMA

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

HOW WILL THE WAR AFFECT PHOTODRAMA?

Close Views and Inserts

I offer the personal opinion that the Motion Picture industry will prosper and the Photodrama itself will be enriched because of the war.

The photoplaywright will do well to get in on the ground floor of the new structure that is about to be erected in the field of Photodrama. For with the change of temper on the part of the audiences there must come a vital change in the nature of their entertainment.

If we have not said so before, let us emphasize that Photodrama is nothing more or less than an *interpretation* of the popular temperament of the moment in artistic terms of entertainment.

There will be a startling reaction with the first shock the war will bring home to us. As we approach the Chasm our minds will be filled with sinister thoughts and our souls seek to be attuned to the infinite.

Individuals react individually. Some will seek solace, others diversion, and still others an atmosphere in tune with their highly keyed spiritual sense.

This would mean that three forms of entertainment would be largely resorted to. Plays reflecting charm, sweetness and all the gentler emotions would become the balm of solace to those afflicted with an open wound of sacrifice. Plays touching a predominant comedy note will be a haven to those fleeing from the wrath of war and its tidings. Plays with a slight religious trend of thought and treatment will meet the yearnings of the spiritually inclined.

By plays of charm I mean the Marguerite Clark type—plays with frail plot, perhaps (altho this need not always follow), but with abundance of "pretty" incidents, charming situations and personal accomplishment. There must be thruout a warp of comedy transversing a woof of pathos; the audience must be kept in laughter and tears.

By far the most popular form, I feel sure, will be the comedy-drama. Herein the photodrama will receive its most valuable development. Until a comparatively short time ago, fine comedy was thought to be too subtle for photoplay exposition. We saw and suffered from the half-baked farce from the very first. By fine comedies I do not mean exactly the Douglas Fairbanks type, nor yet the Charlie Chaplin variety. I mean, rather, plays on the order of the stage plays,

"The Boomerang," "Fair and Warmer" and "Turn to the Right."

I have tried to approximate my version of this type of comedy in "The Self-made Widow," just released by the World Film Corporation and starring Alice Brady.

Last of the three aforementioned types of the near future is the semi-religious play. This would include plays based on regeneration, miracles, faith and other themes broad enough to make them inter-denominational and non-sectarian. That is, plays that are spiritual rather than doctrinal. I saw a Thanhouser recently that was obviously Christian Science, yet the lesson was beautiful and finely handled.

The first shock of the casualties will no doubt bring a strong national reaction *against* all forms of amusements. It will seem profane to go to the theaters while our boys are in the trenches.

Too, there will be an appeal against the seeming extravagance of spending money to attend places of amusement.

Moderate and fitting diversion is the nation's safety-valve in times of extended calamity. Those who remain home and brood in a dark room will soon be unfit to do their bit in the trenches of national efficiency of the home army.

I think the stage-theater will suffer. The spirit of economy will grow strong against the general admission that is more than 50 cents.

The Motion Picture will then come into its own more than ever as The People's Playhouse, with prices to fit the People's Purse.

Screenings from Current Plays

When one sees the name of a well-known novelist like Cyrus Townsend Brady emblazoned as the author of a photoplay one naturally expects something excellent.

"The More Excellent Way" is the title of a Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature play made enticing *before* taking because of Mr. Brady's authorship.

Here's the story in its chestnut shell: The story opens pleasantly with the death of the heroine's father. The heroine is Anita Stewart and her guardian is Charles Richman. For love's own reason Anita loves a young man who Mr. Brady announces in melodramatic lines is branded with the curse of drink, and the moment he appears he begins to swill the fatal fluid.

Somebody gives Anita a coming-out party, and the poor young nut tanks up just as we feared. Later he attempts to kiss Anita violently, and she puts a bit of novelty into this hoary situation by knocking him cold in a way that would do credit to Jess Willard. Richman comes in and announces pathetically that the young man must have slipped.

One is apprehensive for Richman, who now proceeds to make love to Anita within easy reach of her mighty right. Anita narrows her eyes a moment and then consents to marry Richman.

They are married, and the disappointed alcoholic suitor slips in and Anita looks into his eyes and he picks up what looks like a tube-rose—you've seen this scene so often that I know I'm boring you.

In the bridal suite that evening Anita confesses that she had not thought, and Richman sees her modesty and walks in the snow all night long in his tuxedo.

A day or two later the young inebriate sobers up long enough to come and make love to Anita. Richman catches him and knocks him down. Anita takes his part and announces she is going straight to Reno.

Richman, we now learn, is a movie railroad magnate. The boy inebriate is the center of a powerful group of financiers. Oh, yes, we were surprised, too.

The young inebriate is about to ruin Richman in a speech the words of which we fortunately do not hear, when Richman turns the tables on the group, in some intervening scenes which have fortunately been left out. Then the despicable inebriate thinks of a way to crush Richman. Anita has two millions which will break her husband if used against him. The young devil wires Reno and Anita dashes back an immediate reply to the effect that nothing will give her more pleasure than to give the paltry amount, etc.

The inebriate goes to Anita's lawyer and is about to be given the two million dollars in securities—a very lean bunch

of papers—on no further credentials, when Anita learns they are to be used against her husband, and sends a second telegram with no more emotion.

For some occult reason, Anita decides to return to her husband. The curse of drink flames in the veins of the thwarted inebriate and the author puts a revolver in a convenient drawer. Richman and Anita are brought together thru another stroke of Providence.

Here is the point. I'll wager that ninety per cent. of the readers of this department can put together a better play than the foregoing fanfare.

Questions and Answers

The following is an up-to-date list of Photoplay Markets.

This list was begun in the August number of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and will be continued in installments until completed.

It is suggested that writers of Photoplays cut the list out and keep it for constant reference.

A revised list will appear from time to time.

6. CALIFORNIA MOTION PICTURE COMPANY, San Rafael, Cal. (Temporarily out of the market.)
7. CANADIAN NATIONAL FEATURES, 309 Dominion Bank Building, Toronto, Can. (Plays that nationally reflect Canada.)
8. CHRISTIE FILM COMPANY, Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, Los Angeles, Cal. (Short comedies.)
9. CONQUEST PICTURES (see Edison). (Juvenile, boy, 2-reel.)
10. DREW, MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY (see Metro). (2-reel comedies built around the Drews.)

As a practical supplement to Mr. Phillips' series of articles on the Photodrama, it will greatly aid our readers to read "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. This little book goes right to the roots of photoplay requirements, and is the slow-gathered experience of a very successful photoplay writer. We will supply the Primer for 50c. postpaid. —*The Editors.*



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS BEING PRESENTED WITH SILVER SPURS ON HIS 34TH BIRTHDAY BY HIS LEADING-LADY, EILEEN PERCY, ON BEHALF OF FAIRBANKS' COMPANY OF PLAYERS

Whom God Hath Forsaken



STUART HOLMES

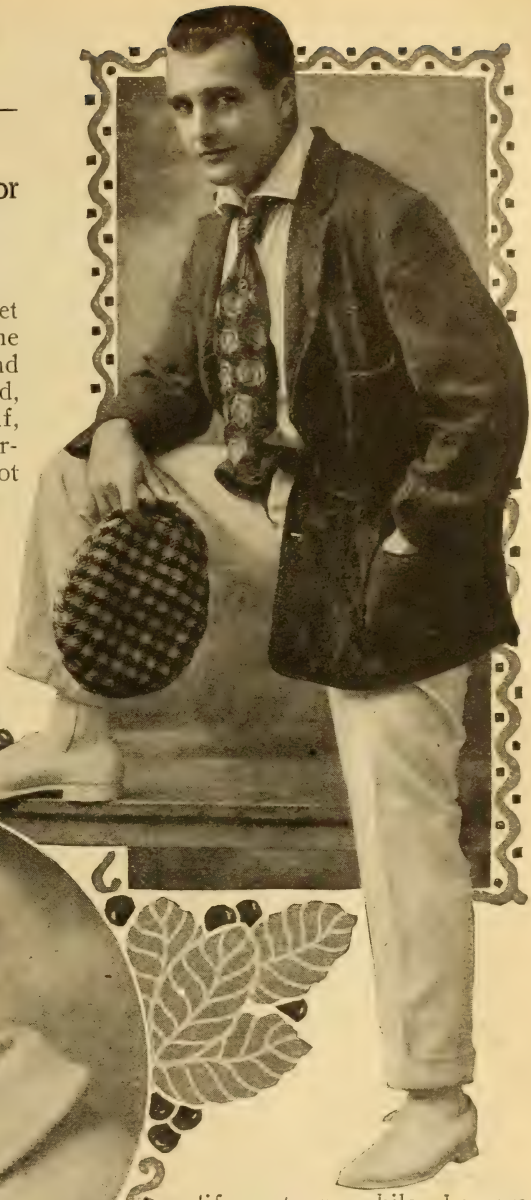
Long known as the Fox villain, Stuart Holmes has recently broken away from stock villainy, and has presented a series of heart-studies that are masterpieces of portrayal. His Dimmesdale, in "T Scarlet Letter," and his forthcomi "The Derelict," are studies of men whc God hath seemingly forsaken.

William Garwood Plays Various Rôles—

Director, Actor, Athlete, Author

By NINA DOROTHY GREGORY







WILLIAM GARWOOD

FROM "Caledonia, stern and wild; meet nurse for a poetic child"—from the land of song and story; the land of Burns and Scott, of clan and of plaid, of heather and of golf, comes the line of Garwood. And so it is not strange that many highly developed gifts find most happy expression in that veritable idol of the screen, William Garwood. Young, only thirty-three; really a singularly and strikingly handsome man among men; unmarried—not in the Reno sense, but in the good old-fashioned way of having remained modestly undiscovered by his life-partner while he was being discovered by every one else—"Billy" would seem to call for an explanatory word rather than an introduction to his hosts of friends and admirers.

His pictures show a keenly alert mentality and a splendidly balanced poise. They indicate no lack of accord with the high histrionic values he has created and so successfully directed, first in the great training-camp of the mimic world of the drama, and, later, in the last refinement of the art of silent expression, the

enduring record of the films. His watchword is "realism." After appearing for several years with noted players on the legitimate stage, Mr. Garwood entered the Motion Picture world in 1910, as a member of the Thanhouser Company, starring, as Bertie, in "Under Two Flags," opposite Florence LaBadie's Cigarette; as Walter Hartridge in "The Woman in White," opposite Marguerite Snow, and in many other well-remembered successes.

Three years later he joined the Majestic Company, playing prominent parts in "The Van Wardens' Rubies" and "The Shoemaker and the Doll." The following year he was featured in American productions, sharing honors with Vivian Rich in "The Lost Sermon" (as John Strong) and in "Nature's Touch" (as Richard Stone). His work made him more popular than ever, and he responded to a call from the Universal Company. He remained there two years, directing and appearing in one-reel comedy-dramas opposite Violet Mersereau, and in the popular serial, "Lord John's Journal."

Then the Triangle octopus reached out its Ince tentacle and William Garwood (as Frank Gerard) starred with Enid Bennett in "The Little Brother" and in other productions. He next found his way into the Metro fold, playing Eric Southard, the young lawyer of good family, in "A Magdalene of the Hills," opposite Mabel Taliaferro.

During his college days he was one of the most popular amateur actors in Drury University, Springfield, Mo. He also qualified as a chemist and metallurgist, and spent some time in testing ores in the zinc mines of Joplin, Mo., and around Denver. Now he registers his occupations as photoplay actor and farmer. He has wisely planted his savings in productive acres of the broad, fertile valleys near Los Angeles, and has planted these acres in onions, raising both bumper crops and a bulging bank account.

He keeps his five feet ten inches height and one hundred and sixty-five pounds weight in perfect athletic condition by swimming, motoring and football playing, when not engaged in the studio work or hoeing onions in his garden.

His kindly brown eyes express not only sympathetic unselfishness, but also independent and dignified reserve. From each particularly well-groomed dark hair of his well-shaped head to the immaculate white canvas tip of his oxfords he always appears the gentleman. Genial, companionable, an excellent actor and a good business man, he is at once the student and the author, the artist and the critic, the idealist and the practical manager.

A Romance of the Photoshow

By HELEN PARKINSON

The moon is shining softly on the lake of midnight blue,
And the shadows creeping onward—are they lonely, just these two,
In their boat upon the water, swaying gently with the breeze,
With the moon up there in heaven as the only one who sees?

'Twas a scene within a movie, and the beauty was sublime—
As we watched his hand creep nearer, why, I felt a hand in mine;
As He leaned to whisper gently, something brushed against my ear;
As He asked her, "Do you love me?" some one whispered, "Do you, Dear?"

Then I looked, and Tom was asking, as the man upon the screen
Asked the maiden in the picture to fulfil his life's long dream;
Then I turned, but, blushing deeply, as he gently took my hand—
Tho I turned my head, I nodded, for I knew he'd understand.

As I looked, the picture maiden
Slowly drew her diamond on;
So I knew it was the movies
Made me love and marry Tom.



Photo by Apeda

DOROTHY KELLY (Vitagraph)

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen"

By H. SHERIDAN-BICKERS ("Yorick")

(*Continued from the August issue*)

WHATEVER they are, or whether they are not, they are the only possible products of such parents. But whence in the name of Peter Kyne's pink-toed prophet do such "mothers" come?

What is the secret of the hundred horse-power magnetism of the movies? Why is it the studios attract to the ranks of their aspirants, the aged and the infant, the educated and the illiterate, the professional, the amateur and the *sham*ateur? Any one of them could earn a better living picking lemons, or peddling papers. Nothing but acute vainglory could possibly account for the daily presence of most of these volunteers in every movie camp. Few, even of the best qualified, or even the best looking, have any chance of success. Some get a sort of a living by their very eccentricities of appearance or peculiar accomplishments other than acting. Persons with dropsy or Bright's disease are pretty sure of fairly regular work with the various comedy companies. Whoever said "Nobody loves a fat man" had never been much to the movies! Those in an advanced state of tuberculosis or some other wasting disease are likewise reasonably assured of occasional employment. Snake-charmers, fire-eaters, dwarfs and other Barnumed beauties, or Sells-Flotonic freaks, may occasionally demand (and get) good money, tho the popularity of performing apes is quickly crowding ordinary actors and actresses out of business. Circus clowns, of course, can command higher salaries than cabinet ministers or even musical-comedy queens! But the wise parent will find it more profitable to "raise one's boy to be a soldier," or to bring up one's girl to be a politician.

The only qualities which will always win thru in the end are those of pluck, patience and persistence. But of these, pluck is purely a matter of temperament; patience the product of financial resource; and persistence the offspring of aspiration and will. With this trinity in unity you may become a star. But, if one be lost, the others become of no avail.

While every movie camp is doubtless a favorite recruiting ground for the sensualist, the seducer and the white-slaver, that is not to say that its standard of morality is necessarily lower than that of any other place of commercial employment. It is high time the Motion Picture profession took issue with its traducers. While any occupation—particularly those which appeal to the æsthetic faculties—has its black sheep, its goats and its swine among its live-stock, I have seen nothing in Motion Picture studios to compare with the putrescence of those puritanical Pecksniffs, those carrion-minded Chadbands, who love to vilify and slander the workers of a profession whose boots they are not worthy to blacken. As one who has been in "close-ups" with the dramatic profession all his life, not only as playwright, publicist and critic, but as an actor and producer both on stage and screen, I venture to think that the morality of the much despised "extras" of the silent drama will compare favorably with that of any of their critics in the more voluble professions. This is, I know, incredible to those who have been "yellow-pressed" by the bilious-minded into believing that the movie camps are reincarnations of Sodom and Gomorrah, but it is less than the truth. As a matter of fact, the average Motion Picture people are probably the most respectable and the most domesticated of the entire theatrical profession. Further than that, considering all conditions, you will find that the poorest are the purest in the photoplay world. For one thing they cannot afford to be self-indulgent. Profligacy is too destructive of physique; and in no other calling in the world is a fine physique and a good appearance so essential. Sex relationships may be regarded with less prurient curiosity and intolerance than distinguish those employed in less æsthetic occupations, but in no other vocation is clean living more necessary to secure, much less to keep, work.

Motion Picture acting makes a unique demand on the physical, as well

as the psychical, system. Body and nerve alike must be strong, the mind must be clear, the habits clean. Unlike its sister branches of the dramatic profession, Motion Picture acting, it must be remembered, is out-of-doors work. Even the apparent interior scenes are made 'neath God's good sunshine out-of-doors. At the worst, the "sets" are under glass.

The work, moreover, is practically all done by day. The average working day is from 8:30 A. M. to 5:30 P. M., with changes and modifications governed by light and *sunshine*. Show me the man who works in the sunshine, and I will show you the man whose soul is least in need of soap.

Sunshine and Fresh Air—These are the priceless attributes to the every-day work of those engaged in Motion Picture work. It is a profession, peculiar for its dependency on sunshine and outdoor location; unique in the time and facilities it gives for healthy and happy home-life. You will find entire families working as "extras," and many employed in the regular companies at the studios.

Openings for Families

The employment of more than one member of a family in the same studio makes for stability. So many employees are engaged in capacities other than acting that this is easy. Your wardrobe mistress may be the wife of your leading-man, whose sons may be anything from an artist to a property boy, or an assistant director to a camera-man, or even the exalted and exclusive scenario writer, who is little seen outside his own scenario. Scenario writing is, on the whole, the most peaceful department of studio work, tho it causes the most trouble.



THE DAILY LINE-UP, WAITING FOR PARTS

(That's why some of us give up acting for scenario writing. After you are married, one is always seeking for peace, only to find trouble.) Your daughter too, apart from acting, may be anything from the little-seen scenarioist to the "under-developed" laboratory superintendent or the "over-exposed" publicity expert. If she has enough brains and brutality, she may even become a director, tho up till now no woman has been found callous enough to take on the job

of the camera-man. The best job is that of purchasing agent, but this plum is generally reserved for the proprietor's son, who can be trusted to safeguard the firm's interest equally with his own.

This tendency to utilize the services of married folks and their families in preference to the single and unattached not only promotes stability, but harmony, loyalty and reliability among the staff. It has not, of course, threatened yet to freeze out the single person, but if two or more members of the same family can be utilized together, they will probably be given the preference. Apart from this strong factor in the promotion of morality is the fact that in the Moving Pictures infants and old people are working together. This increases both the sense of self-restraint and the idea of domesticity. The old people, if at all pleasant, are very popular among film folks, whose warm, and too often lonely, hearts go out even more readily to the children than those of their audiences. The well-governed studio has indeed much of the spirit of the happy family. In those—such as Ince's (The New York Motion Picture Corporation)—which employ a large stock company instead of engaging "extras," this "happy family feeling" is particularly noticeable. As soon as you start to walk round the beautiful Ince studios at Culver City, you are made sensible of the "camaraderie" and good fellowship that exist between all departments. ("Camaraderie" is good—*n'est ce pas?*")

To "Stock" or Not to "Stock"

This idea of relying entirely upon one's regular company to provide the atmosphere is—I think unfortunately—losing ground. The tendency in almost all other studios is to decrease their "stock" and rely more and more upon the "extras" who are paid by the working-day instead of a fixed salary every week. Any economy effected by relying on cheap outside help is more than offset by the time (and film) wasted in teaching these people *how* to act. Moreover, the engagement of "extras" is unsatisfactory—first, to the director, who has constantly to use strange material; secondly, to the business and engagement departments, who can never wholly rely on the persons thus engaged turning up; thirdly, to the regular actors and actresses, who are at an inevitable disadvantage when playing with unknown, and for the most part unskilled, people; and last but not least, to the "extras" themselves, who cannot do their best when weighed down with poverty and the knowledge that next day, or the day after, they will again be hunting for work. The system of engaging "extras" instead of relying on stock for small parts and small crowds is wholly vicious. It is productive of much waste and untold worry. It reduces the prestige of the player, and lowers the "morale" of the entire profession. Comparisons are odious, but one need only compare the productions of those concerns who rely mainly on their stock companies with those who engage the maximum of outside people in order to maintain a minimum of stock, to see which system makes for the better pictures, and therefore for better business.

What "Extras" Have to Answer For

It is not that the average "extra" is unintelligent or wholly inexperienced. It is the precariousness of his or her position that makes for bad results both in work and leisure. Stability of employment makes for stability of character. Irregularity of work breeds irregularity in everything else. It is not the "extra" but the system that is to blame. It is the regular members of the profession, however, who pay for the sins of the "extras." If one of these casual and unqualified applicants for work at any of the Motion Picture studios gets into trouble, she says she is in "the movies," and the papers promptly promote her to the ranks of the "movie queen." Probably she has never played a leading part in her life. Possibly she has never been more than mere "atmosphere" (*i.e.*, one of a crowd). In this case, we shall read of "Pretty Movie Actress in Raid." If she has been accustomed to playing "bits" she will be called "well known" and "popular." If she has played any sort of a leading part even in one or two-reel pictures, however, this moral backslider can be nothing less than a "movie

queen." The public gets the impression, and the profession a further indignity. See how many movie actors or actresses, whom *you know of,* get into disgrace, and compare them to the number of artists, lawyers, or doctors, and you will talk no more of "immorality in the movie camps."

A Few Things to Think About

According to the critics and self-appointed censors of other people's morality you would think that "movie extras" had no ethics at all. It is true many of them would be better in other and more regular occupations. It is true, as in all occupations (save, of course, that of a policeman), that some of them are dishonest. It is also true that practically all of them are very poor, and that many of them are actually hungry. It is easy to be honest with a well-filled stomach and a well-lined purse. It is hard to hold to one's ideals of virtue when actual starvation is at your door and the rent collector is beckoning you to move out. Yet I have seen more Christian charity among a crowd of waiting "extras" than is in the hearts of all their traducers. Even among the poorest and least educated class of "extras," the men and women who are used in the big mob or battle scenes, you will find much that is admirable, and not a little that is heroic. I have seen men and *women walk* for seven, and even eleven miles to work, not having the price of a carfare until they draw their day's check. Not one or two, mind you, but one or two hundred! I have seen the same men and women lending each other their "make-up" and sharing each other's meals. These same people, too, will sit or stand all day under the broiling sun and then work right thru the night till after daybreak next morning! For night-work



CASTING-DIRECTOR ROGERS (FOX) CAUSING DISAPPOINTMENT TO A CROWD OF "EXTRAS"

they are of course paid extra. The amount of their checks? One dollar a day and grub!

Earning Your Money

What "extras" will do to earn their money is a story in itself. As I have said, the average for "atmosphere" work is two to three dollars a day. For "bits" and small character crowd work payment will go to five dollars; and for small parts requiring real honest-to-goodness acting, the reward will be from seven and a half to ten dollars a working day. The work is easy; indeed, the hardest thing about it is the idling. You are required to be on the lot within call and "made up" all day, but you may be used in only one or two scenes. Often you are not used at all. That has its consolations since it means another day's "work." The period of waiting to work is filled up by idle gossip or reading. Many of the women do needlework, no small quantity of which, I hear, finds its way to the trenches in Europe.



"EXTRAS" LINING UP FOR COSTUMES AT THE FOX LOS ANGELES STUDIO

Talking of trenches reminds me of my first experience as an "extra." As it shows what some of us will do for a dollar or so a day, I will quote it as a warning rather than an example to others. Strictly speaking, I was not engaged as an "extra," but my part called for the training and drilling of seven hundred of these dollar-a-day men as British soldiers. The job of teaching American "extras" British drill was "some job." These "extras" were not of course the regular studio "extras," but out-of-works of all kinds sent by one of the city employment offices. The picture was a multiple-reel production, which has taken thirteen months and over a million dollars to make. The scenes for which this army of "extras" was required

depicted the Sepoy Rebellion in India. Five hundred or more Mexicans were dressed and armed as Indian sepoys and tribesmen. An armed Mexican is an uncertain quantity—even in a Motion Picture. He is as apt to "go off" as his rifle. Some of the seven hundred others, who were dressed as British soldiers, were equally eager to start something, after two days' drilling under a California midsummer sun. As my front line was preparing to fire the first volley of blank cartridges, I noticed one old man loading his gun in a peculiar manner. Giving the company "order arms" I took the old fellow's gun and found he had placed within the cartridge a six-inch *nail!* As we were firing at about twenty yards, that man could have relied on shooting somebody thru the head as dead as the door-nail he was about to discharge. He protested that he was a "Socialist and a Christian, and didn't believe in war," but seeing that those around him were not quite the same sort of Christians, he "beat it" while I was endeavoring to hold off the lynching!

But that was only the start. In the "battle" that followed, I got a sabre-cut on the head from an excited Hindoo, which enabled me to die down by the camera in a pool of my own (*not* the company's) blood, and subsequently necessitated my removal to the hospital, where two stitches made a new man of me. The next day, I charged thru blinding smoke into a carefully concealed camera, which upset the operator and dislodged two of my front teeth. A "brother officer" got one of his eyes gouged out by a clumsily handled bayonet, while one of the opposing army got bayoneted in the chest. That picture sure ought to be realistic! Anyway, it's *some* consolation for getting struck over the heart to know that it's all for art's sake!

The Other Side of the Screen

It was during the filming of that wonderful war picture "Civilization" that one of the unrecognizable mob of women "extras" died. Her husband, who loved her devotedly, was almost distraught with grief. When the picture was produced in Los Angeles, this man (a well-known, respected tradesman in Culver City) went night after night just to see if he could not identify his dead wife in the crowd. *He had no picture of her,* and wanted to see if he could not get one made from any part of the film in which she appeared. Day after day he haunted the theater, trying to identify the loved one who had gone. The search was vain, and the widower and his three "kiddies" today have no portrait of the mother who meant so much to them all. That is the other side of the "extra's" life—the side we do not see on the screen; the side they are apt to forget who so readily traduce the character of those of whom they know nothing.

"Pull" Goes Further Than "Push"

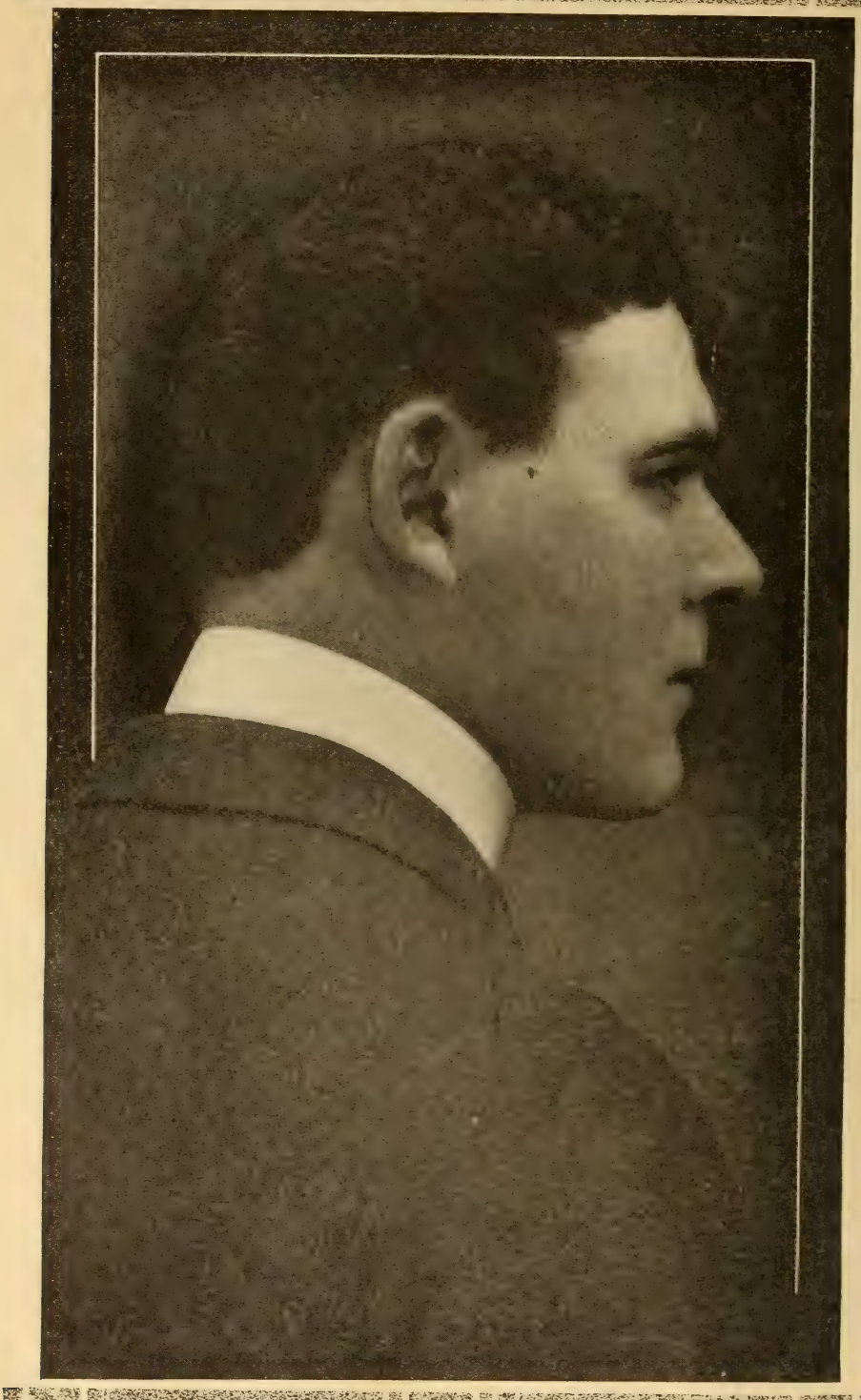
The difficulty of getting on in the Moving Picture business is that luck counts for more than pluck; beauty is better than brains, and a little "pull" will open the doors to success far quicker than any amount of "push." "Push," pluck and patience may be the three cardinal virtues for those who would "get on" in the movies, but the three things that have got them beaten a mile for results are prettiness, precocity and "pull," and the greatest of these is—"Pull!"

The Camper's Lament

By HUGH HOLBROOK

I like to hear the night-birds as they warble in the trees,
And I like to hear the water's distant tune;
I like to watch the campfire as it dances with the breeze,
And the little stars that wink behind the moon.

I like the days of sunshine, and the nights divinely sweet,
And the fragrant air about me as I roam
Thru forest paths long silent. Yet my joy is incomplete—
I'm longing for the picture shows at home.



BENJAMIN WILSON (Universal)

The Dalton Delilah

An Intimate Impression of "My Chum Cleopatra"

By H. SHERIDAN-BICKERS ("Yorick")

I HAVE discovered the antidote to ennui. I am not sure that I have not found a means for bringing the dead to life. Be this as it may, it is certain that for resuscitating those drowned in despondency the much-boosted Scaeffer method of the Royal Life Saving Society is not in it with one look at Dorothy Dalton.

She is a veritable Cleopatra reincarnated with a sense of comedy. If Teddy Roosevelt could have married a daughter of the Pharaohs, America might do homage to another Dorothy Dalton. As it is, Mr. Ince's Daltonian ray threatens to prove unique. Whether you like her or not, there is no one quite like her. She is a female Mowgli, of Kipling's imagining, whose personality is as kaleidoscopic as her costumes, and whose acting is as alluring as it is alive and breathing with artistic abandonment. Dorothy Dalton is a devil-may-care Delilah. Her



DOROTHY DALTON

fascination is uncanny. It chloroforms criticism. It defies analysis.



"DOT" PREPARING A *PETIT DÉJEUNER*

Playgoing Pecksniffs and cinematic Chadbands may revile against it as sheer animal magnetism. But it is much more than that; for its very passion is pure. She is a living paradox in petticoats, whose actions on and off the stage can express anything from the humor of a Rabelais to the sublime tragedy of a Goethe.

Her personality is international. It combines the joyous exuberance of America with the sensuous mysticism of Egypt; the romantic abandonment of the Russian with the good-humored mimicry of the Parisian *gamin*.

The Dalton Delilah may be described as anything from "a queen of beauty" to "a good sort." I shall always think of her as "my chum Cleopatra."

On the stage she can be—and generally has to be—the incarnation of evil; off the stage, she is the living embodiment of good-nature and good-fellowship. On the stage, "Dorothea" is not dignified enough to express her diabolic queenliness; off the stage, she is known by every one as "Dot." Such, in a word, is the difference between the art and the personality of Dorothy Dalton.

"My chum Cleopatra" was born on the 22d of September, 1893. Chicago claims the modern Cleopatra as its birthplace, and it was in her native city that she gained her first experience of the stage. Success on the legitimate stage was not enough for this ambitious young lady. She felt she must write. She *did*, and with her first play, "The Smuggler," secured a "big time" Orpheum tour. But vaudeville did not appeal to Miss Dalton, who—as she says—prefers to do her "jumping" on the back of a horse. To make good in fifteen minutes after traveling fifteen hours is, to her original way of thinking, an exaggerated pleasure; so that while she looks back on her Orpheum tour with the pleasure inseparable from hard-earned success, she has pleasanter recollections.

During Miss Dalton's varied adventures in stationary stock, and in vagarious vaudeville, the exodus from the Palestine of the playhouses to the Mecca of the movies had begun. Athletic and ambitious, Mistress Dorothy Dalton was not slow to appreciate the lure of more salary and sunshine.

Ever intent on doing big things, she determined to conquer the World, which was just then in process of creation. Feeling that this World—like its predecessor—seemed incomplete without another Eve, they gave the spare rib to Dorothy Dalton, who made her screen début in their first production, "Across the Pacific."

But Ince, the Inevitable, had got his ubiquitous optics on the versatile and beautiful young actress, and it was not long, you may be sure, before Dorothy Dalton was given her first "reel chance" in the Kay-Bee Triangle feature, "The Disciple." That was nearly two years ago, since which time Ince's (Kay-Bee) productions have come to be recognized not only as the apex of the Triangle, but of all other productions.

With that of the Ince-Triangle features,

the reputation of Dorothy Dalton rose with dynamic regularity and force. Her favorite parts, she tells me, were those she played with H. B. Warner in the superb Ince-Triangle production of "The Raiders," the title rôle of "The Jungle Child," and that of the dance-hall singer in "A Gamble of Souls." Other striking characterizations in Ince-Triangle features include such varied leading rôles as those of Tecaloti in "The Captive God," Queen Anne in "D'Artagnan," "Civilization's Child," and the vampire-artist of "The Female of the Species," in which you will see her as a veritable volcano of voluptuous beauty, covered by a kaleidoscope of costumes, from which pour forth a stream of sensuousness and a cataract of cruelty that meet in a veritable whirlpool of wanton wickedness and subtle seductiveness.

Her Gloria Marley is a soul-destroying artist, clad in the chimerical costumes of super-civilization. And, ye "penates" of Paris and fairies of Fifth Avenue, what costumes! First she will appear in a "pousse café" from Paquin, the effect of which (even on the screen) is more intoxicating than the liqueur. Each succeeding gown is more ravishing and (whisper this not to a red-flannel-union-suited censor) more of a "revelation" than the one before it. Indeed, after the fourth or fifth change of costume, one wonders how many more it will take to leave no change to make.

Her personality inflames the imagination and fearlessly challenges the cruelest criticism, but—like her acting—it flames thru the film as irresistibly as a prairie fire. But in all its artistic abandonment, there is some subtle appeal in her acting that baffles the bilious-minded and strangles the scandalous. It is more than the beauty and purity of unforced and unrestrained womanliness. It has the concealed charm of the girl, who radiates health and humor, and whose personality is as full of passionate purity as her acting is of pure passion.

In these days of middle-class mediocrity, one should return thanks for anything unusual. The dual personality of Dorothy Dalton on the screen and in the street is surely the apotheosis of the unusual.

In private life Miss Dalton presents the same curious complexity of character which her versatility in expression creates on the screen. There is "Dot" Dalton the athlete, and Dorothy Dalton the student; "Dot" the fun-maker, and Dorothy the philosopher.

You never know whom



GETTING RIGHT DOWN TO CALICO AND MUFFINS IN THE KITCHEN

you are going to find. I doubt if she knows herself. One day you will be whisked off to play tennis and golf with her. Another day you will have to ride or swim. In the winter you can ride and skate; or, if *you cant, she can!* Or, another day will find this distracting damozel deep in the study of Schopenhauer (whom she dislikes) or of Shaw (whom she loves). Miss Dalton talks, as she acts and plays, with rare intelligence and enthusiasm. She loves learning and has an unfailing sense of humor. Like all Virgo people, she has fine discriminating power and keen judgment. Difficulties with her exist only to be overcome; hope and ingenuity prove infallible conquerors. Perfect contentment is denied her only by her ambition and love of change. Her good-humor makes any other passion but a transitory one. Her repartee is as ready as her good-humor.

During the filming of "A Gamble in Souls," "Dot" Dalton had to rescue William Desmond from a watery grave by dragging the half-drowned hero up the beach, out of the surf. The Pacific surf that day was running as heavy as "Bill," who is himself six-feet-something of solid manhood and approximately 180 pounds in weight. The waves were rolling, the camera-crank was turning, and "Dot" was pulling her d—dest. But "Bill" could no more be moved than Ince's most heartless "heavy."

"Go on, Dot!" roared Director Edwards. "Pull, girl, pull! *Pretend he's heavy!*" he added, with true Edwardian satire, to the struggling actress, knee-deep in sand and surf.

"Yes!" coughed the dauntless Delilah, as another desperate pull landed her in the water on her back. "I know, Walter; you want me—to—*pretend it's WET!*"

"Pretend it's good!" has since become a slogan at Culver City, with which to taunt any director who is not satisfied with an actor's effort. It gives the keynote to the cheerful camaraderie which exists among all Ince players, and which inspires all the work at the beautiful Culver City studios with a spirit that is unique. And, in that general spirit of joyousness and good-fellowship, none enjoys or gives out more than—Dorothy Dalton.



SEENA OWEN IN "MME. BO-PEEP" (TRIANGLE). MISS OWEN WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO SPREAD THE GOOD NEWS THAT SIX THOUSAND HEAD OF SHEEP HAD BEEN SHIPPED FROM OREGON TO RESTOCK THE ABANDONED HILLSIDE PASTURES OF NEW YORK STATE. SHE PROMISES TO KNIT SWEATERS AND PULSE-WARMING WRISTLETS FOR THE MARINES FROM THE FIRST CROP OF WOOL

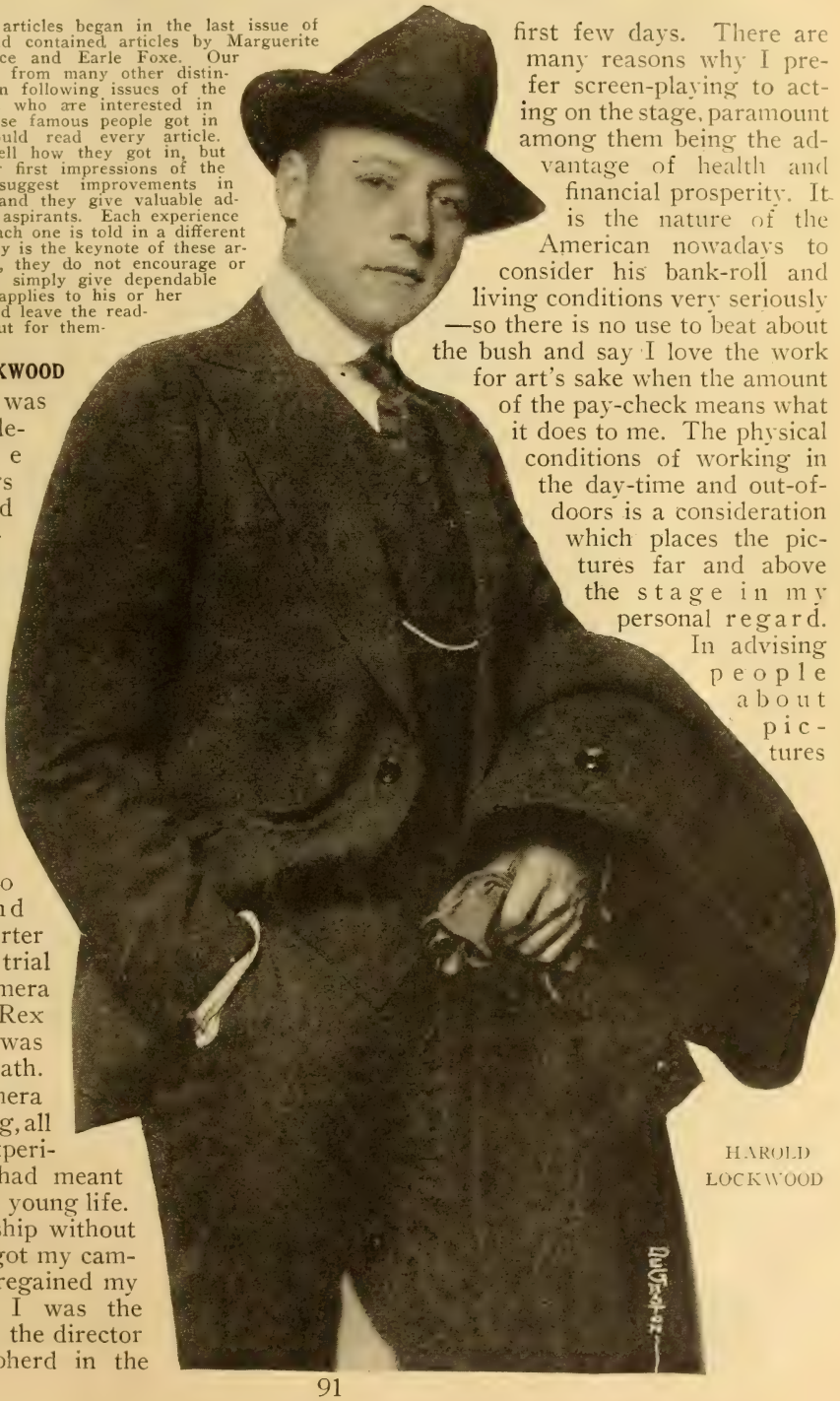
How I Got In

A Department in Which Leading Players Tell of Their Beginnings and First Ventures on the Screen

This series of articles began in the last issue of this magazine and contained articles by Marguerite Clark, Alice Joyce and Earle Foxe. Our readers will hear from many other distinguished players in following issues of the magazine. Those who are interested in knowing how these famous people got in the pictures should read every article. They not only tell how they got in, but they tell of their first impressions of the camera. They suggest improvements in Motion Pictures and they give valuable advice to photoplay aspirants. Each experience is different and each one is told in a different way. Individuality is the keynote of these articles. As a rule, they do not encourage or discourage. They simply give dependable information that applies to his or her individual case and leave the readers to study it out for themselves.

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD

WHEN I was in vaudeville about six years ago, my friend Archie McArthur, of the *Motion Picture World,* suggested to me that I would be a good type for work in pictures. I wasn't long in putting McArthur's suggestion into execution, and when Ed Porter gave me a trial before the camera in the old Rex Company I was scared to death. When the camera started clicking, all the stage experience I ever had meant nothing in my young life. I was like a ship without a sail until I got my camera legs and regained my equilibrium. I was the lost sheep and the director was the shepherd in the first few days. There are many reasons why I prefer screen-playing to acting on the stage, paramount among them being the advantage of health and financial prosperity. It is the nature of the American nowadays to consider his bank-roll and living conditions very seriously—so there is no use to beat about the bush and say I love the work for art's sake when the amount of the pay-check means what it does to me. The physical conditions of working in the day-time and out-of-doors is a consideration which places the pictures far and above the stage in my personal regard. In advising people about pictures



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

I always emphasize the necessity for displaying one's own naturalness and personality and forgetting that one is—or is trying to be—an actor. Unless the amateur is a genius, he had better not try to act, but merely be natural. Dramatic training will not help him, but a certain physical attraction and natural personality are necessary to make a success on the screen. Usually, dramatic ability is not especially desired. It is the new and refreshing in personal appeal or attractiveness which the producers try to find and exploit.

Many who want to get into pictures base their desires on the big salary lure, but they seldom stop to think that comparatively few are really getting big money out of the business. It is a notorious fact that the money comes easily and then goes the same way. The life or popularity of a film star is short at the best, and the actors had better put their money away in the bank. Some day—all too soon—they will be out of the public eye. It takes only a few months' absence from the screen to drop out of sight.

By CREIGHTON HALE

I WAS playing in a Broadway production when a prominent producer saw me, and in a few weeks I found myself, to my great surprise, before the camera. As for my "first impressions," I never felt so awkward on the stage as I did before the camera. An audience, as a rule—unless one is *too* bad—looks friendly, but the camera appears anything but friendly. However, I tried to compromise, as a wise person should always do with an enemy, and the camera and I became friends.

Being asked which I like better—stage or photoplay—is like being asked "Which do you like better—pie or cake?" One is as good as the other and equally to be desired, so I like them both. If I should make a choice, I am sure it wouldn't hold overnight; so, you see, it's just about fifty-fifty.

I would not suggest any improvements in Motion Pictures. That is not my place. My business is to get the very most out of the part assigned me, to do it the best I can. It is the public's business to suggest the improvements and the producer's to carry them out as far as best and practicable—not the actors'.

And about photoplay "aspirers" I say, first—Be sure you have the talent; then go after the producers and stick until you get a hearing, then develop your talent as quickly as you can.

By ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

HOW did I come to go into pictures? I may as well tell the truth and say, "Because I saw possibilities of making money that could not be made on the stage, no matter what one's drawing powers might be." It will readily be seen that the money began to pour in right away when, as a first move, I joined the Keystone Company and worked on the Keystone police force for $3.00 per day. But I had made up my mind to get into pictures and would have taken that first job had the pay been three a month. I didn't mind the small pay, for I figured that it was my schooling. I learnt a great deal by close observation, and was never afraid to ask, "Why was it done?"

About the camera, I never gave it a thought. A laugh is a laugh, whether in front of a camera or on the stage. There is no difference. My one thought in working in front of the camera is to keep things jumping and not let the action lag.

Personally, and speaking of the work itself, I like the stage better than photoplay, but principally because I am lazy. On the stage I learnt my part and rehearsed it. When the show opened, my worry was over for a year or longer. A Moving Picture studio is no playground. When I am working in pictures there is not a moment of the day that my mind is not on the picture I am making, and it is very hard—especially for a lazy man—to keep it up continually. But there

are compensations, and having a permanent home is the greatest one.

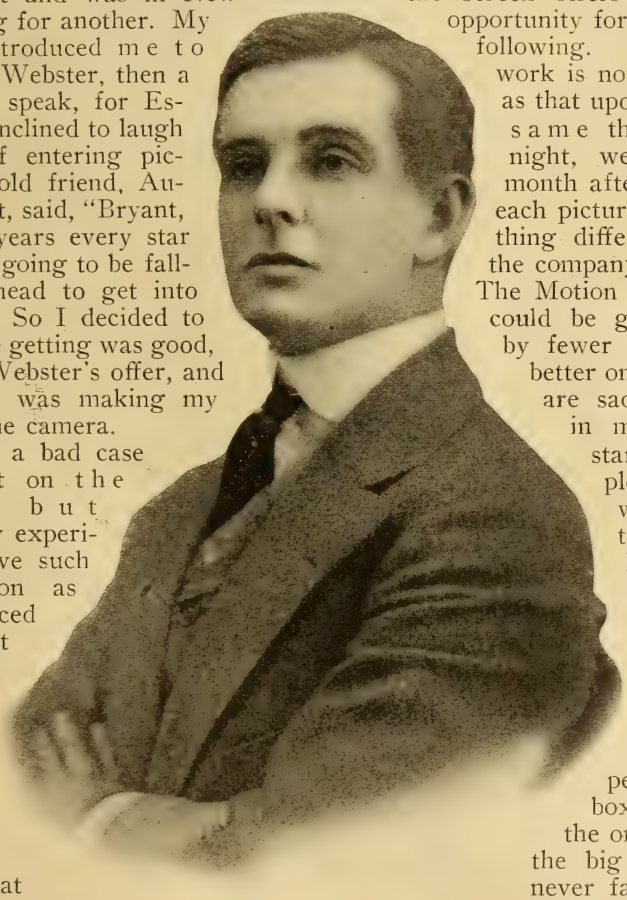
As to improvements in Motion Pictures, I have nothing to suggest, only better pictures. Pictures are comparatively new, and, like everything else, they will improve with age.

I do not advise any one who has had no stage experience to go into pictures. For, except in rare cases, if they have not this training and experience, they will find themselves at the bottom of a long, long hill, and very few get to the top.

By BRYANT WASHBURN

I GOT in almost before I knew it. Six years ago I had concluded a stage engagement and was in New York arranging for another. My manager introduced me to Harry McRae Webster, then a "scout," so to speak, for Essanay. I was inclined to laugh at the idea of entering pictures, but an old friend, Aubrey Boucicault, said, "Bryant, within a few years every star on the stage is going to be falling over his head to get into the pictures." So I decided to get in while the getting was good, accepted Mr. Webster's offer, and a month later was making my début before the camera.

I never had a bad case of stage-fright on the speaking-stage, but never in all my experience did I have such nervous tension as when I first faced the camera. It is indescribable and was terrible while it lasted, but it passed off before the first picture was filmed, and that was the end of it.



CREIGHTON HALE

So long as pictures are being produced (which will be always) I shall not consider returning to the stage.

The ban of disapproval formerly laid upon the photoplay by the legitimate stage no longer exists. It is now recognized as one of the fine arts and has a lure all its own.

The field for development of one's talent is far greater in pictures and the screen offers a much better opportunity for a more intimate following. Then, too, the work is not so monotonous as that upon the stage—the same thing night after night, week after week, month after month. With each picture finished, something different is awaiting the company.

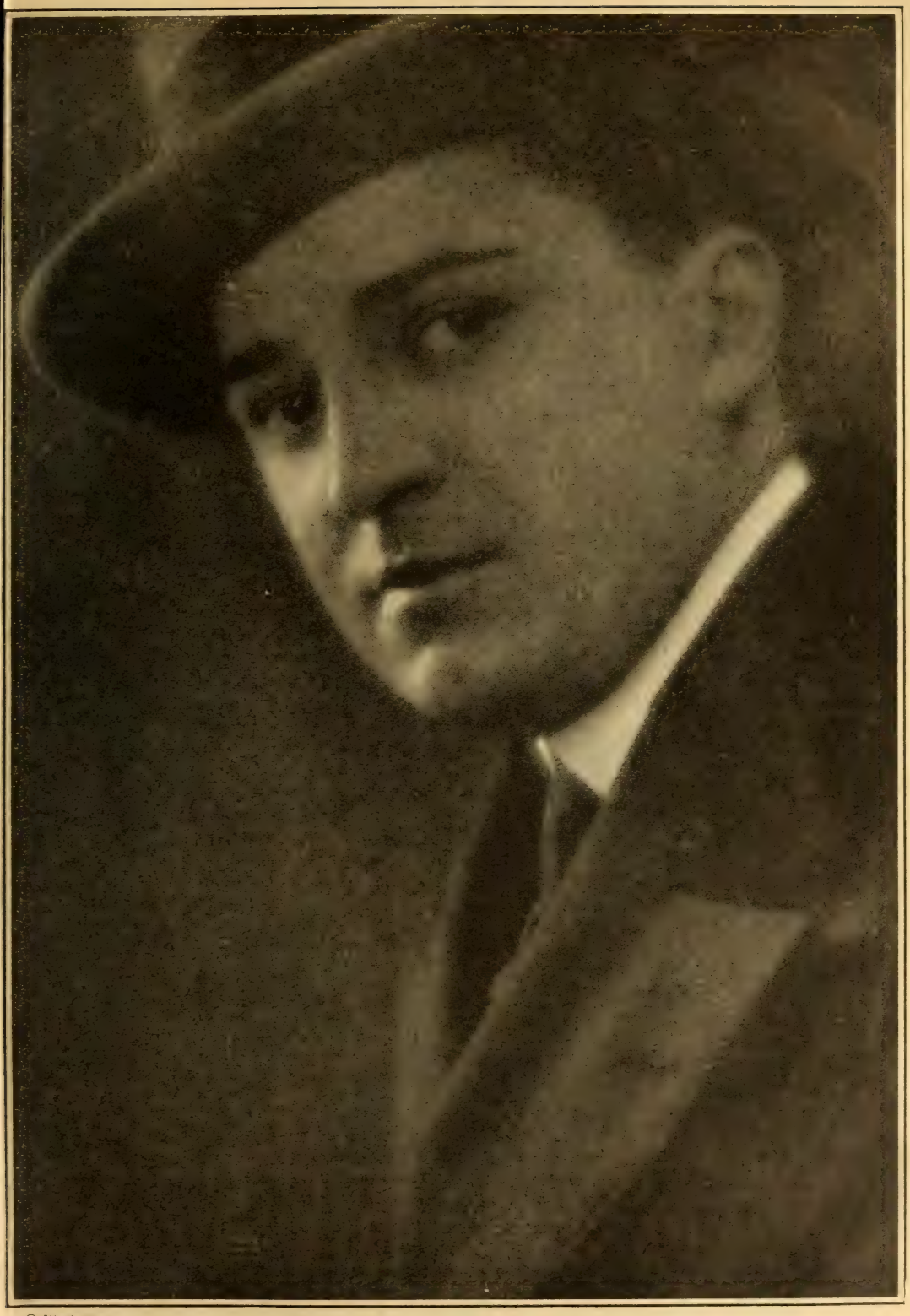
The Motion Picture business could be greatly improved by fewer productions and better ones. Good stories are sadly lacking, and in many cases the stars would be more pleasing if they were better fitted to their parts.

I seldom encourage an amateur to enter pictures. I believe that the field is already crowded, and, with few exceptions, the people with proven box-office value are the only ones who get the big parts. Still, I never fail to add to my answers to such aspirants that if they are capable of limitless patience and courage and are not afraid of hard work and discouragements—there is always room at the top.

But, after climbing the ladder to fame, it is another thing to stay there. It is one thing to get to the top; it takes grit to stick.



"FATTY" ARBUCKLE WAS NEVER SO FUNNY AS IN "THE BUTCHER BOY"



© Blackstone

BRYANT WASHBURN, OF THE ESSANAY PLAYERS

CUT-OUT PUZZLE



After mounting the entire page on cardboard, cut out the different parts, being careful to follow the outline closely. After the different parts are cut out, fit them together and you will have the head of a popular film star

The Limerick Love-Test—Try It!

Any Old Nut Can Sing to You or Cuddle Some When Spooning—But Make Him Write You a Limerick!

In the good old formal courtship days of Grandmother Dear, "lounge lizards" and "tango leopards" hadn't been admitted to the human zoo. Could he sing like a calliope or dance like a fay, Grandmother Dear's lover stood no chance if he couldn't write her a pretty valentine. Valentines were all hand-written, composed by the lovers themselves and dedicated to their sweethearts. If you are a maiden and your gallant says witty things to you, put his brains and his sentiments to the test—make him write you a witty Limerick. If he survives this, he's yours!

All the world loves a lover, and the screen lovers are the most gallant belles and beaux of all. Each month we offer $10 in prizes ($5, $2, $1, $1 and $1) for the neatest Limerick dedicated to the players. Those who have passed the love-test this month are: Frank Meulendyke, Fred Ziemer, Thomas Finnerty, J. W. Carden and Lester C. Willard.

HIS VALET SPEAKS.

"Oh, the love-letters long that I've carried!
And the indiscreet questions I've parried!
But I still can give thanks—
(Ladies, close up the ranks!)
Thank the Lord, Mr. Reid, that you're married!"

Katherine Harrison.
18 W. 10th St., New York City.

DISPROVING A PROVERB.

A romantic young person named Belle
Once saw Douglas Fairbanks and fell.
She said: "If he goes
To conquer our foes,
How could war be as awful as——what
Sherman said it was?"

Thomas Finnerty.
73 S. 2d St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



CARLISLE BLACKWELL

CHARLIE THE GROUCH CURE.

There was once a grouch in Ken-tuck-et,
Who would sour a lemonade bucket!
And he went to a show,
And saw Charlie sling dough!
And his laugh was so catchin' *I* tuk-it!

Gladys E. Smiley.
206 E. Tremont Ave., N. Y. City.

LOVE LAUGHS AT SCREEN-SMITHS.

If in life you would lengthen your stay
And arrest the grim specter "Passé,"
Then enjoy a snort
Watching Carlisle K-vort
Thru a red-blooded, "huggable" play!

H. E. Haanel.
Regina, Sask., Canada.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN



ANTONIO MORENO

BUT THEY BOTH DENY IT!

I HEAR you're engaged, Mister Tony,
And soon you'll commit matrimony;
You won "The Long Fight,"
Some Stor(e)y all right—
'Taint always that reel love is phony!

FRED ZIEMER.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

SALLY IN OUR VALLEY.

THERE was a young lady named Sally,
Who longed in the movies to dally;
She signed up to do "stunts,"
And she did them—just once—
Now she sleeps 'neath a stone in the valley!

FRANK MEULENDYKE.
3635 Grand Central Terminal, N. Y. C.

O "SON OF THE STARS," HAST GONE TO MARS?

SURE, phwere is Kerrigan gone?????
He's off agin—now he's on.
Faith th' Screen is THOT lonely
Fer Him an' Him only,
He's sure in rayquist, is thot Mon!!!!!

MRS. ELEANOR H. BERCEAU.
3435 W. Chicago Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WOUNDED IN THE HEART!

IF I were a soldier at Circe,
And was granted my own modest choice,
I'd hope to be shot
And brought to a cot
Where sweet Mary Charleson was nurse!

LESTER C. WILLARD.
42 Herriot St., Yonkers, N. Y.

DO YOU BLAME 'EM?

HERE's to dear Alan Hale,
He has caught us all in a gale.
If him I could get
And—keep him till yet,
Well—wouldn't the girlies turn pale?

LILLIAN CROSS.
375 Biltmore Ave., Asheville, N. C.

THE VERSATILITY OF SCREEN COURTSHIP.

A YOUNG fellow whose thought-dome was murky
Once remarked, with a smile that was smirky:
"Could I wed every queen
That I love on the screen,
I could run several harems in Turkey!"

J. W. CARDEN.
527 E. Martin St., Raleigh, N. C.



ART ACORD

HY, "BUCK"!

BE "Art" from Kenosha or Tampa,
On Fame's Stampin' Grounds he's no campa;
His live, wholesome "Buck"
Is the real Western truck,
And his looks his career cannot hampa!

MABEL BROWN SHERARD.
Belton, South Carolina.

Corenne Grant
A Reincarnation
By P. Allen Parsons

GAZE upon the picture which ornaments this article. Is there not there the spirit of old Egypt—the Egypt of the Pharaohs and the building of the Pyramids and the Sphinx—the Egypt of Cleopatra? Note the Semitic profile. You may see such profiles in bas-relief on the temples of Karnak, on the tombs of ancient Egyptian kings. Note the heavy hair concealing the ears, the asp upheld in hand, the clinging draperies. Thus might a priestess of Isis have sat and looked, yet here is not the dust of vanished years, but Corenne Grant, who plays the title rôle in Pathé's serial, "The Neglected Wife," produced in the Balboa studios in California.



CORENNE GRANT

Miss Grant herself posed this picture and the others which are published herewith, just as she insists upon posing all her pictures. Hers was the

Egyptian idea, and the costumes she made and designed herself. The idea did not come to her idly—she but gave expression to the ruling thought of her life, for Miss Grant is a Theosophist, a believer in reincarnation, and is satisfied that in her dwells the soul of a one-time priestess of Isis, who, with Osiris, was a powerful deity of that Egypt that has been dead these two thousand years.

Miss Grant is different, in every way different. Different in appearance, different in dress, different in her manner of thought and different in her way of living. She is interesting with a capital I.

She has studied Christian Science and theology, the latter of which in particular is, to say the least, a rather unusual subject for a photo-player to pursue. Where others study their press notices, the income-tax law or new ways of spending their money, Miss Grant studies the literature of the soul, dissertations upon the power of thought and man's spiritual past and present. On these subjects she is becoming an authority.



CORENNE GRANT

It may be remembered that recently the intellectual world was very much interested in a story which was widely published to the effect that soon a great figure would come out of the North, who would encompass the end of the war which is convulsing civilization, who would dominate the affairs of the world, and eventually would bring about an era of better things for all mankind. The story even intimated that this man of wonderful personality and colossal will would be a reincarnation of Julius Cæsar himself. The story was less specific as to who this man would be, but in some versions it stated that the man had already made his appearance and would probably be a journalist. It was more than hinted that Lord Northcliffe, the famous English journalist, might pos-

sibly be the man. Miss Grant, when asked her opinion upon this matter, replied with decision that Theosophists knew positively that this world-man would appear and that he really would be the reincarnation of Julius Cæsar. She refused to commit herself as to whether Lord Northcliffe was to be the man. Naturally the thought would suggest itself that if this were true there might be among the famous men of the world reincarnations of the great men of the past, so she was asked who President Wilson and Kaiser Wilhelm were in former life. In her reply Miss Grant made the statement that Napoleon was the reincarnation of Hannibal, the great Carthaginian general, and that Britain's grand old man, William Ewart Gladstone, was the reincarnation of Cicero, the famous statesman of ancient Rome. As to Kaiser Wilhelm, she parried the question by saying that if the writer desired to know the soul identity of the Kaiser he could find out by studying that portion of theology which tells the story of the lost Atlantis. Further questioning elicited the information that Miss Grant believes the Kaiser to be the reincarnation of some Atlantian emperor.



CORENNE GRANT IN EGYPTIAN DANCE POSES

Miss Grant was then asked if she is the reincarnation of some historic personality.

"I certainly am," she replied. "My spiritual self once resided in the body of one Mep-tis, a priestess of Isis, confidante of the Pharaoh, a woman of parts and power in her day."

Outside the door of the office in which we were talking, stage-carpenters

hammered and shouted and made a prodigious racket. One could hear the click of a turning camera, could hear the staccato directions of a director laboring with his company. In the next office a typewriting machine clattered and rattled like a miniature machine-gun, yet in the interviewer's mind came a vision of Egypt's burning sands, of long lines of camels, heavily laden, disappearing into a purple sunset, great troops of slaves by the banks of the muddy Nile, and in a huge and cheerless temple wrought of stupendous blocks, a sacred fire sending a tiny blue thread of smoke toward the vault of heaven, and a solemn and stately priestess with arms upraised chanting the greatness of Isis. And the face of the priestess was that of Corenne Grant, screen star of the twentieth century! It was uncanny, to say the least, especially while looking into the lady's eyes, which are large, dark and of a certain mystic quality.

Briefly, the belief of the Theosophists is that a soul returns to earth again and again in a certain cycle, provided it needs to learn and experience the special lessons necessary to become a part of a permanent ego which is perfection.

Miss Grant's birthplace was in New Orleans, and she believes that her ancestral lines include French, Spanish, English and Jewish blood. She is twenty-four years old, five feet four inches in height, weighs one hundred and thirty-three pounds, has coal-black hair of the indescribable blue-black kind that you sometimes see on French-Canadian girls, brown eyes so dark they are almost black, olive complexion, and is round, rosy, and at times so youthful-appearing as to be almost infantile. Born of a Christian family and brought up according to the tenets of the church, she has always been a truth-seeker, and has not believed because she has been told. She has preferred to find her own way, and so gravitated to the study of Theosophy. When a mere child she began the study of the early Grecian philosophy, and later extended this study to a research into the mysteries of Egyptian religion. She has her decided beliefs, but is fair in her views—granting to each person the right to his own beliefs.

Her influence upon her associates is very wholesome. Everybody at the studios likes her and goes to her for sympathy in time of trouble. "A clean mind, a clean conscience, and a clean body" are more than mere words to her. Criticism of others is repugnant to her, for to her we are all children of the same Father.

It is so easy to talk to her, she is so interesting, that the time slipped away rapidly and unnoticed. It was sunset as I turned to go. As I went out of the door I gasped. The pounding of the carpenters' hammers was answered. At the end of the yard rose against the glowing western sky a huge set, the front of an Egyptian temple. The great columns of stone had been successfully imitated. In front of the temple was an altar of stone which needed only the lazy spiral of smoke to complete its realism. Coming after that conversation, the effect was unbelievably impressive and ghostly. Miss Grant read my thoughts at a glance. She picked up a silken wrapper from a chair, draped it around her and, walking to the altar, stood behind it with arms upraised and eyes turned to the sky. The picture was complete. The priestess of Isis was claiming her own.

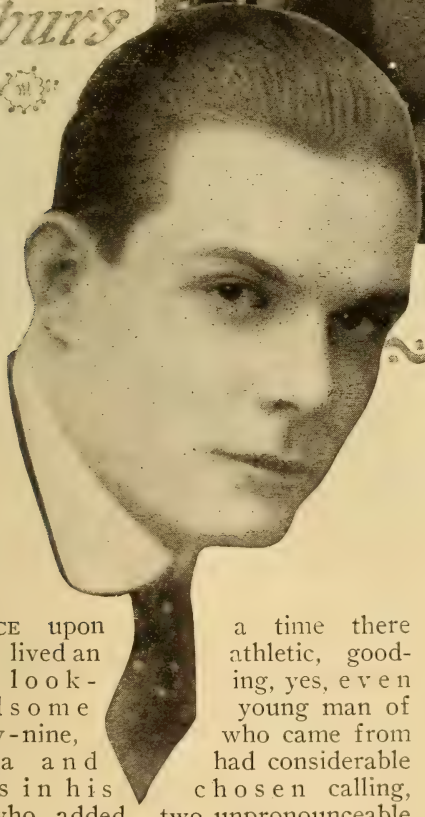
The Story of Picture Books

By MARY LEE TURNER

Egyptian boys, in ancient ages,
Read from picture-books with pages
Made of stone and carved in signs—
Circles, dashes, dots and lines.
Toiling monks, in later times,
Made the children's picture-rhymes,
Patiently, on parchment rolls,
Illuminating golden scrolls.
When printing-presses came in use
Boys and girls read "Mother Goose";
Then simple wood-cuts led the way
To picture books with colors gay.
Oh, modern child, look back and see
That all "the best is yet to be";
Your newest story's just begun—
You're reading only Chapter One—
And all the boys and girls who look
Can own a Moving Picture book!

Earl Foxe Alias Silver Spurs





by Carl W. Seitz

ONCE upon a time there lived an athletic, good-looking, yes, even handsome young man of twenty-nine, who came from Indiana and had considerable success in his chosen calling, and who added two unpronounceable "e's" to his already readable name, and he was a sociable fellow and not the least bit affected.

No, he is not a mounted specimen in the Central Park museum, as one might at first suspect, for he is a real live Motion Picture actor.

Do you remember "Silver Spurs," the lovable bandit that jimmied his way into your heart thru "The Love Mask"? Of course, and you recollect that young, mustached villain in "Public Opinion" and that dreadfully susceptible young architect, Richard Leigh, in "The Ashes of Embers." You saw that same young man, with the terrible polar-bear embrace, just a short time ago in "Panthea." Earle Foxe is the prisoner.

I caught him just as he was being held up in front of the studio, in New York. Do not worry; it was only a taxi-cab driver, who had been educated in a $2 \times 2 = 6$ school, and who swore that there were only one thousand feet in a mile.

A letter of "This will introduce, etc.," I did not have, for it was not necessary, knowing Earle fairly well—at least well enough to beg a cigaret when my supply has eloped, without incurring his wrath and displeasure. In fact, I could inscribe a Born-Married-Hobby interview about him without leaving my room.

A friend—or a person whom I considered a friend up to that time—however, swore that Earle Foxe was a conceited cad, or he would not carry around two superfluous "e's."



"Earle," said I, "why do you write your name E-a-r-l-e F-o-x-e? It sounds just a little bit affected."

"I had never given it a thought," pondered Earle. "I believe you are right, tho. But you know that I would hate to be considered conceited. I would rather change my whole name.

"I'll tell you what," he continued. "The next program that appears with my name will be printed without extra 'e's,' and if there is any difference I will be just plain Earl Fox."

Now, fans, please do not think that this is a hoax to fill up space and make publicity for Earle Foxe, for it is not. Those of you that attended the Broadway Theater in New York, when "The Ashes of Embers" was being shown, and received a program, please look it over. The character of Richard Leigh was played by Earl Fox, devoid of all flourishes.

No one seemed to notice the difference —at least Earle has received no letters concerning the change—so he has decided to reassume his inherited name.

Earle, to tell a little family history, is married to a girl he formerly addressed as Celia Stanton, and very happily, if I am any judge. He used to be a Broadway star before he Ruth Law-ed into the pictures, and it is possible that he will return to the stage the coming season. In regard to acting, I believe he has the proper spirit, for he says:

"I do not care to play the lead continually. Too much starring is apt to spoil the star. I like to play the rôle that requires the most application and has opportunity to use originality."

Earle Foxe has proved his innocence of affectation to my satisfaction and can burden his name with as many "e's" as he wishes. What is your opinion, devotees?

A Kiss for Susie

(Paramount)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the scenario by
HARVEY THEW



SUSIE NOLAN turned the eggs deftly in the frying-pan, whipped a pan of goldy-brown biscuits out of the oven and peered into a covered saucepan, her brows knit into a frown of intense contraction. And ever and anon her song rang out piercingly sweet, joyous as a robin in spite of the somewhat lugubrious words:

"Ha-ark from the too-umbs, a do-oleful so-ound!"

In the next room a creak of bedsprings and two heavy thuds, followed by loud, yawning sounds and groans of reluctance, announced that Nolan senior had risen to another day of toil as boss bricklayer. Susie set the plate of biscuits on the table, filled the coffee-cup and went to the door on the opposite side of the room.

"Lizzie!" she called. "Liz-*zie!* It's 'most half-past! You up?"

No response. Susie looked at the clock imploringly. Perhaps it was a little fast; but no, she had set it only last night by Policeman O'Brien's great silver watch. Small chin set determinedly, she flung open the door and gave the huddled figure on the bed a smart shake.

"Lizzie, wake up! You'll get another call-down if you're late. Come on; I got somepin special for breakfast. *Lizzie!*"

"Uh-huh!" responded her sister, and rose to a sitting posture, flinging her round arms above her curl-papered head.

A creature all curves and radiant complexion was Lizzie. Looking at her now in her cheap, pink-cotton night-dress, with the coarse lace about the neck and sleeves, Susie thought, honestly, that there could be few more beautiful creatures in the world.

"Gee! I hate gettin' up 'most as much as I hate goin' to bed!" sighed Lizzie. "I wish I was rich an' I'd sleep till noon an' eat breakfast on a tray in bed, like in novels. Oh, hum!"

"Was the Gasfitters' Ball nice?" asked Susie, wistfully. "You looked grand in that cerese crêpe-de-chine, an' no one'd ever guess you got it second-hand on Sixt' Av'noo."

Lizzie was unwinding the curl-papers. "Sure it was all right," she said, with the indifference of a recognized belle toward society functions. "I met a swell feller, clerk at the men's wares in Macey's. I danced six dances with him; he fox-trots swell."

As she went from stove to table, and table to stove, finishing the breakfast preparations, Susie reflected upon Lizzie's words. Was a man desirable because he dressed and fox-trotted well, or was there some other standard by which to measure his worth? Beneath her dark curls, Susie's seventeen-year-old brain pondered the question shrewdly. Not for the world would she have let Lizzie or her father or her brother Jim suspect that she was romantic or that she kept a cheap, ten-cent-store picture of Sir Galahad hidden under the rolls of stockings and underwear in her bureau drawer.

"They'd laugh at me an' call me toney and stuck-up," she reflected, wisely; "but I dont care! If I ever keep comp'ny with anybody, it's goin' to be a real gentleman like Sir Gala-*had!*"

Breakfast in the Nolan household was always a hurried meal, punctuated with Jim's sneers at the food, the father's noisy gulping of his coffee and Lizzie's fretting. This morning was no exception.

"I think I'll hire a room on a classy street an' move my things out o' this dump," Jim said, largely, as he buttered his third biscuit. It was a favorite threat, made with the ostensible purpose of putting the family into its proper place. "A c'lector for a high-toned firm like Bonner & Weeks, dry goods, cant hardly afford to let it be known he lives on Grand Street."

"Every day I'm scairt blue when I think, 'S'pose Mr. Greenbaum, at the office, should find out pa is a bricklayer?'" Lizzie tossed her elaborate curls loftily. The elder Nolan ate on, stolidly. He was used to his children's opinions, and took an entirely humble view of his own merits, but Susie flamed with red wrath.

"You'd ought to be ashamed o' yourself, talkin' so, Lizzie Nolan!" she declared, vigorously; "us that owes everything to bricks, goin' back on 'em now! I guess you've forgot pa aint an ordinary bricklayer, either! There aint many at Burnam & Schwartz's who earns six dollars a day!"

"You make me tired!" Lizzie pushed back her kitchen chair with languid grace and crossed to the mirror above the sink to arrange her hat upon the elaborate structure of her hair. "It's lucky some folks in this family has a little pride an' wants to *be* somebody. I s'pose you'll marry another bricklayer an' spend your life in a three-room tenement, with two calico wrappers a year for clo'es. Not for mine! I'm goin' to marry a swell an' live on Fourteenth Street—watch me!"

She turned from the mirror, picked up an imitation velvet stole, sleazy silk gloves, a tinkling bead-bag and swished to the door, followed by Jim. On the edge of departure, she turned and swept her small sister from head to foot with a pitying stare.

"You got it easy, Sue," she sniffed. "You should talk—anybody that hasn't anything to do but sit around the house all day! What do *you* know about work, I'd like to know?"

Left alone, Susie cleared away the

Cast of characters of this play as produced by the Paramount Company:

Susie Nolan	Vivian Martin
Phil Burnam	Tom Forman
Schwartz	John Burton
Jim Nolan, Jr.	Jack Nelson
Lizzie Nolan	Pauline Perry
Jim Nolan, Sr.	Chris Lynton

breakfast-dishes, tidied up the rooms and set the flat-irons on the stove. As she toiled over the ruffles and flounces of Lizzie's petticoats and cheaply elaborate waists, she had no resentment in her heart. She did not reflect that she had been up since five, getting the Nolan day started. She did all the washing, mending and cooking for the family and might properly be credited with a certain amount of work, after all. Susie was very humble about her own merits and very fond of her family's abilities. She considered Lizzie as stylish as one of the ladies on the covers of a magazine; she thought Jim dazzling, handsome



"YOU'D OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED O' YOURSELF, TALKIN' SO, LIZZIE NOLAN!"

and incomparably clever, and she took great pride in all their "jobs."

The ironing finished, she poured the coffee that was standing on the back of the stove into a tin pail, placed slices of bread and bologna, two doughnuts and a banana into another pail and set out thru the dazzling noon glare.

The employees of Burnam & Schwartz nodded to her as she passed.

"Nolan's gal," one of them explained to his neighbor, who was evidently a newcomer; "brings th' ol' man his grub reg'lar. Little bit o' orl right, she is, too!"

The young man who received the explanation did not reply. Sandwich raised half-way to his mouth, he was staring after the little figure flitting over the brick-heaps with the ease of a stray sunbeam. He was a handsome, clean-cut fellow, who wore his blue workman's blouse and mortar-splashed overalls with a certain air that had already won him the nickname of "Dude" among the men.

"The daughter of a bricklayer, that girl?" he seemed to be thinking aloud. "With that shaped head and that carriage, she might be a little aristocrat. There's blood in it—*race*. Some of the working class could trace their lines back to Celtic kings or Gaelic nobility."

His neighbor stared at him curiously, drained his beer at one draught and wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand.

'She aint nobody!" he growled, contemptuously. "She aint no garlic nobility! Garn!—she's only Nolan's gal!"

Swinging her empty pails gaily, Susie left her father as the striking of the city clocks summoned him back to work. She stood a moment, watching the men toiling up the ladders with their hods of bricks and mortar, and a muffled groan brought her glance quickly to the tall young workman at her side. He had put down the hod and was staring ruefully at his

hands, swollen, crimson, bleeding in half-a-dozen places.

"Oh!" cried Susie, woefully; "oh, your poor hands!"

Then she flushed all over her small face as the young man turned his blue gaze on her.

"They *do* look a bit messy, dont they?" he smiled. "You see, I'm new to this job. The —ah—last work I did was rather might say so," he nodded. "It was connected with books, certainly." He straightened himself, looking very grim and tall. "It wasn't a man-size job, so I —chucked it. I guess it wont hurt my hands to get a little calloused from honest work."

"No," agreed Susie, simply; "bricklayin' isn't so easy, maybe, but you get awful good pay. My father"—her face flashed into pride



"BRICKLAYIN' ISN'T SO EASY, MAYBE, BUT YOU GET AWFUL GOOD PAY"

more ladylike, so to speak the real truth!"

Susie gazed up at him, the small heart under the blue gingham dress beating a mad tattoo. He looked—yes, he certainly *did* look like the picture in her bureau drawer.

"Was you a bookkeeper?" she queried, timidly—it was a secret theory of hers that Sir Galahad had been a bookkeeper. "You look like a friend o' mine who is one."

The young man smiled. "Well, you —"he's a boss layer now; he makes *six dollars a day!*"

She turned to go, then looked over her shoulder, shyly.

"I—I've got some salve at home that would help your hands," she returned. "I'll send it by pa tomorrow morning."

She fled, breathlessly, before he could thank her, but not before she had caught the look in his eyes, a look that she had never seen in any man's eyes before. On the way home she did an unusual thing.

She stopped before a plate-glass window and examined her dim reflection wistfully—dark hair, pointed chin, child figure, all slim lines and sweet, slight curves.

"I wish," she sighed, humbly, thinking of Lizzie's dazzling peroxide curls and perfect thirty-eight measurements—"I *wish* I were beautiful!"

For some reason which she could not quite explain to herself, she gave her father his dinner-pail when he set out to work in the week following. And so it was several days before she saw the Galahad man again. Then, as she stood in line to draw her father's pay envelope, she felt her heart begin to flutter and looked up to find the young man standing beside her, hat in hand.

"That salve you sent saved my life!" he said, displaying his hardened palms. "I've been hoping to have a chance to thank you for it, but you didn't come around."

Then he *had* noticed—he *had* looked for her! Susie looked away, perversely refusing to meet his eyes. "I—I've been pretty busy."

"But cold coffee is so bad for your father," suggested the young man, artfully. "Really, I think he's showing the difference already."

They had reached the window and a hand pushed the two envelopes out together. A secret glance and the name written across his told her his name was Philip Burns. They walked away from the window together in silence. But at the door he turned to her.

'I wonder"—his deep voice blundered over the words—"I wonder—if—I might—come to see you some evening—make a call, you know——"

Susie gasped. Eyes shining, hands clasped to her breast, she looked up at him incredulously.

"Oh!" she cried, awed at this sudden acquisition of importance—"*oh!* but I'm only seventeen! Maybe you thought I was a real young lady? I could put up my hair and let down my skirts——"

She held her breath for his reply. "I dont want to call on a real young lady," Philip Burns assured her, smiling; "I want to call on *you*. I hope you're going to let me come."

After the first time, Philip came often, and gradually Susie's shyness melted away. She found herself telling him many things that she had only thought before—things that Jim would have jeered at and Lizzie scorned; things that her father, even, could not have understood. She brought Sir Galahad out of his ignominious concealment under stockings and petticoats and laid him in Philip's hands.

"I think—I think he must be awful nice," she confided, wistfully. "He's not a swell dresser, like Lizzie's men's furnishings feller, but he looks like a perfect gentleman, somehow."

"He *was* a perfect gentleman," Philip told her, soberly. The eyes that rested on her absorbed little face were faintly amused and very tender. "Some day I will tell you all about him, Susie—the stainless knight, without fear and without reproach——"

Her childish chest rose on the swell of her awed breath, but before she could speak, the boiling of the kettle called her to the stove. The hot lid clattered from her fingers to the floor. Philip stooped to pick it up and somehow found her hand instead. As naturally as the flower swings to the sun, her face lifted to his kiss. Like children, they stood abashed, trembling, clasping each other's hands.

"Little Susie," said Philip, huskily, "*dear* little Susie! I love you! Do you love me?"

"Why, yes!" she marveled; "yes, I guess—I—do!"

Lizzie was openly scornful over what she termed "Susie's bricklayer."

"I sh'd think you'd have more pride!" she jibed. "All Jim an' I are doin' to raise the family up, and you have to go draggin' it down, keepin' company with common trash like him!"

"He *isn't* common trash!" Susie defended her lover, loyally. "I dont care *what* he does! He could be a—a street-sweeper, but that wouldn't hinder him from bein' a real *man!* If he had a million he wouldn't be any better, Liz Nolan, so there!"

"*Him* have a million!" laughed Lizzie, scornfully. "I guess you never saw a real swell, you little greenhorn! Why, take Mr. Greenbaum, of our office, for

instance. He's worth twenty-five thousand, they say, an' you'd know it just to hear him cuss the office-boy around! Nobody but a real swell swears that way!"

"Well, then, I hope we'll none of us ever be rich!" said Susie, stoutly. "I guess we're more likely to go to heaven when we die, this way."

She could not guess how dangerously near she already was to the wealth she despised. The letter that



"DEAR LITTLE SUSIE! I LOVE YOU! DO YOU LOVE ME?"

came a week later was as epochal to the Nolan family as an earthquake. There was a sense of crashing in the ears of the young people as they sat about the bare kitchen table listening to their father's painful rendition of the long legal words. Phrases and particulars might be hazy, but there was no doubting the meaning of the letter. Dennis, the uncle, who had run away to Australia years before, had died and left them ten thousand dollars as next-of-kin. "Ten thousand!" Lizzie began to sob hysterically. "Well, I know one thing — I'm goin' to have a pink-satin evenin' dress, with pearl passementerie trimmin, an' a rhinestone comb!"

"We'll clear out of this hole!"—Jim gestured contemptuously about the neatly ordered kitchen—"we'll go into society!" He looked doubtfully at the bent figure of Nolan senior, red of jaw, bristly of hands. "All I hope and pray," he spoke piously, "is that nobody finds out about dad. It would queer us, right in the beginning."

To Susie it seemed that the whole aim and effort of the Nolans in the strange, disquieting days that followed was to cover up the old, honest things that had spelled life itself to all of them and to assume airs and graces that fitted as uncomfortably as their new clothes.

The apartment they moved into on a stiff, solemn street, where there were no hand-organs or friendly push-carts, and where the people did not stop to gossip, neighborwise, but passed each other with their noses in the air; the new friends that Lizzie and Jim brought home with them, loud, flashily dressed creatures; the new ways of living—all terrified and distressed the girl's soul. If it had not been for Philip she could hardly have borne her homesickness for the old, kindly poverty—the old, lost friends.

"Anything over six dollars a day makes me feel sort o' dizzy!" she con-

fided to him, desolately. "Lizzie and Jim think they're happy, but they're not, *really*. They've took to drinkin' too much of that there sham-pain stuff, and it isn't doin' them any good. An' their swell fr'ends laugh at 'em behind their backs! Oh, I wish we'd never seen nor heard o' the bad money in all our lives!"

Philip Burns, with his cheap, ready-made serge suit and calloused, labor-stained hands, offended Lizzie's critical eyes more than ever, and she took every occasion to complain of him to Susie.

'What'll folks think, to see a common laborin' man hanging round?" she inquired, bitterly, of her sister. "If you've got to have him here, why cant you take him into the kitchen, where nobody'll see him, anyway?"

Jim was even more outspoken in his disapproval. One evening, when he and Lizzie came home from a gay party to find Philip in the flamboyant drawing-room, he faced the young bricklayer with a tipsy sneer.

"Think you'll come in for a nice lil' slice o' our money, don' you?" he jibed. "Oh, yes! I see thru you, ol' man! But don' you believe nossin' o' the-kind. Ain' go' be any d—n fortune-hunter do zish fam'y outer its money!"

"Jim," Susie cried, appalled, "dont talk that way! Oh, Jim—oh, Philip!"

Her lover put her gently aside. "I understand, dear," he told her. "but Jim doesn't. If he thinks I care anything about money, he's wrong, absurdly wrong. I *despise* money! When I see what beasts it makes of people, jackalls and ravening wolves, I would rather spend my life as a common bricklayer than be a millionaire!"



JIM "STIFFENS" HIMSELF TO ASK PHILIP HIS INTENTIONS

Slightly sobered by the earnestness of his words, Jim stared at the honest, indignant young face confronting him. Then he laughed scornfully.

"Sounds fine!" he sneered. "I suppose you'd rather carry Burnam's bricks than be Burnam's son, spendin' his winter at Palm Beach an' his summer at Newport, eh?"

A strange look passed over the other's face. He smiled quietly.

"I would rather be a *man* and do a man's work than a society fool, yes," he nodded.

Jim Nolan brought his fist down on the table in an aimless blow.

"Then I tell you you lie!" he shouted. "I tell you you're a d—n liar and a fool! And I'm provin' it!"



"AIN' GO' BE ANY FORTUNE-HUNTER DO ZISH FAM'Y OUTER ITS MONEY!"

The next afternoon a little figure in a black coat sat in the office of the lawyer who handled the Nolan money affairs. Her eyes were swollen with weeping, and as she talked she clasped and unclasped her hands, piteously.

"I cant bear it any longer!" Susie declared. "It's spoiling us all! Isn't there some way folks can *lose* money they dont want?"

The lawyer smiled a dry smile. He opened a ledger and consulted a page therein.

"My dear young lady," he told her, quietly, "your estimable family has already found that way. The ten thousand dollars which they recently inherited is practically gone!"

Up the steep stairs that led to the old-fashioned office of Burnam & Schwartz, contractors, Susie hurried her father, like a small, energetic tug leading a heavy freight-boat. And as she went she chatted light-heartedly.

"Wasn't it nice Lizzie and Jim could get their old jobs back? It seemed good to hear Liz scoldin' about gettin' up when I called her this morning. Now, dad, if they'll just take you on again, it'll be like old times."

The boy in the outer office took their errand into the private room and returned, grinning.

"The boss says you can come in."

Staidly, Susie marshaled her father into the dim little office and faced the man who was bending over the desk. In spite of herself, her voice shook a little as she began.

"If you please, Mr. Burnam & Schwartz," she hurried bravely, "Jim Nolan, that used to be boss bricklayer for you, wants his job back. He's a good man with bricks, none better, and——"

The words died on her lips as she looked into the face of the man at the desk for the first time. Then she went quite white and reached out dizzily for support in the sick swaying of her world.

"Susie!" cried Philip Burns, and caught her in his arms. "Dear little Susie! Your father's job is waiting for him at the old pay. Dont tremble so, dear; dont you understand?"

In her eyes, lifted piteously to his, he read the question she could not utter, and his face grew very grave and tender.

"You think it was Philip Burns, the bricklayer, who loved you, and not Philip Burnam?" he asked. "Dear, they're the same man, and that man loves you with all his heart and all his soul, world without end, amen!"

Still she was not quite satisfied.

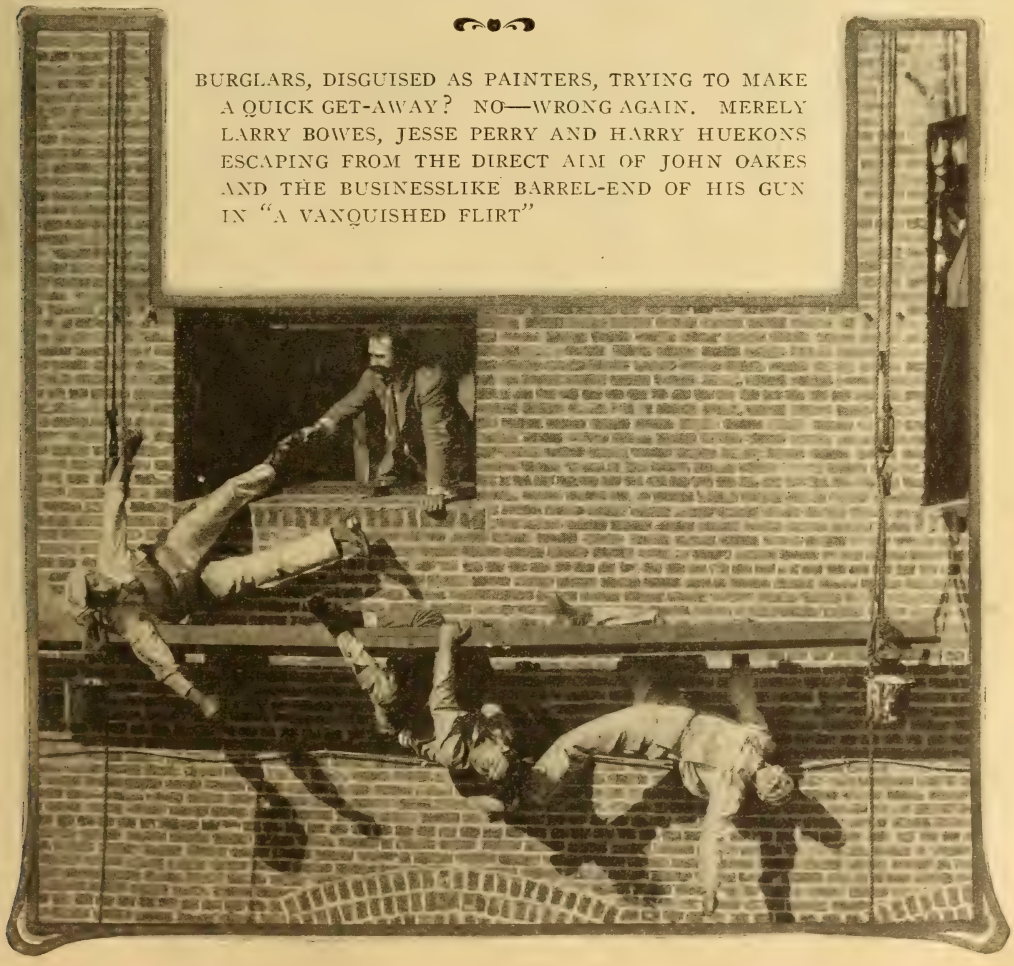
"But—you're rich——"

He caught her close to him, with a great, boyish laugh of pure joy. "I'm rich *now!*" he cried. "We'll spend the money together, sweetheart. You shall show me how to spend it to make people happier!"

She looked up into his face and saw there a look that she knew—the look of the stainless knight, without fear and without reproach.

With a little sigh of content, she nestled closer.

"Mr. Sir Galahad," she murmured; "my Mr. Sir Galahad!"



BURGLARS, DISGUISED AS PAINTERS, TRYING TO MAKE A QUICK GET-AWAY? NO—WRONG AGAIN. MERELY LARRY BOWES, JESSE PERRY AND HARRY HUEKONS ESCAPING FROM THE DIRECT AIM OF JOHN OAKES AND THE BUSINESSLIKE BARREL-END OF HIS GUN IN "A VANQUISHED FLIRT"



GAIL KANE, FEATURED STAR OF THE AMERICAN COMPANY

"Backstop" Shirley Mason

Screenland's Nippy Little Ball-Player

By JEROME BEATTY

IF Shirley Mason had been a boy he would have been lost to the stage, for he wouldn't have been an actor. He would have been a baseball player.

The little McClure actress, one of the tiniest stars in Motion Pictures, is baseball mad. And it has come upon her all at once.

Shirley always has liked to play "catch" in a casual way, and now and then she would go out to the Polo Grounds, in New York City, and watch the Giants or the Yanks. But never was she a fanatic. She played just for the exercise, and went to the games to get the fresh air, more than from any love of the game.



SHIRLEY MASON

But this spring Shirley was attacked by the vicious baseball bug, and ever since she has been suffering acutely from baseball fever. The attack came on the first warm day of spring. Shirley was working in a McClure picture in which she wore old clothes. Waiting for a set to be completed, she drifted out behind the studio, where stage-hands and extra people were playing baseball.

Impulsively, she jumped in and joined one of the teams. They put her in right field, where they thought she could do less damage than any other place. She hadn't been there more than a minute



when a batter drove one right at her. She stuck out a glove—blindly. The ba. hit it, glanced off and struck her on the forehead. And Shirley crumpled up in a heap, and they carried her to the studio. A dash of cold water put her on her feet in a minute, but it didn't take away a black and blue bruise. There was no more picture-making that day, nor the next. But Shirley, indignant that she had been knocked out, that she had appeared weak and unskillful, dug up a baseball uniform and went out and got into the game, determined to master it.

She didn't actually master it. But she has learnt as much about it as any girl. She can catch and throw and she is a fair hitter, using a light, short, fat bat built along the lines of the frankfurter style of architecture, that one of the carpenters turned out for her.

She has become a regular patron, whenever possible, at the Polo Grounds. She never asks foolish questions. She has a picture of John J. McGraw in her dressing-room, flanked on each side by group photographs of the Yanks and Giants.

She has subscribed to two baseball publications and is learning to keep score the way the experts do, recording hits and runs and errors and stolen bases, and all the rest. On the studio team they have made her catcher. We'll let you in on a secret. Shirley doesn't know it, but the reason is that the catcher's position is the only one that has behind it a board fence, capable of stopping all missed balls. And as yet they haven't entire confidence in Shirley's ability to stop everything that comes her way.

Shirley wanted to be the shortstop, presenting as a qualification the fact that she was the shortest person on the team. She wouldn't stop her demands until the other players explained that the tall fellow playing shortstop was shorter than she. He had been in a poker game and was short six dollars.

"I pick the Giants to win in the National League," Shirley announces with all the assurance of an old-time baseball fan. "In the American? The Yankees, of course."

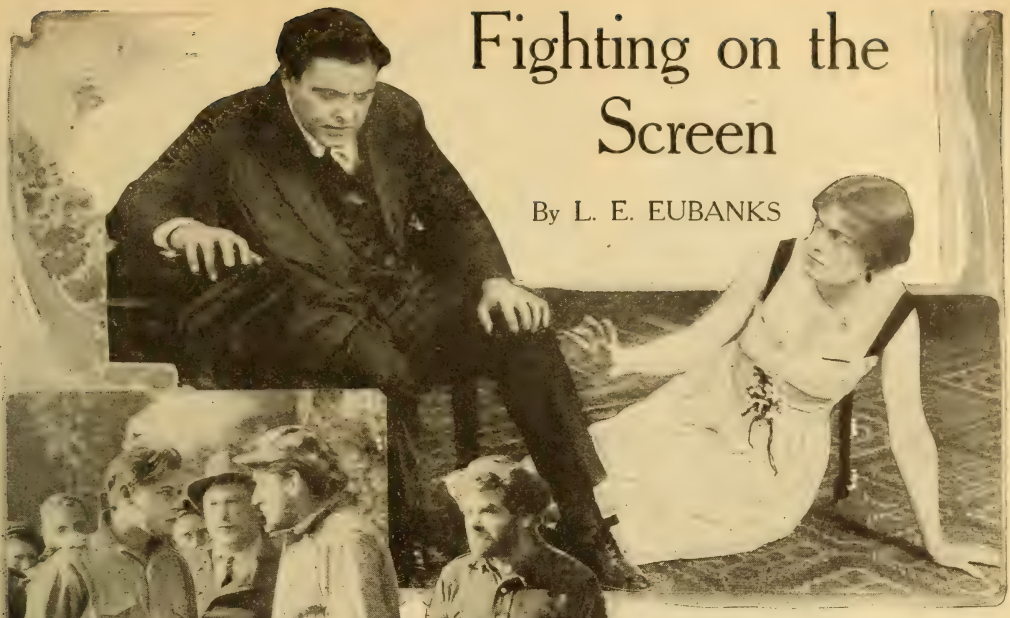
"But aren't you loyal to your home town?" she was asked. "You were born in Brooklyn, weren't you? Why dont you root for Brooklyn?"

"Brooklyn!" she exclaimed in scorn. "They never will win. Maybe they play good inside baseball and hit and field well, but their uniforms are the ugliest things I ever saw!"

Which shows she understands the game perfectly.

Fighting on the Screen

By L. E. EUBANKS

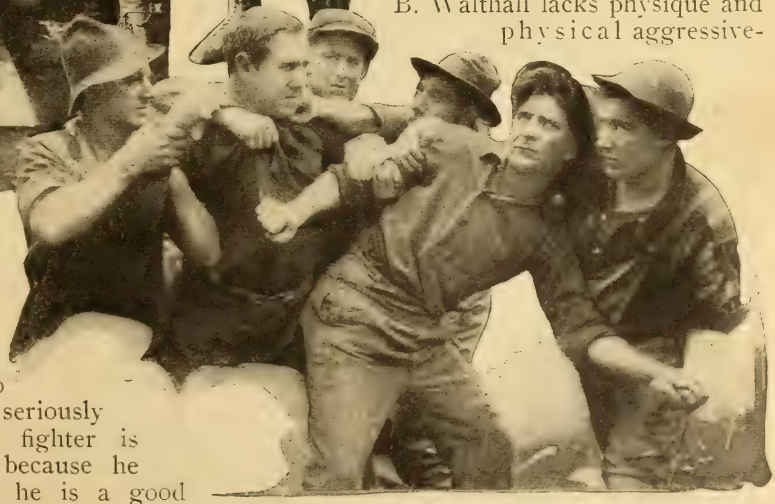


William Farnum is one of the most famous of screen fighters. His battle with Thos. Santschi in "The Spoilers" will long be remembered.



Harold Lockwood is not a mere matinée idol —he can fight with the best of them.

THE would-be screen hero who cannot fight is seriously handicapped. The fighter is popular, not only because he fights, but because he is a good actor; for good fighting is good acting. It is not claimed that actual encounters are essential in every play; but the fighting spirit and the fighting physique are admirable and useful qualities. Admirable because humanity instinctively admires a fighter, just as "the whole world loves a lover"; useful because they greatly broaden an actor's adaptability to various parts. Henry B. Walthall lacks physique and physical aggressive-



Tefft Johnson and Ned Finley put up a fight seldom equaled.

ness, and the fact that not even his peerless acting can entirely blind us to the weakness is highly significant; when "The Edwin Booth of the Screen" falls short, many



One of the numerous fighting scenes from "The Girl and the Game."

are bound to fail. Wallace Reid, on the other hand, can do anything. Not because he is a better actor, but because it is more practicable to suppress fighting qualities

Even J. Warren Kerrigan can fight when he wants to and can get real vicious.



Jack Richardson is the best "bad man" of the screen and seldom appears in a picture where there is not some kind of a quarrel.

than it is to assume them. It is a long step from feminine impersonations to fighting a mob of Southern negroes, but Reid succeeds in both. He makes a better woman—tho admittedly a good-sized one—than Walthall would a herculean blacksmith.

Reel-fights must be real. If there is any time in a play when every spectator's attention is thoroly alive, it is during the fight-scene; and poor execution of this will well-nigh ruin a play. In "The Spoilers" isn't it the Farnum-Santschi struggle that we remember most vividly? These men



Norbert A. Myles and Miller K. Wilson.

can fight, and they do; it is hard to believe they are not in deadly earnest. In fact, they are, for the time, and this is what makes actual ruggedness indispensable to the man who would depict fights. An actor cannot step into this branch of the work and succeed merely because he has done other rôles well. He must have careful training. Not only the particular scene has to be perfected, but there should be weeks of training behind that. Farnum, Kerrigan and Santschi send men to the hōspital, but it is this very realism that makes them what they



William S. Hart always wins his fight, and kills or licks his man—and he looks the part.

are; it is necessarily a rough game, and he who enters must be prepared. Harold Lockwood and Lester Cuneo have the right idea; they train carefully and take boxing-lessons from a professional boxer. The fight in "The Masked Rider" testifies to the perfection of their preparation.

The screen fighter should practice such sports as wrestling, football and tennis. Knowledge of boxing alone is not enough; most of our picture-fights are rough-and-tumble affairs wherein all-around strength and good wind count fully as much as boxing ability. Lockwood owes much of his ruggedness to college football. So does George Walsh, who is also a good wrestler. The ideal movie fighter combines wrestling with boxing, and a mixture of tactics appeals to picture fans. Tho a high-class athlete, William Farnum is not a boxer—at least, not a fancy boxer. He is a great slugger, and can "mix it" with terrible effect. He is a rough-and-ready fighter with a spectacular right swing and a body too round and powerful for opponents to handle in a clinch. Farnum uses many wrestling grips, and does it like a Gotch. The hammerlock, as he puts it on Santschi in their famous fight, is one of the most effective holds known to the mat game. William S. Hart, too, uses the hammerlock when he wrings an apology from the bully in "Truthful Tulliver," tho he is not so handy with it as Farnum. The hammerlock, the nelsons, and three or four other good wrestling holds should be learnt by our screen fighter.

That fighting is an art with boundless possibilities of development has been amply proved by Douglas Fairbanks. "Doug" is a first-class boxer and quite an expert at jiu-jitsu, the Japanese style of wrestling. That he understands catch-as-catch-can style, too, he shows by the workmanlike way in which he puts a half-nelson on W. A. Lowery in "Reggie Mixes In." Fairbanks works in more original stunts than any other fighter on or off the screen; the way he can catapult himself from a table onto an opponent, scale a wall and drop upon him, drag him backward over a banister, etc., stamps him as one of the marvels of filmdom.

The fighter's maneuvers should be easily seen. The Fairbanks style particularly meets this requirement; when he holds one man with his hands and another with his feet in "The Americano," every spectator in the house can appreciate it. This is a point screen fighters should observe; when their action is hidden, or becomes too subtle, its effect is lost. Francis X. Bushman is champion amateur wrestler of California, an expert boxer and a very powerful man, but often he gets less credit for his fighting than he deserves because it is sometimes too technical for popular understanding. In "A Million a Minute" Bushman lands one of the very prettiest left hooks imaginable, but it travels such a short distance that it is missed by many of the spectators. Bushman is exceedingly "fast," and probably could defeat most of the professionals today if he cared to enter the ring. In "The Great Secret" his work is better adapted to the screen; he employs more "haymakers" and fewer of the deadly short "jolts."

Ambidexterity is highly valuable to the fighter. Even the unversed spectator sees novice written all over the fellow who drops his left hand to his side and swings repeatedly with his right. Without mentioning any names, some well-known artists are guilty of this charge. Hart is a bit clumsy with his left hand in "The Aryan," but redeems himself in one or two other plays. This is not the "gunfighter's" favorite style of battle, anyway; when it comes to manipulating revolvers he shows us a "good left." Bushman and Fairbanks use the left hand like the accomplished boxers they are, and the beginner can gather many hints from a study of their style.

Fighting is essentially more or less elemental and the man who attempts to refine it much will fail as a picture fighter. The struggle, as it exists in the photoplay, represents emotions; none but professional fighters hammer each other without reason. The cause should depict characteristic emotion on the face and in every act. William Farnum has a highly expressive countenance; his face shows every degree in the rising heat that is to culminate in an attack. In showing justified anger, injured pride, the mental

struggle and the triumph of primitive instincts, Farnum has no superior. His acting in "Fighting Blood" might well be taken as a standard.

The fighting face is not an empty term, neither does it mean a broken nose and cauliflower ears; it must represent the emotion behind the struggle. When the fight and its cause are separated in the actor's mind, his work becomes mechanical. Hobart Bosworth as the "Sea Wolf" may use the same blow that William Farnum employs in "Fighting Blood," but the former's face shows the wilful cruelty of a tyrannical captain dealing with seamen whom he regards as dogs, while the latter's expression is one of effort at self-control. Exchange the faces and both parts would be ruined.

This power to show self-restraint is a part of the screen fighter's equipment. It serves an important purpose; it gives the spectators time for a momentary review of the situation so that they will better appreciate the coming action, and keys up interest by creating a dynamic atmosphere. When Hart deliberately walks into the saloon where loaded guns are waiting for him, and holds his temper while he addresses his enemies, we recognize the character as more than a fighter, or, rather, as a fighter of the highest type, and our anticipation is keyed to tenseness. Hart in "The Disciple" is supreme as the silent fighter.

Fighting *en masse*, the mob scene, is often poorly executed. The trouble is caused by the necessity for extras who have had little or no training. In nearly all these scenes, the observing spectator may pick out several faces that are as blank as chalk. These fellows should be carefully instructed, to begin with; and if they cannot or will not put on the fighting face, they should be withdrawn. It certainly is a glaring inconsistency to show one face diabolical with rage and determination by the side of a wholly disinterested one, when persons are supposed to be moved by the same motive.



BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES IS ABOUT AS EASY AS BREAKING INTO THE U. S. TREASURY, BUT SECRETARY MC ADOO, MRS. MC ADOO AND CHARLES W. FAY, POSTMASTER OF SAN FRANCISCO, BROKE INTO MOVIE SOCIETY AND POSED WITH DIRECTOR ALLEN J. HOLUBAR AND IRENE HUNT

The Movie Gossip-Shop

Pictured News Sauced with Tittle-tattle from Screenland

"I speak the truth—not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and the older I grow—the more I dare."—MONTAIGNE.



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN AND BEVERLY BAYNE

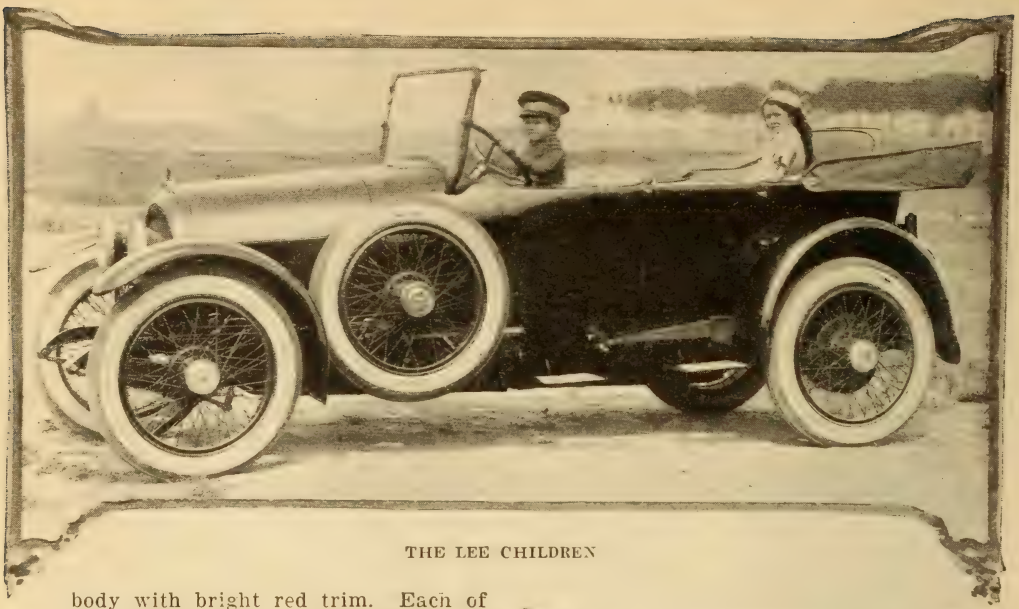
Vacation season is on with a vengeance—even the hard-working stars sneak off for little between-scenes rests. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne preferred to be lost in the crowd rather than in the woods. So recently they took a little jaunt down to Atlantic City, N. J., where our camera-man discovered them and snapped them coming out of a confectionery shop. How sweet! Their vacation had a tail tied to it in the shape of their appearance at a ball and at [illegible] picture houses. Mr. Bushman [illegible] has had Bushmanor practically [illegible] and will spend his week-ends and [illegible] of vacations there this summer. At present the co-stars are at picturesque Point Henry, N. Y., in the foothills of the Adirondacks, where they are taking their next picture.

[illegible]t and her little sister Margery, who were raised in Australia and who recently sailed the Seven Seas leading to the Golden Gate, spent a good bit of their spare time in the out-of-doors—their chosen atmosphere being the chunk of fresh air that immediately surrounds their charming Los Angeles bungalow. Just at present tennis is the diversion of the fair sisters and Enid is practicing daily perfecting her strokes to enter in some of the Coast tournaments.

"The Baby Grands," Jane and Katherine Lee, are at it again. At a recent automobile fashion show held at the Sheepshead Bay Speedway, these two little minxes won first prize. Jane wore a khaki uniform which was an exact reproduction of an Uncle Sam officer's outfit, and Katherine was in the rear seat rigged as a Red Cross nurse. Their big Willys-Knight car had a brilliant blue



ENID BENNETT



THE LEE CHILDREN

body with bright red trim. Each of the Lee kids was awarded a $100 Liberty Bond for her nifty appearance.

'Tis said that a conscientious director must feel every emotion that his cast doesn't feel and then bawl it into them. Lou-Tellegen, whom we have caught in action directing a coming Lasky picture, is a pretty good little "emoter." His varied and adventurous career as soldier, actor, screen-player, plus his large heart-attack for Wife Geraldine Farrar, have charged him with a range of experience and a set of emotions that are sure to surcharge any soulless cast that works under him.



LOU-TELLEGEN



THEDA BARA

Now that Theda Bara has been discovered as the original daughter of Seti, the high priest of the Pharaohs, and the immortal remains of her maternal ancestress Umslopagaas have been unsandwiched from her sarcophagus in the pyramid of Chephren, the deathless vampire is entitled to shorten her name to Theda Umslopagaas Bara Seti—we hope she doesn't. At any rate 'tis now reported that the "Egyptian woman" now



NORMA TALMADGE

haunts the mummy-room of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, and gazes at her own likeness in an ancient coffin. We agree with Mark Twain that if Umslopagaas is now three thousand years old and is still on exhibition, that the fair Theda could be more up to date by procuring a nice fresh corpse for an ancestress.

The other day our Camera Girl butted in at Norma Talmadge's country place at Beechhurst, Long Island, N. Y. The indefatigable snapshot artist had gotten wind of the report that Norma was spending a few days in retirement—hence the invasion. As our Camera Girl has a lovely personality beneath a winning way, Norma not only consented to be snapped all over her estate, but invited the camera gunlady to spend the day as her guest. There is a fine beach fronting the Sound near Castle Norma, and here "Our Norma" daily washes her cares away. We might add that our Camera Girl used up several packs of film, and among other surprises shot Norma giving her fruit-trees a spray-bath, hoeing her corn and putting her pet vegetables to sleep in her kitchen garden.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD



ANN PENNINGTON

During the real lime-juice days of midsummer, wherever Harold Lockwood can steal a few minutes from the studio he plays a "quick-lunch" game of baseball; whenever he can get a few hours off you are pretty sure to find him on the links (we came near having handsome Harry dressed in his golf-togs on the Magazine cover this month, but caught a better likeness in his workday clothes). Harold, by the way, is as neat with his golf-clubs as he is with his

(*Continued on page* **164**)

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

THE "Four Minute Men" have started their march thru Screenland. This voluntary organization of patriotic citizens will address picture audiences each night on some topic of national importance. Their talks will be limited to four minutes. Their organization is well under way and in time will cover every state in the Union. The two first appeals of the "Four Minute Men," that are due to "carry" their audiences and bring results, are "Recruiting for Uncle Sam," and "Working with the Food Army."

Alan Hale has signed with Ethel Barrymore as leading-man for her forthcoming production, "The Whirlpool." Mr. Hale's most recent screen appearance was in support of Clara Kimball Young in "The Easiest Way."

Edith Storey has been rediscovered by Metro, who announce that the former Vitagraph star has signed a contract with them. The versatile Edith will no doubt produce in Metro's Western studio.

Much to the delight of their newly acquired audiences, Jack Pickford and Louise Huff will continue to share the honors in Lasky productions. They are at present working in the Morosco studio on a charming story of schoolgirl and schoolboy love, "The Varmint."



JACK PICKFORD

Doris Kenyon is about to be starred in a new Pathé serial, "The Hidden Hand." Supporting her are such featured players as Arline Pretty, Sheldon Lewis and Mahlon Hamilton.

Charlie Chaplin has made a new contract! His salary has been almost doubled! From a mere $670,000 per year Charlie has been raised to $1,075,000. Mutual offered the magnetic little comedian $1,000,000, but his new boss, the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, went one better with the neat little bonus of $75,000, and Charlie succumbed. He is to have a free hand in his own production and will produce eight pictures a year. Some little coin-accumulator—yes?

The merry fight between the residents of Hollywood, Cal., and the Fox Film Corporation still wages. The citizens want to move the studio and Fox doesn't want to be moved. The first definite step in the legal warfare has closed down the Fox planing-mill, but has not removed the studio.

The Goldwyn Company hit upon a novel method to obtain actors for a Mae Marsh picture now in the making. An entire circus is "shot" in the story, and society people were invited from New York to go across the river to Fort Lee to witness the circus. Thousands of them (including newspaper cartoonists) accepted and they made mighty nifty "atmosphere."

In preparing for her coming picture, "The Amazons," Marguerite Clark is also preparing a surprise for her friends in the audience. The dainty little miss is taking boxing lessons from the well-known slugger, Jack Denning, and will soon be ready to exhibit a fine assortment of hooks, jabs, swings and upper-cuts.

The stars and other players are flitting to and fro during the summer months just as industriously as during ordinary moving days. Here are some of the more important changes of residence: Richard Neal is locking the door on Triangle and is about to use his new pass-key with Paralta; Tyrone Power has wandered from Dudley and is about to appear in a series of pictures produced by the "Marine Film Company"; Constance Crawley and Arthur Maude have formed a company all their own; Crane Wilbur is about to knock off for a bit and to make the grand tour à la Kerrigan and Hart; Eugene O'Brien flees from Selznick to take refuge under the ægis of Mary Pickford, and Anna Little deserts Selznick in favor of Metro at the same time that Donald Hall joins the former.

Another famous song-bird can be added to the list of those who have tried their silent voices on the screen. Lina Cavalieri, the prima donna of three continents, has joined Famous Players. One of her greatest operatic successes was co-starring with Caruso in "Fedora."

Edward Earle has just joined the Vitagraph Company and, with Betty Howe and Arthur Donaldson in his support, will start to work at once on "For France," a big picture dealing with the present war.

Another new Vitagraph combination is that of Mildred Manning and Wallace MacDonald, leading-man in "Purity" and "Youth's Endearing Charms." Their first production will be "The Princess of Park Row."

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Followers of film favorites will find a bevy of them in August productions as follows: Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge will co-star in "The Waster"; Ethel Clayton will emote in "Souls Adrift"; William Russell will be an idol of the squared ring in "Pride and the Man" (based upon his championship experiences as an amateur boxer); Emily Wehlen will masquerade delightfully in "Miss Robinson Crusoe"; Vivian Martin and Tom Forman will make pies and lay bricks in "A Kiss for Susie"; Charles Ray will adapt the *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Sudden Jim," and Winifred Allen will adapt the "Man Hater," from the same publication.

Sid Chaplin is so elated over his brother Charlie's good luck that he has come East and is taking a well-earned vacation among the sylvan wilds of Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

The Keystone girls are at it again as p r i z e mermaids. In other words, the famous Venice bathing parade has just taken place and nearly all the honors went to Keystone comédiennes. For the handsomest bathing-suit (and, of course, the figures to keep it from wrinkling), Mary T h u r m a n, Juanita Hansen, Maude Wayne and Marie Prevost w a l k e d off with the prizes. Juanita Hansen has already been requested by the enterprising owner of an Atlantic City (N. J.) bathing pavilion to send him photographs of herself in her prize-winning suit as an added boost.



JUANITA HANSEN

Naomi Childers was recently the guest of honor at a lunch party tendered her by the Naomi Childers Girls' Club. The club presented the star with a platinum ring set with a topaz, Miss Childers' birthstone.

Two of the most momentous changes that have ever occurred in Picturedom have recently taken place. Thomas H. Ince has signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky combination, and will release his own productions thru Paramount and Artcraft. The Mack Sennett news came out twenty-four hours later to the effect that the famous comedy director-general had left Keystone and would ally with Paramount. Both have left for New York and it is not known exactly just which ones of their former stars they will take with them.

Fay Tincher, the first to put a star in picture stripes, has made a flying vacation and shopping tour to New York, her first venture from California in three years.

Disregarding all lawsuits, newspaper gossip, matrimonial tangles, so-called bad management and loss of profit, Clara Kimball Young announces that she is about to start in again strictly "on her own hook." No details are yet forthcoming as to her definite new plans or starring features.

Maude Fealey, famed on stage and screen, has secured divorce number two. From Denver, Col., comes the news that she has just been granted a divorce from James Durkin for non-support. Miss Fealey's first matrimonial mix-up was in 1907 and came to a climax in 1909, in which careless years she married Hugo Sherwin, a dramatic critic, and divorced him.

Little Bobby Connelly, Vitagraph star, recently fell from the running-board of an automobile and when he was picked up it was found that his left arm was fractured. Bobby was game clear thru and the next day appeared at the studio ready for work. His injured and bandaged arm, however, killed the plot. So not to be outdone, his director immediately concocted another scenario in which Bobby's useless flapper was made an appealing part of the story.

John Bunny is at last to come to life again. Vitagraph announces it will shortly reissue all his famous comedies, including the "Mrs. Nag" series with Flora Finch and his Dickens' playlets, that made Bunny's name, fame and face a household word the world over.

Madge Kennedy, who is both a recent bride and a new Goldwyn star, has just taken a brief vacation at French Lick, Ind. Miss Kennedy is a successful artist and while on vacation will design a national defense poster to be presented to the American Red Cross.

Tho Ann Pennington has been extremely busy, dividing her time between the Famous Players' studio and rehearsals for the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, staged in New York, the tiny star has still found time enough to capture a prize in the recent automobile fashion show at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

While presumably resting at her country place in Mountain Lakes, N. J., Pauline Frederick is vigorously hoeing up large portions of the landscape and is causing her gardener no end of trouble by digging up the unhatched potatoes to see how they are getting on.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

The dog days of summer have driven the players to the open with the result that many of them are seeking quarters new. For instance, Irving Cummings has formed his own company to release thru Superlative Pictures; Myrtle Gonzalez has resigned from Universal after two years as a Bluebird star, future plans not announced; rumor is rife that Charles Ray has left Triangle, and if so, a good guess is that he has joined the new Ince-Paramount forces; Lucille Young has journeyed from Fine Arts to Paralto; Dot Farley has crossed the chasm from Pathé to Fox; Charles Richman and Mary Fuller are now co-starring for the Public Rights Film Corporation in "The Public Be Damned"; and of supreme importance to many is the statement (as yet unauthorized by Triangle) that William S. Hart has decided neither to draw his gun nor to make modest love for them again.

Geraldine Farrar is making a second honeymoon trip with her husband, Lou-Tellegen. They are auto-touring in northern California. Upon their return Miss Farrar will immediately commence work upon her first Artcraft picture.

Olga Petrova, who recently joined Famous Players and starred in "The Undying Flame," has decided to tear up her contract, provided same is agreeable to Famous Players. Just why they fell out is not known, nor has Madame Petrova announced her future plans as yet.

Anna Quirentia Nilsson, who first became known on magazine covers and as a Kalem star, has joined Artcraft and will be leading-woman for George M. Cohan in his forthcoming adaptation of his Broadway success, "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

Florence Carpenter, who has been engaged to appear with Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman in their next picture, holds the unique distinction of being the first daughter of a Motion Picture theater manager to appear on the screen. Miss Carpenter is the daughter of George E. Carpenter, manager of the Empress Theater, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Fannie Ward, whose shoulder is still bruised from injuries she received in a recent Lasky picture, has nevertheless completed her production. She is taking a two weeks' vacation in the hope of restoring the injured shoulder.



EARLE WILLIAMS

Those who had the pleasure of seeing William Faversham in his great stage success, "The Squaw Man," will take a double pleasure in learning that its sequel, "The Squaw Man's Son," is about to be produced on the screen. Wallace Reid will be starred as Hal and will be supported by an excellent cast, including Dorothy Davenport, Frank Lanning and Mabel Van Buren.

Admirers of Earle Williams will now have the opportunity of seeing him more than once a week in different photoplays. This comes about thru Vitagraph's decision to reissue most of Mr. Williams' past successes. Among those soon to reappear are those in which Earle Williams co-starred with Anita Stewart, such as "My Lady's Slipper," "Sins of the Mothers" and "The Juggernaut."

Rita Jolivet, who was on the deck of the immortal *Lusitania* at the time of her sinking and to whom Charles Frohman spoke his historic last words, "Why fear death? It is life's great adventure," has been engaged by Selznick to star in a feature written round the *Lusitania's* tragic ending.

Have you heard the news? Tom Moore is now mixing soda-water for a living. Sorry that some of his many admirers cant sip one of his tasty summer drinks, but the fact is that handsome Tom is now leading-man for Constance Talmadge and juggles soda only in their first Selznick picture, "The Lesson."

Stars' vehicles are becoming more and more important (some day the authors will get into big print, too). Chariots that have been hitched to a star for August twinkling are as follows: Emily Stevens will present an adaptation of E. Phillip Oppenheim's novel, "A Sleeping Memory"; Pauline Frederick will heroinize in "The Showdown"; Thomas Meighan will support Billie Burke in the high society drama, "The Mysterious Miss Terry"; Olga Petrova will personify mother-love in "The Law of the Land"; Vivian Martin will be a delightful waif in "Little Miss Optimist"; and Wallace Reid will be humanely big in "The Hostage."

Little Mary Miles Minter recently had a narrow escape from drowning. The venturesome miss went exploring in a cave on the coast of the Santa Cruz Islands and did not notice that the rising tide had shut off the entrance

(*Continued on page* 166)

Favorites of the Screen

$20.00 in Cash for Our Readers' Opinions

In the July issue appeared the following:

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will pay $10.00 for the best appreciation of your favorite player; $5.00 for the next, and $1.00 each for the five next best. You are to select your favorite players and write a little article, or verses, or a prose poem about him or her, and mail it to us.

Each contribution must be clearly written (typewriting preferred); must contain not more than seventy-five words, and your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper.

We will publish several of the contributions each month, illustrated with photographs of your favorites. We reserve the right to publish any articles submitted, whether a prize-winner or not.

Address all communications to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"DOUGY" FAIRBANKS

Riding madly thru hill and dale,
Recklessly o'er cliff and vale,
Never so much as turning pale—
"Dougy" Fairbanks.

Winning hearts of damsels fair,
Licks the villain and lays plot bare,
And not so much as turns a hair—
"Dougy" Fairbanks.

Happy, scrappy, clean of sin,
"Gits in trouble and out agin,"
But always with that joyous grin—
"Dougy" Fairbanks.

So ends the tale of this lovable chap,
Whose laugh has mended many a scrap—
"Dougy" Fairbanks!

SAMUEL M. PEARLMAN.
1244 S. Millard Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.



Screen Favorites



STANZAS TO LOVE

B right little queen of the flickering screen,
E nslaved by thy fairy-like charms have I been!
S ure I fell for thy art, and I gave thee my heart
S ince the first time I saw thee a-playing a part.
I wonder what pleasure can give unto thee
E njoyment like seeing thee gives unto me?

L ove's the sweet theme of which poets all dream—
O h, what love is sweeter than thou art, Sunbeam?
V erses I'll write to thee—LOVE-themes indite to thee—
E ver LOVE'S lover aspire I to be!

Torrance, Cal. MARMION.

LITTLE BESSIE "THING" LOVE

"Oh, love is a beautiful thing!"
Sang a poet. I walloped him—bing!
He cant call our Bess
A "thing," well, I guess,
When I'm there to hear it, b'jing!

HARRY J. SMALLEY,
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THE SHOOTING-STAR O' LOVE

She fell like a star from above
Into filmdom, without any shove,
And there she was planted
And taken for granted—
Now who doesn't love Bessie Love?

MARTHA OSTENSO,
716 10th St.,
Brandon, Man.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

SKARABANDA.—Well, the Pansy Club was the first correspondence club, and now there are several others. Surely I eat hard-boiled eggs—why not? Eggs are like cities on the fields of war—we must shell them before we can take them.

SUN.—You ask why are Motion Pictures called the Shadow Stage when it is sunshine to so many. Because it is a poetic expression, and shadows may be beautiful.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—The title of the picture you refer to is "Wolfe and the Conquest of Quebec," taken by the Kalem Company some time ago.

MRS. B. W. HINKLE.—I'm sorry the verses in the July issue were credited to Mrs. B. W. Winkler—that was a typographical error. They were appreciated, however, else they would not have been printed.

EMMA, 17.—Come, now; dont say I show partiality, for I dont. You ask if Ethel Tearle is related to Conway Tearle. No, Emma. Yes; Earle Foxe is married. Honestly, I warn you, I will do something desperate if you persist in calling me a woman.

L. W. H.—Margaret Edwards was Truth in "Hypocrites." Audrey Munson stars in "Purity." Yes; Margaret Anglin has been in pictures. Thomas Meighan and Anita King in that play. No; I haven't been doing so much roasting as I formerly did. It's hot enough without my adding to it.

R. G. M.—Winifred Weston was Kate in "Jim Bludso." Jewel Carmen was the girl in "Fall of Two Cities."

J. N. ADMIRER.—No, we have no stills on "Eyes of the World." Roberta Wilson and Charles Perley in "The Amazing Adventure." So you like the Lannigans and Brannigans. They will be around again soon. True, some belles have all kinds of rings but the right one.

VICTORIA.—You can get H. B. Warner at the Selig studio if you hurry. No; I wont pardon you for making such a sarcastic remark. My dander is up, and I want to fight.

A. S. B.—Mary Fuller is playing in "The Public Be Damned" with Charles Richman. Constance Talmadge had the lead in "Intolerance" and did mighty well. Harry Morey and Alice Joyce in "Womanhood."

JERSEY MOVIE FAN.—Anthony Merlo was Tom in "The Scarlet Mark." Theda Bara and Glen White in "The Darling of Paris." Herbert Brenon was Roader in "Neptune's Daughter." Well, if you were born the first part of January, you are naturally subject to melancholy spells, according to the astrologers. Come, cheer up; there are lots of good things in the world yet.

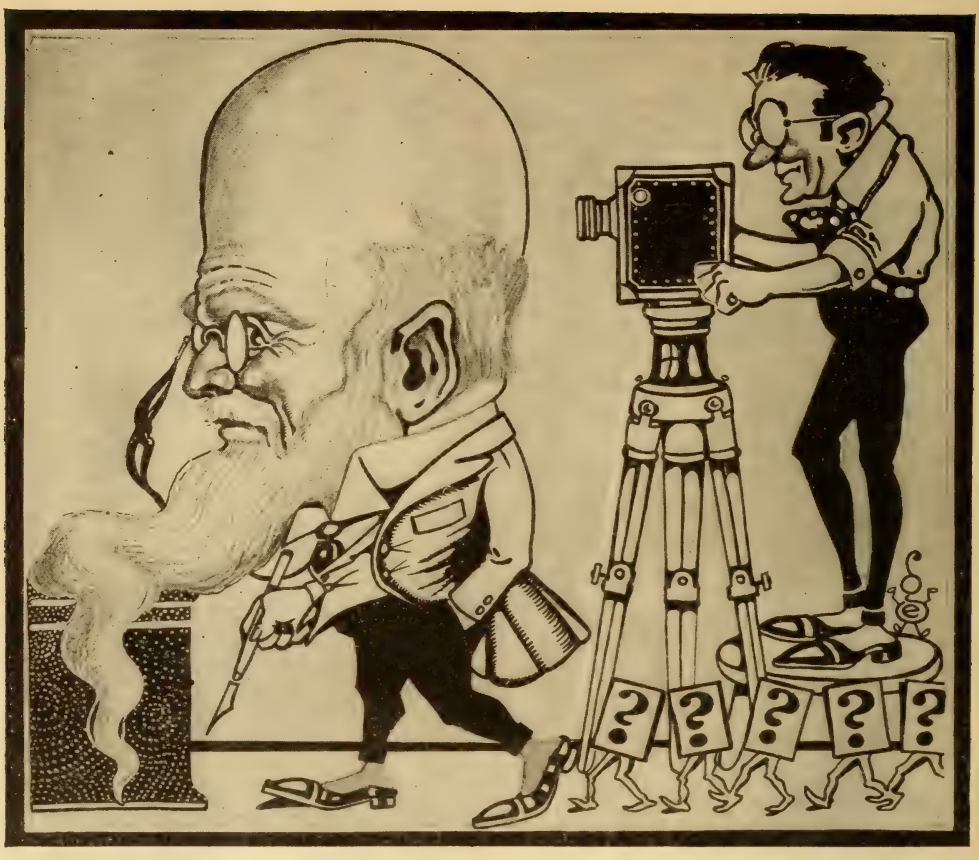
BETTY K.—You dont have to ask me to excuse your pencil and paper and writing paraphernalia. Dont blame your misfortunes to fate. Nowadays if a man isn't successful he blames it on his parents. If he is successful, he takes credit for it.

JOSEPHINE G. Y.—Gordon Gray played in "The More Excellent Way." I doubt whether Mary and Jack Pickford will play together. It's a good thing that you cant hear me, altho I am no orator. Did you ever observe how the crowds will collect around an angry man in the street or on a car? The acrobatic feats of Talmage, the volcanic eruptions of Rufus Choate, the majestic thunderings of Webster, the fiery outbursts of Patrick Henry and the lightning flashes and excited contortions of John B. Gough drew large crowds and stirred the souls of thousands, but all that is nothing to what I could be if I got started once.

MISS, 14.—Yes; Peggy Hyland.

P. W. AND C. W.—You aren't a bit thoughtful. Clara K. Young is touring different cities. Also Muriel Ostriche.

OLGA, 17.—Crane Wilbur will have a cover soon. Not all can succeed in the scramble for food and in the search for a mate. So if you get left in the scramble, honey, or lost in the search, you will have plenty of company. Poorness or single blessedness is not a shame, but being ashamed of it is.



A HEAD OF THE MOVIES (Can it be the Answer Man?)

REVA.—Do you want me always to say I am glad to hear from you? I am, even if I dont say it. That's like you in an imperative sentence—always understood.

MAE F.—Warren Kerrigan is with Paralta. You should put your name on the top of the letter. Always so—we roast the great while they live, boast of them after they die.

KEYDET.—Stop your blushing now. Aren't you human? Tell me your troubles—I wont tell anybody. Virginia Stanton isn't playing now. Max Linder is still with Essanay.

ATHENS.—Never noticed the resemblance between May Allison and Hazel Dawn. Margaret Shelby is Mary Miles Minter's sister. Thanks for your good wishes. Violet de Biccard was the girl in "The Unwelcome Mother."

E. M. S.—I believe you refer to Paul Willis in "The Fall of a Nation." He is with Metro now. You had better write direct to American. Neptune hath claimed many victims, but Bacchus more. I prefer Morpheus.

COUNTRY LOVER.—The more, the merrier. The doors are open to all. Charlotte Burton is married to William Russell now, and Vivian Rich is with Treasure Feature Co.

JOHANNA.—Alexander Shannon was King in "War Brides." You are right; New York is full of Rush, Hurry, Push, Shove, Shout and Growl. We rush to restaurants, rush home after theaters, rush for the cars, but this is all called economy of time.

CARISSIMA.—I was glad to get your letter. Let me hear from you again.

JUDY.—Yes; I will be your Daddy-long-legs, but you cant expect any more. I never get tired of buttermilk. William Morse was the artist. Evelyn Dumo was the baroness in "My Madonna." The battle of nations you refer to was fought on the plain near Leipsic, October 16, 1813, between Napoleon and the allied powers of Russia, Prussia, Austria, Sweden, Denmark and England.

G. U. STIFF.—Haven't you changed that name yet? Yours was just as interesting as ever. Write to the players in care of their company. I dont give private addresses of the players. Yes, most of them have summer homes. Money buys acquaintances, fidelity, friends, and we never can have too many friends nor too much fidelity when it is deserved.

WALLY'S FAN.—Your questions are mostly out of order. You will get a picture of your favorite sooner or later. Charlie Chaplin has a new hobby now—he makes beautiful statuettes out of chewing-gum.

KATHERINE R. H.—I'm sorry, but I couldn't have letters come to me and then forward them to you. Why dont you join a correspondence club?

EISMET.—Wheeler Oakman in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Never mind getting the hook. Hook and eye are great friends. They are the support of many girls.

JANET B.—Yes; Martha G. McKelvie is from Nebraska, the State that Wm. J. B. put on the map and that Martha is keeping there.

ODD O.—Thanks for your dandy letter. I am glad you like my department and hope you will write me again. Tom Forman was born on a ranch in Texas in 1893, attended a university in Texas, has hazel eyes, fair hair and is five feet ten inches. He is the possessor of an auto, a prosperous garden and is an all-around athlete.

MRS. R. H.—Norma Talmadge was Virginia in "The Battle Cry of Peace." You want a picture of Marshall Neilan in the Magazine.

GRACE CUNARD FAN.—Mary Pickford and Matt Moore in "The Pride of the Clan." Keep at it and you will succeed. He is a man who takes the lemons Fate hands out to him and uses them to start a lemonade stand.

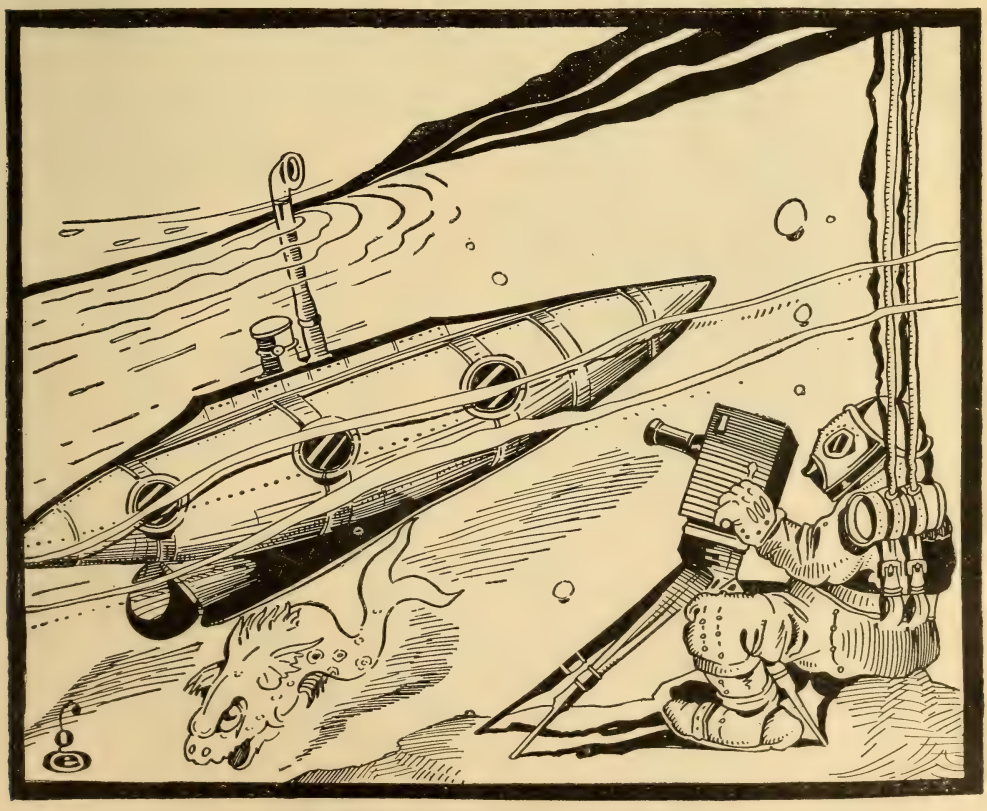
ELLA Z.—Everybody's doing it. William Russell is an expert knitter. He knits golf stockings with green tops that attract much feminine admiration on the golf course. No; I haven't gotten to that yet. May Allison is not located at this writing. No; I dont think Harold Lockwood is broken-hearted. That was the first Mary Anderson. Yes, write whenever you get time.

A. V. G.—Mahlon Hamilton was the leading-man in "Molly Make-Believe." Miriam Cooper was the older sister. Have handed your verses to the Editor. Nance O'Neil is the author of several comedies produced under a nom de plume.

URSULA.—I haven't heard yet whether Alice Joyce has her divorce or not. Miriam Nesbitt is with Art Dramas.

E. M. P.—Ann Murdock says that parrots always make her furious, because they can talk faster than she can. C. Aubrey Smith was Jack in "The Witching Hour," and Marie Shotwell was Helen. Send for a list of manufacturers.

EVELYN W.; PEARL WHITE ADMIRER; GEORGE C.; S. B. T.; MANUEL C.; MURRAY H. B.; OLIVE M.; B. M. ANGELINE; JOSEPH J. L.; ZEKE, 17; MILDRED S.; HELENA H.; IGNATIUS; BETTY; MRS. E. A. C.; LILLIE B.; BESSIE I.; BIRDELLA D.; WALTER; LETA L. H.; PITTSBURG MOVIE FAN; BILLIE BURKE ADMIRER.—If you would ask questions that haven't been answered before, I would be glad to answer individually.



A DEEP STUDY IN THE MOVIES

The eye of the camera sees all things, even the mysteries of the deep.

D. AND G. OF SAUTÉ.—Everybody ought to do his bit. Margarita Fischer sends her automobile one afternoon each week to take three helpless old women out for an airing. Arthur Hoops was Albert. Edward Coxen was Norman in "The Key to the Past." Monroe Salisbury was King Frederick in "The Goose Girl."

EDWARD W.—Earle Williams was well named Christopher Race in "The Scarlet Runner." Christopher Colombo's experiences with the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* were as serene as a babe rocked in a cradle compared with his namesake's adventures in that red go-devil-cart. Your verses are very good indeed, but I fear we cannot print them.

INEZ.—Howard Missimer was the wild man in "The Wild Man." Herbert Prior was Robert in "The Thorns." Jack Halliday opposite Ormi Hawley in "His Mistake." May Buckley was the girl in "The Derelict's Return." Say, you must be just back from the Civil War, to come along with all these old films. Blanche Cornwall in "The Call of the Rose." Your argument, cigaret vs. pipe, is very good, but give me the pipe every time. You say cigarets are very artistic. I cant see it that way. Cigarets are for dudes and ladies (?)—pipes for men.

MARGUERITE C.—King Baggot isn't playing just now. You ask about his wife. Whose wife?

MRS. L. M. G.—Wallace Reid is still with Lasky.

"DOUG" FAIRBANKS ADMIRER.—Thanks for the fee. Richard Barthelmess was Genarro in "The Eternal Sin." Perhaps he was married when I said so, but he may be divorced now.

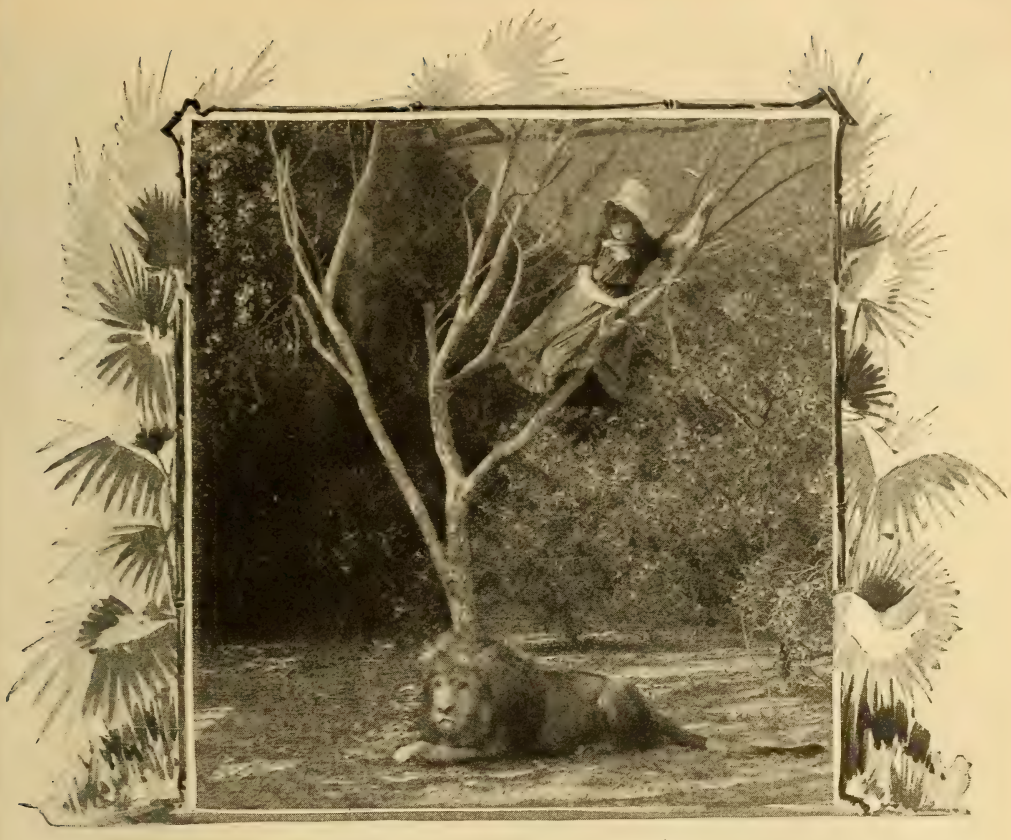
GERTRUDE, 18, GA.—I'm surprised at you. Georgia ranks second in rice and sweet potatoes. No, no; Anita Stewart has brown hair. You refer to Warren Kerrigan. Now, now, now! that's no way to fool the old Answer Man. You ask what's the difference between a sigh, an automobile and a monkey. A sigh is "Oh, dear," an automobile is too dear, and a monkey is "You dear." Thanks for this marvelous burst of wit.

WILFRED L.—Well, if you make money your god, it will plague you like the devil. I haven't a record of where the scenes were taken in "A Prison Without Walls." I am afraid there is mighty little chance of getting in pictures these days.



BETTY HOWE (PATHÉ)

HENRY C. HULL-



BIG SAM LIES AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE, HOLDING EILEEN SEDGWICK A PRISONER. SAM LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH, BUT MISS SEDGWICK KNOWS IT IS SAFER TO KEEP WELL UP IN THE BOUGHS UNTIL THE KEEPERS INDUCE THE BEAST TO RETURN TO HIS CAGE

MARGARET B.—The traditional story of "Jack and the Beanstalk" was a record-breaker for rapid growth, but doesn't it seem slow compared with the following answer to your inquiry for facts and figures of the Fox Film Corporation in California? When first organized it occupied one acre of ground and employed thirty persons. Within twelve months' time it spread over thirty acres, paying salaries to more than five hundred persons, involving an expenditure of more than $1,000,000—ten times more than President Wilson's yearly salary.

MARJORIE B.—Yes, but you must write on one side of the paper only. But perhaps during war times you can write on both.

RALPH M.—Of course I did not register. Did you think I was a slacker? You can reach William S. Hart at Culver City, Cal.

MAY DAY.—Yes; Edith Storey is very versatile. She joined the Metro with a long contract. No, it wont cost you anything to see the Brooklyn Bridge when you come to New York. John A. Roebling made the plans for building this wonderful suspension bridge connecting New York and Brooklyn. He died July 22, 1869, while the construction was in progress. His son, Washington A. Roebling, completed the bridge in 1883.

MARGARET B.—Blanche Sweet isn't playing just now. You want another picture of Marguerite Clark on the cover. The next Fairbanks picture is "The Optimist." Eugene O'Brien was Clavering Gordon in "The Rise of Susan" (World).

L. W.—My dear, Arline Pretty was playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks when that was written. Eileen Percy was playing opposite him when it appeared in print. On the cast I have Herbert Delmore as the doctor in "Broken Chains." Perhaps you know him as Ralph. You were right on the Russel. My mistake in having Bussel. Thanks.

FREDERICKS.—Some boys marry so they wont have to go to war, and their brothers go to war so they wont have to marry. The way of the world. I am sorry, but I have no cast for "Hearts of Paddywhack." I am sure they did not play in it. Thanks greatly for the fee.

ANDREW J.—Look up back numbers for information about the Pathé octopus.

ELMA S.—Triangle took some pictures at Fort Lee. Yes, he is the same. Essanay has no jurisdiction over their players as to answering their mail. Write to him again. Thanks for the lilacs.

SYZYGY.—Sure, anything is accepted as a fee. Yes, it is nice to be wealthy, but dont you know that it has made more men worthless than has poverty? Mabel Julienne Scott was Necia, and Victor Sutherland was



IF JIMMIE WERE PRESIDENT

the lieutenant in "The Barrier." You are wrong, and J. Warren Kerrigan shall now be dubbed Baron Munchausen. Your favorites are my favorites, too.

LEOPOLD F. G.—Thanks for the clipping. I agree.

JERRY T.—Robert Clungston was Chick's pal in "Kick In." Jewel Carmen has been on the stage. Jane Novak isn't playing just now. It was Captain Nathan Hale, the American patriot, who courageously volunteered to penetrate the British lines to secure information for Washington. He was detected and executed September 22, 1776. The dying martyr's words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to give my country."

MISS LIONEL.—Mary Miles Minter is at Santa Barbara, Cal. Romaine Fielding is directing for World.

INEZ, NEWFOUNDLAND. — Wheeler Oakman was the male lead and Bessie Eyton opposite him in "Shotgun Jones." George Fischer was Paul in "Three of Many." Asquith is pronounced As'kith; Beaconsfield, Beck'onsfield; Brougham, Broom; and Pepys, Peps or Pep'is.

LEIGH, N. Y. — I dont mind answering questions in the least. No record of Laura Sears at present. Margaret Shelby is with Mutual. See above for Romaine Fielding. Thanks.

ONTARIO GIRL.—The Correspondence Club is still booming. Read this department regularly for full particulars. We had a picture of Wallace Reid on the February Magazine, and a chat with him in May, 1915.

ELLEN B. — Yes, George Walsh in "Blue Blood and Red."

ALEX S.—The note you sent was as bright as the one sent by a friend of mine who, in returning a lost glove, wrote "From this small token take the letter G, and then 'tis love and that I send to thee. You refer to "The Eternal Grind" with Mary Pickford as one of the sisters. Probably, but I didn't see the picture. You must try to give the titles. Marguerite Clark did play in "Mollie Make-Believe."

ARNOLD DALY FAN.—You refer to Francis Scott Key. He was a lawyer by profession. While detained on one of the British ships during the bombardment of Ft. McHenry, Sept. 14, 1814, he composed the words of "The Star Spangled Banner." Your letter was very interesting. We are waiting for some one to write another patriotic song now.

MAE MARSH ADMIRER.—The Editor expects to have a picture of Mae Marsh on the cover soon. James Cruze was with Fox last. You say there are twenty-one movies in Auckland, N. Z.

MRS. JOHN E.—It is letters like yours that make us feel like work. You have it wrong —gentlemen perspire, horses sweat, but ladies glow.

RITA G.—I'm not in the least sarcastic. Watcher step! You know nowadays they say a word to the wise is not sufficient; take a club. No name for the baby in "Square Deal Man." Probably wasn't named before the cast was made up.

LESLIE J. P.—Glad to know you. I doubt whether you will ever see a play with both Douglas Fairbanks and William S. Hart in it. It would make a great film with Earle Williams, Mary Pickford, William S. Hart, Anita Stewart, Harold Lockwood, etc., etc., all in it, but what company could afford so many stars in one play? I doubt whether we could use the drawings.

MAORILANDER.—Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs? You will surely find some one who would be interesting. You know that's true, but there's nothing green about a grass widow, and she never lets grass grow under her feet.



JIMMIE FINDS HIS MOTHER'S OLD SWITCH IN THE RUBBISH-CAN AND MAKES TIMELY USE OF IT

MISS 14.—You will have to select your own star. Yes; I know that writing letters to the Answer Man is forbidden during school hours, and you must not do it. Write to me in the evening.

INTERNATIONAL MORSE.—You may use any name you like. The dancer isn't cast in "Sally in a Hurry" (Vitagraph). Denton Vane was Rene de Tierache, and Julia S. Gordon was the madame in "The Hawk." William Faversham was in the stage play of the same name.

MAISIEPOP, 13.—I'm sorry you cant save. You know you cant pay next month's bills with last month's good intentions. Of course you dont want to be put among the initials—the "also rans." I dont like to put any one among them, but I must do it occasionally. Thanks for the verse.

LUELLA, 16.—Sorry to hear of your case. But the law is the only kind of net that will catch the little fish and let the big ones thru. Marshall Neilan was opposite Mary Pickford in "Rags." House Peters in "The Bishop's Carriage." Arthur Hoops in Esmeralda." Rosina Henley in "The Sign of the Cross."

MRS. H. S. M.—Gadzooks! zounds! but you cant expect me to be polite when you insinuate that I make up the questions. Far be it from me, for I get hundreds that I dont even get time to answer. Yours was more of a Letter to the Editor. Of course I want to know what you like and what you dont like about our Magazine, for that's the only way we can give you what you want.

MUGWUMP.—You say you notice that all the American doctors have beards. Beards are intended to catch and preserve germs. William Russell is one of the most expert trap-shots in California. Hope you are better now.

RIVERMA.—Charlie Chaplin is somewhat of a vegetarian, and I guess his favorite vegetable is pie-plant. Marjorie Rambeau is taking sewing lessons so that she can make comfort kits for the soldiers, and Billie Rhodes has volunteered to keep ten soldiers supplied with interesting letters when our boys are called to the trenches.

QUEENIE, SYDNEY.—All the players you mentioned are with Fox. You have them all right. William Duncan and Nell Shipman in "God's Country and the Woman."

GABY L.—William S. Hart didn't stop in to see us on his tour thru the country, altho he wrote to us an appreciative letter. I never knew him to be a woman-hater. You say you have never seen him kiss in a picture, and that the woman always had to kiss him.

LORNA H.—I have given your letter to the Editor. Impossibilities are merely the half-hearted efforts of quitters.

ELKA.—So you say you are in love with Edward Langford. He was Harold in "As Man Made Her."

LITTLE JANE.—Thanks for your very kind letter. You refer to Mahlon Hamilton with Olga Petrova. Thanks.

CLIO.—Yes; Triangle have been somewhat abandoned, but they will probably come back strong, and you will see just as good films as ever. Of course I bought a Liberty Bond. Stop in some time.

VERONY ADMIRER.—Vernon Castle is still an aviator. Yes, I read about that German who took a picture of the Emperor to a pawnshop and was instantly arrested. Hock der Kaiser!



"The Way of the Transgressor"

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

Bobby tried to "graft" a dime
From his sister's beau,
So that he might have a time
At some Picture Show.
That is why he hid away
Just to hear what they might say.

All was right as right could be
Till his buxom "Sis"
Sat upon dear George's knee,
Bobby heard a kiss,
But the weight on the old couch
Squeezed Bob till he bellowed "Ouch!"

Bobby thus was stricken low
By his well-dug pit,
Did not get to see the show,
Not one little bit.
What he got in spite of cries
You can easily surmise.

MORAL:

If you would enjoy the fun
At some Picture Play,
Let the price be fairly won
In some honest way.
Earn the dime and joy will go
With you to the Picture Show.

ELVIRA S.—Yes, we pay for cartoons that are used in our magazines, but we have plenty on hand just now. We are not going to use so many in the future. Yes, it was Ruth Ashmore who used to conduct the "Side Talks with Girls" column in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Zoe Beckley now mothers the "Sidewalks with Girls" in the N. Y. *Evening Mail*.

SKARABANDA.—A dark curtain is used. Yes, "The Easiest Way" was very good. That isn't always the best way, tho. Charles Ray never got your address from us. Yes, we have a few fleas around here. Where there's a dog, there's a flea. Some fleas have nerve, all right. He's a valiant flea that dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. Sheridan once said that if all the fleas in his bed would organize, they could push him out of bed. Team work is a great thing.

BETTY.—I think Olga has written to me for the last six or seven years, and she is still Olga, 17. Frank Bennett was Joaquin in "Sister Six." Of course I was glad to hear from you. Buttermilk and I will always be friends.

GEE WHIZ.—Yes, I will give you a list of birthdays of the players soon. Yes, I like walking immensely. It is very invigorating after a day's work.

ELSIE N.—Alla Nazimova and Richard Barthelmess in "War Brides." Anna Little is with Metro. Mary Anderson and William Duncan in "The Last Man."

CAREWE FAN.—The word Nihilist was introduced by the Russian novelist, Turgenieff, in "Father and Sons." It is from the Latin word *nihil*, meaning nothing. Enid Markey in "The Devil's Double."

ESTHER P.—We had a picture of Thomas Meighan in April 1916 issue. *Laissez-faire* is the "to leave alone" system, and expresses the principle of individual liberty as against state control.

LOUISE D.—You want Maurice Costello's tabloid biography? All right, here it is: (a) Born February 22, 1877; (b) has two daughters, Dolores and Helen; (c) headed Vitagraph's round-the-world trip in 1913; (d) played Harold Stanley, the newspaper-man, in "The Crimson Stain Mystery"; (e) with Consolidated Film Co. Thought you'd have your Uncle Dudley guessing, didn't you? Try again. Anita Stewart and Evart Overton in "Glory of Yolanda."

WILLIAM N.—So you live at 5 Tremont View, Hunslet Carr, Leeds, Yorkshire, England, and would like to correspond with some American readers. You should join the Correspondence Club.



DIRECTOR—Faster! Faster! This isn't the scene where he catches you!



CECIL B. DE MILLE, THE DISTINGUISHED LASKY DIRECTOR, IN ACTION

PETT.—Sorry you dont see the big films. You will have to move to a bigger town. That's the only remedy I can give you, unless you petition your exhibitor. Theda Bara as Esmeralda in "The Darling of Paris" is in the picture almost every moment. No; Victor Hugo did not write the play, since he has been dead many years. It was suggested by his novel, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Hugo was eighty-two when he died. His first drama, "Marion de Lorme," was suppressed by the censorship, but was performed after the French Revolution in 1830. Oh, yes! Mr. Censorship was quite as busy a hundred years ago as he is now.

KIDDO, 1917.—That name isn't used so much as it used to be. Indeed I don't think you are rude. I don't want flattery, but I do approve of appreciation.

ELIZABETH MCD.—Your letter was very interesting indeed. Robert Gaillord was Schuyler in "Writing on the Wall."

MARGARET H.—Your letter was very interesting. Henry King is directing for American now.

R. F. A.; IVY N.; A. NUT; ANNA S.; JUSTA G.; RUTH P.; BETTY B.; ROMAN P.; JOSEPH C.; ALBERT H.; J. W. G.; JOHN G.; ALICE, 15; DALPHINE; FRED B.; KATHLEEN MC.; ROSS M.; MABEL L.; ALICIA L.; DORIS D.; ETHEL J.; PAUL L.; CARMEN R.; E. C. K.; PEARL W.; EMILIE L.; MARIE V.; INCOGNITO; M. K. F. That means that your questions have been answered before, and that I am sorry you did not ask some fresh questions so I could answer them without giving stale news.

ULSTER GIRL.—You want to know all there is to know about Mae Marsh. I'm afraid I cant tell you any more than that she was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897; is about five feet three inches in height; is charmingly slender; has dark eyes, auburn hair and a sprinkling of freckles; is quite a farmer; has played in a number of Biograph and Triangle plays, and is now with Goldwyn. D. W. Griffith was taking pictures in France, is now in London and expects to return home shortly. Of course you can send postal cards.

DITTO.—Glad to see you again. What next? You want me to indicate in the Table of Contents on what page your answer will appear. Why, yes; wouldn't you like me to send you a letter about it?

COPPER JACK.—You should take care of your health—it is the most important thing in the world. Dont exceed the speed limit. Nay; Ben Turpin is not cross-eyed. Ella Hall and Robert Leonard are not playing opposite.

THOMAS W. B.—You often see Henry King in "poor but honest boy" rôles. He helped Ruth Roland make famous the "Who Pays?" series, also co-starred with Lillian Lorraine in "Should a Wife Forgive?" Why didn't you look it up? New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston, Cleveland and Baltimore are the seven largest in U. S. I dont think so. I never knew of a company yet who stole a script. Stop in and we will hash it out.

DANN, 88.—We have never published a picture of Marie Cahill.

JACK K.—Louise Beaudet was the mother of the two daughters in "The Battle Cry of Peace." Victor Sutherland and Cecil Spooner in "The Dancer and the Ring." Lillian Walker and Evart Overton had the leads in "The Shabbies." I cant tell you from your description. Sorry. Let me hear from you again.

VIOLE.—Gail Kane is still with American. When she was asked, "Why is Gail blind?" her reply was because a gale is a wind, a wind is a zephyr, zephyr is yarn, a yarn is a tale, a tail is an attachment, an attachment is love and love is blind. So you have adopted me as your uncle. Yes, Alice Brady did do a dual part in "The Dancer's Peril." Alfred Paget you refer to. No, indeed.

INQUISITIVE BILL.—Wont you please put your name at the top of the list? It would make it much easier for me. Of course a money order is safe. We are getting money orders from England, Japan and Australia every time a boat comes in. It is pretty hard to get autographed photographs.

VIOLE, AUSTRALIA.—So you dont care for Harold Lockwood in a derby. Of course we will fight—fight like hallelujah! You say you are awfully proud of us Americans, and I hope you can still say so a year from now, after we have accomplished something. You refer to Mae Marsh. Josephine Crowell was the mother in 'The Bad Boy." Get the May 1916 Classic. Thanks for your letter. Glad to hear from you.



VALESKA SURATT, CHAMPION FLY-CATCHER, IS AN ALLURING SPIDER; IT'S HER SWEETNESS, NOT THE WEB, THAT ENTICED THE MOVIE BUGS TO SEE HER IN "THE NEW YORK PEACOCK" (FOX)

LOCKWOOD ADMIRER. — You should meet more people than you do. Conversation strengthens one's opinions; reflection and meditation confirm them. The only address of Harold Lockwood I know is Metro Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

SWIMMING SIN.—So Pearl White won the contest in your town. Paddy McQuire, the Mutual comedian, says he has to change his personality so often that when he gets up in the morning it always takes him about five minutes to figure out who he really is. One week Paddy was a dignified judge and the next week he was a hod-carrier.

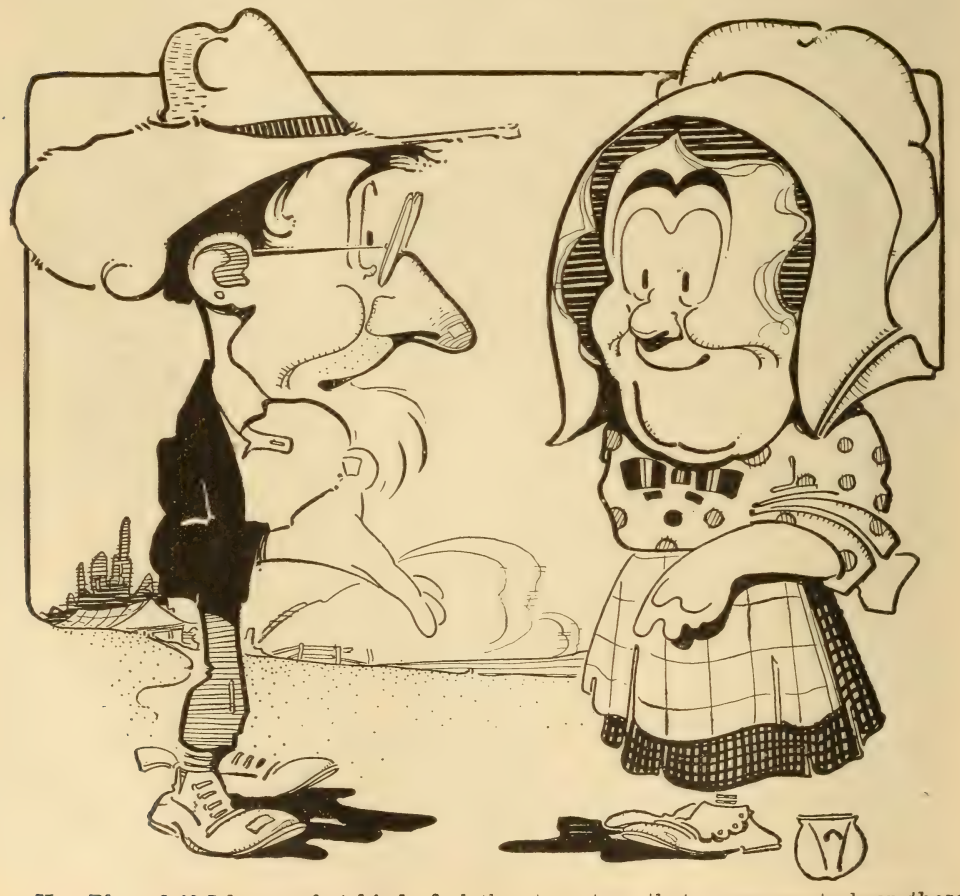
DEVOUE.—You here? Quite nice of you to say you wanted to write me to let the ray of my wisdom penetrate the dense darkness of your brain, but I am sure you are not dense—far from it. Send five International coupons.

PAX VOBISCUM.—Yes, E. K. Lincoln is very much interested in dogs. He has one side of his den covered with ribbons won by his dogs. Louise Lovely was Bobbie in "Bobbie of the Ballet." Stella Razetto was Ruth in "Three Godfathers." We have no playing cards with photos of either Warren Kerrigan or Francis Bushman on them.

KIWI, NEW ZEALAND.—No; Douglas Fairbanks' wife is not a screen star. Helen Holmes is teaching little Dorothy Holmes to use a rake and spade and not to pull up the plants to see how they are growing. Yes, of course Suzette Booth is a human being. She is in California.

NAOMI K.—Mr. Bushman's second name is Xavier. His salary I do not know, but it is somewhere between $1 and $2,500 a week, probably midway. John Davidson was the lieutenant in "The Wall Between." No, I have very, very few relatives, anyway. I'm somewhat of an orphan. I entered the business seven years ago without a cent in my pocket and I've got it yet.

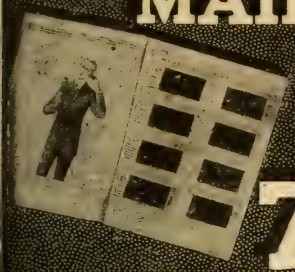
VELMA C.—You must not write to me when you are angry. Count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred. Sure thing. You just write again.



HE—Blamed if I know what kind of clothes to put on that scarecrow to keep those crows away.

SHE—Why dont you dress it up like Charlie Chaplin?

HE—Gosh, I want something to scare th' crows; I dont want to make 'em laugh.



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Our big new Fall and Winter book is ready for you—contains 70 samples latest woolens—also lowest prices on men's hats, shoes and furnishings. It is your guide to correct and economical clothes buying. Mail coupon above or send post card for your copy. Please mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE so that we can identify this special offer.

BERNHARD-HEWITT & COMPANY

424-434 So. Green Street Desk F-189, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MARION J. C.—Your first was much out of order. Much too much. Pathé release films produced by Thanhouser. You write a very fine hand. Some pictures are poems without words. Some of the letters I receive are books with words to burn.

MARION E. — Sepia is a brown shade or color. Walter McGrail played in "Within the Law." We never carried the story "The Shielding Shadow."

VIOLET L., PERTH AMBOY.—Valeska Suratt played in "The Slave." No; Anita Stewart is resting just now. Mary Pickford and Elliott Dexter in "A Romance of the Redwoods."

BURKE-LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—Please forgive me. Lawyers are a necessary evil. They divide their time between getting folks out of trouble and getting them in. Billie Burke is with Lasky. Your letter very interesting.



GETTING A "CLOSE-UP" OF A "HOLD-UP" SUCH AS THIS SHOULD PROVE ONE GOOD REASON WHY YOUNG MEN ARE AMBITIOUS OF BECOMING SCREEN STARS. ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE ARE NOT MANY YOUNG LADIES WHO WOULD MIND BEING "HELD UP" IF DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS PERFORMED THE DEED, AS SHOWN. THE PICTURE PRESENTS ONE OF MANY CHARMING BITS IN "IN AGAIN—OUT AGAIN"

ELEANOR F.—Your first offense—welcome. Joy, temperance and repose slam the door on the doctor's nose. Your letter was great. We want letters of criticism as well as letters of praise. If you dont tell us what you want, how can we give it to you?

IMA KNUTT, UTICA.—Richard Barthelmess. Miles Welch was Trafton in "Miss George Washington." Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say. Take heed.

ELLIOTT DEXTER ADMIRER.—We have never printed an interview with Mahlon Hamilton. You never heard of William Sherwood? Impossible! He was playing with Metro, but I believe he is in France now. Too bad! No one would commit suicide if he believed in the survival of the fittest.

BARBARA GILROY ADMIRER.—I am sorry, but I dont know the young lady.

G. U. STIFF.—Earle Williams is not married. He hasn't been in to see us for some time now. You are indeed a sparkler.



6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

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Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.00 per month, or only $17.90 in all. A positively staggering value, and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at this massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is just one of the many extraordinary bargains shown in our giant catalog and bargain list which we will send you free. No obligations. Send today sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

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BETH, 17.—I am surprised at the patriotic letters I receive. If you dont answer the Call of Duty, you may be waked up by the Knock of Necessity. There will be more Liberty Bonds for sale soon. If you cant go across, come across! Joseph Dowling you refer to.

BLUE BELL.—Look up the August 1916 Magazine. You know the old saying—"A man's heart is located between his stomach and his pocketbook."

DORA.—Well, it is not necessary for a girl to pose in order to become a model woman. Chester Barnett was Joe in "The Man of the Hour." He also played in "The Gentleman from Mississippi."

J. F. R., BROOKLYN.—Your letter looks like a sermon. Four pages of closely typewritten matter, and after reading it I sent it to Commodore Blackton. No, no; there is no reason in the world why Dorothy Kelly hasn't received more publicity, except that Vitagraph have a lot of stars and they all should be taken care of.

JOSEPH J. H.—Margarita Fischer was Jackie in that play.

CREIGHTON HALE ADMIRER.—Pathé last. Alice Brady is not married.



TWO MOORES THAT BEAT AS ONE

GRACE CUNARD'S RECENT MARRIAGE TO JOE MOORE, THE YOUNGEST OF THE CLAN "MATTOWENTOM," SURPRISED THE OUTSIDE WORLD AND WAS THE ONE CHOICE BIT OF SHOP-TALK IN THE LOS ANGELES ACTORS' COLONY

When the Rattlesnake Struck





Judge!

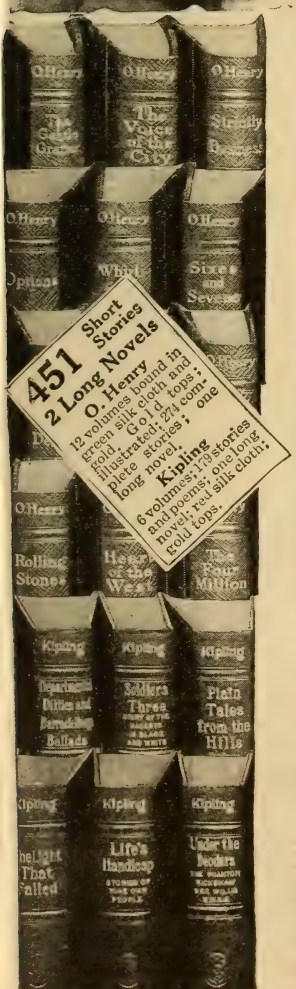
When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike. Yours respectfully,

RATTLESNAKE.

This is the beginning of one of the stories by

O. HENRY

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Up—up—up goes the sale of O. Henry, higher and higher every day. Long ago he reached high above all records in the world for the sale of short stories. And still the sales climb until soon there will be no home without O. Henry. 1,600,000 already in the United States! How many thousands in Australia, France, England, Germany, Africa and Asia we cannot tell. And all because O. Henry is among the few very greatest in all literature—greatest in humor, human sympathy, in pity and understanding. The man on the street loves him; the university professor pays him homage. The sale of O. Henry will go on forever, for his is a quality that is undying. But the sale at this low price must soon be over. So now, while you can, get your set. You must have O. Henry if your library is to be complete. You must have O. Henry if you are to get out of life the beauty and fun it holds. You can have his work at half price if you send the coupon today; you can have, besides

KIPLING 6 Volumes 179 Stories FREE

Before the war started Kipling easily held place as the first of living writers. Now we know him to be greater than ever. For in his pages is the very spirit of war. Not only the spirit of English war, but the spirit of all war regardless of nation or flag—the lust of fight, the grimness of death, and the beating heart of courage. "Tommy Atkins" is dying today in the trenches. The Taking of Lungtungpen, when the British soldiers fought as naked as they were born, gives a hint of what they may do today with a few clothes on, and "Gunga Din" recalls the deathless heroism of plain men in battle.

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Last Spring the price of paper went so high that we had to raise the price of the books. Fortunately, we secured one big lot of paper at a comparatively reasonable price so that we had to add only one payment to the price of the books. So as long as this paper (enough for one edition) lasts, you can have your set of O. Henry at the present low price with the Kipling free. But paper is still higher now, cloth is higher, and this is the last edition we shall ever be able to make at a low price. So send the coupon now at once—for your set on approval free.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place, N. Y.

M. P. Mag. 9-17

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30 Irving Pl., N. Y.

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Occupation.....

This beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For this luxurious binding, change above to $1.50 a month for 15 months.

ABE, 99.—How are you? I'm thinking the same. Herr William T. Henderson lives in Brooklyn, and I haven't heard or seen him in years. I guess he has forgotten all about his old friends.

MRS. B. W. H.—No, indeed. No son of mine will ever be an Answer Man for the simple reason that I have no son. Marjorie Rambeau owns two fox-terriers, named respectively "Heads" and "Tails," so it's always a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose." She is still with Mutual. Thanks for the verse.

MILDRED J. L.—I, too, believe in cash. Men who always pay cash seldom owe an apology. "Into the Primitive" was a six-part Selig, with Guy Oliver, Kathlyn Williams and Harry Lonsdale. Self-defense is Nature's oldest law. Gladys Brockwell did play with William Farnum.

MAZIE A.—Yes; Peggy Hyland has left Vitagraph. Well, a nice summer drink is a Horse's Neck, if you like ginger ale. You say that "since Billy Sunday has been in New York the lettuce blushes to see the salad dressing." Help, help! This way out, please.

YVETTE.—Oh, but you must sign your name. Harry Myers is with Pathé. Very well. Comatose means drowsy; the word you want is Comus. He presided as the god of revelry over entertainments and feasts.

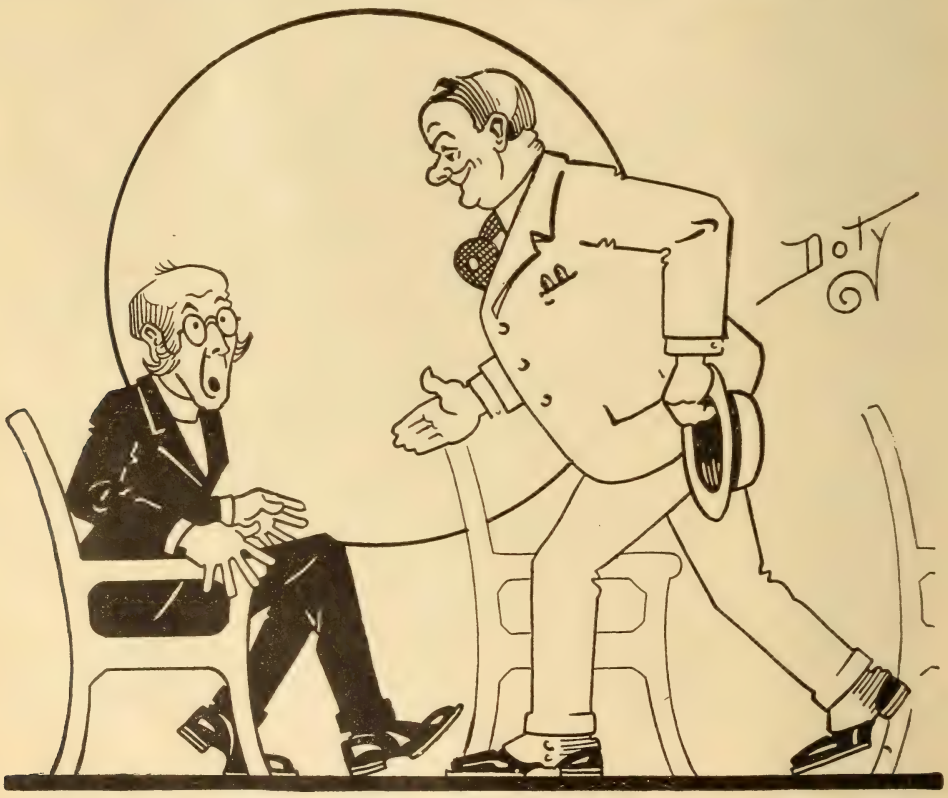
TERRY C. B.—Sorry, but that child wasn't cast. Rudolph Cameron was Dr. Billy in "Clover's Rebellion." That's right—take the selfishness out of this world, and there would be more happiness, my little friend, than we should know what to do with.

JERRY T.—Edith Storey is with the Western Metro. Buck Connor was a Western player.

LOUISE S.—Odds bodkin! Dont joggle me with such startlers. You dreamed you saw Charlie Chaplin as a baby and he looked like Billy Bryan; had his mouth open and was trying to put his big toe into it? Charlie should worry! But, pshaw! Dreams never come true—besides, his toes are insured. Oh, yes, Ruth Roland has played in regular dramas, and not always in serials.

BEN L., NEW YORK.—You can reach George Walsh at the Fox studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

TRULY RURAL.—Can you say it? Your letter really was a Letter to the Editor, but mighty interesting, altho your terminal facilities need adjusting. Let me thank you for the remarks about my department.



DURING INTERMISSION

FILM FAN (recognizing clerical acquaintance in seat at the movies)—Why, doctor, how does this happen? I thought you strongly disapproved of Motion Pictures.

CLERGYMAN—Well, you see, I'm—er—er—on my vacation, you know!

HARK TO THE HUNTER'S HORN

Clara Kimball Young, in Rich Red Hunt-Club Habit, Adorns October's Motion Picture Magazine Cover

Beautiful Clara Kimball Young was never more resplendent than in the cover painting of her created by Leo Sielke, Jr., posed in her private park, with her favorite collie, and booted and spurred for a run with the hounds. This stunning painting and exquisite likeness of the screen's great emotional actress will delight the eyes of our readers.

"Are the Studios Immoral?"—Recently a conclave of prominent citizens and the leading newspapers of Portland, Oregon, decided to find out for once and all if the surroundings, environment and life of the studios in Los Angeles were conducive to immorality. Professor William G. Harrington was appointed head of a special investigating committee and his comprehensive report (a most interesting narrative) will begin in the October Magazine and will continue for three issues. Special illustrations of Los Angeles studios and surroundings.

"Stories That Are True"—Vivid tales of personal experiences by Douglas Fairbanks, Harry Northrup, Fannie Ward, Max Linder, George Larkin and others.

"How Players Got Their Names"—Did you know that Peggy Hyland was named after a famous race-horse? That Grace Valentine's name was Scharrenberger? Look forward to some most interesting pages telling the players' real names and how they came to assume their stage names.

"Children Who Support Grown-up Stars"—A beautifully illustrated article which tells the story of tiny tots who are now full-fledged starlets.

"As They Grew Up"—Lillian Montanye has succeeded in doing the impossible. By gaining the friendship of Viola Dana, Earle Williams, Grace Valentine, Anita Stewart, Alice Joyce and Mabel Taliaferro, Miss Montanye was entrusted with their original baby pictures—the faded photographs of long ago. In connection with these precious pictures Miss Montanye has learnt many new and charming incidents of the stars' child-life. Altogether a very unusual feature article.

"Commandments of the Body Beautiful"—Parker R. Tyler, of New York City, a few years ago was a physical wreck—he was the hopeless patient of many doctors and physical culturists. At last he took his case into his own hands and built up a system of physical exercise that today has made him as strong as Bushman or the Farnums. Mr. Tyler offered to write his experiences and explain his exercises to us, and when the advance copy was read by athletic little Shirley Mason, she offered to pose each exercise for us. The result is an extraordinary feature article of great physical benefit to all our readers.

A Shower of Other Good Things—Space does not permit recounting half the contents of the October Magazine. Our Graflex man and our Camera Girl promise a sheaf of nifty snapshots of favorite players; Earle Williams, Norma Talmadge and Edna Mayo will tell how they got into pictures; the strongest feature photoplays of the month will be recounted in clever short stories, and several reigning favorites will be chatted at close range.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CLEOPATRA, 11. — There were several companies who produced that play. Yes, Florence LaBadie in "The Million-Dollar Mystery." I should not say it is warm—just simply sweltering. I'm going to make me some lemonade in about five minutes. Some of the letters I get make me boil within, and the weather makes me boil without. Alma Rubens was the girl in "The Half-Breed."

JIJJIE.—We have a few really big names. Oratory had her Pericles, Demosthenes and Cicero; Statesmanship had her Vespasian, Titus and Trojan; Arms had her Alexander, Cæsar and Hannibal; Philosophy had her Socrates, Plato and Aristotle; Law had her Lycurgus, Solon and Justinian; Moralism had her Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Epaminondas; Poetry had her Homer, Virgil and Horace; Science had her Hippocrates, Galen and Archimedes; the Drama had her Thespis, Æschylus and Aristophanes; and today the Photoplay has her Edison, Griffith, Blackton and Mary Pickford. Let me hear from you again. Your letter was clever.

A. H. MARION. — Napoleon said that God was on the side that had the heaviest artillery. If so, the Kaiser is wrong, for the British seem to have the best artillery, yet Bill keeps saying that God is on his side. I think God is on his neck! Gertrude Bondhill and Wharton Jones in "The Unborn." Gail Kane and Montagu Love in "The Man She Married." Carlyle Blackwell and Ethel Clayton in "His Brother's Wife." Famous Players.

DAUGHTER MAE. — Glad to see you again. See here, see here! No circumstances should create demonstrative irritability. What have I done now? Lottie Pickford and Irving Cummings. All the world loves the kind man; all the world despises the cross-patch. Come now, dont write such a letter again! Dont you think I am human? I dont mind you throwing bricks, but——!

ROBERT G. N.—Thanks for the invitation. I couldn't accept. I have been invited to spend the summer with a camp of boys in Michigan, the Scroll Club have asked me to attend their convention in Wisconsin, and a friend of mine, who is also about seventy-three, has asked me down to Beaver Springs.

LINDA W.; LITTLE MISS, 16; ROSS E. B.; JOYCE E.; FRANCES A. J.; ROBERTA K.; A. H., PROVIDENCE; ROSLYN W.; JACK L.; MISS L. TOE; FLORENCE N.; PHYLLIS; FAIR PLAY; ANNA BELLE; LYDA P.; VIOLA A.; EDITH B. T.; H. K.; FAIRBANKS FAN; HAROLD R.; MYRA G.; LAURIDALE; RAGS; SIMONA L.; ALMA F.; FLUFFY, 13; FANNIE A.; MISS M.; ARNOLD H.; F. G. L.; EVERETT B. — Thanks for your letters. See elsewhere for your answers.

ELEANOR F. — You know we cant please everybody. All we can do is to strive to please the greatest number. What you dont like, others do; and what you do like, others dont. See? However, your vote against bathing pictures, etc., has been duly recorded in the small minority.

JACK F.—The high cost of living does not bother me. The price of shaves and haircuts may continue to soar, but I go on forever —without either. Your letter was a sparkler, but since you ask me no questions I can tell you no lies. I don't mind kidding nor being kidded—not the least. Shoot again!

PRINCE ROBIN.—Sorry to hear about your brother. A woman is built to worry about somebody's staying out late at night, and if it isn't a man it's the hired girl, or the cat. Clara Kimball Young is now out for herself, God bless her!



Between the skies and the sea
Motor-boat, thee and me
On dancing billows glide,
When the powers from above
Sent the power of love
To pilot us safely to lee.



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DELATONE is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water; then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

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Die, Thou Villain!

He had thought of being a great Indian Chief, or a soldier—but the biggest idea of all had come to him. He would be a Pirate!

Now his future lay plain before him. His name would fill the world and make people shudder. And, at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weatherbeaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jackboots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and crossbones on it! His career was determined.

Remember the days when you dreamt of being a Pirate?—When you thought you would be a black avenger of the Spanish Main?

Get back the glamour of that splendid joyousness of youth. Read once more of Tom Sawyer, the best loved boy in the world; of Huck, that precious little rascal; of all the small folks and the grown folks that make Mark Twain so dear to the hearts of men and women and boys and girls in every civilized country on the face of the globe.



MARK TWAIN

At first it seems a long way from the simple, human fun of Huckleberry Finn to the spiritual power of Joan of Arc, **but look closer, and you will find beneath them both the same ideal, the same humanity, the same spirituality, that has been such a glorious answer to those who accuse this nation of being wrapped up in material things.**

There seems to be no end of the things that Mark Twain could do well. When he wrote history, it was a kind of history unlike any other except in its accuracy. When he wrote books of travel, it was an event. He did many things—stories, novels, travels, history, essays, humor—but behind each was the force of the great, earnest, powerful personality that dominated his time, so that even then he was known all over the face of the globe. Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by kings, he was loved by plain people.

If foreign nations love him, we in this country give him first place in our hearts. The home without Mark Twain is not an American home.

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Mark Twain wanted these books in the hands of all the people. He wanted us to make good-looking, substantial books, that every man could afford to own. So we made this set, and there has been a tremendous sale on it.

But Mark Twain could not foresee that the price of paper, the price of ink, the price of cloth, would all go up. It is impossible to continue the long sale. It should have closed before this.

Because this is the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Harper & Brothers, we have decided to continue this half-price sale while the present supply lasts.

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10% added to price in Canada because of duty.

GEORGE F.—I have forwarded your letter to William Hart. Yes, I have heard Billy Sunday. He is the "Keystone" of religion. He may be a clown, but like the Keystone comedies, he is giving comfort to a whole lot of people.

FANNY B.—Of course I will send the flowers for you. Anything you like. Thanks for all the good things you say. It is fine to be able to serve a friend, and noble to conceal it, but the friend likes to find it out.

CHRIST. N., CHICAGO.—Your letter was very fine. Remember that geniuses, heroes, writers and actors are very nice to think of and to look at, but awfully hard to live with, so beware.

ROB. B. N.—I cant tell you anything about the divorces. Glad to hear from you. As I have said before, dont believe all you read, Speaking of salaries, the printer (rarely the press-agent) sometimes adds on a figure which makes 100 look like 1000.

D. O. T.—Thanks for the fee. They come in handy these days. You're wrong again. Francis MacDonald was Red Warren in "Voice on the Wire." Edna Goodrich was the girl in "Armstrong's Wife." Please dont write so closely—pity my eyes-in-glass.

ROSE B.—You refer to Sessue Hayakawa and Lehue Waipahu. Edith Storey's last picture was "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop." House Peters was in "Mignon." Obesity is simply Nature's unnatural padding, and while some look on it as comedy, many who are thus afflicted look on it as tragedy.

LOTTIE D. T.—Tickled to death that you are back. You want to say "Hello!" to all your old friends. All right, you have done it. Romaine Fielding directed for the World Company last, and I guess he is at it yet.

ODELAND, 9.—Yes, but you ought to think of the expense of the photographs and sending them. I would like to see it. Richard Morris opposite Dorothy Davenport in "The Devil's Bondwoman."

MARY K.—So you want to write to the Vim Company and be their leading actress. Hundreds of others have wanted the same thing and didn't get it, but you might be the lucky one if you have something unusual to offer. Blessed be he who has nothing to say and insists on not saying it, so I'll say no more.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE SENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SICK GIRL

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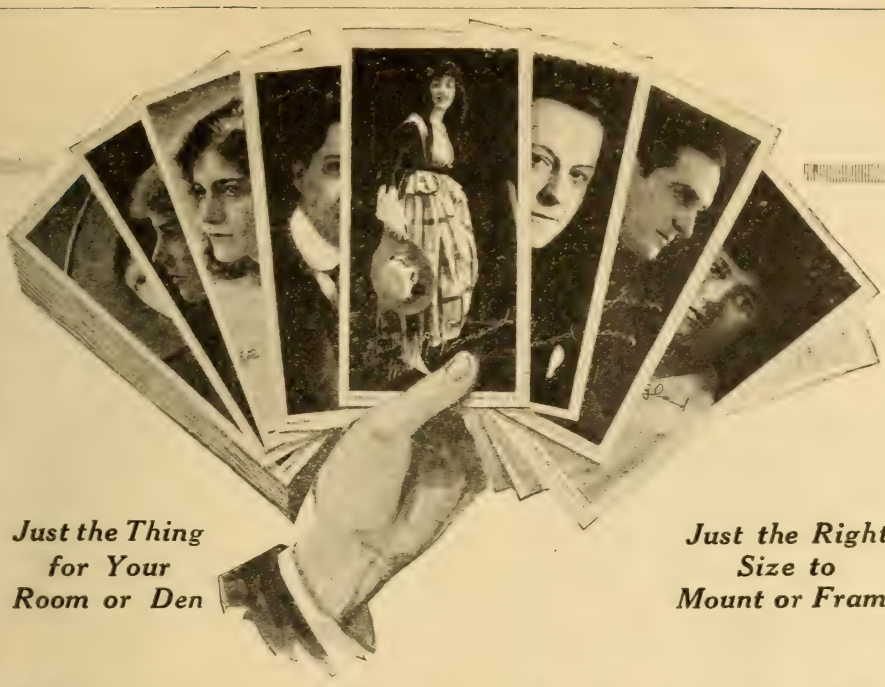
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King Baggot	Alice Brady	Bessie Eyton	Viola Dana	Ruth Roland
Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli	Ormi Hawley
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Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
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A Star from the Dressing-Room Doorway

Harold Lockwood an Intensely Human American

By PAUL H. DOWLING

HAVING seen photographs in the Moving Picture sections of Sunday papers, of celebrated cinema stars in their luxuriously appointed dressing-rooms and apartments, I jumped at the chance to go out with my friend, Boggs, the scenario-writer and observe one in the flesh.

"Perhaps," I mused to myself on the way out in friend Boggs' automobile, "I shall have an opportunity to sit down in one of the luxurious leather chairs and chat with the star himself while his Japanese servant brings on the tall glasses on a silver tray."

The automobile broke in on my meditations as we hit a rut and bounced up against the curbstone in front of the studio. The exterior of the place resembled somewhat the street-front of a pioneer town such as one used to see in Oklahoma and still sees occasionally in the movies—a few windows, front steps, and rough boards extending above the ground floor to make an appearance of greater height of the structure.

Our first glance into the outer dressing apartment disclosed a pair of old pumps on the shelf with a milk-bottle and a jar of paste, two pairs of much-worn corduroy trousers, a trunk—which might have been on the road—a water-pitcher, a set of skid-chains, and a pair of snow-shoes leaning up against an oil-stove, which was blazing away at full tilt.

In the inner room, a wardrobe trunk; on the walls, seven hats; scattered about in the scenery, hat-boxes, two canes, a worn-out necktie, more suits, a bundle from the laundry, a corkscrew, several shirts with the collars and ties still attached to them; on the floor, about a dozen pairs of shoes, old and new, some under the table and some in front of the trunk; a water-bucket, another oil-stove, and a coat-hanger.

By this time our scrutiny had progressed as far as the table. In addition to some loose papers—which might have been part of a script, or letters, or possibly bills—a few collars, an ash-tray with the hot end of a Pall-Mall hanging over its side, a few sticks of grease-paint, boxes of powder—necessary adjuncts even to a very masculine star—and a button-hook, there was a mirror, out of which peered the face of Harold Lockwood—a countenance half-yellowish-gray with the make-up and half-natural tan, the latter cropping out mostly around the collar and on the forehead where the hastening Lockwood had as yet failed to reach with his dabbing fingers.

Boggs introduced me, and, being a typical average layman, I thought I should break the ice with something about the business, so I started:

"How do you like the Moving Pictures, Mr. Lockwood?"

The star billiarded me a grin by way of the mirror. "Do you mean ours? Oh, ours are fine! The others are rotten!" This accompanied by a hearty laugh.

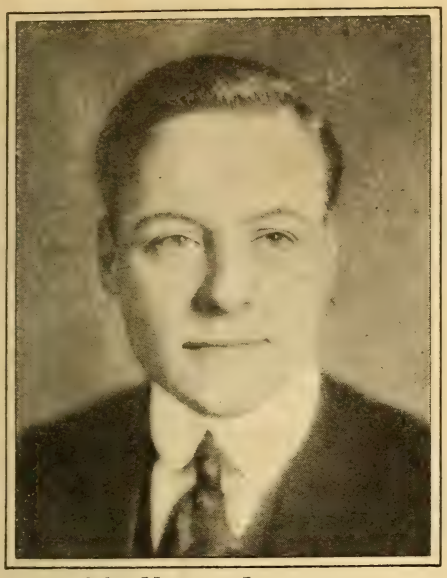
That was pretty good for a starter, so I asked him how he liked being a hero, and playing with a beautiful leading-woman, and getting a good salary, and riding in one of the handsomest automobiles in town, and having all the fans write letters to him, and getting offers all the time, and——

"Ah, dear me, no," said Lockwood, burlesquing a gesture of disparagement, "it would please me much more were I just one of the extra actors. Then I should escape the cares and worries of being a star. You know it is so boresome to be a star—— Oh, rot!" he added, laughing again. "Sure I like it! Sit down and have a smoke."

I didn't see any leather chair or even a straight-back to sit on, so I draped myself over the edge of the trunk and made myself at home.

"How do you like being a matinée idol?" I asked, and I had no sooner said it than Lockwood swung around in his chair and I knew I had spilled the beans.

(*Continued on page* 156)



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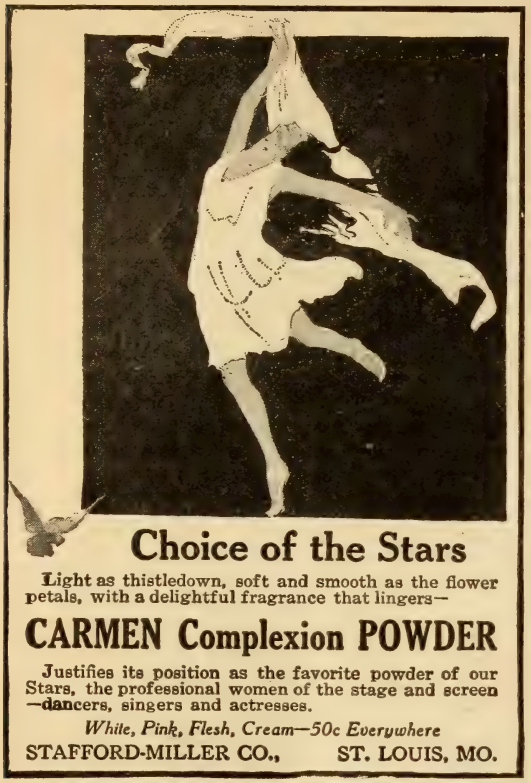
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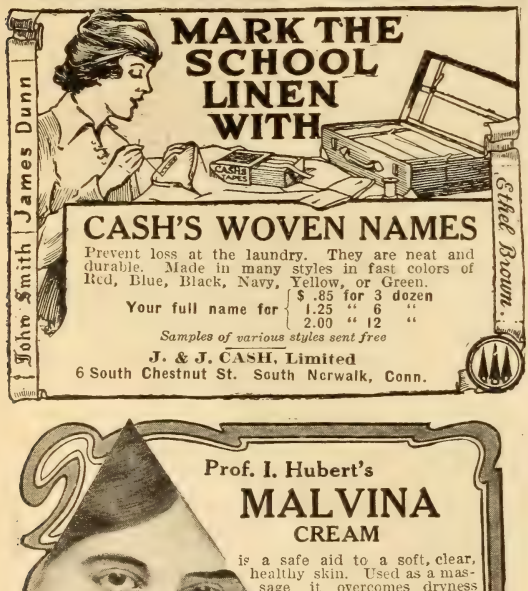
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PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio.

(*Continued from page* 154)

"Who said I was a matinée idol?" fired the star. "If all the matinée idols have long, wavy hair and use Djer Kiss and wear wrist-watches and sticks—and for all I know they do—then I'd rather be a stage-hand."

Lockwood, it seems, as Boggs explained, has acquired the quite sensible habit of taking a strenuous work-out with a baseball and glove every morning before beginning his regular labor before the camera.

And the only intermission in the sport occurs when the "wild arm" of the film star precipitates the sphere under a pile of lumber or among the chickens in the yard next door to the studio, whence a wild squawking and a succession of flappings denotes the fact that Lockwood has "winged" a chicken.

The youth in the outer office stuck his head in at the door to ask a few questions, and incidentally I got some new angles on the inside facts about the correspondence of a film star. Here another idea of mine was exploded. Having imagined heretofore that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand letters addressed to a masculine film star came from gushing women or movie-struck youngsters, the news that a large proportion of Harold Lockwood's letters contain sincere and constructive criticisms of his pictures was a distinct revelation.

"You know," said Lockwood, by way of explanation, "I get some of the best criticisms of my work from direct personal letters from fans. For instance, here is a letter from a young man in Dallas, who tells me he liked the picture, 'The Promise,' better than 'Big Tremaine,' and why. When they say those things, and let me know just exactly how the pictures are getting over, the letters are very valuable."

While talking about sports, outdoor and indoor, it developed that Lockwood spends two or three evenings a week in those places about town and at the beach which are celebrated for meals, entertainment and dancing, and that the film star, on each succeeding morning as well as the other four or five days of the week, is up and motoring by 7:30.

The well-merited question, "How do

you do it?" elicited the reply that Lockwood, when cabareting and dancing, enjoys the meals, the music and the dancing, but eliminates the drinks.

"The only way," declared Lockwood, "that a Motion Picture actor can keep late hours and be at work for the earliest flickerings of the camera in the morning is to push aside the drinks. Booze may be all right for curing snake-bite and for other medicinal purposes, but it doesn't help the actor in his work. And personally, I dont care for it."

One more of my preconceived notions about picture people and the consumption of fancy drinks was blown to the winds.

Among other things, I learnt further, from observing this star from the vantage-point of the dressing-room, that Harold Lockwood, physically, consists of about six feet of bone and hard muscle, topped off by clean features which register well in harmony with the well-conditioned body; that Lockwood prefers doing anything which is healthy and invigorating to such easy-going sports as croquet and five-hundred; that he prefers a stiff game of poker with the boys at the back of the stage to a rubber of bridge in a Hollywood drawing-room; that he would just as soon fight Lester Cuneo to the finish in the pictures as eat his meals; that he does not waste much time talking about "his art" and other such twaddle; and that whether you are the president of a large film corporation or the agent for a local haberdashery catering to the picture people's trade, you will get the same kind of husky handshake and friendly greeting.

In short, the picture-lion whom I bearded in his dressing-room den turned out to be an intensely human sort of an all-around American.

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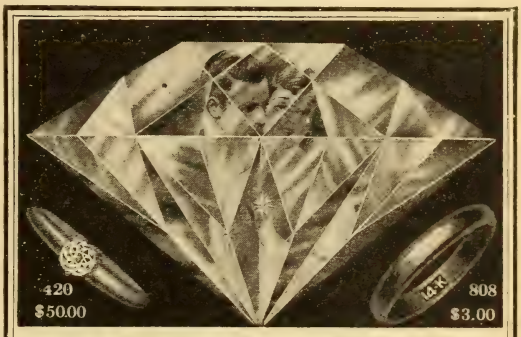
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

B. E. Walker, 1221 Lyndon St., South Pasadena, Cal., has found a way to while away many pleasant hours as well as building up a valuable collection of "Moviana":

I wonder if some of your many readers would not enjoy an account of a "movie and stage star" collection by a California girl who has, I venture to say, one of the most interesting of the aforementioned collections that has ever been gathered together anywhere.

It had its beginning over a year ago, being started in an effort to lighten many long hours of weary dullness that can be dull only as hours of illness are—and if today I am not entirely well (and I am happy to say that I am nearly that) it is not the fault of negligence on the part of the players who made my collection such an unqualified success, or a lack of letters and photographs to make me so—for they came from all parts of the country, east and west, until now the large book which they comprise, represents one of the most precious and priceless things I possess.

My first purpose and idea in making this book was to obtain "character" or costume pictures, but the results were far more delightful and satisfactory than any of which I had ever dreamed, for besides many of these, it contains snapshots, studio photographs and "still" pictures of all kinds—and if it misses including all of the best-known stars in the theatrical world, it is only because I have not written to them all—for which many may sigh a sigh of deep relief!

You may well understand, too, how much I really appreciate all the kind answers when I say that I fully realize the frenzy with which most of these actors and actresses could tear their hair when they regard the pile upon pile of letters confronting them, begging away their likenesses. So I doubly appreciate mine; and if there are a very few of my many requests still unanswered, I expect they will sometime be found, in future delving—and if not, to forgive the besieged ones for what I feel would be unintentional oversight rather than otherwise. I truly admire their almost colossal patience with the unthinking humans who daily pester them to death—among which, I admit myself as one.

True it is, owing to the wide scope of my endeavors, that I could not send the usual amount customary for pictures, and this much to my regret. I am no millionaire—just a plain little, every-day dream-girl, and the amount of Uncle Sam's postage alone ran up to 8 or 9—well, not cents, or nonsense—but worth every bit of what it was, just the same! For today, there is the gladdest little song dancing and singing its way thru my heart—because it discovered one of the most wonderful things in the world: that *"people are kind"*, most *beautifully* so—and I was never refused one request. Kindness cannot be bought with gold, and, indeed, how *could* any

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

one pay for all the kind thoughts and wishes that all these stars put into their autographs and letters for the little dream-girl, who had nothing to give in return but a heart just overflowing with thanks that couldn't be expressed?

It would be impossible to write here the names of *all* my bright "stars," for they overreach the 100 mark by no uncertain margin, and the Editor may not find enough patience in his soul to print even this long letter. (I cannot blarney him—I can only hope!) Neither would it be fair to choose only the most famous ones (I like them *all,* but for their hearts and themselves, and not their fame, no matter how proud the latter may make me feel), so I shall compromise, with that same Editor's permission, and just turn back and forth thru the pages of my "Happy Memories" book, with my eyes kept tightly shut, until my roving touch has singled out perhaps 60 different names, thus: Theodore Roberts, Tom Forman, Bessie Barriscale, Anita Stewart, DeWolf Hopper, Sarah Truax, Douglas Fairbanks, Hobart Bosworth, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn, Tully Marshall, William Russell, Clara Kimball Young, Mary Miles Minter, Frank Keenan, Winifred Kingston, William and Dustin Farnum, Mary Pickford, Billie Burke, Tsuru Aoki, Sessue Hayakawa, Henry Walthall, Herbert Standing, Kathlyn Williams, William S. Hart, Ethel Clayton, Herbert Rawlinson, Tom Mix, Richard Travers, Charles Ray, George Beban, Blanche Sweet, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Helen Holmes, Courtenay Foote, Myrtle Stedman, Fay Tincher, Bessie Love, Edna Goodrich, Wilfred Lucas, Pauline Frederick, Theda Bara, Earle Williams, J. Warren Kerrigan, Crane Wilbur, Frank Campeau, D. W. Griffith, Constance Collier, Sir Herbert Tree, Marie Doro, Lenore Ulrich, Lucretia del Valle, Lois Weber, Cleo Ridgely, Wallace Reid, Mae Murray, Charlie Chaplin, Lou-Tellegen, Annette Kellermann. There! And then, because I surely want these in, too, and they did not happen to come within range of my wandering finger-tip, I will add: Geraldine Farrar (a letter from her, too) and Mlle. Anna Pavlowa—really and truly these!

And oh, *all* of you kind, kind people, who have brought so much happiness and sunshine during this last year, to make glad and golden the joyousness of my days, please will you not take, each to yourselves in the message I can send you here, all the grateful thanks and appreciation your hearts can possibly hold, from

"The Little Dream-Girl."

Here is no doubt a just complaint from Mary Byers, 802 Fulton St., San Francisco, Cal. Players, including Crane Wilbur, are asked to remedy this apparent lack of consideration:

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

the public to know that he is married, for fear it will hurt his popularity. I think that Mr. Wilbur will find that the "fans" do not care how many times he is married. He will also find out he would be much more popular with the "fans" if he will keep his promise to them. For instance a few weeks ago he put a notice in the magazines that he would send out one thousand photos to the "fans" who wished to send for them. I know of four who sent for them and they never received them, neither did they get a letter of explanation. If the players want to be popular they must stand in with the "fans," for it is the "fans" who make them popular. That was proven by the last Popular Players' Contest. Mr. Kerrigan and Mr. Bushman endeavor to answer all letters and a thousand photos would never begin to cover the number they have sent out. However, I do not mean that the players ought to send out photos free, unless they wish to do so. But I do think they ought to acknowledge all earnest, sincere letters they receive, even if it were only a short missive. The "fans" know that the players are a busy people and the players will find out that the letters worthy of answering are from "fans" who are as busy as themselves.

Thanking you for taking up so much of your valuable time.

We publish with pleasure the communication of Derwent Hall Caine, 1205 Times Building, N. Y. City, star of "The Deemster," and son of Hall Caine, the famous author of "The Christian" and many other great novels:

I have frequently been asked whether I considered Motion Pictures an art—most assuredly I do. It is not only the newest art, but it is also a very near form of the oldest art.

When the drama was in its infancy, the method employed to give it expression was pantomime. In the huge coliseums of ancient Rome and Athens, the play was almost entirely spectacular. Even now, the less civilized humans employ motions to express any excess of feeling.

This proves to me that it is natural to express feeling by movement. Now art is a copy of nature, so surely to reproduce a story by pantomime must be an art. With the smaller theaters came the perfecting of the speaking drama and the neglect of the spectacular. But now that the larger theater is popular again, it is found almost impossible to make the speaking drama a success, without a spectacular display. It is only within recent years that the Russian ballet, which is a living form of Motion Pictures, has come into its own.

The screen Motion Picture is, in my opinion, in its very early infancy. I think the first thing to wean it from its present state of crudeness would be to use stories that have real merit. The screen has yet to see the

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

great Moving Picture writer. If Dumas were alive now, and his interest and great art were directed to the screen, we should realize the possibilities of the screen, which we only now dimly feel.

In the speaking drama, we find it essential to have small models made of the suggested scenes where the action takes place. In Motion Pictures, the scene is built after frequently only having been roughly explained to the carpenter. The result is seldom entirely satisfactory, but is used because of the time and labor involved in making another scene. Why should not a competent artist be employed to design each scene and models be built for inspection? The financial outlay of this would be as nothing compared to the time lost in repairing the errors made by the present forms. Several directors have told me with pride that they have taken "footage" ranging from 50,000 to 75,000 feet of negative to make a 6,000-foot film. This strikes me as a matter for apology rather than boasting, for surely if the director were fully competent to direct his artists, and if he knew the best way to obtain his results, it would not be necessary to experiment with the camera working.

A director of the legitimate stage spends weeks and often months of careful study on the manuscript of the play he is to produce, while the Moving Picture director has the manuscript thrust upon him and is told to "get along with it," allowing him no chance to study or use his imagination. Then the actor of the legitimate stage has his part many weeks in advance of his initial appearance, allowing him time to acquire the physiology of the character he is to play. Whereas, in the Moving Pictures, an actor is often called to the studio and given a rough idea of the scene he is to play that day, without his being told what precedes or follows. What chance has he for characterization?

I think I have suggested a sufficient number of improvements which are apparent to me, to justify my optimism regarding the future of this new-old art.

Here is a cheery missive from Reide Romig, Beaver Springs, Penna., one of the Answer Man's army of "friends by correspondence." Do our readers second the writer's motion? If so you shall have the pictures of our staff of authors:

Last evening I called up an old pal of mine, with whom I have not held a conversation for ages. We spoke on divers subjects and then she said, "Oh, Reide, I read a letter intended for you in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE a few weeks ago." When I inquired further, I found that she meant your definition for a kiss. Some definition, wasn't it, old boy?

And then I had a letter from a Harrisburg friend, one from a Chicago chum, one from Atlantic City, and one from an old college classmate of mine, at Selinsgrove, Penna., saying that they had read the same article. Such



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

is fame! Your big old pate and happy grin are getting to be known all over the world, and sometime you'll be a candidate for President (of the Censorship Board).

Here's an idea, bah jove! Each month you publish pictures of my old friends (everybody's an old friend, y'know), Mary Miles Minter, and Francis X., and everybody I like real well, 'cept the authors of the contributions that appear. Further, why not have the photographs of some of these contributors? Who wouldn't want to see a good picture of "The Cub," or Gladys Hall, or Dorothy Donnell, or Fritzi Remont, or that distinguished all-around writer, Edwin M. LaRoche, or some of the rest of them? I think we'd all welcome a glance at their good-natured features. Dorothy and Gladys, for instance, must have rarely beautiful souls that seem to peer out at the world rather timidly; they couldn't write so beautifully, if 'tweren't for that.

(*Continued on page* 163)

Jack and the Beanstalk

(*Continued from page* 58)

misfortune had placed him. In this case the butcher would have returned to you the cow, as the fairies did not want you to suffer.

"But, to their delight, he showed an inquiring mind, great courage and enterprise. When he mounted the beanstalk, he started on the road to fortune. The first time he came to the castle and I told him of his father's former possessions, his first thought was of you, and he risked great danger when he carried off the hen that laid the golden eggs. Then he came back and risked his life for me. The giant is slain; your troubles are over; you have only to come back to the castle. True, your husband is dead, and your other little ones, but you still have Jack."

"And you," said Jack, who had been listening to the little princess—"to you we owe it all, beautiful princess, and our home will also be yours."

The widow bade farewell to the friendly villagers, and gathered up her few possessions, taking great care of the little white hen.

So they went around the foot of the mountain to the long and perilous road that led to the castle, and there they lived happily ever afterward—Jack, his mother, the beautiful princess and the little white hen.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(*Continued from page* 162)

If our readers throw away their back numbers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, Adele and Lolita White, 211 E. 14th St., N. Y. City, suggest by their own patriotism a valuable disposition for them:

We have been reading for an undoubtedly long time your very exclusive MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

We take great pleasure in reading the charming letters directed to you, so we wish to tell you how much we and others enjoy the Magazine and how we dispose of it.

The first day of the month we buy four MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES. We cast aside our duties and sit down to enjoy a good hour's reading. We are very happy to read the interviews of our favorites and the witty answers of the Answer Man. Most assuredly your Magazine is the best on the market.

Perhaps you are anxious to know what we do with four Magazines. Well, we send two books to two lonely French soldiers, who, in the muddy trenches, forget for some time their woes as they indulge in reading. They write to us that the cannon's roar is unheard to them during the brief space of time they spend in movieland. They simply adore Pearl White and Ruth Roland, but are afraid to ask their photos in fear of being met with a refusal. Do you think, Mr. Editor, that these two ladies would send their photos to us, so that we can remit them to our two French soldiers?

Our other two Magazines are sent to the Italian front, where two young men also are charmed by the review. In their leisure hours they sit in their tent and cut out the pictures of "Le piu belle artiste Americaine" (as they say) and pin them to the walls of their tent. The girls that beam down upon them are Marguerite Clark, Edith Storey (their favorites), Eulalie Jensen, Anita Stewart, Clara Young, Arline Pretty, etc., etc. They would like to see Jean Sothern and Howard Estabrook in the Gallery.

We are sending a little essay on Antonio Moreno. It is over seventy-five words, but if you think it fit to be printed, please do so.

Esau More

A Tragedy of the Sea, in Five Reels

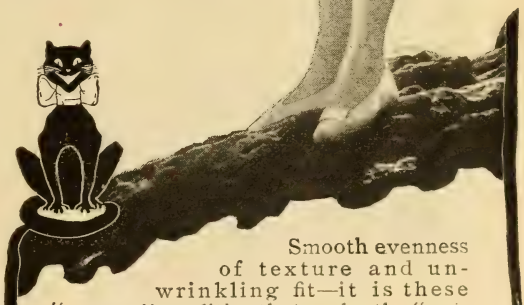
By HARRY J. SMALLEY

SYNOPSIS—Seymour See, on his yacht, the *Sea-See,* goes to see more sea. He saw more sea and sees a seaman, Esau More. Seymour See places Esau More in charge of the *Sea-See.* So, Esau More, he saw more sea on the *Sea-See* than Seymour See saw, see? The *Sea-See* is seen wrecked, but we see no Seymour See nor Esau More. So Esau More's son, Esau Two More, now he sought too to seek the *Sea-See's* fate. He saw more in Seymour See than Esau More saw. So he——

NOTE—Rest cut out by Editor.



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The Movie Gossip-Shop

(Continued from page 125)

clothes and personal appearance, and that's about as finicky as a young mother with her first-born.

Perhaps as a matter of good publicity, but surely because she feels the call of her country, little Ann Pennington has been



MARY MILES MINTER

making the rounds for the sake of the Red Cross. She has posed and danced and pleaded so right "womanfully" at several affairs that the purse-strings of every one in the audience have been loosened to the last knot. In making her rounds in the suburbs whom should the "Princess of Ten Toes" come across but the "ex-King of Ten Fingers"—none other than James J. Corbett, the one-time idol of the squared ring. Little Ann caught him in the act of acting as bill-poster for the Red Cross and the hurried pair exchanged a grin and a handclasp as a token of their mutual esteem and of the glorious cause for which they are now working hand in hand too.

Two-by-four Mary Miles Minter and her mother, Charlotte Shelby, are now spending an hour or so each day on Santa Barbara's restful beach. Peep-o'-day sea-dips are Mary's obsession. The little star woke up the other day to find herself the half-owner of a five-acre greenhouse in Minneapolis. There is a young man in the "Flour City," totally unknown to Mary except by name, who is an ardent long-distance admirer of the shiny-haired player. In a series of letters he confessed that Mary was the guiding genius of his floriculture. The big surprise came when he sent her the papers which made her a half-owner in the greenhouse. All "Mr. Greenhouse" asks is permission to worship little "M. M. M." from across the continent.

We have had so many requests for a picture of Douglas Fairbanks' private bathing-pool that we have procured one (with the



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

consent of "Doug" of course). "Doug's" fair companion on the springboard is his new leading-lady, Eileen Percy, the seventeen-year-old showgirl who was discovered in the Cocoanut Grove, N. Y., and has now climbed

(Continued on page 166)

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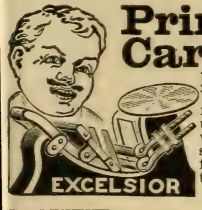
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The Movie Gossip Shop

(*Continued from page* 164)

the dizzy heights of screen fame. Perhaps Fairbanks is jealous of her, because he appears to be trying to push her overboard. Eileen has nothing to fear. She is equally at home in her bathing-suit or on the tips of her toes; and between scenes she is now teaching the Artcraft extra girls the mysteries of twirl and pirouette.

Charlie Chaplin has just received a letter from a friend living in Cairo in which the writer speaks of the extraordinary translations of both French and English that manage to find their way into public announcements in Egypt.

The following is an excerpt from an Anglo-Egyptian picture theater program:

"Sensationing. Comical.

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Great comedy, in two parts, of a poignancy interest, assisting with anguish at the terrible peripeties of a young girl, falling in hand, of Bohemian bandits. Pictures of this film are celicious, being taken at fir trees and mountain's of California.

Great success.

Comic. Silly laughter."

When stars fall out the very heavens are rent asunder. Now it comes about that Clara Kimball Young threatens to drop out of her stellar orbit and leave a large, blank hole in the Selznick firmament. It has all come about thru a bit of pocket-money. Clara claims that Selznick has short-changed her. Her complaint recites to the court that she has received only $1,000 a week and that no dividends have been paid on her stock in the Clara Kimball Young Company. For the exhibition of her face and form in the four pictures, "The Common Law," "The Foolish Virgin," "The Price She Paid," and "The Easiest Way," Clara claims that Selznick is in $800,000, half of which is hers. She is going after it to get it. Perhaps she will. We cant go back of the scenes, but it looks merely like a matter of bad bookkeeping, or perhaps Clara and Selznick dont keep any books and banks at all, and just use a stocking.

Greenroom Jottings

(*Continued from page* 128)

to the cave. It was only by the most desperate and exhausting swimming that little M. M. M. succeeded in rescuing herself.

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is dead. The famous English actor sprained his right knee and, after complications, passed away during a heart attack. His stage Hamlet challenged that of Henry Irving and his Falstaff that of Coquelin. His Macbeth, produced for the screen last year, was one of the noblest characterizations of the silent stage. Frank Mills, leading-man for Emily Stevens, says of Sir Herbert: "He was the Belasco of Great Britain, and his staging of plays was always perfect to the smallest detail. His popularity was wonderful—all England worshiped him."

The Russian art films have arrived on our shores. They comprise the work of the leading Russian actors in plays taken from the greatest of Russian authors. For practice in developing their neck muscles, readers are requested to recite the following names of famous Russian players now with us on the screen: Mmes. Gzovskaia, Cholodnaia, Lisenka, Balasheva and Ourevina. And for the second exercise, Messrs. Mozjhukhin, Rimski, Backsheef and Cheruvinoff. Whew!

Here is a little jumble of all sorts of lively news: Roland Bottomley has joined the Officers' Training Camp at Toronto, Canada; Anne Schaefer has left Western Vitagraph and is now ensconced with American; Lois Wilson, formerly with Universal, will be Warren Kerrigan's leading-woman in coming Paralta features; Paddy McGuire and Patricia Hanna, both of the Fox encampment, recently led each other to the altar; William Conklin, former "heavy" for American and Balboa, is now with Lasky; and the Yancsi Dolly *vs.* Harry Fox divorce is off—they have agreed to kiss and make up.

Antonio Moreno, who recently signed with Astra-Pathé, will make his première in "The Naulahka," adapted from one of Rudyard Kipling's short stories. Others featured in the cast are Helene Chadwick and Warner Oland.

An Evening with the Nature-Fakers

George Randolph Chester, well known in filmland as the author of "The Girl Philippa," which was so delightfully filmed, tells this one:

"A club of young men had for one of their rules that on Tuesday evenings any man who asked a question which he was unable to answer himself should pay a fine of ten dollars.

"One evening Monahan asked the following:

"'Why doesn't a ground squirrel leave any dirt around the top of his hole when he digs it?'

"Nobody knew, so Monahan was called upon to answer his own question. 'That's easy,' he said. 'The squirrel starts at the bottom and digs up.'

"'All very well,' suggested a member, 'but how does he get to the bottom?'

"'That's your question,' said Monahan."



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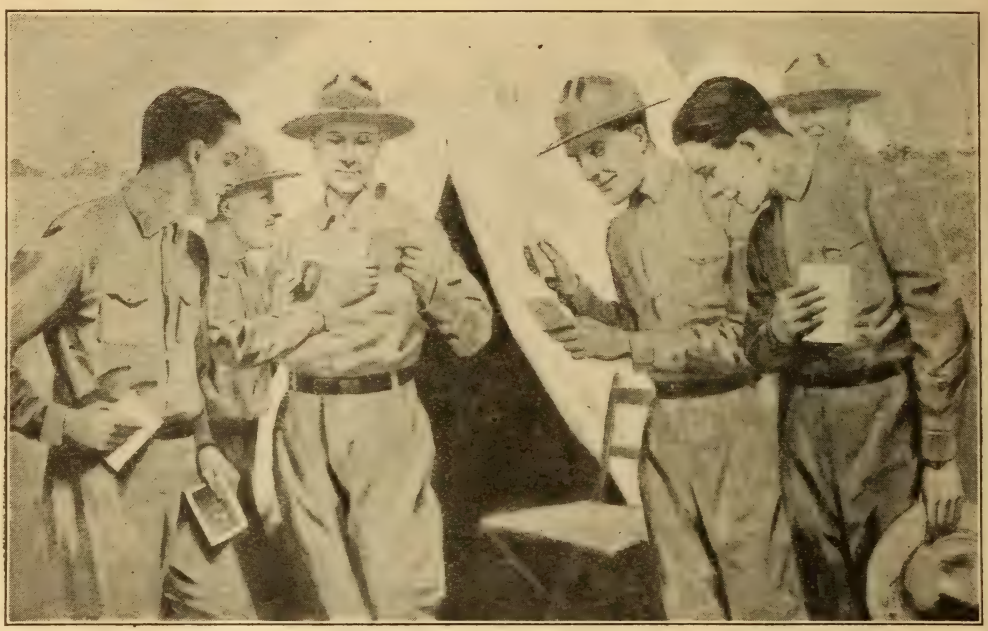
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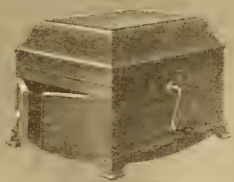
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Why Some Foods Generate Deadly Poisons

By R. H. SINCLAIR

"THE combinations of food that most people eat three times a day inflict nothing less than a crime against their health and are the direct cause of ninety per cent of all sickness."

This is the rather startling statement of Eugene Christian, the famous New York Food Scientist whose wonderful system of corrective eating is receiving so much eager attention throughout the Nation at the present time.

According to Eugene Christian we eat without any thought of the relation which one food has to another when eaten at the same time. The result is that often we combine two foods each of great value in itself but which when combined in the stomach literally explode, liberating toxins which are absorbed by the blood and form the root of nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation, and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

All of this, states Eugene Christian, can be avoided if we would only pay a little attention to the selection of our daily menus instead of eating without any regard for the consequences.

This does not mean that it is necessary to eat foods we don't like; instead Christian prescribes meals which are twice as delicious as those to which we are accustomed.

Not long ago I was fortunate enough to be present when Eugene Christian was relating some of his experiences with corrective eating to a group of men interested in dietetics, and I was literally amazed at what he accomplished with food alone and without drugs or medicines of any kind.

One case which sticks in my mind was that of a prominent woman in New York City. She had gone to him with stomach and intestinal fermentation and gas, auto-intoxication, mental depression and anæmia, vertigo, and threatened heart failure. She was very much overweight when she commenced, but reduced her weight thirty-seven pounds during the treatment. He showed me a letter she had written him afterward, in which she said:

"I am sure you will be gratified to hear that I continue to improve — it seems sometimes that I must have been made over, and it is difficult to remember that less than eight months ago I was a feeble old woman depending upon daily doses of strychnia for what little strength I had. When I came under your treatment, I weighed one hundred and ninety-seven pounds, was hardly able to walk, and was subject to most serious heart attacks upon the slightest exertion. And I am now so well, so strong, that my family and friends maintain that it is a miracle which has restored me to strength and vigor of life — certainly in my case the cure is most remarkable because of my sixty-seven years."

Another was a well-known minister who had been out of his pulpit for twenty-two months, unable to preach or conduct the simplest service. He was about twenty-five pounds under-weight, anæmic, nervous, had superacidity, and could not assimilate his food; and his heart action was very irregular. He had gradually declined for two years although treated by one of New York's leading physicians. Three months after he placed himself under Eugene Christian's care he preached the first sermon he had been able to preach in nearly two years. This was over three years ago.

He has gained about twenty-five pounds in weight, and since has not missed a day from his arduous clerical work. He has steadily gained in strength and vitality, and is to-day healthy and athletic.

Another case which interested me greatly was that of a bank cashier, confined to his desk for from seven to eight hours a day.

When he first consulted Eugene Christian he was very much run down in health, suffering from constipation and kidney trouble, and subject to almost constant and very severe headaches.

Only one month from the time he began to follow Eugene Christian's suggestions, his constipation was gone and the headaches had completely disappeared. These severe headaches, which had made continuous brain work almost impossible, were gone because the *cause—constipation*—was gone.

He pursued the treatment for three months with a gradual increase in weight, and at the end of that time practically every one of his former symptoms having disappeared, he wrote that he was "feeling fine all the time."

In order to reach more people who are in need of Eugene Christian's methods the Corrective Eating Society was founded to publish a series of 24 simple Lessons which he has prepared on Corrective Eating. These lessons are being sent as quickly as possible to all who request them for free examination. The lessons are not for sick people alone, but for all who wish to build up and maintain a reserve of bodily health and mental energy.

They are written in simple language, and every point is explained so there is little chance for misunderstanding. Reasons are given for every recommendation, and every statement is based upon results secured in the author's many years' experience.

But the lessons do not merely tell you why you should eat correctly and what the results will be; they also give actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering conditions of health and sickness from infancy to old age for all occupations, climates, and seasons. They include *Corrective* Menus for stomach acidity, fermentation, constipation, and the host of diseases which follow when these "warnings" are neglected.

Every one of these menus has been employed for its purpose of increasing efficiency or restoring health not once but many times—so that every element of experiment has been removed. And an interesting feature in these days of high cost is that following these menus will cost you *less* than your food costs now.

Eugene Christian feels that every thinking man or woman—young or old—well or sick—should know the laws of Corrective Eating. For there is a great deal of truth in the old adage that "Most people dig their graves with their teeth." Food is the fuel of the human system, and just as certain fuels will produce definite results when consumed in a furnace, so will the right foods produce the desired results when put into the human furnace.

Yet not one person in a hundred has any knowledge of food as fuel. Some of the combinations which we eat every day are as inefficient and dangerous as soggy wood, wet leaves, mud, sawdust, and a little dynamite would be for a furnace. No wonder man is only 50 per cent efficient—no wonder the average life is only 43 years—no wonder diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys have increased 103 per cent within the past 30 years!

The "24 Little Lessons in Correct Eating" show how easy and simple it is to eat your way back to normal health and up to a new type of physical and mental power. The relation of health to material success is so close that the result of eating Nature's way, as explained in these booklets, is a form of personal efficiency which often puts men head and shoulders above their brother-workers. For every one knows that the best ideas, plans, and methods are worked out when you are brimful of vitality—when you feel full of "ginger." The better you feel—the better work you can do.

If you would like to see the "24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating," simply write the Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Department 2810, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and they will mail you a set for examination. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely write and ask them to send the lessons for five days' free examination with the understanding that at the end of that time you will either remit $3, the small fee asked, or return the lessons. You take no risk and if the more than 300 pages yield but one single suggestion that will bring greater health, you will get back many times the cost in personal benefit—yet hundreds write the Society that they find vital helpfulness on every page. (*Advertisement*)

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J. WARREN KERRIGAN

THINK of it! The rich brown, deep-bodied etching strokes of gravure will beautify every page. The October Classic is only the first of a kingly line of bigger and better magazines. Its editors have been lavish with printer's ink, artist's brush, author's pencil and photographer's camera. Our staff has been increased all along the line—new feature writers, new artists, new ideas. The gallery of players' pictures will contain more pages and there will be a goodly number of added pages of illustrated reading matter. This means more departments, more stories, more articles and chats, more beautiful pictures.

An especially posed painting of Jack Kerrigan—he of the wanderlust—has been rendered into stunning outdoor colors by Leo Sielke, Jr., to dignify the front cover.

The Superb Gravure Gallery is devoted to exclusive photo-portraits of Violet Heming, Dorothy Gish, Doris Pawn, Doris Kenyon, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Courtot, Alice Joyce, Priscilla Dean, Ethel Clayton and Violet Mersereau.

"Romeos and Juliets of the Screen on Horseback"—Starts the illustrated text with an exhilarating canter, in which June Caprice and Frank Morgan, Clara K. Young and Alan Hale, True Boardman and Marin Sais are the featured equestrians.

"War-time Economy in Dress"—In a timely article in which Marguerite Clayton illustrates fashions combining economy with good taste.

"Miss Film Favorite's Dressing-room"—Lillian Montanye takes you into the inner shrines of beauty in the dressing-rooms of Priscilla Dean, Irene Hunt, Alice Brady, Theda Bara, Shirley Mason, Geraldine Farrar and Mollie King.

"How They Work Up Their Emotions"—Another "inside" feature article by L. E. Eubanks in which Antonio Moreno, Theda Bara and a host of other fair and stalwart stars summon up their heart interest in each rôle.

"The Classic Extra Girl with Pearl White"—Ethel Rosemon describes her thrilling experiences playing with Pearl White in "The Fatal Ring."

"Studio Kiddies—Their Life, Play and Schooling"—A beautifully illustrated write-up of the starlets, including "Little Mary Sunshine," Zoe Du Rae, Thelma Salter, Kittens Reichert, Bobby Connelly, Madge Evans and the Lee kiddies.

Here are some further samples from the Big October Classic: "The Bird-Doctor," an appealing short story featuring Mae Marsh and Robert Harron; "Weapons of a Widow," an amusing, up-to-date appreciation of Alice Brady, by Edwin M. La Roche; "The Law of the Land," a Dorothy Donnell short story with Petrova. Then there are, as well, all the regular departments enlarged and beautified; chats with Gladys Brockwell, Marguerite Clark and others; an artistic layout of Norma Talmadge and hundreds of new pictures of popular players.

The price remains at twenty cents. Place your order with your dealer now. The October Classic will be sold out in one week's display.

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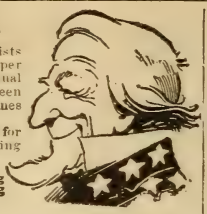
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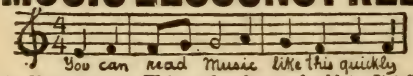
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"An Even Break" (Triangle).—Lambert Hillyer, the author of Olive Thomas' second screen venture, deserves to be a "proud father," if he isn't. The opening scenes of childhood play and day-dreams are jewels of inspiration, and make a fine-set motivation for the plot. Mrs. Thomas' dancing in the much-touted cabaret scenes is frankly disappointing; her facial play and posing are good for a beginner in screen technique. Charles Gunn in every way shows the finished studio actor. Should be a popular play, even tho the theme is a bit threadbare.

E. M. L.

"Parentage," Hobart Henley's feature photoplay, is a splendid message to all fathers and mothers, without being in the least in the nature of propaganda. The story simply and impressively shows how environment and parental training will bear fruit in the after-life of the child. "The boy is the father of the man" was never so aptly and clearly illustrated as in this very interesting and well-drawn picture. Two families live their lives in the picture. In the one, the father is a grouch—harsh, even cruel, to his boy, and neglectful of wife and family generally. He is also very much of a grafter. In the other family, father, mother, and boy go thru life with the golden rule of love ever uppermost in their lives. The father's honest business dealings stand out in strong contrast to the crookedness of the other man. The sons simply perpetuate the virtues and vices of their respective parents. As for depicting the many-sidedness of human nature, "Parentage presents almost every conceivable type, especially child types. They are delightful in their truth and naturalness. The story is not by any means a sombre one. Laughter and tears commingle in a most fascinating way, and some of the children in the Owenton district school show marvelous ability as comedians and comédiennes—their inherent sense of humor bringing many a hearty laugh to the audience. Frank Goyette, as Robert Smith, Jr., the boy, and Hobart Henley, as Robert Smith, Jr., the man, both act their rôles naturally and convincingly. Master Goyette, with his sweet face, in which honesty and chivalrous manliness simply shine, makes many a father and mother earnestly wish that they possessed such a boy. The direction and photography of the picture are admirable.

T. H. C.

"The Gifts of the Magi" (Broadway Star Feature).—One of the most heart-touching of the O. Henry stories. Patsy De Forest is simply splendid as the young wife who sells her beautiful hair to buy a gold watch-chain for her husband, who in the meanwhile has pawned his watch in order to buy his wife a beautiful comb for a Christmas present. A most human bit of real life, excellently directed and most naturally acted.

P. A. K.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Crystal Gazer" (Lasky).—In spite of the fact that the mercury was registering ninety-nine in the shade, that my head felt as if an iron band of pain were pressing its small contents together, that I felt I hated every "picture" in existence, "The Crystal Gazer" had not flickered two seconds before I was completely absorbed. There sat I, and unconcernedly mingled my tears with my perspiration. The story is that of two little girls whose male parent dies in the murderer's chair, and whose mother commits suicide. Little Rose is adopted by a rich judge, while the less fortunate Norma is brought up by a woman of the tenements. There she is discovered by a fortune-telling hypnotist who makes her his hypnotic subject. Because of Norma's beauty they become society's fad. Within the charmed social circle Norma meets Rose and her millionaire fiancé. Struck by the strong resemblance, the fortune-teller unearths their relationship and tries to bully money out of Rose. In order to save her fiancé from marrying her out of pity or being blackmailed, Rose breaks off her engagement and flees. Her fiancé, lonesome and broken-hearted, turns to Norma, consoled somewhat by her resemblance to his Rose and her need of him—the hypnotist having made Norma's life unbearable with his love-making. But the hypnotist is killed by his jealous wife; and Rose, free, returns to tell her fiancé all—only to meet him at a house-party, engaged to her sister Norma. Each sister tries to sacrifice herself to make the other happy, but in the end Norma saves Rose from a fire but gives her own life, thus leaving Rose to the man who really loves her. "The Crystal Gazer" is a dramatic masterpiece. Fannie Ward, unusually beautiful, gives two cleverly distinctive characterizations as the two sisters. The death-bed scene deserves to be ranked among the great moments in "pictures." Jack Dean is satisfactory as the hypnotist and Harrison Ford is most attractive as the fiancé. H. S. N.

"The Message of the Mouse" (Vitagraph).—A play of plots and counter-plots, spies and secret-service men, woven about the present war, and using our securing a merchant marine as a basis. A girl in the person of Anita Stewart runs to earth the spies and saves the U. S. shipyards. One is inclined to set some of the incidents down as improbable, but as a whole the play is decidedly entertaining. Anita is always a pleasure to behold, because of her complete naturalness. P. A. K.

"The Love That Lives" (Famous Players).—Pauline Frederick in a most unusual and awe-inspiring characterization. It deals with a mother love that lives even if it is a very foolish mother love that sells itself to procure a proper upbringing for its son. Well produced and splendidly acted, it is almost depressing in its realism.



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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Flame of the Yukon" (Triangle).—A picturization of the Alaskan gold rush and the dance-hall girls. Dorothy Dalton is indeed flamingly beautiful as the dance-hall girl whose soul is reborn by a great love. Atmosphere and period are consistently carried out and the picture moves along with a snap and vim that is highly commendable.

H. S. N.

"Man and Beast" (Butterfly Universal).—For sensational animal acts this picture is worth while seeing; for pure thrills and wild escapes it's there; but judged as a seriously directed work of art, it is sadly anti-climacteric. Three years of married life, including motherhood, find pretty Eileen Sedgwick still wearing her hair down her back and acting like a kittenish maiden instead of a grown woman. Nevertheless, the jungle scenes and animals are very wonderful, to say the least.

H. S. N.

"In Slumberland" (Triangle).—The Triangle Kiddies in a lovable and picturesque reproduction of a tale of old Ireland. The young mother and father of the piece are extraordinarily natural and attractive actors, but are not named on the screen.

P. A. K.

"Borrowed Plumage" (Triangle).—Triangle has a strong leaning towards Ireland of late. This romantic tale of a kitchen-maid of Ireland, in the time when John Paul Jones sailed the seas, is fragrant with the charm of old-time customs and costumes. Bessie Barriscale is very lovely as the Irish maid, who has an opportunity to play lady in the borrowed plumage she had so longed for. The comedy element is worked for a little too obviously to be perfectly spontaneous, but, as a whole, the picture is fascinating.

H. S. N.

"The Cook of Canyon Camp" (Morosco).—A typical George Beban Italian character sketch with much enthusiastic—indeed, I might say too much enthusiastic—jumping about on the part of the Italian-inclined George. Helen Eddy gives an exceedingly natural portrayal of the "cook's" jealous love. The scenery is magnificent.

P. A. K.

"The Sawdust Ring" (Triangle).—A play that takes us back to the days when we saved our pennies for weeks before circus day and then played circus in the back-yard with the clothes-line, the dog and the neighbors' children for weeks after. As little Janet Magie, Bessie Love is wistfully appealing; and Alfred Hollingworth is inimitable in his portrayal of the gawky, half-grown boy, Steve Welson, who takes the family horse and Janet and adventures forth to "start a circus." Josephine Headley as Janet's mother, and Jack Richardson as Col. Simmonds, owner of a real circus and discovered by Janet as her "Daddy," do excellent work. A charmingly wholesome play.

L. M.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Peggy, the Will-o'-the-Wisp" (Metro).—An old-fashioned, slow-moving photoplay of old Ireland. Mabel Taliaferro is the only hopeful ray in it. H. S. N.

"Forbidden Paths" (Lasky).—The greatest of heroics is the sacrifice of self. A man so loves a young girl that he takes the adventuress wife of the young lad she loves out in his motor-boat and sees to it that both perish, thus leaving the young girl and boy free to wed and not go the forbidden way. Here is a splendid study in motivation and heart-gripping drama, mingled with the appealing acting of Vivian Martin, Sessue Hayakawa and Tom Forman. In an otherwise perfect picture, the eyebrow grimacing of Carmen Phillips was all the more noticeable. Her make-up was terrible and her effort to be emotional worse. H. S. N.

"Dulcie's Adventure" (Mutual).—There is lack of strong plot and punch in this sweetly simple photoplay, and dainty Mary Miles Minter suffers from a lack of something definite to do. Allan Forrest injects a few vital sparks into the piece, otherwise it runs along placidly and prettily to a satisfactorily anticipated ending. H. S. N.

"Time Locks and Diamonds" (Triangle).—The cleverest crook play produced in many a month. William Desmond, suave and polished, dominates the whole picture as the man who, sent to prison because of the thievery of his business partner, turns crook. His young sister returns from the convent and he reforms for her sake. But an old pal is sent up, and, in order to procure the necessary money to save him, Desmond does one more job. The way he gets away with it and regains the money stolen by his old-time partner is the slickest bit of crook work seen in many a day. Then come real reformation, love, and hope, in a new land. Young Mildred Harris and Gloria Hope lend sufficient support—this being a case of excellent story carrying the picture to success. H. S. N.

"Sunny Jane" (Horkheimer-Mutual).—In the first place, Jackie Saunders plays the title rôle. Then, she has a very good story, and a juvenile leading-man, Cullen Landis, whose work in a typically Jack Pickford-ish part is *immense!* Frank Mayo, as the hero, is very, very good. There is, of course, the usual match-making, fortune-hunting mamma (Mollie McConnell), a most aristocratic-looking grande dame; her daughter, an unattractive young woman (Claire Glenn), who is in love with the usual "poor-but-proud young man" (R. Henry Gray). But the play is good, despite these usual and commonplace accessories. Miss Saunders does a rather startling portrayal of a few scenes in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, and then switches to a "bit" as Cleopatra, in which settings and atmosphere are very, very good. A most enjoyable, refreshingly wholesome, little tale. R. B. C.



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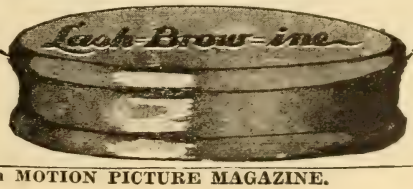
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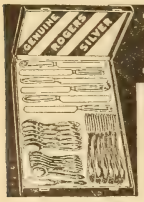
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Little American" (Famous Players-Paramount).—In this timely film Mary Pickford, as Angela Moore, the little American girl who braves the war zone, appears in one of the greatest dramatic efforts of her career. The torpedoed and sinking ship in which Angela goes abroad, in order to be near her lover (Jack Holt), a German subject; remarkable battles on land and sea, and vivid views of the battlefields, are spectacularly reproduced in the minutest detail. The plot is somewhat impossible, but the play is brimful of action and is consistently and convincingly played by a strong supporting cast. Seldom, if ever, has popular Mary Pickford appeared to better advantage.

L. M.

"His Naughty Thought" (Keystone).—Mack Swain and Polly Moran work very, very hard to make this a really funny comedy—and they have succeeded in spots. Polly Moran is a clever comédienne, with, apparently, an absolute lack of regard for her safety or life. Mack Swain furnished acceptable support. The two "drunks" on a "liquid shopping trip" furnish an amusing bit.

R. B. C.

"Periwinkle" (American-Mutual).—Anything that carries Mary Miles Minter's name as star is bound to attract more or less attention from the spectators. But "Periwinkle," this little star's latest piece, has more than that to attract. First of all, it is a good, simple, wholesome little story, admirably directed by James Kirkwood. The location—a storm-swept New England coast. The men of the life-saving crew find a baby girl on the beach, after a storm, and she is brought up by them with the assistance of Ann Scudder (Anne Schaefer), a queer, repressed soul who worships the girl. Later on, another storm sweeps up a somewhat dissipated but, oh, so very fascinating young man (George Fisher), who promptly takes little Periwinkle's heart by storm. You can imagine the rest. Not a great play, but a charming one.

R. B. C.

"The Car of Chance" (Bluebird-Universal).—Two or three years ago, the movie screen was infested with would-be imitators of "Little Mary." And now they're picking on Douglas Fairbanks. Every actor who ever faintly imagined himself a juvenile leading-man has aped poor "Doug," until that gentleman is getting a badly creased brow. All of which is merely by way of saying that "The Car of Chance" is a starring vehicle for another Fairbanks imitator in the person of Franklyn Farnum. The story is fair, tho none too fresh. Agnes Brownie Vernon, Little-Girl-Afraid-of-Her-Name, is merely mediocre in this, when she is really capable of excellent work. Another case of "the little bird who can sing, but wont sing."

R. B. C.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Mother Instinct" (Triangle).—A picture that excels in atmosphere, sea-scenery, acting and plot. The denouément is not only exciting but quite unexpected. Enid Bennett and Marjory Wilson are the attractive headliners. P. A. K.

"A Strange Transgressor" (Triangle).—Louise Glaum's art is indeed vital. Here she takes the part of a vampire, who is at heart a good woman; and she makes us feel and understand every little shade of the woman's tortured soul. A luxuriously produced and gowned photoplay, replete with thrills and realism. P. A. K.

Constellation Prize Contest

The neat little contest announced in the August Magazine dusted the cobwebs clear from the domes of many of our readers. An original verse was given, written by Mrs. Irma C. Wilson, 4015 Fremont Ave., Seattle, Wash., which carried the concealed names of a constellation of stars, and it was required that each reader of the puzzle amuse himself by rewriting a verse preserving the rhyme and spelling the names of the stars correctly. Here is the original verse:

Lou, tell again Lee's little story,
How strong, furry lions drew Morey
Close a stonehouse, grey,
One sweet, lovely May,
An' "et" ham an' heart with true glory!

The first correct answer was received from Jenny Fine, 512 Clinton Street, Cincinnati, O., and her verse is as follows:

Lou-Tellegen Lee's Little Storey,
Howe Strong, Furey, Lyons Drew Morey,
Close a Stonehouse Grey,
One Sweet, Lovely, May,
Annette ham Ann Hart with True Glorie.

Herewith follows the correct and complete list of stars mentioned: Lou-Tellegen, Lee Moran, Anna Little, Edith Storey, Betty Howe, Eugene Strong, Elda Furey, Eddie Lyons, Sidney Drew, Harry Morey, Ivy Close, Ruth Stonehouse, Gordon Grey, Blanche Sweet, Louise Lovely, May Allison, Annette Kellermann, Lloyd V. Hamilton, Ann Pennington, William Hart, True Boardman and Gloria Fonda. Miss Fine therefore wins the first prize, a year's subscription both to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. The second correct rhyme and list of players was received from Edythe E. Wheeler, 8 Plymouth Place, Brockton, Mass., who receives a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. The third correct rhyme and list was received from Viola Gaudette, 143 W. Hollis St., Nashua, N. H., who receives third prize, a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. All of our readers who contested are complimented upon the ingenuity displayed in solving the correct answers and in rewriting the names into a rhyming verse.



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Anita Stewart, Vitagraph's brightest luminary, has recovered from her recent illness and again appears before her army of friends in "The Message of the Mouse."



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Tom Forman, the young Texan rancher who has ridden roughshod into the front ranks of the silent stage, continues to please Lasky as well as his audiences by ably supporting nearly all of their collection of stars.



Pauline Frederick lays a claim to first honors for variety of parts—scrubwoman, flower-girl, countess and gypsy are a few of the latest lives she has led.



© Sarony

The small still voice, not of conscience but of daughter Gloria, has kept Billie Burke from frisking before the camera. Blithesome Billie makes her reappearance in the "Mysterious Miss Terry" under Lasky management.



© Apeda

Douglas Fairbanks has the reputation of having had more leading-women than any other picture star. Aileen Percy is his latest and this little show-girl from the stage has taken to pictures like a duck to water.



Montague Love, altho an Englishman, was not at all miscast in "Yankee Pluck." The World Company has found a worthy leading-man to play up to its emotional stars. The deeper "The Brand of Satan" burns, the better he seems to like it.



© White

When "The Beautiful American is spoken of abroad or in South America, it is understood that Pearl White is meant. Miss White's serial heroines probably have played to a larger audience than any other actress alive or dead



That temperamental diva, Geraldine Farrar, has again picked Wallace Reid for her leading-man. This time they will share honors in a photoplay cast in the romantic time and land of the Aztecs.

Children Who Support Grown-Up Stars

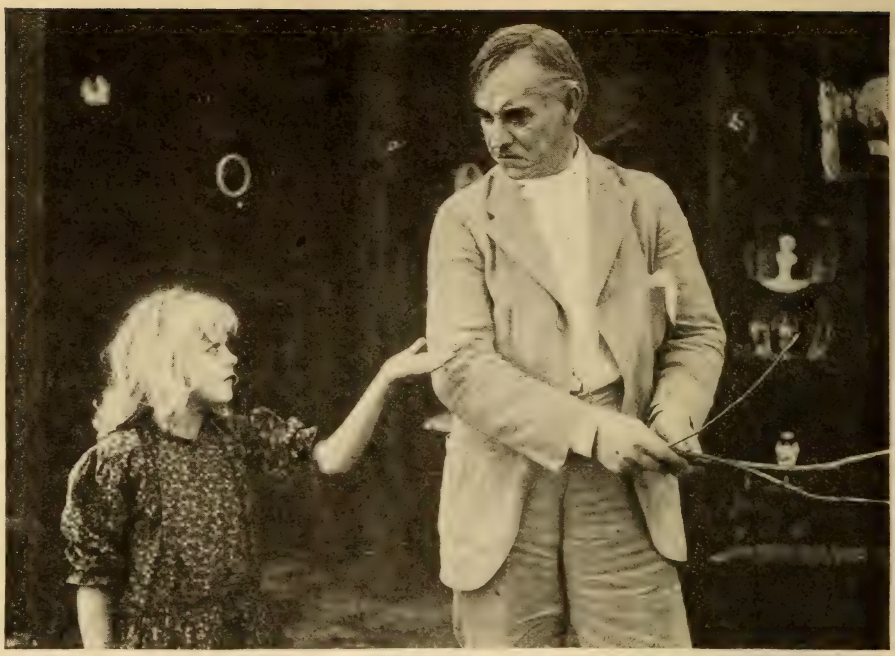
By MARY ABBOTT LODGE

How times have changed, to be sure! Time was when grown-ups took life seriously and shouldered the responsibilities belonging to their age and position. Not so today, as a glance at these pages will suffice to show. Here are children (and these are only a few of the large number in filmland) who are actually "supporting" grown-up stars, and men at that! But the children are not complaining; they are quite willing—bless their hearts!—and exceedingly capable, as we who love to watch their engaging grace of movement in childish pantomime can testify.

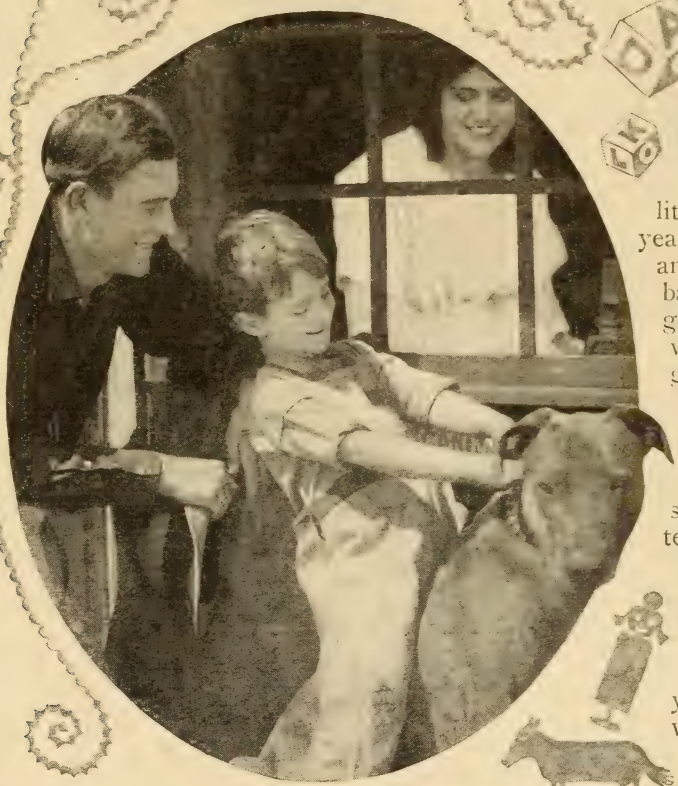
One day in Culver City a certain director was out for his "constitutional," but keeping his eyes wide open, as directors have a way of doing, and he saw a little girl acting out an impromptu scene with her dolls on the porch of her home. He stood watching her a few moments, then sought an interview with her mother. The little one was brought to the studio, and it was found that she could act even better before the camera than with her dolls, and thus did little Thelma Salter have "greatness thrust upon her." In "The Crab," as an orphaned waif she "supports" Frank Keenan, a cantankerous grouch (in the picture) who adopts her, but is far from being an ideal father. But the little waif is so sweetly lovable and so appealingly grateful for even the semblance of a home that she wins him in the end, and he gives her a real home and a father's love.

"Billy Boy" doesn't look so serious as Thelma—but all the same he is "supporting" people, too. He is best known for his work in Kalem's railroad series, "The Hazards of Helen," tho the personal hazards of Billy are almost as great. He is called the "nerviest boy in the movies," and perhaps he is, for his work itself takes nerve, and just now when the high cost of living is mounting skyward, it is some stunt for him not only to "support" Helen Gibson, but also his really truly father, True Boardman. But he does it as cheerfully as he trudges off to school between studio hours, or plays with Teddy, the Kalem dog.

Little Zoe Du Rae is one of the greatest little emotional actresses on record, and she likes her work so much and it comes so naturally to her that it's not work at all. When she's not acting at the studio she is acting with her dolls in her own home, dragging her mother, the servants, her pets and everything available into the "set." She is such a fascinating, winsome little person and so utterly unspoiled that star seems like a big word to apply to her, a mere baby, but Zoe deserves the scintillating term. Her mental and physical resources are remarkable, and it is fortunate for Zoe, for this little star is "supporting"



THELMA SALTER AND FRANK KEENAN IN "THE CRAB"



"BILLY BOY" BOARDMAN, THE "NERVIEST BOY IN THE MOVIES"

two other stars—grown-up ones at that.

But Zoe isn't the youngest little star. There's three-year-old Mary Jane Irving, and isn't she an adorable baby? One just longs to gather her up—pink, wriggly toes, chubby fingers, soft, cuddly body and all—and run away with her. But it cant be done, as she has a job. She takes it quite seriously, too, as one can tell by her expression. And why shouldn't she when she is "supporting" William S. Hart? 'Way down in the Carolinas, not many years ago, a baby-girl was christened Margaret Dorrit Newton Lindner, but the long string of labels soon slipped from her, and she is known now as Dodo



ZOE DU RAE PLAYING UP TO HER WANING STARS

Newton. Her grandparents and parents were all stage people, so it was quite natural for Dodo to take up their profession. However, Dodo has been very carefully brought up, and is an exceedingly attractive little girl, tho she has never been reconciled to the fact that she was born a girl instead of a boy. She is quite in her element when playing boy parts and very successful, too, which is fortunate, for it enables her to "support" William Russell.

Just at the moment it looks as tho the "Thanhouser Kidlet," little Helen Badgley, was tired of the "supporting" business. She has had a long aeroplane ride, and "A Modern Monte Cristo" was rather



MARY JANE IRVING, WITH WILLIAM S. HART

strenuous all the way thru. But wait until she has rested a little while in the dressing-room (of which she is very proud, for it was fitted up just for her) and the irrepressible Helen will be as good as new. She is a tiny mite of a girl, but quite competent and very willing to "support" Vincent Serrano.

"Girls dont do it all," says little Georgie Stone. And all who saw the brave, dauntless little fellow as Little Breeches in "Jim Bludso" will agree. As we see him here he is doing nothing more thrilling than swearing allegiance to his country with his friend Monte Blue. But in another scene we see him jump from a burning steamboat (of which his father, Wilfred Lucas, is captain) into the river and dauntlessly swim to shore. However, that is all in the day's work with Georgie. What he is really proud of is that he has earned enough money to buy a real automobile, and when the company goes "on location" he is not content to be tucked away in a corner with some one else, but insists on taking his own car and driving it, too. Of course the money that went for the automobile was "extra" money, and Georgie did pretty well to save it from his earnings, for he not only "supports" Monte Blue, but Wilfred Lucas as well.

TOMBOY DODO NEWTON



HELEN BADGLEY AND VINCENT SERRANO

Kittens Reichert (and that's her honest-to-goodness name, too) is one of the most beautiful and talented children in Screenland. With all that, she is just like any normal little girl. In fact, she

wont go to the studio or on location without her family of dolls, and she likes games and pets, and even likes her lessons—perhaps because she doesn't have to go to a regular school as yet, but takes her books and second-grade paraphernalia to the studio and studies there under the direction of Mamma Reichert. But, with all the interesting things that come into her life, there is nothing she likes quite so well as acting in pictures. And instead of looking upon it as a hardship, she counts it a privilege that she is called upon to "support" William Farnum.



GEORGIE STONE AND MONTE BLUE IN "JIM BLUDSO"

In "Shadows and Sunshine," one of the charming plays written especially for her, "Little Mary Sunshine" is "supporting" her grandfather. That is, he is her grandfather in the picture and doesn't know it until the play reaches its happy ending. In real life he is Daniel Gilfeather, and he is proud of two things—of being a member of a company which is on record as making and producing better films for children; and of being "supported" by "Little Mary Sunshine."

When this adorable baby is a grown-up leading-lady she can use her own name, Helen Marie Osborne. But just now "Little Mary Sunshine" suits her much better, for she *is* sunshine and radiant joy personified. And she is so well on the road to fame and fortune that she could "support" (in all the luxury to which they have been accustomed) any number of stars and a whole family of grown-ups besides.



KITTENS REICHERT, THE LITTLE PLAY-PAL OF WILLIAM FARNUM

However, it is being attended to that all the money earned by this talented little one shall not be spent for dolls and automobiles or be



DANIEL GILFEATHER AND "LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE"

used in "support" of any one. Only a short time ago a guardian was appointed for her in the courts of Los Angeles, and henceforth every cent of her salary must be accounted for. And while there is no doubt that she will have everything she needs—probably a few ice-cream cones and extra ponies in the way of luxuries—we have the satisfaction of knowing that when the sunshiny baby is a grown-up lady she will have a good-sized bank account and will be quite able to support herself, at least.

The baby star is now in new surroundings, and with a new director, who has shown that he possesses wonderful insight into child psychology, for in her new play (with Pathé) Baby Osborne has met with every requirement, and her conception of the part she plays in the wholesome little story, "When Baby Forgot," is remarkable. And, out on the Pacific Coast, the Balboa Company is trying to get used to life without "Little Mary Sunshine," and Henry King, her erstwhile director—while he has a new baby leading-lady to direct, a charming little French girl—knows in his innermost soul that there will never be for him another one quite like "Little Mary Sunshine."

Little Aida Horton is three years old and rather young to "support" anybody—especially Bobby Connelly, who is eight and a screen veteran of five years' experience. But in the "Bobby" series being produced at the Vitagraph studio, this golden-haired "missette" is doing that very thing.

Not long ago Aida walked into the office of Andre Roosevelt, production manager, and lisped that she had an ambition to become an actress. Asked where her mother was, she said she had left her outside "to wait for me." She admitted that she had no stage training, but that she was an actress because she wanted to be. She got a job on the spot.

As they were getting ready to produce the one-reel "Kid" series, Aida was put in as Bobby's "support," and the production of the series was begun at once. The dainty miss proved a revelation as a natural-born artiste. She was found to be a perfect photographic subject; also, she was found to possess that elusive something called screen personality. She never has to be told twice what to do. She also has an imitable streak of humor and extraordinary powers of mimicry.



The Rise of Bessie Love

by Stanley Todd

If you should ask little Bessie Love how she became a Moving Picture star almost overnight, she would probably tell you that it "just happened." A little more than a year ago this fair young photoplayer was just "sweet sixteen," attending high school in Los Angeles, and trying hard to pore over books while her thoughts were elsewhere. She used to dream of the day when she could emulate Lillian Gish and Mabel Normand or any other of a dozen of remarkable young people whose personalities have been brought before the world by the Motion Picture. She did not know then how soon her dreams were to come true.

In Los Angeles, one hears so much about Moving Pictures and finds so many

studios in the Hollywood section, that it is not surprising so many schoolgirls have ambitions in that direction. Having graduated, Bessie Love told her folks that she was going to be a Moving Picture star, but they did not share her enthusiasm and objected strenuously. But "Sweet Sixteen" usually has her own way and Bessie got parental consent to follow up her ambition. With her braids hanging down her back, the schoolgirl started out. Hollywood is only a short car-ride from downtown Los Angeles, and Bessie Love stopped at the first studio she saw. It happened to be the Fine Arts, just across the way from the tremendously big Babylonian set used by David Griffith in his "Intolerance." This sight, which is still standing and is impressive, even to stolid Los Angeles people, encouraged Bessie to stick to her determination.

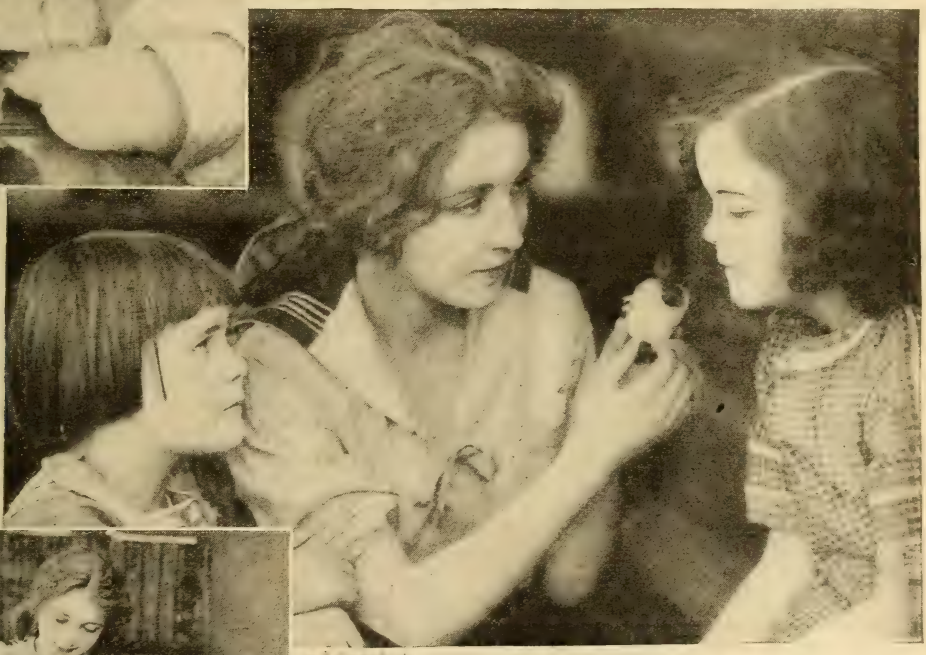


CLIMBING WITH "DOUG"



There is always a crowd of extras on hand at the studios in the morning, waiting for the chance of an assignment to appear in a picture. Bessie Love is about five feet high—or tall, if you want to put it that way—and she was almost lost in the crowd. One day her opportunity came. It was only a small part, but she handled it so well that the studio manager was careful to put her on his list of permanent extras.

It was just about this time that John Emerson came from the New York theatrical boards to appear in a Triangle picture. It was a "Preparedness" play, in which a



BESSIE LOVE—JUST KIDLET

Swedish servant-girl was given an important part in the story. Director Jack O'Brien, using the prerogative of directors, immediately set out to find a type of player who would fit the rôle to a "T." He saw the demure little schoolgirl play an extra part in another set; she seemed to be just what he was looking for. Mr. Emerson agreed with him that Bessie, made up properly, would measure up to the story. She was, perhaps, a little inexperienced, but he thought he could help the director in encouraging and coaching the little girl.

But they didn't know Bessie; she played her part so hard that John Emerson had to step lively to



hold the first honors that were due him as star. Those who saw "The Flying Torpedo," released about a year ago, will recall the excellent work of the vivacious Swedish lass who gave the Professor such timely assistance. Bessie's name was blazoned forthwith on the film subtitles, and the photoplay world noted that another new star—a "find," as they say in baseball—had been discovered. The extra had been transformed into a leading-lady and the critics and photoplay fans cried for more of her work.

The Moving Picture camera is not kind to every person who walks in front of it. In Bessie Love's case, she photographed perfectly, and quickly acquired the tricks and artifices of facial expression in acting for the screen. Her manner was subdued and peculiarly her own. William S. Hart was planning another one of those virile bad-man-who-reforms-on-account-of-a-girl pictures and he wanted a girl of Bessie's type as a foil. So Miss Love—it sounds so unfamiliar to call her that—had her second big opportunity; her temporary transfer to the Ince studios followed and her participation in "The Aryan" was the result. Again she triumphed; her work would have been a credit to a far more experienced and older player. Her delightful, childlike personality was the one particular bright spot of a drama that teemed with early Western lawlessness and conflict.

"It was wonderfully interesting," she tells the interviewer, in relating the story, and we are quite ready to believe her.

Douglas Fairbanks came clattering into Los Angeles, having just completed "His Picture in the Papers" and "The Habit of Happiness" in the East, under the direction of the same John Emerson. "Doug" had several new scripts ready to start on, one of which he had written himself. In fact, he had decided he wanted no one else but Bessie Love for his leading-lady. Mr. Emerson had given him the "tip" and the acrobatic comedian was not to be denied. That was even before she had finished her work in "The Aryan," and so Griffith told Ince to hurry up that Hart picture and return borrowed property.

As you might ordinarily suppose, Miss Love had some lively experiences playing opposite to Mr. Fairbanks in a play of his own, in which he injected all the athletic gymnastics of which he is capable. It was "The Good Bad-Man," and the young photoplayer was called upon to share with him some of the dashing exploits of the plot, particularly being snatched away on horseback by The Wolf and his gang and being rescued in the same manner by the nice, not-really-wicked highwayman. But the little girl was game to the core; nothing seemed to feaze her, and the picture "got over" with a bang.

The wide circulation of the Fairbanks films served to augment Bessie Love's popularity, a concrete evidence of this coming in the form of letters from exchanges telling that the little girl was well liked by Moving Picture audiences. Miss Love's own correspondence at the same time trebled in volume. When Douglas Fairbanks planned his next picture, "Reggie Mixes In," he insisted on having Bessie Love as his lead, and she gave further evidences of her growing ability. A little later Fairbanks became possessed of a keen desire to make a comedy out of a day's fun at Long Beach playing in the surf with the fad of the moment, riding the waves on big, inflated balloons designed in the shape of fish. In his hodge-podge of film, which he called "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish," Bessie Love was again the foil of the athletic comedian.

Thus, she had almost risen to the heights where it was a case of "Bessie Love in——" when the pictures in which she played came out. But with such a distinguished figure as DeWolf Hopper to share the honors with her, "Stranded," in which she charmingly portrayed the young ballet-dancer, was not an out-and-out Bessie Love picture. She had a human, pleasant part in a stage-life drama, which gave Hopper an opportunity to show his art as a pompous but penniless "hamfat."

Wilfred Lucas was getting ready to make a story of lumber life, under the Sherman-like title of "Hell to Pay Austin." Here again the diminutive Miss Love seemed to fit in the story perfectly, and opportunity knocked again. In the rôle of the timid but trusting waif, the

new star emerged from the last stages of inexperience and gave a sympathetic interpretation of the child of misfortune. She offset Mr. Lucas' virile playing with a touch of femininity that added greatly to the effectiveness of the character portrayal.

Bessie Love later blossomed out into stardom in a picture overrun by kiddies, the title being "A Sister of Six." Typical of a lively, kind-hearted little lady, she is very fond of children, and the making of the photoplay was as much fun as work, not only for the young star, but for the youngsters who played with her. It was indeed a very taking picture. But Miss Love was now so much in demand that she could not waste much time between five-reelers. She seemed to have a new leading-man in each vehicle, but she played equally well with all of them.

In "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's," for instance, she came under the sway of Director Edward Dillon, with Frank Bennett playing opposite in the rôle of the ambitious but poor musician. There was something in this picture that seemed to strike just a bit nearer home in portraying the life of people in humble circumstances, who are happier in modest surroundings than in the rather vapid amusement of high society life. Her transition from the "beanery" to the wealthy home, with the finest gowns that the studio wardrobe mistress could give her, clearly demonstrated the young player's versatility, and gave an inkling as to the real reason for her remarkable rise in less than a year. Incidentally, Bessie looks mighty well in "regal" clothes.

An entirely different type of rôle, that of a blind girl who recovers her sight, was the new star's next effort. In "Nina, the Flower Girl," she was a picture of faith and cheerfulness, despite the greatest affliction that can befall a human being. Elmer Clifton, now promoted to a directorship in the Fine Arts studio, was her unseen hero, misshapen humpback that he was, and the pathetic story was prettily enacted. Bessie's blind girl was indeed an excellent bit of unaffected acting.

Bessie Love photodramas have since come along thick and fast. One of her recent is "A Daughter of the Poor," in which she takes the part of a young girl with an inherent hatred for wealth and all that wealth sometimes implies. She finally falls in love with the son of a millionaire, posing as a poor chauffeur, and when she discovers the awful mistake she has made, the little idealist rebels, but finally capitulates. Director Dillon also had charge of this production, which made a decided hit. Since that time, Bessie Love has finished two others, one "Her Family Name," a comedy-drama with a delightful romance intertwined, and her very, very latest, "The Spitfire," in which she undertakes some real, emotional acting. There is a fire-scene in which three hundred extras are employed, and this is notable in the fact that only a year ago Bessie Love was one of the extras herself. Roy Stuart is her leading-man in this picture.

Only the Motion Picture could make possible this accomplishment of bringing nation-wide fame to an unknown schoolgirl, who had never stepped behind the footlights on the legitimate stage or who had no particular training for acting. Yet, like many other young photoplayers developed in Los Angeles studios, Bessie Love's work is that of a true artiste, whose adaptability to pictures has come not so much as a matter of experience as of latent ability and intelligent and helpful direction.

Best of all, she has not been affected by her remarkable success in Moving Pictures, but is modest, unaffected and truly appreciative of the help others have given her in forging to the front. Her philosophy in life? What sort of a philosophy would you expect of a seventeen-year-old schoolgirl specially favored by circumstances and ability as she is? Nothing but optimism, cheerfulness and good-will towards every living soul. Bessie Love on the screen is just as you would find her in real life—which is everything that a girl should be at that interesting point in her career. Demure little Bessie, tho, believes in living right up to her reputation. Her daily repertoire of deeds would stagger the average miss—dancing lessons, rehearsals, "takes" and "retakes" and dramatic studies are only a part of her rigid schedule.

"Do You Think *I'd* Stay at Home?"

Howard Chandler Christy's Appreciation of Pearl White

No sooner had the distinguished artist, Christy, designed the appealing Navy poster, "Gee, I wish I was a man!" than the Army put in its bid for his services. Mr. Christy was ready to give the magic of his brush to Uncle Sam, and asked Pearl White to be his model. The combined effort of his brush and the posing of "Pearl of the Army" has created "Do you think *I'd* stay at home?" which will soon carry its message thruout the nation. If you doubt that Pearl is able to sit an army mount and to be a suitable standard-bearer for Old Glory, here she is as the American Joan of Arc.



PEARL WHITE, THE AMERICAN JOAN OF ARC, IN PATHÉ'S "PEARL OF THE ARMY"

Making Money with a Motion Picture Camera

By ERNEST A. DENCH



STAGING A WATER-SCENE FOR AN ELABORATE PICTURE POSED BY AMATEURS

THE ambitious young man or woman determined to break into the studios as a regular Motion Picture photographer will find his or her progress barred by the fact that the number of staff camera operators is necessarily limited. Two hundred-odd reels produced weekly by the different manufacturers represent the work of about two hundred camera-men, taking one thousand feet as the weekly average for each. The ranks are already overcrowded, and unless you have a whole string of successes to your credit, your only chance of attaining your ambition lies in working your way thru the film factory.

But there is nothing like the school of experience as a means of ultimately becoming skilled in this particular kind of work—work that is as exacting as it is fascinating. You dont need to possess unlimited capital to enter the field as a free-lance, tho, of course, the more money you have at your command the more you can accomplish. By commencing with, say, a fifty-dollar camera, plus a few hundred feet of raw film stock, and restricting yourself to simple local work, you should eventually work yourself into the two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar professional camera class, your efforts being shown the country over.

The free-lance cinematographer, no matter whether he resides in a small town or a large city, need not complain of the lack of opportunities which lie at his very door. I will dwell briefly upon the principal ways of turning the Motion Picture camera to profitable account.

The latest development is film motion portraiture. Were you to be "registered" before the exacting lens of the Motion Picture camera for eight minutes,

no less than 7,680 separate portraits would be taken at the rate of sixteen a second. Each portrait would be a momentary record of the sitter's face, and not one facial expression would be lost. On the screen you would be under the eye of the spectator for eight minutes. Each of the 7,680 photographs would not be a good likeness, but it would be the whole number projected in rapid succession that would give the faithful picture. You can retouch and fake a photograph to suit, but you cannot tamper with a film. In fact, the only way is to do the faking beforehand by making up, and this does not always convince.

Who would not like to have a permanent record of all the quaint expressions that make a baby so adorable? They are lost to us as he grows older, but if he were to pose on every birthday we would be able to follow every stage of his childhood, and present the precious strip of celluloid as an appropriate coming-of-age gift. S. H. Lifshey, a Brooklyn photographer, makes a specialty of filming children in action, and brings out their pleasing characteristics. He also shows them at play with their pets and their favorite pastimes. Children are born photoplay actors, consequently they require comparatively little coaching.

A wedding occurs once, and it was left to a Frenchman to advertise something better than the group photograph. "Nuptial Cinema—To Engaged Persons," read the advertisement. "Do you wish to preserve a vivid, living recollection of the happiest day of your life? Have a film photographed of the ceremony (civil or religious) of your wedding, and in after years you will be able to see yourselves on the screen—young, loving, full of hope for the future."

One couple I know who married in 1909 permit their wedding movie to repose in the bank, only taking it out on each anniversary for their benefit and that of loving friends.

Other occasions on which Motion Picture films might be taken are birthdays, vacations and other family gatherings. By making a practice of recording such events, we should find many faults in ourselves which we did not believe before existed. We would also probably be able to correct these manners in deportment, speech and dress, and improve ourselves socially as well as in a business way.

Go to the local manufacturing plant and offer, for a consideration of from twenty-five to fifty cents a foot, to record on celluloid the manufacturing side of the products, the size of the plant, how admirably situated it is, and how the welfare of the employees is studied. You can, perhaps, weave a little story around the whole. Suppose the article is machinery of some kind. The manufacturer's salesmen cannot take samples to the prospect's office or factory, and it is difficult to have his product shown at conventions, trade shows or similar gatherings of men whom he desires to interest in his product. Until recently salesmen depended upon their selling ability, aided by photographs, drawings and data in regard to the goods they were selling. Where the prospect wished to see a machine in operation, it was customary for the manufacturer to pay his traveling expenses to visit the plant, but this practice proved exceedingly expensive and often took much, if not all, of the profit from the deal. The modern method is to have the salesman provided with a reel for demonstrative purposes. The salesman is equipped with a small portable projecting machine with which to show the reel, and in this way he is able to show his client all he wants to see, with satisfaction to all concerned.

The real-estate man can find no more effective way of selling property and lots than by the film. He saves the prospect much time and money and gains his good-will by not sending him on a fruitless journey.

City boosters need not compel people to imagine what they have to offer; the undeveloped territory or pleasure resort shown on the screen speaks for itself.

Societies in need of funds and other assistance can secure a better response to their appeals by acquainting the photoplay-going public with the good work they are doing.

Storekeepers in a fairly large way of business will find a short, local comedy or dramatic photoplay a big business-bringer. The above methods have been

tried and proven, so you should find it much easier to obtain assignments.

How about forming an amateur photoplay society? When you come to think of the millions who attend the movies, it is surprising how few enthusiasts have combined to produce simple local comedies and dramas. All I can assume is that they have considered the amateur photoplay society far beyond the bounds of practical possibility. They have made a grave mistake in adopting this attitude, for, in proportion to the results attained, it is little or no more expensive than is dabbling at ordinary photography on a moderate scale.



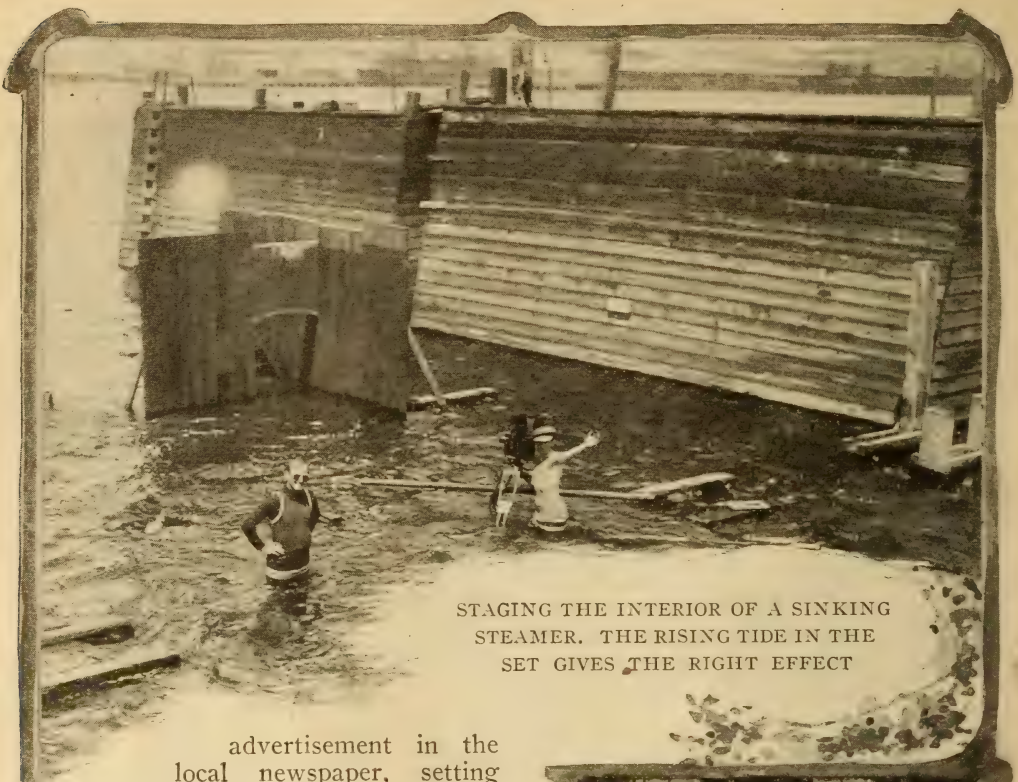
IN ACTION—DIRECTOR, CAMERA-MAN AND PLAYERS

Those with acting ability can figure in the cast, while the member possessing the most dramatic aptitude should be made the director. The talented weaver of stories would be the right man for scenario editor, provided he studied a book on photoplay writing and mastered the technique of photoplay construction. Last, but by no means least, you should do justice to the position of camera-man.

If you can get the local photoplay shows to run your local productions, it will be a feather in your cap, but you may prefer to set up in business on your own account. After having completed your first production, write all your friends and acquaintances soliciting their support. Your own film-library will fit in like a glove and you will not feel guilty of competing with the regular shows in your vicinity, and in this way you will be able to retain the friendship of the exhibitors and continue to supply their special needs.

You have, of course, the option of fixing your own territory, but I would recommend your not going beyond a radius of several miles. This will secure for your pictures a much more enthusiastic reception, because the spectators are especially interested in local films, produced by local talent, amid scenes and things familiar to them.

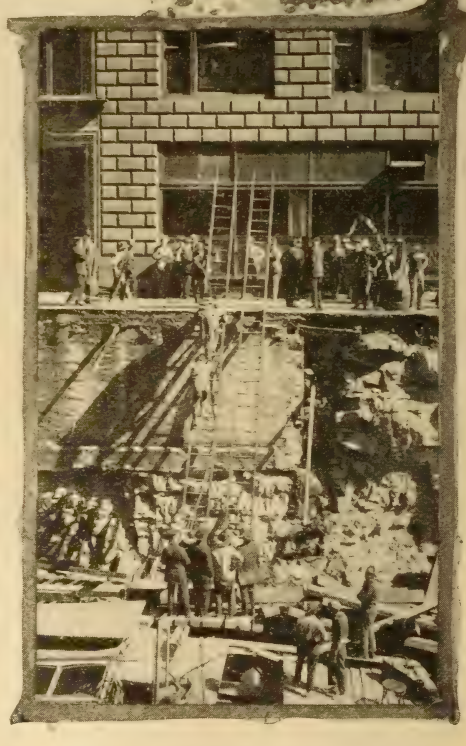
Should you desire further clients, an



STAGING THE INTERIOR OF A SINKING STEAMER. THE RISING TIDE IN THE SET GIVES THE RIGHT EFFECT

advertisement in the local newspaper, setting forth the charms of a private Motion Picture entertainment for social gatherings, clubs, societies and lodges, will, no doubt, achieve the results for which you strive. Usually ten dollars is charged for an hour's entertainment, comprising about four reels, and five dollars for each additional hour. It is advisable to vary the films as much as is possible, for it is variety on which the photoplay industry has been raised to its present prominent position.

Another field full of possibilities is in the recording of village pageants, local athletics and the like. However good the printed page or photograph album may be in recalling the past, there is nothing to equal, nor excel, the Motion Picture. The only way by which we learn history is thru the historian's facile pen. Word-painting has its limitations, but the camera cannot lie. Who would not heartily enjoy our ancestors come to life again? Their quaint style of dress, the houses they lived in and the customs that prevailed at the time, would form a marked contrast to the way we live today. We



GETTING TOPICAL FILM AFTER A SUBWAY EXPLOSION

should not think of the present, for when we have served our allotted span our successors will be as curious about us as we are about our ancestors.

Even today, when a well-known man or woman dies, his or her features have usually been caught by the Motion Picture camera. The animated newspapers revive the scenes, proving how useful the Motion Picture can be as a recorder of history.

Just because you live in a small town is no excuse for your not taking up topical work, for you are probably the only cameraman in your home town, and you are not up against the competition that prevails in the big cities.



MARIE DORO, WITH HER TEN-POUND CAMERA, POSING BLANCHE SWEET

The animated newspapers have correspondents stationed in most of the large cities, and in order to make a profitable connection you will probably have to give an exclusive option on your services, so far as the national field is concerned.

The news weeklies, circulating as they do from Maine to California, want only negatives of national importance. A local fair, while of great interest to Gulch Hollow folks, would not appeal at all to New Yorkers. So, before covering a subject, ask yourself whether it will appeal to people irrespective of their location.

The next important item is the length. The average edition of these weekly movies is made up of twenty different subjects, the length of which varies. As you have only about fifty feet at your disposal, this means compressing all you can into the negative, if you are to avoid expensive raw-stock wastage. Available negatives are paid for at from forty cents to a dollar a foot. Dont, whatever you do, develop the negative before shipping

it, for the film editor likes to be assured he is getting exclusive stuff; besides, he has better developing facilities, taking this highly skilled work off your hands.

Local topical work—and by this I mean events covered for local exhibitors—is in some respects different. The progressive exhibitor realizes that nothing attracts a full house and produces so much permanent advertising as a good topical reel.

I do not advocate taking local topicals on the off-chance. Put the proposition up to some exhibitor beforehand and obtain a definite assignment. The greater the number of prints in circulation, the cheaper you can rent them out. Many an exhibitor, while favorably disposed toward having the exclusive rights for their town, cannot pay the exclusive price. Their maximum is around ten cents a foot, which should yield you a fair profit if hired out to a string of theaters in your vicinity.

The educational is but a short step. At present it is in great demand as "filler" material, altho if the interest of the subject warrants it, it is put out as a separate reel.

In operating in a fairly large city, expose film on the principal thorofare, the largest public building, church, park, theater, and places of historic interest and any interesting industries.

The cost of a reliable camera varies from $29.75 to $250, and the purchase of the right camera at the beginning is very important. The "Alamo" holds but fifty feet of film, thereby reducing the possibility of negative waste to a minimum; weighs but five pounds against a hundred-pound professional model, while the lenses are satisfactory under all conditions. The "Davsco" has a two-hundred-foot capacity, is simple to operate and of light weight. The "Movette," tho only seven inches long, five inches high and two and a half inches wide, is not a mere plaything. It is as simple as genius can make it without destroying its usefulness.

Raw film, both negative and positive, is obtainable in reels of 100, 200 and 400 feet at 3¾ cents a foot. A Motion Picture film is subjected to so much wear and tear at the hands of the theater operator that, in order to retain its perfect appearance as long as possible, it should be printed upon a reliable stock. Most of the regular producers use Eastman, so it is best to specify this particular kind.

If you are going to develop your own pictures you should be prepared to spend about twenty dollars on a suitable outfit. But the firms that are prepared to take care of this work charge 5½ cents a foot for positives and half a cent a foot for negatives. Titles cost eight cents a foot.

Even if you do not intend giving home entertainments with your film-library, you will need a projection machine in order to run each reel prior to public exhibition, for editing purposes. The miniature projector has a shorter throw, but it is easier to manipulate and does not consume so much current, besides effecting a three-figure saving. The "Baby Simplex" contains a baby arc that can be connected with the lighting circuit in any house, which may be direct or alternating.

In the case of large halls and so forth, the standard machine reigns supreme. The following outlines the best projectors: The Model 2 Victor "Animatograph" produces rock-steady, flickerless pictures of an image quality that makes an audience oblivious that it is produced by mechanical means. The Edison "Kinetoscope" may be safely recommended, because it can be easily manipulated with little experience and stands up well under hard service; it is made in two models. The distinguishing feature of the "Cameragraph" No. 6 A is that it is provided with a special device which lessens the danger from fire. The "Simplex" has many desirable features in its construction, which include simplicity of design and protection against fire hazards. The "Edengraph" is noteworthy on account of the fact that it produces perfect projection when operated by an experienced operator, several special features being provided that are not found in other machines. The "Motiograph" is popular, owing to its durability and to the broad guarantee which is given by the manufacturers.

By taking up Motion Picture photography first as a hobby, with the ultimate object of making it your vocation, there is no reason why you should not eventually become known as the "Motion Picture Man" of your town.

The ART of SLINGING PIE

By A. B. Bernd

THIS is a series of dramatic tableaux, intended to inform the uninitiated about the latest and most approved methods of hurling squash, custard and blackberry pies with the most accurate precision.



The tableaux were specially posed for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by Mae Busch and Charles Conklin, of the Foxfilm comedy companies. Both Miss Busch and Mr. Conklin have had many years of experience, so their positions may be taken as the very latest word in authority on the art of slinging pie.

TABLEAU I

Walking into the bakery, the innocent purchaser informs the chief pastry-maker that she has nothing for dessert tonight, and suggests that he sell her a nice, squushy squash pie. The baker, with apparently no misgivings, gladly hands over one of the choice beauties on his counter, little recking what he does.

(It must be said here that these tableaux are largely symbolistic. Of course, the plain pine table doesn't look like a bakery-counter, but it gives the *impression* of being one. Nor does the pie-seller look like a baker. His costume is supposed to be an idealistic representation of the white cap and apron.)



TABLEAU II

The innocent purchaser has by this time had opportunity to glance at the face of the chief pastry-maker. Suddenly she realizes that he is the

same man to whom she had been engaged only three weeks earlier, and whose betrothal she had ended because he refused to part his eyebrows in the middle.



With the realization of the awful truth comes decision. She shall sling the pie—— But no! While the baker begins to feel uncertain about his present status, we shall pass on to the next exhibit.

TABLEAU III

With a cry of affright, the stricken pastry plasterer endeavors to dodge. He realizes, as we shall see, too late, that she whom he had thought an innocent purchaser is his former fast fiancée!

As she, chuckling ghoulishly, draws back her trusty right arm, he quails like a partridge. He is unable to run.

TABLEAU IV

The dirty deed is done! The might of Jove himself would have been powerless to stave off the onrushing Nemesis.

See how the innocent purchaser, innocent no longer, laughs at the havoc she has wrought! And see the look of anguish on the face of the doughy and doughty baker, as he realizes that one of his pet pies is no longer fit to eat!

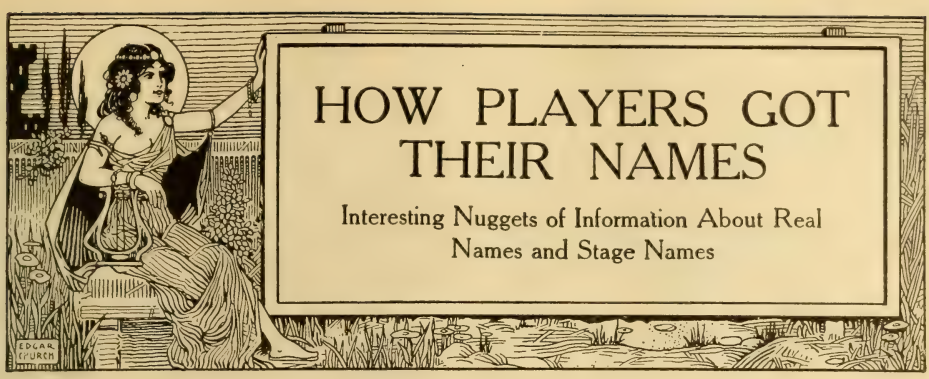
More bitterness—he remembers that the purchaser has never paid for the pie!

Isn't there a punishment for such?

The Freak Filmdom Farmer

By ISABEL R. McKIBBIN

The movie shows are my delight, and almost every other night to Filmdom do I travel. But here I want to frankly say I dont exactly like the way scenarios unravel when dealing with the country folk, as tho farm-life were some huge joke—it is the way they show it. Too oft 'tis the director's rule to hold it up to ridicule, because he does not know it. The movie-farmer wears his hair unshorn, unkempt; he cannot spare, as thru the day he rushes, the time to bathe his hands and face, his Charlie Chaplin boots to lace, or use his comb and brushes. His whiskers, à la Uncle Sam, are, all too plainly, but a sham, his features hard and grasping; he's always middle-aged or old; one feels, altho one is not told, his voice is harsh and rasping. Whene'er in screen-life he appears, this most abnormal creature wears the same checked shirt and panties. His home is always in decay, his fences in a shocking way, his buildings are but shanties. He consorts chiefly with the pigs, he drives dilapidated rigs, his horse is lean and seedy. He beats his children, scolds his wife, and never in his bad reel-life gives aught to poor and needy. Would any audience recognize in this perverted, hideous guise the farmer as we know him? We wish the Motion Picture folk would can this miserable joke, and, as he is, would show him. A man of muscle and of brain, who tills the soil and sows the grain, yet reads the daily paper; who drives a motor of his own, who has a ringing telephone; who does the proper caper in clothes of latest style and cut; who lives not in a wretched hut, but in a cottage pretty. In short, a man quite up-to-date—in all respects a fitting mate for dwellers in the city.



HOW PLAYERS GOT THEIR NAMES

Interesting Nuggets of Information About Real Names and Stage Names

THE coming of Theda Bara was not prophesied by the ancient Egyptians, as we have been led to believe. She did not open her destructive eyes under the shadow of the Sphinx. Allah is Allah—but Bara is not Bara. She is Theodosia Goodman, born and educated in Cincinnati. It is well that the vivid and beautiful siren of the screen ingeniously contrived a name by transposing "Death" to "Theda," and "Arab" to "Bara." Some way it just suits her distinctive personality.

Once upon a time a famous director fell in love with a pretty blonde Brooklyn girl and married her. But shortly after her marriage the lens-loving Lucy became Lucile Lee Stewart, charming movie-heroine-in-waiting to husband Ralph Ince.

So, when Lucy butterflied into Lucile, Anna Stewart, whose name suggested a rustic lass or an archaic queen, decided to crystallize into something more agreeably appropriate—there emerged Anita Stewart, slender, youthful, beautiful; Vitagraph's popular star.

Fritzi Brunette's name, like her fame, is studio-made. "Brunette" was suggested by her clear, olive complexion, and "Fritzi" is evidence of an exuberant, ingrown sense of humor that tides her over the hard places and goes a long way toward keeping everybody in the cast "cheered up." As to her real name, that is as yet a secret.

Peggy Hyland's name is a secret, too, for that isn't her name at all. Over in England her distinguished parents and a doting uncle (member of the English clergy) looked with disfavor upon her stage ambitions and especially to having the family name dragged along. "I'll name myself Peggy Hyland," said the dauntless little Britisher, "after the wonderful race-horse which always comes out ahead. He's lucky with the name; perhaps I will be." And thus a determined Peggy Hyland was born.

Louise Lovely is an Australian of French descent and her family name is "Carbasse." She was called "Carbassy," "Carbase" and "Carbossy" until her first picture was shown. Then every one said "Isn't she lovely?" and President Laemmle of the Universal Company said, "If she is 'lovely,' why not call her that?" Louise Lovely she has been since that day.

"Brownie" Vernon was christened "Agnes," but when the baby girl began to "take notice" she opened her big brown eyes in surprised wonder at everything she saw, and she received the appellation "Brownie." As she grew older the name stuck because it just described her eyes and because she always dressed in brown. "I know that Agnes is the name of a famous saint and all that," says Miss Vernon. "But I have never been called by the name except when I was very, very bad, so I associate it with disagreeable experiences like going to bed in the daytime. Brownie is much better."

Zoe Bech, Universal's little, emotional actress, is not Zoe Bech any more, but Zoe Du Rae. "Bech" was not pretty enough in her six-year-old estimation, and as stars, even small ones, are temperamental, she had her way, and "Zoe Du Rae" she will be henceforth. The Universal Company copyrighted and owns her stage name.

Grace Valentine's family name was Scharrenberger. When Grace was very young the family went to the courts and had the unwieldy name changed to the

simpler one of Snow. Even that didn't suit Grace, but she bided her time. On a certain birthday (which was February 14th) she received from a youthful admirer a beautiful offering of lace-paper hearts and other suitable emblems. On the back was written: "Grace, be my Valentine." That settled it. Then and there she became "Grace Valentine."

Willard Mack found his name right within his own good family name—Charles W. McLaughlin. "W" is for Willard, of course, and the Mack comes from McLaughlin. Willard was born in Canada, but his parents are Irish, so he comes honestly by a liking for "Mack" in one form or another.

"What a queer letter for a middle name!" exclaim the admirers of Francis X. Bushman; "it doesn't stand for anything!" But it does. It stands for Xavier—and Francis Xavier was a saint. No doubt that accounts for the saintly expression (and demeanor) of this Romeo of the screen.

Little Mary Sunshine received her charming sobriquet from the plays written especially for her. When she is a grown-up star she may insist upon using her really-truly name, Helen Marie Osborne. But we doubt if the dignified appellation will hold, for as Little Mary Sunshine she is known and loved the world over.

Billie Burke has been "Billie Burke" so long that the name seems to rightfully belong to her—and it does after a fashion. She took the name, soon after her stage début, in memory of her father, who was another famous "Billie Burke" of the speaking stage—a charming bit of sentiment.



© De Gaston WILLIAM RUSSELL AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE

STORIES THAT ARE TRUE

A Department in Which Well-Known Players Relate Personal Experiences

When Warde "Released" "Doug" Fairbanks

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

It is popularly supposed that first Triangle and then Artcraft released the well-known "Doug's" animated likeness, but *he* says that Frederick Warde "released" him. The fact that Warde is not a releasing nor producing concern, but a distinguished stage actor and screen player whose films are released thru Pathé. serves to muddle the situation.

And yet "Doug" says it is true.

"Before I learnt very much," he confesses, "about the science, art and ethics of mining, I saw Frederick Warde in his repertoire of classic stage-plays and decided that, as a mere capitalist, I should be wasting time. The call of the higher drama lured me all the way to Richmond, Va., where I made my first appearance with Mr. Warde in the rôle of François, in 'Richelieu.'

"In this character and in that of Florio, in 'The Duke's Jester,' which followed, I failed to make any perceptible dent in the classic drama, but I probably wore the most astonishing costumes ever beheld on the native stage, being fitted out by a well-meaning but misguided wardrobe mistress in odds and ends of ancient, modern and medieval garb.

"So effectually did my costume succeed in breaking up the actors and actresses who happened to be on the stage whenever I made my entrance that Mr. Warde 'released' me without visible signs of pain on his part."

"If 'Doug' admits it, it must be true," says Frederick Warde. "But it was so many years before either Mr. Fairbanks or myself ever dreamt of picture work that I fail to recall just how bad an actor he was, and nowadays nobody would believe me if I did."

The Rattle-Snake Rancher

By HARRY NORTHRUP

Before I decided to elevate the pictures by becoming a screen villain, I lived on an olive ranch, near San Diego, Cal. But olive-growing did not furnish quite enough excitement, so I decided to experiment with rattlesnakes. There are two varieties of rattlesnakes: the black mottle and the yellow mottle. The former are far more deadly than the latter and are found in the mountains, while the yellow mottles inhabit the valleys and hot desert lands. Rattlesnakes are very numerous in Southern California — entirely too numerous—so it was easy to catch a few of each breed and transfer them to the two wire enclosures I had made for them. My brilliant idea was to try to interbreed the two species, just to see what sort of reptile would result. I still think it was a brilliant idea—but it didn't quite work out. I got the snakes into the pen, while my Chinese cook stood by and watched the last one wriggle out of the box and fall into the pen. Then Charlie Foo looked at me and said something in Chinese—I think it is just as well that I do not understand Chinese.

I finally got them sorted, three yellow ones and three black ones in each pen, and awaited developments. One morning I noticed that one yellow one had crawled thru the wire netting into the other enclosure. So I took a long stick and tried to flip him back into his own pen. I became so absorbed in trying to dispossess my yellow friend that I forgot to watch the other five, and, like a flash,

one struck me on my left hand, which I had unconsciously lowered over the three-foot wire netting.

I gave a wild yell for my foreman to hitch the bronchos to the buckboard, dashed to the barn, buckled a broad leather strap around my wrist and stood sucking the wound while the ponies were hitched. The foreman drove and kept applying tobacco to the wound as fast as he could chew, while I lashed the bronchos on to a full gallop. The ponies were game and stuck to the job as tho their lives depended on it. I have been in many wild rides since, but never expect to experience another one like that.

When we dashed up to the doctor's office in San Diego, sixteen miles from the ranch, my arm was numb and black to the elbow. But when the doctor finished cutting and jabbing antidotes into my swollen hand, he said it would be all right and that I could thank my foreman and his tobacco for saving my arm and possibly my life. It took three weeks for my arm and hand to regain their normal size and color, and the little white scar will be always with me.

Shall I try it again some time? No, thank you! I dont care if they would hatch out red, white and blue. I'm thru!

My Makeshift Evening Gown

By FANNIE WARD

THIS is distinctly a story which I am sure will interest my women audience. My first experience as a film artist seemed at the time a tragedy, but, by my own ingenuity, it turned into a comedy with most gratifying results.

On that eventful day I was cast for the leading part in a dramatic picture and told to report with several house-dresses and one negligée. But, as we progressed with that scenario, it became evident I also required a very elaborate evening-gown.

The "set" was ready; the light failing rapidly; the director impatient, and I needed the evening-gown. Now, I live some three miles from the studio, and every woman will appreciate the circumstances and the unsettled state of my mind. I was surely perplexed. As I stood disconsolately, my gaze happened to rest upon a pair of lace curtains which were being used in the set. Immediately, womanlike, I realized what a gown I could create with those curtains, and I determined to get them.

I implored the director to permit me to use them. I explained to him how, in a few minutes, I could report clothed in an evening-gown appropriate to the situation and occasion. The director was a man, and, of course, he failed to understand me. However, I persisted in pleading my cause.

"Even in my wildest moments," he said, "I cant conceive how you could possibly fashion a gown from a pair of curtains. Besides, those draperies are expensive."

He hesitated, and I knew I would win. And when I promised not to even cut into them, he flung me a pitying look—a dare to return in the given time with anything presentable. He didn't know women, poor chap. I accepted his dare. Then, without a moment's hesitation, I grabbed those draperies from the doorway and at the same time I appropriated a beautiful silk cover from the table and disappeared into my dressing-room.

My feminine audience will understand how easily I fashioned that fairy gown—a square train; a wide girdle of silk with long, flowing ends; a crystal chain, appropriated from the chandelier by a sympathetic property man, completed my costume.

Since that day I have had many beautiful evening-gowns, but none of them compared with the fairy gown I made from those lace curtains and silk table-cover, on the spur of the moment. My director, too, was awfully pleased. "You deserve," he said, smiling, "a pair of 'curtain calls' at your first screen appearance."

It Reminded Him of the Battle-fields

By MAX LINDER

WAR, Monsieur, is not so terrifying as one who has not been in it may conceive. Pardon me if I remind you that I have had the experience—two long years of it. But, as a motor dispatch-bearer for France, I felt no horror, particularly, at what fate might be hovering over me, preparing to strike the next moment. The Great Divine, it seems, has provided at least one single solace in this game of life and death. He has made the bullets, the shrapnel and the tremendous bombs to fly so quickly at us that we cannot see them. And what we cannot see, we do not fear so much.

In truth, I have had some experiences in the production of my cinema-plays which have filled me with more terror, momentarily, than battlefield ventures. I shall mention the last of such, for it is the most vivid now in my mind. I had conceived what you might call a "thriller" as a scene in my third Essanay comedy, "Max in a Taxi." Having been disinherited by my wealthy father, the scenario directed that I lie down in front of an onrushing express-train, thus to doff my life-burdens. The train was to rush down upon me; all would be over—but no! Within ten feet of where I lay was to be a switch, which the audience had not perceived. And, even as the engine's pilot stretched forth to snuff out my life, the train suddenly was to strike the switch, swerve to a side-track and whizz past, leaving me and my life-burdens intact.

The scene was filmed without a flaw. I lay down upon the track; the huge express-train rushed up to within ten feet of me. The switch opened and it swung to the left and past. Yet during the fleet second of the action, the terrible horror almost paralyzed me—What if by some unforeseen accident the switch refused to open? Here was death which I could see hurtling directly at me. I could not escape it.

As I said before, all went well. But as I arose from that track, I felt almost a craving, Monsieur, for the battlefields again. There, at least, I did not have to look at the death as it rushed at me or I rushed at it.

A Near-Drowning Scene That Was Not Filmed

By GEORGE LARKIN

"ONCE upon a time"—that's the way all true fairy stories begin—but this is not a fairy story; it is true and happened in 1911.

I was playing with the Pathé Company, as lead opposite Lucille Younge, in "The Indian's Gratitude." One noon-hour, while on location at Little Falls, N. J., Miss Younge was canoeing with a young man of the company. Neither of them could swim; their canoe upset in the rapids below the falls. Both clung to the upturned canoe, then lost their hold. Miss Younge grabbed the young man about the neck; both went under, and, coming to the surface, he vainly tried for a moment to unclasp her rigid hold, freed himself, and got to shore somehow, leaving her to flounder in the rapid current.

Miss Younge had gone under for the third time, as I was coming upstream in my canoe. I dived and swam to the spot where she disappeared, As I reached her, her hands were clasped in prayer (as she gradually sank). I grabbed them and as we rose to the surface she grabbed my shoulder. I started for shore. She let go and disappeared again. Again I dived. She grabbed my leg. A struggle for life ensued under the water, while spectators and members of the Pathé Company lined the shore. Becoming desperate, I wrenched myself free, and as I rose to the surface I grabbed her again, and was about to strike her, to overpower her; but she was unconscious. I swam toward shore with her. Straight, rocky cliffs lined the banks and thirty feet of water below. I grabbed a narrow ledge, held on, spoke reassuringly to Miss Younge, who had partly revived, for fear, if she struggled again, both of us would

probably have drowned. It seemed like an age until several boys, members of the company, came to my assistance and helped me lift Miss Younge out of the water. Mrs. Louise J. Gasnier, wife of the managing director of the Pathé Company, was one of the first to congratulate me. I think, for a fractional part of a second, when I thought I was going down for the third time, I saw visions of all my past naughty, bad deeds flash before me, like a speeded-up ten-reel film. This thrilling scene was left out of "The Indian's Gratitude," for the reason that the camera-man was one who came to my timely aid.

Things That Happen "On Location"

By HARRY B. EYTINGE

These reminiscences, humorous incidents of my Motion Picture career, seemed funny to those who, as spectators, applauded; but to me they were serious occurrences.

One day, while playing the character of a policeman, I waited on the corner for my cue, which was a small boy who was to tell me there was a fire up the block. Incidentally, with the youngster came a citizen, who inquired for a certain locality, he believing me to be a regular patrolman.

The camera was in full action, so, of course, I could not explain. One look, one word, and I would have ruined the picture. I realized all that and darted off in the direction the boy had given, without a single word to that pedestrian. Catching the spirit of the occasion, and prompted by curiosity, he yelled: "Hey, where is the fire?"

After we were out of range of the camera, I quietly informed him there was no fire. Naturally, he was disappointed, and was about to rake me, thinking the boy was playing a joke on me, when I told him it was all in the picture. Disgruntled, he turned away and muttered: "Gee, I suppose I'm in it, too!"

Another time I impersonated a glazier. A small boy was supposed to throw a stone and break the glass which I carried in a frame on my back, and I had to chase him. He ran into a hallway, where I caught him and proceeded to give him what appeared to be a sound thrashing.

The boy yelled and screamed, to make the scene realistic. His cries brought a kindly disposed Italian woman to his assistance, and she promptly dashed a pail of water in my face. I was compelled to act my part just as tho that woman's interference was premeditated, because the camera was working and several hundred feet of film would have been spoiled if I had shown my displeasure, or I had desisted in my effort to chastise the boy.

When I left the hallway, soaked to the skin, I was heartily greeted by my companion players. Of course we endeavored to explain to the irate woman that we were only "making a picture," but she would not be convinced, and I believe she was sorry she hadn't given me another bath.

"When we were making scenes for a Western picture," says Tom Mix, "as a sheriff I led thirty mounted men.

" 'Keep well in the lead of your men, sheriff,' cautioned the director, 'because in the scene that follows you capture the outlaw.'

"We swung into range of the camera at full gallop. Right in the midst of the scene my horse stepped into an old post-hole, breaking his leg, and I was pinned under him. I knew my men were too close for me to turn, and I expected them to ride over or pile upon me.

"Imagine my surprise when all of them jumped completely over me and my horse 'jack-rabbit' fashion. When I rose the director eyed me dubiously.

" 'Mr. Sheriff,' he said, 'I see you are not hurt. Please keep *before* your men, not *under* them.' "

A Story-Book Romance

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



COUNT DE CIPPICO

Laura Jean Libbey or Robert W. Chambers, for all their lovely romances, never had a more beautiful heroine than mine. She is tall, slim and stately, with sloe-black

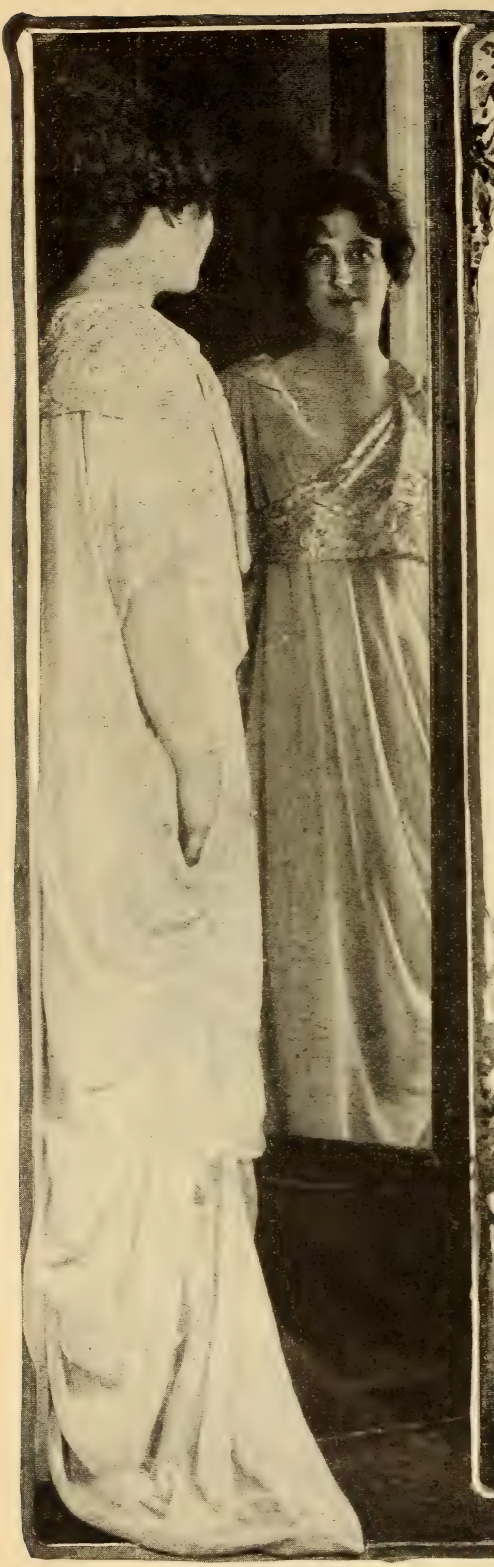


ONLY, the best part about this story-book romance is that it is true. They told me so themselves. You see, he is the Count de Cippico, of London, Paris and Berlin—not to mention his well-loved Naples. Isn't that a splendid hero! An Italian nobleman always makes a most interesting hero. And the hero ine—well, Bertha M. Clay,



RITA JOLIVET

Photos by Underwood & Underwood



eyes and midnight hair.

Her name? Oh, her name is as pretty as she is—it is Rita Jolivet.

Mademoiselle Jolivet, who is and was a very famous Continental actress, met his lordship, the Count, at a dinner-party given by a mutual friend in Paris. They were instantly attracted, and, as the hostess had very kindly paired them for the dinner, they lacked no opportunity of becoming better acquainted. The Count begged permission to call. Mam'selle Rita shrugged pretty ivory shoulders and refused, as she was leaving Paris the next day for a month's rest. And she was giving no one her address, as she wished to be quiet and really rest. The Count was compelled to accept her decision as final—for the moment.

A week later, in a little Brittany village, they met again—much to her surprise and his delight. Enjoying the zest of being pursued, the pretty French lady slipped away that night, leaving no faintest clue by which his lordship could trail her; but, two days later, they met again. The chase continued thru the Riviera, and finally to Monte Carlo. Then, Mam'selle Rita tiring of the chase, announced that she was leaving immediately for Nice, for an engagement.

Then the Count had a brilliant idea. As part owner of the Ambrosio Motion Picture Company, he offered Mam'selle Rita an enormous sum to play the lead in a picture for his company. She had done little in Moving Pictures, but upon the Count's promise that she should do one of D'Annunzio's beautiful poems, she consented. That was really only the beginning, for it was not until the picture had started that the Count and his fair lady really had an opportunity to know

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

each other seriously. They found that they had many tastes in common, and boat crossing the Channel she met an old friend, Oliver Morosco. He had seen her latest success, the Ambrosio picture,



Photos by Underwood & Underwood

THE COUNT AND COUNTESS AT BREAKFAST BEFORE AN EARLY MORNING CANTER

THE COUNT SNAPPING HIS WIFE IN A SCENE

from then on their friendship grew swiftly to something more. But before the Count had time to declare himself, Mam'selle Rita was called to London by the illness of a sister. On the

and made her promise that, if she ever came to America again, she would "do a picture" for him. She promised, thinking that it would be a long, long time before she again saw the shores of America. On her last trip, during which she worked in a picture for Jesse L. Lasky, called "The Unafraid," she had gone thru the horrors of the *Lusitania* disaster, during which she stood beside the late Charles Frohman, who lost his life in the same disaster. It was

Mam'selle Rita who gave to the world the theatrical manager's beautiful last words, "Why fear death? It is only a beautiful adventure!"—so it isn't hard to understand her reluctance to again make the trip.

Immediately after her arrival in London she received a message from the Count, announcing his departure for England. Her sister recovered, and, as soon as she was able to be present, the wedding between the long-persistent nobleman and the lovely French actress was solemnized, "at the home of the bride's parents, Mayfair, London." Evidently his lordship had tired of the chase also, for he had been in London only two days when, taking his lady-love firmly by the arm, he led her into the Ritz, ordered tea as an excuse, and the moment the waiter's back was turned, proposed in no uncertain tones. Whereat the lady dimpled, smiled a bit roguishly to hide the tears in her lovely black eyes, and said yes. And the rest followed, naturally.

The trip to America came about thru the Count's anxiety to look over the American methods of picture production with a view to improving his own company and studios. So it was turned into a honeymoon. The Countess had decided to leave the stage for ever, and to devote herself to her husband and her homes—a London house, for the brief English season; a villa at Naples; another charming home in Paris for the season, and a hunting-lodge in Scotland.

But, true to her promise, she did one picture for Mr. Morosco's company, "An International Marriage," which will, therefore, be the last subject in which the Countess de Cippico will appear before the public.

The honeymoon in Los Angeles did not in the least interfere with the Countess' work or her husband's investigation of American picture-producing methods. They arose very early, breakfasted in riding-habits, and were off, almost with daybreak, for the long, country gallops which they both love so much. One of their most frequent pilgrimages was to the Forest of Arden, the former home of Helena Modjeska, the famous interpreter of Shakespeare's feminine rôles. The Countess' many portrayals of Shakespearean rôles in France have made her a great admirer of Modjeska. And, by a strange coincidence, one of her latest theatrical managers occupied the same position with the famous Modjeska. And it was from him that the Countess learnt many interesting little personal incidents of the life of the great Shakespearean actress, all of which made for more admiration.

The Countess is a very beautiful woman—just at the loveliest stage of her womanhood. She has great, dark eyes, masses of waving black hair, and very small hands and feet. Her skin is very pale, with not a vestige of color save for her lips, which seem all the redder by contrast. She is sweet and gracious, worthy in all respects to be the mistress of the several ancestral homes which her marriage to the Count brings to her.

That this "international marriage" will be a very, very happy one is an obvious fact; and while we, being loyal Americans, could have wished that so lovely a visitor might have placed the keeping of her heart and happiness in the strong, lean fingers of an American man (how would Forrest Stanley or Courtenay Foote do?), still we are generous enough not to dislike the Count simply because of his luck, and we heartily congratulate him.

I Wonder When—

Theda Bara will play the innocent country girl.
David Warfield will say, "The movies for mine."
Griffith will direct a split reel.
Pathé will stop making serials.
Gardner Sullivan will stop writing scenarios.
Ambitious amateur actors will not complain about the poor detail in "The Birth of a Nation."
Roscoe Arbuckle will truthfully say, "I'm only thirty inches around the chest."
Keystone will secure the rights to Shakespeare's plays.
Chaplin will play Othello.
Harrison Fisher will paint subtitles.
Douglas Fairbanks will cry.
We will see pictures without music.
E. H. Sothern will like the Huns.
Leo Delaney will play a prohibitionist.
Charles Kent will play Youth.
The Answer Man will make known his name.
Dreams come true.

FRANK O'NEIL POWER.

The Morality of the Motion Picture World

By WILLIAM G. HARRINGTON

EDITORIAL NOTE—The Portland (Oregon) Chamber of Commerce and the Portland newspapers decided that life in and about the Los Angeles studios was immoral. It became the subject of heated argument in the press and in community meetings. They decided to investigate. William G. Harrington, formerly head of the Department of English and Public Speaking, Pacific University, was chosen. He was clothed with police power, backed by every good influence in Oregon, and went to Los Angeles with a corps of investigators. At first they worked "in the dark" unknown to the studios, and later every picture plant was thrown "wide open" to them. What Mr. Harrington learnt from dance-hall proprietors, car-conductors, chauffeurs, waiters, telephone operators, hotel clerks, the police, and, finally, from the players themselves, is herewith set forth in a most unusual continued article beginning with this number and continued in the November and December numbers.

CURRENT gossip concerning the photodramatic world is malodorous in its rumors. A preacher asserts vehemently that the moral conditions of the Motion Picture studios are intolerable. He brands them as "movie camps"—sources of licentiousness and corruption. A popular girl who sought employment in the studios in Los Angeles, and failed to obtain it, tells her friends that it is impossible for a girl to obtain and hold a position as a Motion Picture actress unless she is willing "to pay the price." A tourist who has passed thru Los Angeles reports that it is whispered there that many Motion Picture directors have their "private harems"—that outcasts from the studios accost one on the street, driven to sell body and soul that they may live.

These amazing assertions demand serious consideration. They involve a tremendous economic factor in the business world—the character of thousands employed in the production of photoplays, and the moral welfare of the public.

The Motion Picture industry has developed with such remarkable rapidity that it now ranks fifth of all the great commercial activities of the United States. The annual overhead expenses of all the leading film-producing companies is estimated to be $270,000,000.00. The monthly expenditures of the twenty largest concerns in Los Angeles exceeds $1,000,000.00. They employ in the aggregate over 12,000 persons regularly. In addition to these "stock" employees, from 1,500 to 2,000 extras are frequently used in one studio in a single day. Moreover, filmdom is now peopled by the world's most celebrated dramatic artists. The "Rialto" of Los Angeles has eclipsed "Broadway." Geraldine Farrar, Marie Doro, Fannie Ward, Blanche Ring, Billie Burke, Elsie Ferguson, Frank Keenan, Lina Cavalieri, John Barrymore, Theo. Roberts, De Wolfe Hopper, Dustin Farnum, Walker Whiteside, Tyrone Power and many other famous stars of the "legitimate" have joined the photodramatic colony in Los Angeles, a colony that includes within its exclusive circle more beauty, intellect, temperament and skilled dramatic technique than any other dramatic coterie.

Furthermore, 50,000,000 people in this world attend photoplays every twenty-four hours. In the United States alone the film-loving public spent $297,000,000 during 1915, that it might gaze upon the fascinating screen.

Again, probably there is no other activity that attracts so many girls of the temperamental, impressionable and plastic type. Everywhere there are sweet, beautiful girls who are dreaming of a career in the photodrama, toiling and planning that they may save enough money to enable them to obtain a personal interview, which they hope will be the open sesame to success in filmdom. Everywhere many fond parents are considering whether or not it is safe to permit their daughters to enter the Moving Picture profession.

With these facts in mind, it is pertinent to inquire—

Should malodorous current rumors be given credence?

Is it possible that such a vast enterprise as the Motion Picture industry is built upon the sands of moral weakness?

Are the foremost people of filmdom, together with thousands of "supports" and "extras," living in an atmosphere of shocking immorality?

Do the 50,000,000 people who attend Motion Pictures daily subject themselves to moral contamination in witnessing the dramatic art of degenerates?

Is the vast sum of $297,000,000 worse than wasted in patronizing the pernicious products of dens of iniquity, where the loss of character is the price of admission and success?

Does the lure of the screen attract innocent girls from sheltering homes and lead them to a life of degradation?

In justice to the great photoplay industry and its thousands of employees; in justice to those who aspire to a career in photodramatic art; in justice to the great public which patronizes the Motion Picture theaters, the truth should be known.

What Are the Facts?

Obviously, one must analyze current public opinion, and supplement that analysis with an open-minded, impartial investigation of conditions in the Motion Picture studios, if he is to arrive at accurate and just conclusions.

As the first step in this analysis, *general* public opinion must be eliminated. It is too remote, too vague and indefinite, to be admissible. In a word, it is mere hearsay evidence. Public opinion in Los Angeles, however, is worthy of serious consideration. There the people have an opportunity to see photoplay actors and actresses, observe their conduct and estimate their character.

Conversations with many individuals in Los Angeles whose opinions might be considered typical, elicited this information:

Two hotel-clerks at first-class hotels said in substance that the Motion Picture people were among their most desirable guests—that their deportment was above criticism. Both admitted, however, that they had heard rumors of gay life in filmdom, but knew nothing of it personally.

Inquiry at second- and third-rate hotels revealed the fact that the film people did not patronize them. As one clerk put it, "They make good money and the best is none too good for them when they come down-town."

At three leading cafés where Bohemian life is free and unconstrained, the head waiters knew of no prominent photodramatic artists who were regular patrons. At one café the head waiter said, "Occasionally, two or three men whom I have seen on the screen and also know personally, drop in for an hour or so. They eat and drink sparingly and leave early. I have yet to see one drunk." At another café this information was offered: "They work those people mighty hard, I guess. I never saw anybody who amounted to anything in 'pictures' here. If they have any little parties, they must pull them off at home." At a third café it was learnt that "once in a while a girl who calls herself a 'movie actress' blows in here, but we soon get her number. Usually the fact is she has been an 'extra' in some play and ran down the street in a mob scene, or 'mebbe' got next to the furniture with a feather-duster."

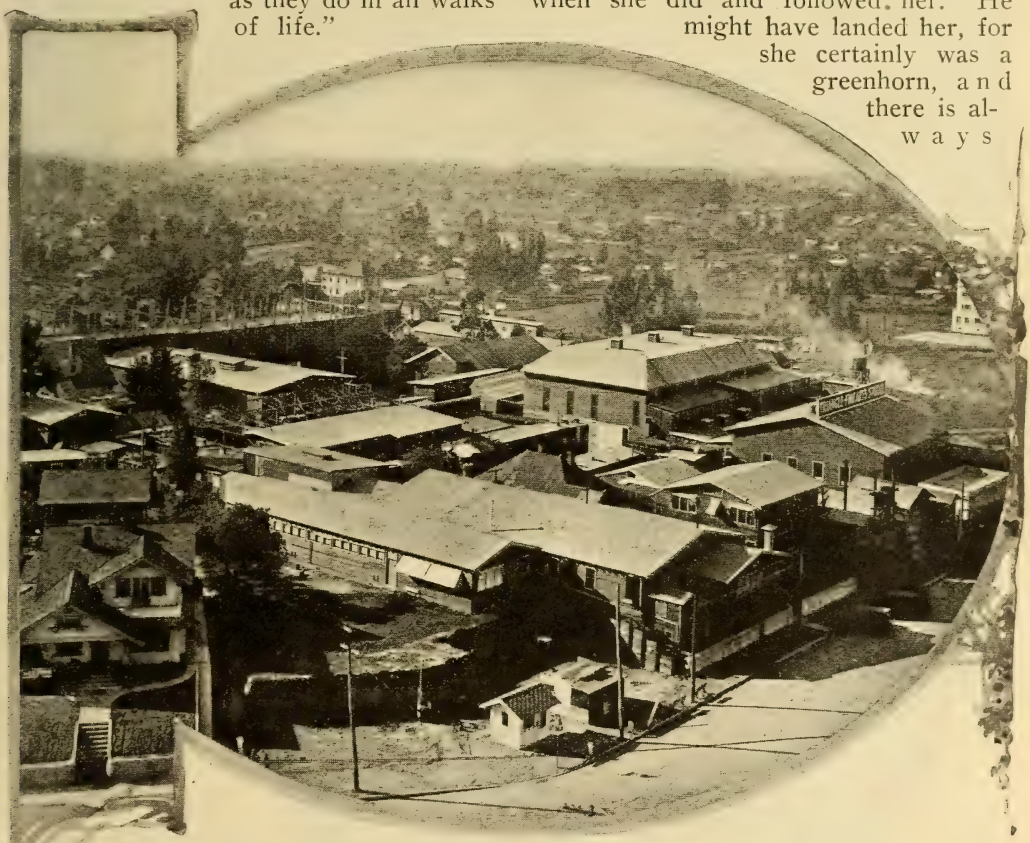
Four different barbers looked wise and dropped hints to the effect that the "movie people" were some warm bunch. When pressed for explicit information, they confined themselves to generalities. None could mention a single case of misconduct of which he had any personal or definite knowledge. One affirmed, "They say that down at ———," mentioning a studio outside of Los Angeles, "'the boss' has the pick of the girls." When pressed for more accurate information, he admitted that he knew nothing definite.

Conversations with three representative business men were more satisfactory from the standpoint of definite information.

One said: "Why, I know some of these people well. C—— is a good friend of mine. He and I lunched together only the other evening. I've watched the Motion Picture business grow from nothing to what it is today, and I know this cheap talk about 'harems' is all rot." Another said: "The public has always looked askance at actors and actresses, and probably that explains this gossip about Motion Picture studios. Personally, I know nothing one way or the other, but I think

most of what you hear on the street is entirely without foundation." The third, a banker, said: "Absolutely nothing to it as far as the big men are concerned. They do business on a million-dollar basis. Character is one of their assets. Their credit would be immediately impaired if bankers knew of questionable conduct. What the rank and file of their employees is, I dont know. I suppose occasionally some of them go wrong just as they do in all walks of life."

One street-car conductor on a line running to Hollywood said: "The stars do not ride with us. They ride in limousines. We dont carry anybody but 'extras,' and they are not really in the studios." Another said: "A swell-looking Scandinavian girl rode out with me one day. She had an awful time making me understand where she wanted to go, her English was so bad. I saw a slick-looking guy watching her and he got off when she did and followed her. He might have landed her, for she certainly was a greenhorn, and there is always somebody looking for a girl like that." Another conductor pointed out a hotel in Hollywood and said: "They pull off some high jinks there." When asked if he knew anything definite about it, he said: "Of course, I only know what they say."



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS STUDIOS IN LOS ANGELES. THIS IS OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE MAJESTIC STUDIOS AND AS D. W. GRIFFITH'S

Two clergymen of different denominations, who were interviewed, held widely different opinions. One knew nothing personally and had nothing to say, except that he thought clean, educational Motion Pictures were a great boon to the masses. The other was opposed to all forms of modern acting on general principles.

A number of policemen, accosted at random, said in substance, "The movie bunch never give us any trouble."



RESTAURANT AND REFRESHMENT-ROOM, TRIANGLE STUDIOS, CULVER CITY

ADMINISTRATION AND DRESSING-ROOM BUILDINGS, TRIANGLE STUDIOS, CULVER CITY

Chief J. L. Butler, the present head of the Los Angeles police force, said: "The Motion Picture people are as well-behaved as any in the community."

A prominent bureau head of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce said: "The Motion Picture business is of great value to us. Thousands of new citizens are being brought here thru the medium of the Motion Picture industry—men and women who build homes, identify themselves with the civic, social and industrial welfare of this community and become Angeleños in the best sense."

Inquiries were made of many others—including waiters, bootblacks, chauffeurs, drug-clerks, real estate and insurance men, telephone operators and photographers, but none could cite any specific case of immorality or refer directly to any one who had personal knowledge thereof.

All of this evidence, gathered promiscuously from citizens of Los Angeles, fails to substantiate, in any particular, allegations of moral corruption in the Motion Picture



EXTERIOR OF THE FAMOUS KEYSTONE FUN-MAKING PLANT IN LOS ANGELES, WITH SOME IMPROMPTU POSING BY STAGE-HANDS

world. Some of it intimates that conditions were bad, but not a scintilla of it can be said to establish reasonable proof of immorality. On the other hand, the preponderance of it is in the nature of refutation of suggestive insinuations.

Comes now the matter of personal survey of existing conditions within the studios.

There are forty-four in Los Angeles. Some are not doing business, but the active concerns were too numerous to permit a thoro examination of all. Accordingly, it seemed wise to concentrate on the leading studios—those that might be considered representative of the standards and ideals of filmdom.

In his investigation, the writer began at the entrance to movieland—the employment offices. He found ordinary business offices, flooded with sunlight and equipped in the conventional manner with desks, filing cabinets, typewriters, telephones, etc. Everywhere clerks were bustling. The click of the typewriter and the sharp ring of the telephone were heard at intervals. The engaging directors were gentlemen of refinement and education—busy men who spoke briefly but courteously, animated apparently by a sincere desire to discover talent. Applicants were questioned as to age, education, experience, etc., in an endeavor to determine moral as well as intellectual worth. The arduous work of photoplay acting was emphasized. The uncertainty of promotion and success was clearly indicated. The need of all that one possessed in the way of health, courage, patience, cheerfulness, etc., was stressed earnestly. In brief, at all of the offices applicants were told the plain truth. No

effort was made to induce them to enter the Motion Picture field. On the contrary, they were consistently advised not to make it their objective in life. Only occasionally was an applicant of unusual talent or experience given encouraging assurances. Nowhere was there the slightest indication that a girl would be required to compromise herself in order to obtain favorable consideration.

In this connection it should be noted that at the Fine Arts-Triangle Company there could be absolutely no question concerning the strict propriety of this matter of employment. Here the applicants were segregated, and the girls and women made their applications directly to Lucille Brown, who was the employment secretary and official "mother" for the company. Men had nothing whatever to do with female applicants until their applications had been considered and approved by Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown is a keen, yet kindly woman, who quickly determines the capabilities of applicants, and tenderly watches over those who are admitted to her care. She pointed with motherly pride to girls in their teens who appeared as innocent and care-free and well-behaved as children in the most exclusive homes. "I love them all," said Mrs. Brown, softly, "and care for them just as if they were my own children, and none have gone astray yet." One could readily see that she spoke truly.

Speaking more generally, entrance to the "forbidden land" of filmdom revealed that its morals are more zealously guarded than are those in the outer world. The foremost producers early recognized the possibilities of scandal where the day's work required large numbers of both sexes to mingle promiscuously, and in order to protect all concerned against any occurrence that might give rise to public criticism, they caused certain competent women to be appointed as official guardians of the moral welfare of all female employees. The duties of these women vary in detail in each studio, but in all the general scope of their work is substantially the same—in all they are given plenary powers to deal with possible emergencies. They may recommend for immediate dismissal any employee whose conduct does not meet with their approval. They are not required to prove anything. The mere fact that they are dissatisfied with appearances is controlling with the management.

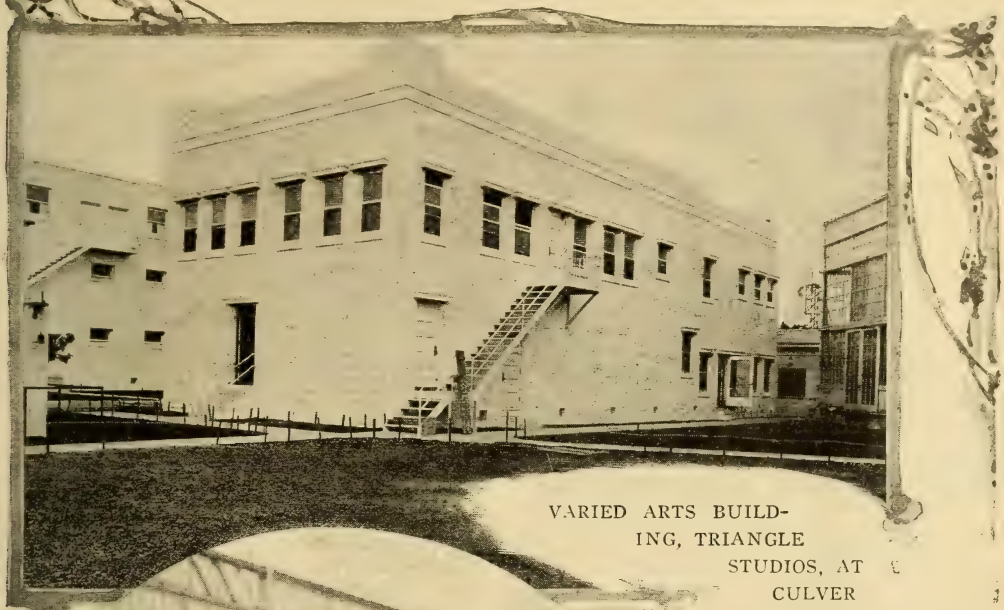
There are rigid regulations sufficiently comprehensive to cover 'most any contingency, and these are strictly enforced. For example, at the Ince-Triangle (New York Motion Picture Company), at Culver City, girls are forbidden to use paint and powder in public. In other words, they may not "make up" for street appearance as do many society women, and dismissals have resulted from failure to observe this rule.

Furthermore, in all of the studios visited, great care is taken in segregating the sexes so far as dressing-rooms, rest-rooms, etc., are concerned. The girls and women occupy quarters isolated from those of the men. If a man were seen therein he would be immediately discharged.

In this matter of segregation and otherwise providing for the general welfare and comfort of employees, the Triangle studio is considered *par excellence*. The entire plant is of recent construction and embodies the latest architectural ideas pertaining to photodramatic art. The great glass studios are equipped with the latest ventilating devices, so that pure air is insured at all times. All costumes are fumigated after being used in order to eliminate all possibility of contagion. An excellent restaurant is provided at which employees may procure wholesome food at cost. A well-stocked library provides both mental relaxation and stimulus, as one may desire. The grounds are so artistically arranged that the greensward, with its winding paths and plashing fountains, is a delight to the esthetic sense. The "atmosphere" is conducive to clean, active living.

Herewith the writer met Margery Wilson. Her evidence is interesting and important. It bears directly upon the issue as to whether or not a girl must "pay the price" in order to obtain employment in the Motion Picture world and achieve success therein. Miss Wilson was but eighteen when she resolved to enter the photodrama. Girlish, unsophisticated, and beautiful to look upon, she is a type that would have encountered

temptation if any existed. This was her experience:



VARIED ARTS BUILDING, TRIANGLE STUDIOS, AT CULVER CITY. ADJOINING AT THE RIGHT IS THE IMMENSE SUNLIGHT STUDIO, WITH A LARGE PLAYGROUND IN FRONT



EXTRA GIRLS RECEIVING DANCING LESSONS FROM A CAPABLE DANCING-MASTER ON THE PLAYGROUND OF TRIANGLE'S CULVER CITY STUDIOS

She arrived in Los Angeles late one night alone and with but little money. In her desire to husband her slender resources, she went to an obscure hotel near the railroad station. Certain sights and sounds indicated to her that it would not be well to remain there. Accordingly, she left early the next morning on a tour of the studios. Being unfamiliar with their location, she consulted a telephone directory, and modestly decided to call first at the small establishments. She selected the Majestic, not

knowing that it was D. W. Griffiths'. On presenting herself at the Majestic, Mrs. Brown received her application, questioned her closely, and was so favorably impressed by her answers and general appearance that she referred her to Mr. Frank C. Wood, the engaging director. He appraised her as a "good type" and at once employed her in "stock." In a few days her opportunity came. She was cast in a dancing scene in a cabaret. Her work was so satisfactory that she was immediately given minor parts. Her advance was rapid. She worked hard and conscientiously and was soon rated as a "discovery." One day Thomas H. Ince saw her in action, recognized that she was just the type he needed for a play he had in preparation, secured her release from Mr. Griffith, and requested her to report to the Ince studio at Culver City, where she is now playing ingénue leads. All of this took place in eighteen months, and during this time Miss Wilson was treated with the utmost respect and consideration. Never did any one at either the Griffith or Ince studios attempt or suggest any familiarities.

When told of the rumors concerning the morality of the Moving Picture world, Miss Wilson's wonderful brown eyes blazed with indignation as she said, "Does the public realize that the Motion Picture industry has become one of the most gigantic in America—that it is attracting people from all stations and conditions of life, from Wall Street to the circus? Surely it is unfair to put all of these people in one bottle and label it 'Poison!' Why should we be immoral? We dont need money. We dont need excitement. We get enough of that in our work. There is no position in Moving Pictures that does not pay a livable salary. Can the same be said of all industries? There is enough God in all of us to make us look high under comfortable circumstances. Give a girl or a man a good home and interesting work, such as we have, and it takes a mighty morbid mind to lean to evil. Why should directors compromise themselves with girls with whom they must work constantly? How can they produce pictures like 'Intolerance' and 'Civilization' and oversee the productions of eight five-reel features at the same time—all of which have to do with the triumph of good over evil, mind you—and find time to indulge in the unprofitable and untimely, unpleasant pastime of leading young girls astray? Could you do it? No human being could.

"Now, from the actors' standpoint. One cannot work hard all day at the studio and indulge in 'night life' and be a success. Nearly every one in pictures has to be an athlete. One's appearance and health necessitate a sober and normal life. Every Sunday morning I attend the little vine-covered Presbyterian Church in Hollywood with my mother and sister. Our family life and the happiness that we derive from being able to be together in our little home is a fair example of the way the average picture actor or actress feels and lives."

Miss Wilson's experience as a young, attractive and unworldly girl may be considered typical. Conversations with other young ladies were entirely corroborative. The evidence seems to be conclusive that at the Griffith and Ince studios girls who submit applications for employment are received with courtesy and consideration, and those who are fortunate enough to secure employment enter into an atmosphere of refinement and strict morality.

(*To be continued in the November number*)

Dont Forget This Date—September 15

On this eventful day there will appear on all newsstands in the English-speaking world the handsomest magazine that has yet appeared—the

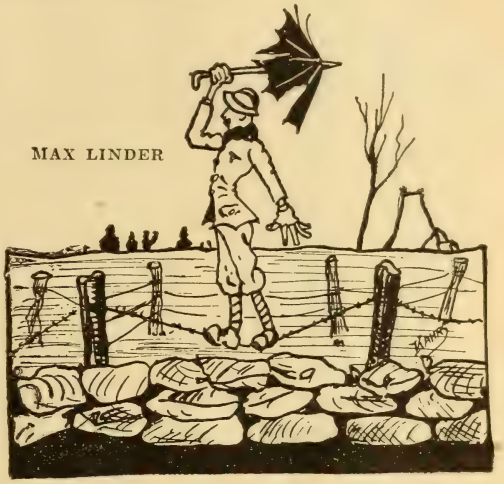
October Classic

printed in rotogravure thruout, at a cost of over $12,000. It will be larger and better than any of its predecessors, and the price is only ***20 cents a copy.***

The Limerick Sleep-Cure—It's Yours!

Learn to Lull Yourself to Sleep by Hatching Limericks—and to Keep Your Neighbor Awake

MAX REDUCES THE AMOUNT OF HATE PER SQUARE YARD IN FRANCE.



MAX LINDER

While Max Linder was "somewhere in France"
He would oft do a comical dance,
And, altho he was French
And his stage was a trench,
He had all the Huns in a trance!

Geo. Kahrs, Jr.
248 West Jefferson St., Phœnix, Ariz.

The old sleeping potion of counting from one to ten thousand is in the bottom of the discard. A wrinkle that is guaranteed to banish the other wrinkles from your alabaster forehead and the red rims from your booful eyes is spinning a Limerick or two after you have climbed into your little, white cot. Marvelous how a well-cooked Limerick will take the kinks out of an overwrought think-tank and lull its owner into Slumberland! Bright and early the next morning you have got a five-lined treasure to set your family smiling across the breakfast-table or to make the conductor unfurl his grin on your office-bound trolley car. Nothing like keeping your neighbors awake and yourself asleep, and a Limerick's the boy to do it! Besides that, our Limerick pages are now famous and all the best limerickers in the land belong to its family circle.

For the best neighborly Limerick smile about photoplays or players, we award each month a $5 outburst, for the second best a $2 snigger, and three little $1 smiles for the next best. This month the prizes go to M. F. Roberts, J. C. Emmitt, A. B. Reed, F. K. Ervin and Florence M. Tremblay.

RUTH ROLAND



THAT'S EASY—GENT, RENT, KENT!

The thought sets me sadly a-tingle—
Ruth Roland is no longer single;
A stranger is he,
And always will be,
Because he dont rhyme with my jingle!

Suzanne Perry.
609 W. 158th St., New York City.

HER JOY IN HYMN.

All should know that a lady in Lynn
Deemed movies a cardinal synn,
Till Fate swept her one day
To see Francis X. play—
Now at home she is rarely found ynn.

T. J. Murray.
6431 Paschal Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



MURDOCK MAC QUARRIE

TALENT AND FAME TO BOOT.

OH, Murdock MacQuarrie, old scout,
You're the peer of old men, without doubt;
No "shoemaker," you,
Nor "half-soul," *parbleu!*
Your "last" is the first paramount!

A. BERTON REED.
Bensonhurst Yacht Club, N. Y.

THEY'LL OVERCROWD HER WARD!

FROM war it will take all the curse
If Marguerite trains for a nurse;
When crippled and maimed
The boys cant be blamed
For saying "Gee, this might be worse!"

FRANK K. ERVIN.
609 W. 158th St., New York City.



CHARLES "SPENDTHRIFT" CHAPLIN AGAIN.

PA thinks that the vamps are just grand,
Sis leans to the love that's not banned,
Ma's great on the weeps,
Bud dotes on the creeps,
But on Charlie *united we stand!*

MRS. THOS. J. WESLEY.
462 W. Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.



A FIE FOR MARGUERITE CLARK!

"MISS GEORGE WASHINGTON," gay little sprite,
Got herself in a terrible plight
By the lies that she'd tell
And the things she'd do—well,
Of course, she's no longer "Snow White."

FLORENCE M. TREMBLAY.
24 East Street, Barre, Vt.

LUCKY SID!

THERE are wives who are bright, who are blue,
There are wives who are false, who are true,
But for pep and bright smiles,
Just give us the wiles
Of the "real" one that our Sidney Drew!

M. F. ROBERTS.
523 Widener Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

TOM HAS THEM ALL MOORED!

THERE'S Blackamoor and Wittemore,
Joe, Vic, Matt, Owen, too;
There's plain amour and paramour,
Seymour and Ostermoor—whew!
Many Moores are Livermores,
Many Moores are mort,
But when it comes to Thomas Moore,
All Filmores are nought!

J. CHARLES EMMITT.
1930 85th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Sweet Miss Mary"

(Sweeter dan yo' know!)

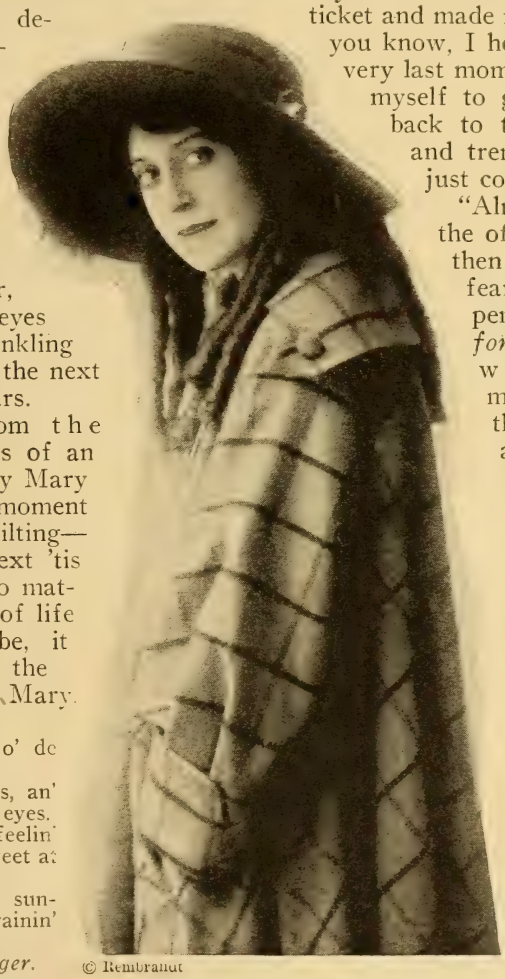
Being an interview with MARY CHARLESON, by MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

I WISH I could describe her to you! I just cant! Of course, I can tell you that she is small—making a perfect opposite for Henry Walthall—that her hair is dark, etc.; but what's the use? That is not real description. It's personality that counts with Mary Charleson, and hers is too elusive for description.

I liked her eyes! To me, sitting across the luncheon-table from her, they were Irish eyes—one moment twinkling with mischief and the next bedimmed with tears.

Like music from the sensitive strings of an Irish harp is dainty Mary Charleson. One moment the tone is lilting—merry—and the next 'tis tender or sad. No matter what the tone of life about her may be, it finds its echo in the eyes of Sweet Miss Mary.

You des take a lil' o' de bluest o' de skies,
A cloud fo' de lashes, an' yo' got Miss Mary's eyes.
Dat's de way yo' feelin' w'en dey lookin' sweet at yo';
Dey twinkle in de sunshine en it's rainin' round 'em, too.
—*Neidlinger.*



© Rembrandt

MARY CHARLESON
(ESSANAY)

I asked her to tell me how she felt when she was asked to play opposite Henry Walthall.

"Oh, I shall never forget how pleased I was!" she assured me, the while her eyes shone. "I was working in the pictures on the Coast. My company wanted to send me East to do a picture. I'm sort of old-fashioned and do so dislike changes, so I did not enthuse about leaving my friends out West and seeking new ones so far away.

"Just the same, they purchased my ticket and made my reservation, and, do you know, I held that ticket until the very last moment, trying to persuade myself to go. Finally I gave it back to the director with fear and trembling and told him I just couldn't leave California.

"Almost immediately came the offer from Essanay, and then I just about died for fear something would happen to *keep me in California!* I wanted to play with Mr. Walthall so much. I consider him the greatest of screen actors. But I had acted so horrid about leaving California before that I was sure fate would wreck the train that I took East or in some way interfere with my engagement at Essanay. That was an awfully slow train. I thought I should never get to Chicago, and I didn't really breathe until I reached the Essanay studio. Mr. Walthall has been exceedingly kind about commending my work, especially in 'The Truant Soul.'"

If I were to meet Mary Charleson, not knowing who or what she was, I'd declare that she was a quaint, retiring, almost bashful little home-body.

My goodness! I'd never take her for an actress—much less one capable of the strong work and depth displayed in "The Truant Soul."

She really looks "ingénue" and she could be; but she isn't.

She'd lots rather do a scrubwoman stunt than a love-scene with the best of leading-men. Dont know whether she figures that any woman could love Henry Walthall, while a lot of them cant scrub worth a cent. Didn't ask her. But I do know that Mary Charleson can do both if the play calls for it.

She was well known on the speaking stage before the "shadows" caught her, and is frank in stating that she prefers the screen.

Why? Listen! Mary Charleson speaks.

"First of all," she says, "one can have a home. I hate hotels, and am subject to lonesomeness. I love my home and to see all of my friends every day. Again, while Motion Pictures are more difficult to act in, they are far more interesting than stage work. Instead of repeating, night after night, the same lines and enacting the same scenes—as in speaking productions—we finish a picture and go immediately into something else. There is not the monotony of the same thing over and over again. I doubt if I shall ever return to the footlights!"

I paid her a compliment right here, and, bless me, if she didn't blush!

De rose in de garden des waits for her t' pass,
En hopes dat its color des will match her cheeks at las'.

Miss Mary's mother is her best critic, and Mary says: "Mother has seen the 'Truant Soul' dozens of times. Whenever I miss her during an afternoon, I usually find that she has been to see the 'Truant Soul' again. Yet," she laughed, "mother may be with people who are discussing pictures for days at a time, and I dont believe she would ever mention having a daughter in the movies."

So mother is Mary's best critic, her great admirer, her adviser—but never the "family press-agent." Mary's work must speak for itself. It must stand on its own merits, and—it does!

This girl is sincere and wants only sincere commendation. A press-agent who tried to put over a trumped-up story of her work would not be popular with Mary Charleson. Her honesty, her lack of conceit, her modesty, are refreshing. She is truly lovable.

An' so—like ye humble reporter.

Thrushes in de hedges will stop deir mornin' song,
W'enever Sweet Miss Mary comes a-singin' down along!

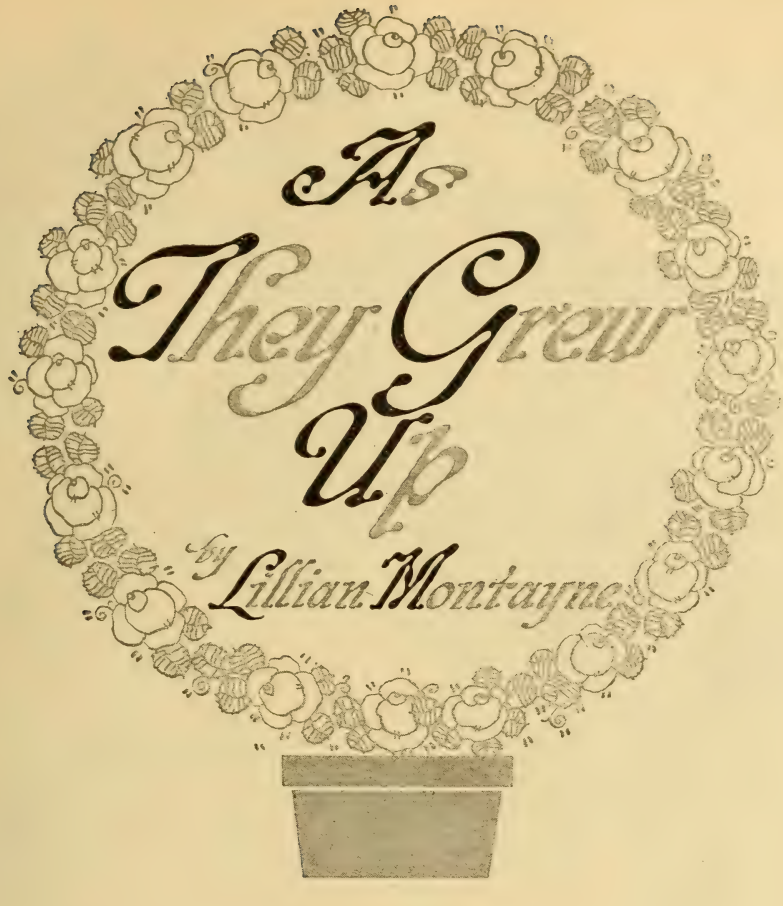
Interest on Idle Moments

By RUTH I. DYAR

I had an idle moment,
The time began to lag,
So I wrote a little limerick
For the MOTION PICTURE MAG.

The limerick was accepted,
'Twas published 'mid a lot,
And after it appeared in print
This is what I got:

Three dollars for the limerick and a nice invitation to try another.
Five proposals.
One hundred and fifty-four letters from various points in the United States.
Eleven letters from South America.
Three letters from Panama.
Four letters from Alaska.
Three letters from Europe.
Two letters from Hawaii.
One letter from New Zealand.
One hundred and seventy-eight letters discussing Motion Pictures and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and enclosing stamps.
Fifty-eight postcards.
Nine circulars assuring me of my ability to write scenarios.
Three urgent requests to submit song-poems.
A private box at the postoffice.
Ask me what I think is the best advertising medium in the country!



SOME of us watch our favorite screen stars and take them as a matter of course. Yet, they must have been babies once and have gone thru the process of growing up—or maybe, like Topsy, they "just growed."

But most of us have more imagination and a great deal of friendly curiosity. Intensely interested we are in every phase of the life of our favorites, and no detail is too small to be uninteresting. We like what they are doing now, and we wonder what they are going to do next; but the past has a fascination for us, too. Did some of them begin their stage career when mere babies? Did they have real parents who loved and kist, punished and worried over them? And what darling babies they must have been, anyhow!

And here, dear reader, are a few of your best-loved screen artists when they were babies and "as they grew up." Almost priceless are the pictures, too; money could not buy them, and it took much cajolery and many promises that great care would be taken before we could even "borrow" them for you.

Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn and is of American parentage. Her family were not stage people, and were somewhat bewildered when little Viola, at the age of four, developed a taste for dancing. They were a bit disapproving, too, and wondered "wherever she got it," but this made no difference to the tiny tot, who danced on, humming a tune to herself if there was no music, lifting her diminutive skirts and dancing before the mirror or on the pavement in front of her home to the tune of a wheezy old hand-organ, until her astonished family said resignedly, "Well, if she *will* dance, we will give her some lessons."

As a result, Viola Dana, at the age of five, made her professional début, doing a solo-dance at a theatrical entertainment given by a well-known New York club. From that time she knew "what she was

going to be"—she was going on the stage! And, guided by her wise mother, who recognized her child's genius, she had her way.

At the age of six she played with Dorothy Donnelly in Ibsen's "When We Awake." She played Little Heinrich, with Joseph Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle" for three years; with William Faversham, in "The Squaw Man," a year and a half; and in the title rôle of "The Littlest Rebel," with Dustin Farnum. Before she was fifteen she had attained stardom in her own right for her remarkable portrayal of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," which had such a phenomenal run on Broadway and in which she played the name part.



VIOLA DANA

Then came a happy thought, and, with apologies to Shakespeare, she said, "Not that I love the stage less, but I love the pictures more," and, with the same zeal that made her a theatrical star, she entered the profession of lights and shadows.

While Viola Dana is just a tiny mite of a girl, she is a powerful actress. With her girlish winsomeness is blended the rare maturity of artistic perception, and to a remarkable degree she is able to project her thoughts, feelings and personality, and to carry the interest and drama almost entirely on her own small shoulders. She cares most for emotional work, and she so lives the pathetic moments as to cry real tears. But she has not forgotten her first love, for next to acting emotional



SISTERS VIOLA DANA AND SHIRLEY MASON WHEN THEY WERE BABY TOE-DANCERS



MABEL TALIAFERRO

parts, she loves to dance, and she loves the modern dances just as well as the staid classic dances in which she excels.

Viola Dana typifies the wholesome, sweet, unspoiled American girl. The indescribable charm of happy young girlhood has never left her, due a great deal to the fact that she has always been a mother's girl—and there is no more pleasing sight than to see her with her mother, who is as modest as her charming daughter.

Another mother was greatly surprised when her small daughter, at the





MABEL AS A BABY OF SIX AND AS A GIRL OF EIGHT

Photo by Victor George

age of two and a half years, made an early and unexpected entrance into the land of make-believe. It "just happened so," too. Mabel Taliaferro had a little friend with the unusual name of Tuesday. One day while she and Tuesday were happily playing about, a company of people were assembled in the next room. Mr.

Arthur was reading his new play, "Blue Jeans," to the company he had selected to play it. They were bewailing the fact that they knew of no child who could speak plainly enough to play the wonderful child part written into the play. Just then there



JUST FOUR YEARS OF GRACE VALENTINE

GRACE VALENTINE

was a discussion between Tuesday and Mabel, who were playing in the next room. Tuesday gave Mabel a push and she went sprawling head over heels into the presence of the company. The child's remarks (suitable to the occasion) convinced Mr. Arthur that she could speak very plainly indeed, and her manner of making her entrance proved that she was a born actress. Her mother's consent was gained, and as Baby Mabel she appeared with Robert Hilliard and Annie Yeamans in "Blue Jeans," which had a long life and was presented in every city of importance in this country.

At the age of fourteen she was William



ALICE JOYCE

Collier's leading-woman. Great success came to her in the charming rôle of Lovey Mary in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," in the starring rôle of "The Bishop's Carriage," and as "Polly of the Circus" she became the pet of the nation. She also proved her versatility by her artistic work in Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and in Yeats' celebrated Irish plays. She left the stage to join the Metro forces, being the first legitimate star on the American stage to go into Motion Pictures. She has been seen in "The Snowbird," "God's Half-Acre," "The Dawn of Love," "The Sunbeam" and other big features, and her personality is as fascinating and compelling on the screen as on the speaking stage.

Altho her life has been so very full here and in almost every country on the globe, Miss Taliaferro has found time to make a home. Since going into Motion Pictures she has sold her Chicago mansion and has become a New Yorker. In the beautiful Riverside Drive apartment are many evidences of her cultivated taste: priceless bric-à-brac, rare paintings, ornaments picked up in various parts of the world and a large library containing



"LITTLE ORPHAN ALICE"

thousands of books. In every room the walls and ceilings are finished to correspond with the Oriental rugs that grace the floor.

One large room is fitted up as a gymnasium with everything from dumbbells to a rowing-machine. There are an Indian saddle with boots to match, golf and hockey equipment, tennis-rackets — showing that Miss Taliaferro means to keep up her athletics even tho she does live in New York.



Photo by Campbell

EARLE WILLIAMS

Her favorite author is Dickens and her favorite home recreations are reading and—yes—cooking. "I have studied cooking, and like nothing better than preparing my own meals," says the famous star; "and if I had time to give to it I could teach the average woman many ways to reduce the high cost of living."

And for company she has her vegetarian cat Gertie, and her bulldog Honey.

One day in Indianapolis it was Valentine's Day and there was a birthday party. At the point in the festivities in which pink ice-cream was being served to the small guests, the youthful hostess was given a beautiful offering of lace paper with hearts and other emblems suitable to the day. It was from a small beau of hers who had been naughtier than usual and had not been allowed to come to the party. On the back was written in childish hand, "To Grace, on Her



"LITTLE HOPEFUL" EARLE AT TWO YEARS

Birthday: Be My Valentine." It is said that the feminine sex is never too young (or too old) to be romantic. Anyhow, the sentiment appealed to Grace. It was her birthday. She would be a Valentine. So Grace Valentine she was from that day.

And here is a secret: The family name was Scharrenberger! That's the way it's spelled, pronounce it any way you can. The family held council and decided it was too unwieldy a name to handle conveniently, and, being original and somewhat independent, went to the courts and had it changed to the simpler name of Snow—not an especially warm name, but at least they could spell it! But even that didn't suit Miss Grace, for at an early age she had "ambitions." So wasn't that Valentine inspiration a happy one?

After attending high school in Indianapolis, Miss Valentine began her career by playing ingénue rôles in stock companies, and, being a beautiful girl with an unusually expressive face, she attracted the attention of a representative of Oliver Morosco, who made her an attractive offer to go to Los Angeles, where she played ingénue leads in the Morosco stock company. She was then sent to Chicago at the head of a company with a notable cast in "Help Wanted." From that time success attended her on a large scale.

Grace Valentine has almost classic beauty of face and form and possesses unusual intelligence. When she made her début in Motion Pictures it was inevitable that she should make a decided hit, and she is, without question, one of the most charming and popular Metro stars.

Doesn't Alice Joyce, in her baby picture, wear a dreamy, serious, far-away expression, as tho looking ahead and wondering just what might be going to happen and how best to prepare for it? The most characteristic thing about her early childhood was her fondness for reading. When other little girls were roller-skating or playing with dolls, little Alice was curled up in a big chair reading something that began "Once upon a time," and before she was six years old she could read the Bible, the dictionary and the Encyclopædia Britannica. Today she feels that the reading she did has been very helpful by bringing to her attention all sorts of people, giving her a good idea of human nature which has proved most valuable all her life.

Miss Joyce was born in Kansas City, but calls herself a New Yorker because she came to the city when very young. When school-days were over she secured a position as telephone operator, and it was then that she attracted the attention of a photographer who spoke of her to one of the Kalem directors as a good subject for the camera. The director sent for her; she was given a test before the camera, and tho she had never been on the stage and had no experience, she was engaged. She liked the work from the very first, tho, to quote her own words, "The first day nearly killed me. I had mentioned at the studio that I could ride horseback, so I was given a part that required a ride. I donned riding-clothes, expecting a short gallop before the camera. But the ride of Paul Revere and the ride of Dick Turpin were tame compared to what I went thru that day. That horse had all the eccentricities of the characters in Dickens. Never was I so tired, worn, dirty and shaken as I was that night. But I went back and I rode that horse three days; then I was ready for anything."

Miss Joyce continued with the Kalem Company, playing Indian rôles and assuming a wide range of characters. Then, one day in Florida, she surprised everybody by marrying her leading-man. But he isn't her leading-man any more. "I think it's better for us to be in separate companies," she says, "for I believe that married people make the mistake of being too much together. If we are apart all day, or even for a week or two, we have something to talk about when we are together."

Then she disappeared from Motion Pictures. Devotees of her acting missed her and waited and watched in vain for her rare loveliness on the screen. Then suddenly it was heralded that Alice Joyce was returning to the profession from which she had vanished. Photoplay enthusiasts hailed the announcement with joy. "Sweet Alice," with her indefinable charm, was coming back to play the principal feminine part in "Womanhood," a new feature intended as successor to J. Stuart Blackton's "The Battle Cry of Peace."

And the reason for Alice Joyce's retirement? The best in the world! It is a girl, and her name is Alice Mary Moore. Alice Joyce is proud of motherhood, and it is very becoming. Her unusual beauty is enhanced—the depth of

—Earle Williams. When he was a boy in Sacramento he played ball and marbles and "hookey" and was just a regular small boy, except for the fact that he never teased the girls. He was very fond of the fair sex, and his greatest ambition was to own a drug-store with a soda-fountain, so that he might



Photo by White

ANITA STEWART

feeling in her art is greater, and she is more popular than ever before. But what we want to know is this: Will Baby Alice be relegated to the nursery, or will she triple-star with her famous parents?

There's a boy in this fair company, too



THE SECOND SPRING OF "THE WOOD VIOLET"

treat all the girls in the surrounding country. But while the generous spirit remained, the ambition changed, and when he was fourteen he wanted only one thing, and that was to be an actor.

However, his first job had nothing to do with the theater. It was just a plain, ordinary office job sandwiched in between the time when he graduated from high school and was to enter the Polytechnic College of California. He left college before receiving his degree, for the call of the stage was in his blood and would not be stilled. So, despite parental objections and the usual things that parents experience while their children grow up, he began his career.

There was one member of Earle Williams' family who chose the stage as Earle's profession—his uncle, James J. Paget, who will be remembered by old-timers as a member of William Crane's company and later was with John Drew. No doubt his influence had much to do with shaping Earle Williams' career, and that Earle had valuable traditions to serve him as guide. For nine years he played in stock companies with such famous stars as Mary Mannering and Margaret Anglin. His last engagement was with George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose," the appealing vaudeville playlet.

Mr. Williams' entrance into pictures was not premeditated. The usual idleness during the summer season proved irksome, so, partly thru curiosity and partly as a matter of passing the time, he applied for extra parts with the Vitagraph Company. His ideal qualifications for a Motion Picture actor, together with his splendid stock-company training, soon made him an international favorite with picture-lovers, and his entire career has been with the Vitagraph Company.

Earle Williams is especially known as "The Great Lover"—the man who has become an adept in the art of making desperate, forlorn and successful love. Before he entered pictures he led a thoroly villainous existence for ten years. He was the dark gentleman with the cigaret who tried his best to make the lovers unhappy, and tried, without sympathy and without applause, to achieve the impossible task of keeping the lovers apart. So when at the picture studio he was told that he was to be "leading-man," which means the hero who makes love to the heroine of the play, it was necessary to change the cold, cruel and shifty mien he had taken such pains to cultivate, and go stalking for Cupid.

He has love-making down to a fine art now, for, "after all," says Earle Williams, "love-making is like all the other arts—a matter of technique and training as well as natural aptitude." And he is not conceited either!

Anita Stewart did not acquire her long, brown curls, her dark, lustrous eyes with the long, curling lashes, and her shy, unassuming ways "as she grew up"; she was born that way, as one can see from her baby picture. Always she was a quiet, demure little tot, old-fashioned in her ways, delighting in music and flowers, and her fondness for animals caused her mother no little trouble and worry. When she was only a few years old she refused to enter or to buy anything from a certain store because its wagon had run over a stray kitten, proving that even then she had a mind of her own; and that spirit of loyalty and fair play has gone with her from that day to this.

She was just a schoolgirl in the Brooklyn public schools when Ralph Ince married her sister Lucile. But one day he said, "Send Anita down after school; we need some extra youngsters in this picture." Of course Anita went gladly, for what girl ever refused a chance to act? But Anita was a bit different from many very young girls. She obeyed the director implicitly, held every position, studied every expression and every suggestion. Not because he was her brother-in-law, but because back of her curly mop of hair there was a brain, and back of that there was ambition. She continued in school, but all thru vacation she stayed about the studio doing extra work, playing maid and other unimportant characters, but learning the picture game up, under the able direction of Mr. Ince. Her mother objected a bit, as mothers have a way of doing, for Anita was studying vocal and piano music and had appeared in several amateur operas with brilliant success; so couldn't she perhaps do better than pictures?

But by-and-by picture-goers were shown a little fancy called "The Wood Violet." The Violet was a fairylike sprite with dark hair and eyes, a mouth of rare sweetness and sensibility, and graceful, slender form, flashing in and out among the green of the trees. The Violet made her decision, sanctioned by her brother-in-law, and the mother said, "If Ralph says so it must be all right." "And," says Miss Stewart, with the loyalty and absolute sincerity that is characteristic of her, "my home training and the careful, well-directed management of my mother has been a big factor in my success."

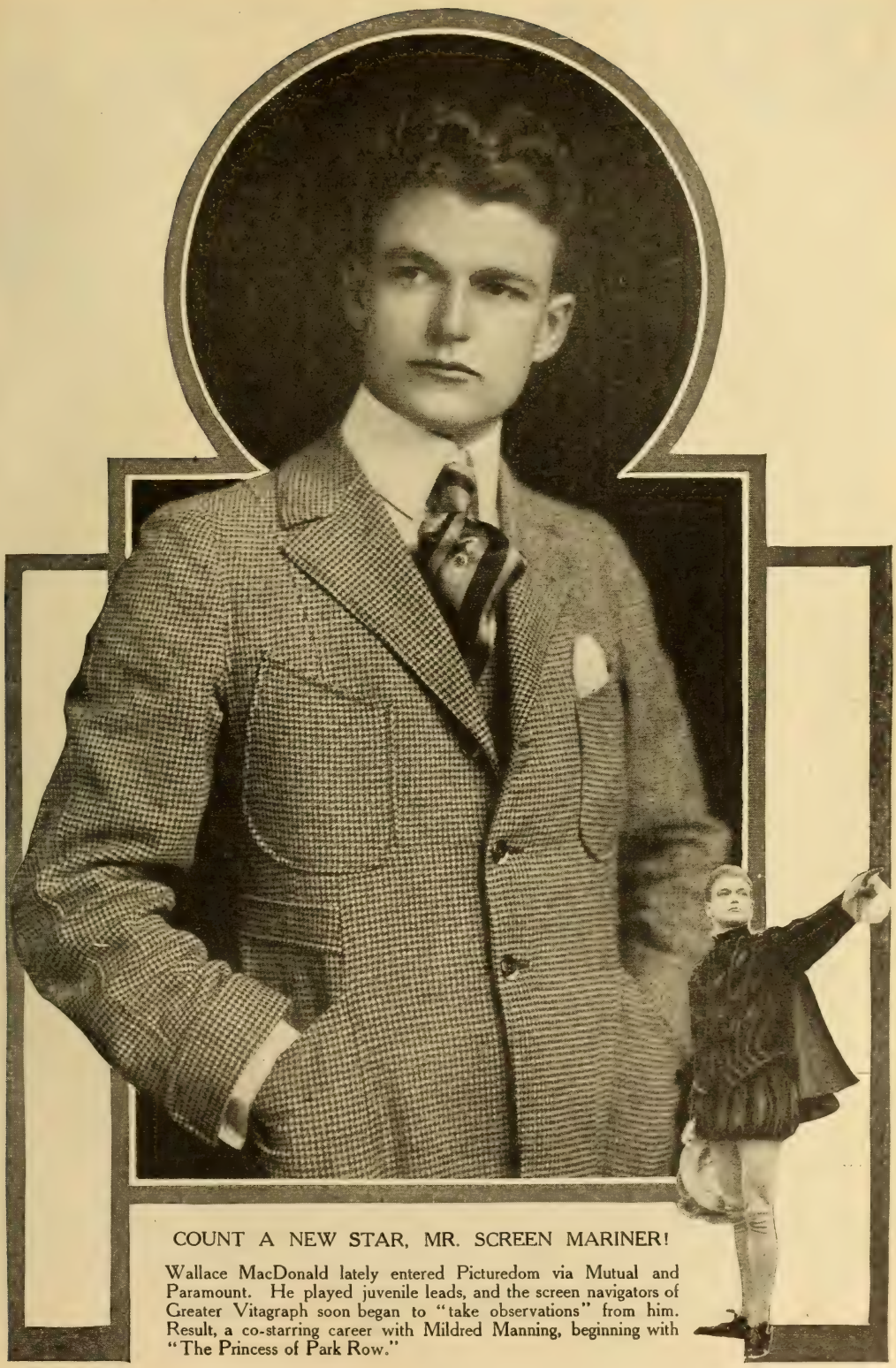
Miss Stewart still considers "The Wood Violet" her greatest success. Her advancement has been sure and rapid. She can switch from light to heavy rôles at a moment's notice, and her achievements in dramatic work have been wonderful. She has been an international success from the start, and today there is no more dearly loved girl in picturedom.

In private life she is just like any happy young girl, and talks as delightedly and delightfully of her work, her thoughts, her aims as tho she were not a magnet for the audiences of thousands of movie houses. She loves her home, her flower-garden, her collection of pets, her friends, and best of all she loves her mother. And that is as far as she has "grown up," dear reader; and before we leave you, we will tell you her secret for success, and no doubt the others whom you have watched "grow up" in this article will verify it:

"Success is the accomplishment of an ambition—a continual forging ahead to a goal that one may reach thru study and constant effort. It is the slow, sure success that is attained thru careful thought, by obstacles overcome, by work—work—and then more work."



GEORGE PERIOLAT AS EPHRAIM RAWLINS, AN AGED BEACH-COMBER IN "PERIWINKLE"



COUNT A NEW STAR, MR. SCREEN MARINER!

Wallace MacDonald lately entered Picturedom via Mutual and Paramount. He played juvenile leads, and the screen navigators of Greater Vitagraph soon began to "take observations" from him. Result, a co-starring career with Mildred Manning, beginning with "The Princess of Park Row."

RUBY'S WAR SCARE

movie Thrills—no. 4. By walter S'waffield

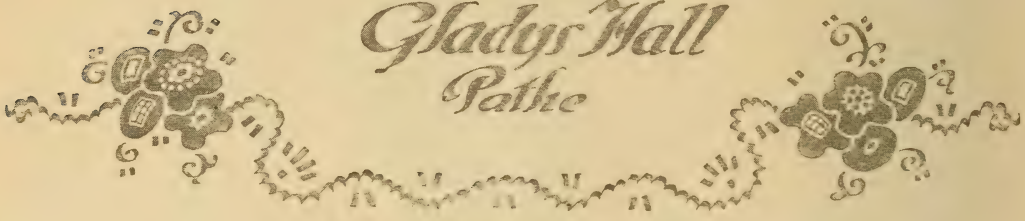


RUTH ROLAND



"Colleen" Ruth Roland, the high priestess of serial pictures, is keeping her audiences in a dramatic glow with "The Neglected Wife." And, to prove that the screen is topsy-turvy, she has recently married and as Mrs. Lionel Kent keeps herself in a domestic glow as a most happy spouse.

Sylvia
Of the Secret Service
by
Gladys Hall
Pathe



MRS. VERNON CASTLE as Sylvia

I HADN'T heard from Sylvia Carroll in five years—not since I parted from her at college. But she persisted in my mind, with her small, lovely face, her futile, girl's figure and her curious, *ferret's* mind. How it *trailed* us, that sleuth's mind! How it ran us to ground, "our smallnesses, our subterfuges and green pretenses and evasions," stripped pretext's flimsy draperies from us as one might strip the garments from the majesticality of a woman!

She had a passion for truth, a rapt passion for it. "It doesn't matter," she would say, looking apostolic, "*how* one gets it so long as one *does*. It is all that matters; it is true absolutism—*truth*." And at another time, "It is like a diamond—flawless—the *most* flawless diamond."

So it seemed sort of prophetic that her first case in what she considered her exalted profession should have concerned a diamond—the most flawless one, the international "Kimberley."

I wasn't surprised that she had been with the Secret Service. She had said all along that her mission in life—she was young enough to speak of "missions in life"—should be the pursuit of truth, which was only, after all, the ultimate righting of wrong, and she thought, no doubt, that the Secret Service dealt most largely with the largest needs. Sylvia Carroll was a good deal theoretical, and she was a great deal obsessed by an idea. Never for an instant, I believe, did she see herself as one of many members of a vast organization. She beheld herself as one set apart, pursuing a high calling, magnificently pioneering for truth. Of course she did. That was part of the sublime absurdity of Sylvia Carroll.

After five years came an immense budget from her. A brief scrawl was bound about it. "Little Editor-Mouse," it ran, "I know that you are, somewhat vaguely in my mind, concerned with publishing *things*—just things—such as letters from German-atrocitied soldiers, and lavender women who breathe dead loves, and creatures who insult the Holy Scriptures vehemently, and such. So I am sending a conglomeration of notes and half-letters to you, and general vaporings, jotted down during my time in the Secret Service, especially on the Kimberley Diamond. It was magnificent—the *most* magnificent!"

There she stopped and I found myself in the midst of a tremendous amount of paper, with here and there a paragraph, or an ambiguous diamond crudely drawn, or a still more ambiguous hodgepodge of the names "Prescott" and "Kimberley," "Kimberley" and "Prescott." Most of the pages were numbered in sequence, so I plunged in.

"The Kimberley Diamond is being sent

to England by Von Brunn for the glorification of the kingly crown," she had begun. "A man named Prescott is convoying it. We hear very good things about Prescott from Von Brunn's office; also, the Wade gang is at it again. We know that they are taking steamer with Prescott; Martin is aboard, and Fay, the woman, of course, and Wade himself, and one other—I rather believe the 'one other' to be important—also disguised. I am to be put on the case. It is tremendous for me. I shall feel that I have served truth a bit valiantly if the Wade gang land in Whitehall and the flawless stone shines in the royal crown—a tremendous achievement! . . .

"Von Brunn has been murdered—poor, Dutch, diamond-mad Von Brunn, diamond-mad and diamond-lover!—and now some one possessed of diamond-lust has murdered him—the very night Prescott boarded the *S. S. Britannica,* also the Wade gang. I have a clue." . . . .



"I PERCHED ON THE RAIL AND I FELL IN LOVE WITH HIM"

"Dear Editor-Mouse," ran another and a very long excerpt, "an amusing incident—which you may never know, perhaps, till I am old and gray and the Secret Service puts me in the discard or until truth calls me with another voice—the purser of the *S. S. Britannica* was apprised of my presence and my mission aboard ship and asked to give aid to me. I was referred to, as I always am in the Service, as 'Carroll.' 'Let him bunk with me,' said the brusque purser, brusquely; whereupon I (in Broadway, N. Y., chicness) was ushered in. The purser had a blue funk, and several others roared, and one *very* nice young man smiled a trifle whimsically. He, I learnt, was Prescott, and Prescott, we believed, was escorting the Kimberley. I met him that night. . . . .

"That night!

"I perched on the rail, just carelessly, as tho Kimberley diamonds and murdered Dutch connoisseurs were not—nor truth—Grail-like. I perched on the rail—and I fell in love with him!

"I fell unutterably in love with him.

"Just *because.*

"And I put my foot—the firm foot, the sure one that is pursuing truth—down upon it. 'Love is a snare and a delusion,' I admonished it, 'and one must be true to one's purpose. Purposes admit of no rivals. I must adhere to my purpose unalterably.' . . . .

"The purser has told me absolutely that Prescott brought the Kimberley aboard and deposited it in the ship's safe. I am not keen about that deposit. It is poor stuff. Nevertheless the Wade gang are going it strong. They have marked their man—Prescott. He is young and good to look at and very much alive, so they are using the woman. That is poor work too. They do not perceive that Fay Wailing could not 'get' Rob Prescott. He is too finely aloof. But she is playing up to him with all her speed. A woman can work the disruption of a nation. In a way, I have been losing time. I could see that Prescott was greatly shocked at Von Brunn's death. 'I've been in his employ years,' he said, and he looked tired, white. 'He's—he was—A1,' he added. I didn't see him all that evening. I felt that *he*

felt that he was paying his last devoir to Von Brunn. The atmosphere in my brain clarified still more. 'Nothing *there*,' I thought; 'all straight—thank God!'

"Today for the first time they—the Wade gang—were all on deck together. The fourth one—an invalid, presumably—was being dutifully read to by Fay. Martin and Wade slumped back in steamer chairs and looked at the sea thru slit eyes. I wondered what sick green it looked to them. I knew it to be my chance.

"The purser gave me the pass-key, and I got into the 'invalid's' room. I rummaged a bit. There was nothing. All at once voices. I leapt to an upper berth, and Wade and the 'invalid' came in. The 'invalid' yanked off his wig—and it was Johann, old Von Brunn's clerk for fifteen years! The perfidy of it! One's soul is sickened; one turns to truth as to a purgative.

"'The safe backs to the linen-room,' said Wade. 'A hole bored there—acetylene pipe—glycerine—— We know he has deposited the stone——'

"Johann nodded. Diamond-lust was in his eyes.

"Wade's glance fell on the rummaged papers. 'You?' he spat out.

"Johann shook his burly head. Wade looked about—and saw my feet.



"WADE LOOKED ABOUT AND SAW MY FEET"

"They gagged me, of course—inhuman—and bound me, and put a silencer on a gun, and the gun upon my heart. Still holding the gun, they dropt me in the lower berth.

"Wade went out. I knew he was going to the linen-room with my pass-key he picked up. . . . . Acetylene—and glycerine—and Prescott—and the niceness of his face! Still, so stupid, I thought—and he seemed not to be stupid. . . . . But a *safe*—of all obvious things!

"I used an old clap-trap trick, of

course. I wriggled my feet and hit a button—ships *abound* in dear buttons of the inanimate variety—and it called the steward.

"I didn't know, tho I should have, the abysses one skirts in one's pursuit of truth. Death is the last of these. . . . .

"In the struggle with the steward to recapture me, after the steward had liberated me, Johann was killed. The steward's gun went off; it got Johann's heart. It is amazing, physically, that the Kimberley doesn't take on the blood-hue of a ruby—spilled blood, for it. After all, a diamond—but then it symbolizes my mission to me. Johann's struggles were horrid—like snaky sins twisting him. But I had no time to watch. Only, somehow, I felt sorry for Johann.

"I *had* to search that linen-room where Wade was. I did—just. He heard me coming and rushed at me.

"We had a terrific, naked-handed encounter. I am proud that I wasn't afraid. It felt good to grapple—really to grapple. It felt like actually getting one's hands on one of the abstract world-wrongs that has bothered one. I felt glad for my goodly college gym, Editor-Lady, and for the whipcord muscles in my arms. We struggled up one corridor and down another. We snarled and sweated, and he swore atrociously. Your nice, Bostonian soul would have revolted. At last, just as I feared my ebbing powers and he was growing peculiarly vicious, the purser, the captain and a sailor came to my aid. The dear, brusque purser explained matters sufficiently, and Wade was put under guard until we should dock.



"WE HAD A TERRIFIC, NAKED-HANDED ENCOUNTER"

"I thought it strange Prescott showed no alarm. I began to suspect a bit."

After that came the ambiguous sheets with the interspersed "Prescotts" and "Kimberleys." It was so like Carroll. There were other pages with a disjointed sentence or two, mostly irrelevant. Then she took up the thread again.

"Such things have happened! Of course it wasn't the Kimberley diamond—the one in the safe. By prearrangement with Von Brunn, Prescott deposited a



"I INSTALLED MYSELF MAGNIFICENTLY"

fake diamond in the ship-safe and had the *real* one in a small bag tied about his neck. It never left him, day or night.

"In the midst of all the excitement about the fake diamond, Fay told Prescott the safe had been robbed. Instinctively, his hand went to his chest, and she noted it. Immediately I saw the diamond I proclaimed it a fake one. We Secret Servicers have to know a diversity of things. Fay and Martin put their crafty heads together. They knew the ship's topography, and the result of their planning was that they dropt a noose into Prescott's porthole, raised him thru it as far as his head and shoulders, and filched the Kimberley.

"That night Heming, of Scotland Yard, came aboard in a pilot-boat. Prescott told him his story. Heming looked an inch and thought he was seeing miles.

"'The fact that Von Brunn was murdered and that you have the diamond are proofs enough,' he said. 'The case is in my hands. You are under arrest. And you,' he turned toward me and smiled with a bland indulgence, 'go back to America and knit,' he advised. 'It's the place and the task for little girls.'

"I felt impudent. 'Occasionally it's ingenious,' I retorted. He looked superior.

"I managed to go close to Prescott as we were docking. 'I believe in you, of course,' I whispered, 'and I'm going to help you, and you can reach me P. O. Box 36, N. Y. C. Good-by. No—not that.' Then we separated, but I had the gorgeous feeling that he completely understood—everything. . . . .

There seemed to follow quite a lapse of time. Then she had begun another letter to me. "Dear Editor-Mouse—Here am I in New York, having just been to Washington and begged Chief O'Brien to assign me to the Kimberley Diamond case again. It is known to be in New York. Of course they want

money for it, so I have hit upon a plan. But first I must tell you I have seen Prescott again, so haggard-looking; he who should be in the openest spaces or fighting valiantly with gleaming steel, a fugitive. He had escaped from jail, you see. He said to me, 'I am innocent, you see, but I can prove it better free, even if I am a fugitive from justice.'

"I told him that I might be able to help him; that if I found any trace of the gang I would communicate with him.



"AND I SQUEEZED HIS WELL HAND"

He did not know that I belonged to the Secret Service, of course. You see, I knew that money was their object.

"And money attracts money. So behold me, my dear Miss Mouse, entering the Hotel Paladin with a pet marmoset, a retinue of servants and an attire that fairly *shrieked* 'rocks' into one's ears. The proprietor sizzled in the oil of his own affability.

"But I had seen Rob Prescott, and his flight, and my humorous sense had died.

"I installed myself magnificently. I disdained the epicurean. I snorted at the ultra-lavish. I had a withering contempt for the poor trash a billionairess could buy. I gave it forth that my old man had made his rocks—big, hunky ones—and that I was here to spend them.

"I clamored for priceless food, raiment and jewels. 'I want a diamond that would make Darkest Egypt look like a July Fourth illumination,' I said, and I took great, good care to say it in the hearing of scare-head reporters.

"The press blared it.

"Two days later Martin himself was shown to my suite bearing a bag of diamonds. I had one of my servants posted on the street corner to follow him when he should come out. He showed me various stones. I pouted at them. 'They're not *big* enough,' I chafed. 'My home town's dark—it needs a lighting system.'

"Martin laughed, but he seemed constrained. 'Let me see this on your hand,' he said, and held a piece of black paper under my hand and the diamond over it. Immediately I was chary. Shortly after he left. He promised to return next day with a larger stone.

"Of course he didn't—finger-prints, Miss Mouse, on the blank paper. He had mistrusted me, you see; Martin was the

cleverest of the gang. I had a wire opened thru to Washington and found that there was a leak in O'Brien's department. A man there was in confederacy with Martin and had confirmed my finger-prints for Martin. I told O'Brien, and he caught the culprit and fired him.

"But my servant had got the number of the house, and, Editor-Mouse, the rest was almost easy—only for Prescott, dear Prescott, who *never* could be a 'detekative.'

"He trailed them, too, and, being in a great hurry to clear his own horizon, burst in upon them and was knocked senseless, and recovered only to hear the name 'Clancy's' and 'Fay.' He made a getaway, and then Heming, who had arrived from Washington, also detailed on the case, pursued him and shot him in the hand and almost things were hopelessly befuddled.

"Prescott came to me, and Heming followed him. I hid him, but Heming caught sight of a blood-stain on the carpet, and the game was up. 'You know the penalty,' he said, 'for a Secret Service agent to hide a fugitive from justice.'

"I knew it, but I knew so many other things that meant so many times more.

"Of course Prescott stepped out and gave himself up and told me that he'd had no idea and all that. And he told me that he'd caught a clue about Clancy's—and Fay.

" 'If I could have been there,' he said, 'thru the woman I might——'

" 'You cant be there,' I told him, 'but I can, and you've given me an idea, and it's all coming *right,* Rob Prescott, right as a fiddle.' And I squeezed his well hand, Editor-Lady, and all at once I knew that truth was calling me with a different voice—this time a voice that should echo thru eternities of time. And, Editor-Lady, it was the knitting that did it after all.

"Heming led Prescott off, and he smiled at me again, high-handedly. 'You women—and crime!' he groaned.

" 'We women—and truth!' I retorted. 'And knitting!' I added under my breath, and smiled.

"Sometimes the simplest things — a fragment of blue wool and the international Kimberley Diamond, the diamond that *nations* were trailing. . . . .

"I found Fay in Clancy's. After I had clad myself in



FAY, THE LURE TO GET PRESCOTT

Clancy's mode, Editor-Lady, I looked a fright—I looked like one who has fallen lower than any low estate. I chewed gum—now and then I spat.

"I slumped into a chair opposite Fay. She was drinking milk and reading a soiled paper. 'Oh,' I mumbled, 'milk,' and I began to knit. It was a diminutive baby-sock. I watched Fay closely. She was great remotenesses away from the tenderer things, I knew. Babyhood meant, no doubt, a general unloveliness, motherhood meant gray stress and brawlings. Still, instinct, and youth, and conservation, and that which goes deeper than the skin, of course. . . . . We began to talk. I ordered whiskey. She dropt some in her milk and liked it. After awhile she became communicative. She drank more and more whiskey. My heart beat high. 'She will be the leak,' I exulted. 'Here!' As I was hoping, a man passed by, picked up her soiled newspaper for her and handed her a crumpled note with it. She was on the verge of maudlinity. I picked up the paper for her, incidentally the note, and read it. 'Grand Central—11:30,' it said.

"Then I knew, Mouse-Lady, that the Kimberley Diamond was at Grand Central Station—and was going away. . . . .

"Heming lit the fuse. He raided Clancy's with four men. In the scramble I and my 'servant' escaped. It was 11:20. We chased a taxi and almost tore open its door. 'Grand Central in five minutes!' I hissed. 'There's cash!' "Of course you know of the famous arrest, my friend, and the recovery of the Kimberley. It all came out in the papers. Martin confessed before they sent him up to join Wade, along with Fay and a minor accomplice. He also confessed that Johann had murdered Von Brunn 'rather



"I ORDERED WHISKEY. SHE DROPT SOME IN HER MILK AND LIKED IT"

witlessly.' But Johann was also dead, and one cannot punish the dead.

" 'The knitting did it,' I told Heming; 'but I am willing to share honors with you, and you may have *all* my cases in future.'



"LET ME SEE THIS ON YOUR HAND," HE SAID, AND PROMISED TO RETURN

"He gripped my hand, and thanked me, and told me I was a crack sport, and we were both commended at Washington—I most of all. And I suspect that Heming told the truth.

"That evening Rob Prescott came—and we are going to seek truth, but not where it runs with crime, dear lady, nor stalks in mired filth, but out in the spaces—out—and out—and beyond. And the truest truth of all is—but, somehow, one dares not breathe the truest truth aloud —for fear—the utterance may profane it.

"SYLVIA OF THE SECRET SERVICE."

And so out of intrigue, crime and human wreckage, Sylvia—dauntless pursuer of truth—came into her own. Out of the wreckage of lives, oftentimes, the Great Builder fashions perfect happiness.



THE PHOTODRAMA

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

Close Views and Inserts

There is something of a feud on between Authors and Producers—and I dont wonder at it at all.

I have tried to be fair in taking the Producer's point of view in his grievance against the Author. There is another side of the case that you ought to hear about.

First let us define the three classes of photoplay writers:

I.—The mere dabbler—who knows little and cares less about the whole matter of photoplay writing. (He deserves little or no consideration.)

II.—The writer who is honestly and earnestly trying to master the art of Photoplay Writing. (He should be encouraged if there is the slightest promise in his work, since he is the nucleus of the future craft.)

III.—The professional writer, who derives his livelihood from his typewriter. (He should command the Producer's courteous attention as a fellow-producer and a skilled craftsman of a high order.)

Class I is composed largely of dubs who are just taking a shot at it. Their stuff, in the main, is pure junk. It is neither solicited nor wanted.

Class II—while their material is not always solicited, it should at least be treated with a courtesy equal to the sender's, and, if it shows no promise, the contributor should be politely told to cease his contributions.

Class III—and I mean only the regular fellows—should be given the consideration of a co-operator. As a creator of manuscript and a skilled artisan, he should have access to the manufacturing producers of his kind of wares, just as all sellers of raw material are welcome to all other manufacturers.

If a film Producer is in need of material he should invite co-operation. He should catalog promising and professional writers, and not merely ask them to send material, but should confer with them and tell the exact nature of his needs. He should make it plain that he does not want to be bothered with other manuscript. A few of those not in personal touch might be written to.

But this is not Mr. Producer's method of procedure. It is more on this order:

Producers just simply produce—which is both their province and privilege—

without rhyme or reason. Then they begin to learn that exhibitors are not satisfied. There are wild conferences and a "policy" is inaugurated. At once they come to notice that there is a dearth of manuscripts to fill the specific needs of a policy.

Now they employ a large reading force and they all frantically scan every scrap of paper that comes into the office—the junk getting almost as much consideration as the finished script and the dub getting as much courtesy as the regular fellow.

The frantic search for the play they must have goes on right to the verge of the time set for its production. Instead of finding a few that almost hit the mark, they have accumulated scores that might do if they weren't what they were. They pow-wow over these picked manuscripts which are championed only by the one who first saw possibilities. They wind up by throwing all the chosen few out as undesirable.

Amidst the gloom the director or somebody "inside" confesses that he has an idea. All exhibit their surprise and listen in. So then and there the nameless play is hatched that brings down the critic's scorn and abuse. And, next time, this farce will be re-enacted in much the same manner, only any old play may be grabbed and botched in the last desperate minutes.

And all the while the writer is in the dark. Seldom indeed is he given any cue at all. He *could* help both himself and the producer. If they have kept his manuscript an unwarrantable time, he is told that this is "a good sign." They are disgracefully deliberate in holding the manuscript and uncourteously hasty when returning it. As a rule, we are told simply that they cant use it. What we want to know is WHY they cant use it—for then they help us to help them and ourselves too.

A little more time spent in putting worth-while writers wise and a little less spent in elaborate reading of possibly good but unsuitable material, would be a beneficial step. A little more time spent in getting down to brass tacks with real photoplaywrights and a little less spent by the Editor in reading reams of futile material might be advisable. A little less care given to the man-handling of our scripts that cost us so much labor and pence and a little less care given to the luxurious furnishings of some Editor's quarters would be productive of better co-operation.

For example: During the past six months I have had four manuscripts lost by different companies; I have had a dozen returned to me mutilated, irremediably soiled or ink-marked; I have five manuscripts out at this writing that have been retained from four to nine weeks, and I am confident that—as usual—these will not be ones to be bought; there are four companies on my list that do not enclose anything more than the letter I wrote them after keeping my scripts for a month or so.

Now you know a few more reasons why writers are not furnishing the kind of material that is wanted.

Reel News

Address The Triangle Film Corp., at Culver City, California, now.

The Essanay Film Manufacturing Company is out of the general market temporarily.

Clara Kimball Young has formed a company of her own and may be located by addressing it in New York.

The Balboa Film Company is holding a contest, offering $500 each for plays suitable to Jackie Saunders. They will buy five plays, which must be written and submitted in full continuity.

Robert E. MacAlarney has taken Hector Turnbull's place as Scenario Chief for Famous Players-Lasky at 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LIST OF PHOTOPLAY MARKETS
(Continued)

11. EDISON STUDIOS, 2826 Decatur Ave., New York. (Temporarily making only CONQUEST PICTURES.)
12. ERBOGRAPH COMPANY, 203 West 146th St., New York. (5-reel synopsis only; ingénue lead.)
13. ESSANAY FILM MANUFACTURING CO., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago, Ill. (5-reel synopsis; comedy-drama, male and female leads.)
14. FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY COMPANY, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

(5-reel short synopsis only; male and female and ingénue leads.)

15. FOX FILM COMPANY, 130 West 46th St., New York. (5-reel synopsis only; comedy-drama, male and female leads, ingénue and vampire plays.)

Questions and Answers

NOTE: All photoplay Students and Writers are cordially requested to ask reasonable questions about the writing of Photoplays ONLY.

AGAIN: I am constantly in receipt of manuscripts containing requests for criticisms, cost of same to be deducted out of the generosity of my heart; or I am asked to revise them and go shares; or I am sought to judge whether or not the submitter is going to succeed.

In reference to which I beg to say: criticising the work of others is an occasional part of my *profession;* I prefer not to go shares, as I have now as many good ideas as will last me a lifetime; I cannot tell from a manuscript whether or not the writer will succeed, as that is a matter of nine-tenths hard work plus one-tenth talent.

An accumulation of the Questions recently received will be answered in this Department-division in the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

As a practical supplement to Mr. Phillips' series of articles on the Photodrama, it will greatly aid our readers to read "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. This little book goes right to the roots of photoplay requirements, and is the slow-gathered experience of a very successful photoplay writer. We will supply the Primer for 50c. postpaid. —*The Editors.*



The Movie Fan's Prayer

By MICHAEL GROSS

O LORD, I beseech Thee, ere I enter yon "Temple of the Movies," grant me these boons, that I may enjoy this, my hour of leisure, to the fulness thereof.

Guide Thou my steps that I choose not my abiding place near to the knave to whom the making of the movies is as an open book and who delivereth himself freely and over-loudly to his companion, saying: "Verily, it grows difficult to beguile me. Lo, now will I tell thee how it is done."

And from the misguided maiden who readeth the titles out loud—Good Lord deliver me.

Light Thou my way, O Lord, that I may escape proximity to the loving mother and the inquisitive child who asketh, with a sweet lisp: "Why dont papa ever kiss *you* that way, mama?"

And from the killjoy who, having seen the picture before, lifts up his voice during a tense situation and exclaims: "Now watch; here's where he kills her"—Good Lord deliver me.

Let me be far from the musical nut who cannot show his appreciation of the music unless, forsooth, he stamp his feet in time to it and whistle or hum the music.

And from the girl who, knowing some choice piece of scandal, usually untrue, about one in the cast, doth wield her poisoned tongue in a hoarse whisper, saying: "Lo, it has been told to me that he beats his wife. Wudjer ever think it?"—Good Lord deliver me.

Suffer me, O Lord, to avoid the near-critic to whom the entire picture is miscast and who discourseth blithely on "how fine Maud Mudcake would play that part."

And from the man who, insisting the picture was stolen from his scenario, doth thereupon, to prove his claim, tell the audience what is coming next—Good Lord deliver me.

Save me, I pray, from all this motley crew, lest in rage I rise and rend them asunder like a famished lion.

Thus shalt Thou put gladness into my heart and my soul shall be forever joyful.

SELAH.

Favorites of

$20.00 in Cash for Our

In the July issue

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will pay $10.00 for the next, and $1.00 each for the five next best. You article, or verses, or a prose poem about him or her, Each contribution must be clearly written (typewrit- five words, and your name and address. Write only We will publish several of the contributions each We reserve the right to publish any articles submitted, Address all communications to MOTION PICTURE



HENRY B. WALTHALL

When sweet Anita weeps, my cheeks are burned with soothing pain,
My pulse beats languid streams of blood thru ev'ry thrilling vein,
My brain whirls in the harvest of the memories it reaps,
And my heart throbs with delicious grief, when sweet Anita weeps.

When sweet Anita smiles, when there is mischief in her eyes,
A gladness overwhelms me and each ling'ring sorrow dies—
I fall a willing victim to my pretty lady's wiles
And let my heart thump-thump with joy, when sweet Anita smiles.

J. J. HOLZINGER, 633 Freedom Ave.,
Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

WALTHALL—MIRROR OF NATURE

Hail to thee, thou genius of the photoplay—
Expression eloquent, magnificent, I say!
Natural thy emotions are, technique superfine;
Rich the gifts bestowed on thee, by the Great Divine.
Yearning eyes, a mobile mouth with a whimsy smile,
Behold a poet—and a *man,* wholly without guile.
Wondrous grace and dignity—charm that's all thine own;
And upon thy kindly face rare intellect is shown.
Loving, gentle, tender, true are thy heroes bold;
Transcendent, too, when for us their deeds thou hast retold.
Hateful, vengeful, treacherous are thy villains cruel,
As you plainly show us that the good doth rule.
Lo! there's none who can compare—none who can enthrall
Like thee, master mummer, Henry B. Walthall.

EMILY H. SCHEPARD,
1096 1st Street,
Milwaukee, Wis.

ANITA STEWART



the Screen

Readers' Opinions

appeared the following:

the best appreciation of your favorite player; $5.00 for
are to select your favorite players and write a little
and mail it to us.
ing preferred); must contain not more than seventy-
on one side of the paper.
month, illustrated with photographs of your favorites.
whether a prize-winner or not.
MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MARIE OF THE DOROSTAR

Of all the Stars that dot the "Filmament,"
None seems so lustrous to my searching eye
As sweet MARIE, the scintillating gem
That sheds its brilliance in the movie sky.

May Time forget to dim thy brilliancy,
O Star divine that thrills my humble soul!
May Fate preserve thee for the throng and me,
Who worship thee and gladly pay thee toll!

GEORGE OLIVER DESOURDIS,
Worcester, Mass.

MARIE DORO





SESSUE HAYAKAWA

© Photoplayers

A TRIBUTE TO SESSUE HAYAKAWA

O land of quaint and fascinating people,
Here's to thy son, who plays so well his art
That we take side with him in each creation,
Tho villain, friend or lover be the part.

Quiet he is, and smiles but very seldom,
Unerring in his mastery of the art;
The silent drama speaks in every picture—
When Sessue comes he leads, whate'er the part.

KATE MAY YOUNG,
842 W. 63d St.,
Seattle, Wash.

RAISE GLASSES TO ANITA!

There's a picture on my bureau,
Smiling from its ivory frame—
It is of our own Anita,
Sweetest actress known to fame.

All ye lovers of Anita,
Join me, let us gladly give
Toasts—with our appreciation
For her art—long may it live!

LAURA LAND,
63 W. 69th St.,
New York City.

How I Got In

A Department in Which Leading Players Tell of Their Beginnings and First Ventures on the Screen

This series of articles began in the August issue of this magazine and contained articles by Marguerite Clark, Alice Joyce and Earle Foxe. Our readers will hear from many other distinguished players in following issues of the magazine. Those who are interested in knowing how these famous people got in the pictures should read every article. They not only tell how they got in, but they tell of their first impressions of the camera. They suggest improvements in Motion Pictures and they give valuable advice to photoplay aspirants. Each experience is different and each one is told in a different way. Individuality is the keynote of these articles. As a rule, they do not encourage or discourage. They simply give dependable information that applies to his or her individual case and leave the readers to study it out for themselves.

OLGA PETROVA

One of the Big Stars of the Lasky Plays



© McClure
OLGA
PETROVA

THE first occasion on which I had seriously considered making a Moving Picture was during my engagement in Chicago, 1914, while I was playing "Panthea." My first impulse on receiving a telegram from the Popular Plays and Players of New York, asking if I would consider a Moving Picture contract, was to throw the message into the waste-paper basket. On second thought, I wired to Mr. Lawrence Weber that I could not consider such a proposal at any terms. The same evening I received a second telegram from New York saying that his representative was en route. The determination of the American, of which I had heard so much,

impressed me to the extent that I received Mr. Weber's envoy the next evening at the Blackstone Hotel. During our conversation I mentioned a figure which I thought quite prohibitive. However, Mr. Weber's representative told me that the terms would be perfectly agreeable, and the interview concluded with a tentative promise on my part to make one picture. The first picture was called "The Tigress," and was released in December, 1914. Contrary to my expectations, after my second or third picture I began to see the enormous possibilities of the cinema. I, who came to scoff, remained to pray, and, as you may possibly know, since that time I have completed and released fifteen picture-plays.

I dont know that I had any impressions of the camera at any time, and, with the exception of the fact that I never rehearse scenes previous to the actual taking, the camera is scarcely even in my subconsciousness.

I do not find any comparison between literary drama and picture drama—the requirements of each being intrinsically different. Many great actors and actresses have made unsuccessful film artists, owing almost entirely to the fact that they were not photographic subjects. On the other hand, many successful picture stars (I speak of those stars who have had no previous stage experience) would in many cases be impossible on the legitimate stage. The legitimate actor must have a pseudo, if only a pseudo education; a pseudo, if only a pseudo culture. As to the picture exponent, he may double his negatives and split his infinitives; he may speak in the vernacular of the Bowery and no one will be any the wiser.

Possible improvements in Motion Pictures are so enormous that it would be impossible for me to even touch upon them without riding my particular pet hobby-horse to death.

When I am asked by any or one of the thousands of applicants who ask my advice as to how they may become picture artists, I always remind them of the ancient proverb that nothing ever cures a boy of wanting to go to sea but going to sea. If the applicant is photographically possible, has a natural talent for the camera, is possessed of an abnormal capability for self-sacrifice, and a determination to succeed in the face of repeated and oft-repeated failure, then will that artist, like water, find his level.

EARLE WILLIAMS

Popular Vitagraph Star

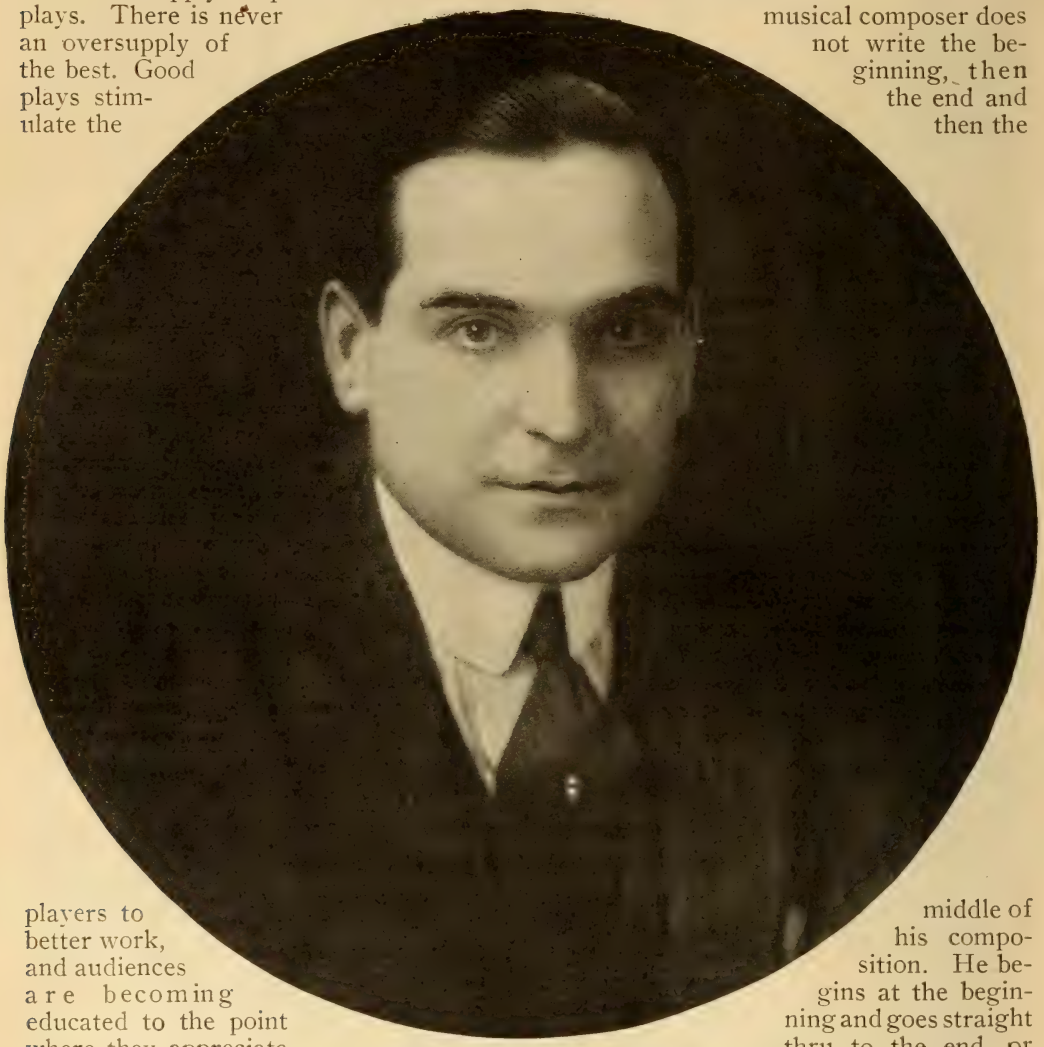
I HAD finished a vaudeville engagement one summer, and, being curious to know if I could act in pictures and if I could get in, I secured a letter to Fred Thompson, director at the Vitagraph studio. I met the manager and was at once engaged as a leading-man. This was a surprise, as my idea in visiting the studio was to try getting in as an extra during the summer while I had nothing else to do.

I didn't care much for the camera at first. It did not take the place of an audience at all, and later I realized that it was much more critical and relentless, but I finally became accustomed to it. I liked the work from the first, altho I have always considered it to be much harder work than stage-work. That is, it is harder while it lasts. But it has many advantages over stage-work. The hours are reasonably regular, it is mostly daylight work, and I can nearly always have my evenings to myself—a blessing I appreciate, and one that is never enjoyed during an engagement on the speaking-stage.

Hundreds of actors and actresses, eager for permanent homes or some regularity of living, have deserted the stage for pictures. The directors naturally select them in preference to the inexperienced ones; therefore the field is very much crowded, and it is much harder to get in now than it was a few years ago—especially an amateur. I had years' of experience in stock, and happened to be a good type for pictures, otherwise I might have spent a great many weary hours waiting and watching at the door of opportunity.

About improving the pictures, I would

say that the best improvement I can suggest is better stories. It is said that there is an oversupply of photoplays. There is never an oversupply of the best. Good plays stimulate the players to better work, and audiences are becoming educated to the point where they appreciate the best. And—I hope the day is coming when the director will take each scene of a picture consecutively, instead of jumping from one scene to another. Until that is possible, the player cannot do his best work. A musical composer does not write the beginning, then the end and then the middle of his composition. He begins at the beginning and goes straight thru to the end, or the tempo is lost. It is possible for photoplayers to lose their tempo, too, and, as a result, many mistakes are made.



© Campbell
EARLE WILLIAMS

EDNA MAYO

Star of the Essanay Company

WHEN I was sixteen I went on the stage in the most unromantic way. I neither had to run away from school nor quarrel with my parents. But I had a strong leaning toward dramatics, and, having a chance to take a small part, I took it, and in the next three years appeared in many productions. I think it was pure luck that made me a photoplayer; that is, I consider myself lucky to have had the foresight to change from the speaking-stage to Motion

Pictures when opportunity offered. I wanted to try it, so I just did, and I stayed. I knew nothing but terrible fear when I first faced the camera. Stage-fright was nothing as compared to camera-fear. Even yet I cant act before the camera when people are watching me, and doubt if I ever can.

I wouldn't go back to the speaking-stage for anything. I like this work better because I can have a home-life, for one thing, and, besides, I believe there is a much better future in Motion Pictures than on the speaking-stage. It is a new and growing field, and the opportunities and possibilities are unlimited.

I never answer letters or give advice about how to become a photoplayer. But—if one does start—there is nothing wrong about beginning as an extra. Once in the trenches, so to speak, hard work, studious application, a quick wit, and an unforced expression are absolutely necessary.

For better pictures, I will suggest better plays and more study on the part of the players, the director and cameraman. Most pictures are produced too quickly. Too little attention is given to detail in many cases. More attention should be given to clothes. I dont say that because I have been upholding the title of "the best-dressed woman on the screen"; that was my job—to wear all kinds of beautiful clothes, and it is not an easy job, I assure you; but more attention should be paid to suitability of clothes on the screen—I mean suitable to the character being portrayed.

And another thing I cant refrain from saying: I love animals even better than beautiful clothes, and I cannot and will not allow any abuse of animals in pictures I am working in, nor in any others if I know of it and can get there in time.



EDNA MAYO

NORMA TALMADGE

Norma Talmadge Film Corporation

OLD MISTAKEN IDENTITY has proved of service other than as a creator of complications. Were it not that he interceded in my affairs I might never have been the head of my own film company—nor have had any success at all in the photoplay world. It's an interesting story, but not practical as an avenue of approach to screen stardom that any young girl may follow, as the same circumstances are not likely to present themselves, and if they did she might not have the requisite amount of pluck to embrace the opportunity.

I was like thousands of other girls, possessing fairly good looks and confidence in the ability to make good, but with no experience or influence. I made the rounds of the studios daily, meeting with more rebuffs than encouragement, but I had a feeling that perseverance would bring its own reward, and it did—aided by Old Mistaken Ability.

One day I strolled unobtrusively into

a certain studio in New Jersey, where a group of players were distributed about. "Oh, there you are!" shouted the director. "Where on earth have you been so long?" Before I could reply he had seized me by the arm and led me to the center of the set. "Now," he said, "when your lover enters thru that door you are seated in this chair. As you haven't seen him in six years and thought him dead, naturally you are surprised——" I was surprised and became more so every minute as he quickly outlined the situation. Realizing that the director had mistaken me for the girl engaged to play the rôle, I decided to see it thru, and managed to do what was expected of me, and many feet of film were obtained before proceedings were abruptly interrupted by the appearance of the bona fide player.



© Charlotte Fairchild

NORMA TALMADGE

The striking resemblance between us explained the error, but it didn't explain how I got there. But it was my opportunity to proclaim my aspirations, which I did, and the director, having been shown that I was resourceful and having seen a specimen of my acting, decided to give me the opportunity which my soul craved. But — here is where stern reality routs romance. He did not engage me on the spot as leading-woman; but I didn't expect it — far from it. I was only too glad to be an extra.

Few literally "fall in," and if one is really in earnest about getting in, this lowly beginning is not to be despised. If the extras show real talent they get real coaching from the directors. I do not like indiscriminately to encourage, but there is always room in the pictures for the right sort.

Wanted: Soldiers of the Soil

A Sight-Seeing Trip Among the Movie "Farmerets"

By LILLIAN MAY



NORMA TALMADGE

AN old farmer contemplated his neighbor's attempts at gardening during the early summer, and remarked that more weeds were being raised than ever before in the history of the village. There may have been some truth in the sarcasm. Nevertheless, America has "woke up," and that's something accomplished; for, while many a back-yard gardener who started in to raise his own vegetables will end up at the market as usual, agriculture is respectable again. We respect those things which, by trial, we know to be most difficult. The term "rube" is no longer in contempt.

It took "war and rumors of war" to bring us to a realization of the high cost of living. Prices have been steadily mounting for twenty years, according to Bradstreet, but it is only recently that housekeepers everywhere, without regard to the size of their purses, have become aware of the high cost of food. With the world's surplus food supply well-nigh exhausted, and half of the world's population on short rations, the problems of food supply are acute and pressing. With this realization farms and farming became uppermost in the public mind. Uncle Sam sent out a persistent call for national effort in that direction. The Motion Picture stars were among the first to hearken to the "call to arms," and in various parts of the country the "movie farmerets" are enthusiastically doing their bit.

"All hampered up with being a woman," said Norma Talmadge, "I couldn't enlist in the army or navy, so I went in for gardening." And she did it with characteristic enthusiasm.

According to Miss Talmadge, her entrance into the film world "just happened." When she was a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl in Brooklyn she saw a photoplay that impressed her. "That's what I'm going to be," she told her mother; and after a few years of experience in all kinds of minor rôles, she blossomed forth in leading parts with exceptional technique and the versatility that enables her to play anything from a child-part to the rôle of an elderly woman.

And her versatility extends to her every-day life. When you meet a friend of the charming little mistress of the Beechhurst, L. I., estate you hear all about "Our Norma" as a hostess, and of her various activities at her country home. It is a familiar sight to see the beautiful star in her big gray touring-car driving to or from the station with a party of friends, or to see her making her way across the spacious grounds down to the water-front where the finest motor-boat on Long Island is anchored to wait the pleasure of this hospitable young person.

Miss Talmadge's house parties are justly famous, and during the past season early risers among the guests were gaily greeted by their charming hostess attractively garbed in sunbonnet and "womanalls" en route for an hour's work in her garden before breakfast. In the early summer her radishes were the first and the finest for miles around. Spurred on by her success, she gave the same attention to her late vegetables. Good, substantial, old-fashioned things like turnips, carrots, cabbages and potatoes are her specialty, "things to put away in the cellar," she says; "that's the way to help win the war.

"And, besides doing it for my country, I do it for health and beauty," she confessed. "An hour in my garden is worth half a day at a beauty specialist's. It rests mind and body and relieves the intense mental strain of acting before the camera. One cant be nervous and overwrought and keep the face all puckered up in a hard knot when spraying trees and shrubbery or training a rose-vine."

Miss Talmadge says that much of her inspiration for her work in "The Moth" was gained in the long hours spent in a quiet corner of this beautiful estate, studying the book and visualizing the scenes—varied with nerve-soothing work in her beloved garden.

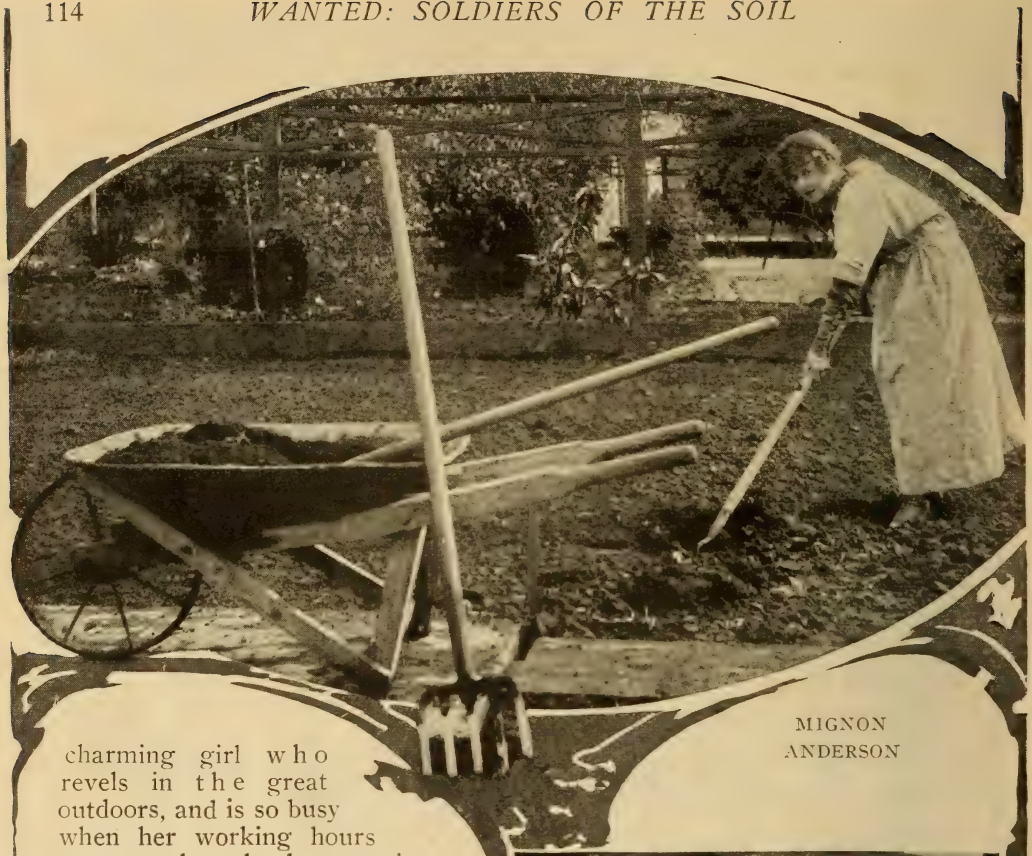
Gladys Brockwell, popular Fox star and erstwhile farmeret, is one of the few actresses who entered the profession against her will. Her parents were professional people; she had her living to make, and there seemed nothing else to do. But she grew to like the work, and was a finished actress of some years' standing when mere chance brought her into picture work. Character work has been her specialty, and while the demure, petite young star has none of the characteristics of a wicked siren, she is always cast for the vampire part.

The dictionary says that a vampire is a ghastly being that sucks the blood of the living while they sleep—which seems in this day and age more like a gas-meter than a human being. Kipling says that a vampire is "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," which is not a nice way to speak of a perfect lady. Motion Picture audiences usually recognize the vampire lady by her painted face, very red lips, and a pair of wicked, desperate

eyes. But Gladys Brockwell, in "The Honor System" and many other film successes, is none of these things. She is the vampire of reality—a beauty with a bad spot—like a bit of hidden decay in a sound apple—not immoral, but unmoral—with a code of ethics all her own. The most dangerous kind—perhaps. But, anyhow, Gladys Brockwell isn't a vampire. She is a wholesome,



GLADYS BROCKWELL



MIGNON ANDERSON

charming girl who revels in the great outdoors, and is so busy when her working hours are over that she has no time to get herself or any one else in mischief.

Not far from Hollywood, this beautiful Fox star has a homey bungalow, surrounded by a small ranch that is more like a big, overgrown garden. When the food mobilization call went forth Miss Brockwell donned a straw hat and overalls (bear witness to the eternal feminine in the specially designed model of becoming gingham) and plowed, planted and tended her crops, until now she is rejoicing that she has done her bit—for the harvest is more than satisfactory. She doesn't spend all her spare time in gardening, either. She has a well-equipped tool-chest, and if there's a step to be strengthened, a screen to be patched, or a bit of painting to be done, the little star is quite in her element.

Not so many years ago Mignon Anderson was one of Thanhouser's most valued leading-ladies. She could sail a yacht, drive a big touring-car



MILDRED MANNING

in a mad race with a passenger-train, or play sad, weepy emotional parts. Now she has joined the forces at Universal City, and is very happy; for, besides doing all these other things,



ANITA STEWART

she can do what she has always longed to do—have a garden and really work in it.

At Hollywood, California, she has a charming bungalow entirely surrounded by gardens. Miss Anderson speaks of her gardening with characteristic enthusiasm. "No flowers in my garden," she says. "Millions for utility, but not one cent for decoration. The lawn has been plowed, and I've planted potatoes at one end of the tennis-court. Hoeing potatoes has been every bit as healthful as playing tennis," she declares. "And my rows of potatoes in blossom were as beautiful as daffodils and hyacinths when I remembered that they would help feed the world. The sweet-peas in my garden were all the 'early June' kind this year. And I have lots of cabbages and onions, for my tastes are extremely plebeian when it comes to vegetables. Gardening is the most fascinating outdoor sport I know of, and I love California because I can garden the whole year round."

Every one knows about Anita Stewart's beautiful summer home at Bay Shore, Long Island, surrounded by spacious grounds and gardens, and her menagerie of pups, parrots, birds and prize-chickens sent by her devoted admirers from all over the world. Much has been said, too,



PAULINE FREDERICK

of her love for flowers and of her old-fashioned garden with sweet-scented blossoms. Hitherto she has spent an hour or two every morning caring for her flowers; but all this was changed when the world began to wake up to its need of gardens.

"I'm tired of eating rice and macaroni as a substitute for potatoes," said this favorite of Filmland. "I'm going to have all the potatoes I want this year, and, better still, have some to spare for others. The world needs food. The men must fight; so the women must raise food and conserve it." So, the dauntless little lady supervised the raising of a crop of potatoes. "I believe in specializing," she said. Now she is reaping her reward in an abundance of the coveted vegetable.

New York knows Pauline Frederick as the chorus-girl who made good the way they do in novels, but rarely in real life. The screen knows her best as a beautiful siren temptress. As a portrayer of vivid, passionate women she is alluringly dangerous. In the rôle of a poor scrubwoman sacrificing herself for her only son in "The Love That Lives," she is equally convincing.

In this, her latest picture, she was (supposedly) burned alive; and, strange to say, the picture goes on to a triumphant conclusion without her. This gave the beautiful Pauline a chance to spend a long, blissful season at her country home at Mountain Lake, N. J., reveling in the outdoor life she knows so well and loves so much.

This popular star, too, "specialized" by raising potatoes. "New Jersey is just one potato-field after another," she says. "But we will have potatoes to supply our family for a whole year, and I'm willing to eat rice and send them abroad if necessary; it's a small thing to do for one's country."

"It's all very well to sit indoors and knit for the soldiers," said Mildred Manning. "But there are plenty who cant do anything else; and plenty who have no farms and gardens to cultivate. Let them do the knitting."

One of the first stars at the Vitagraph studio to don the togs of a farmeret and get to work in her garden was Miss Manning, the vivacious young person well known for her whimsical portrayals in the O. Henry stories. She is an ardent devotee of outdoor sports, rides a horse, drives a car, is a good rifle-shot and an expert swimmer. That's why she is a successful farmer.

And there is Alice Joyce, another "specializer" in potatoes, who managed to give an hour every day to the supervision of her crops. There is dainty Marguerite Clark, in whose garden at Nye, N. Y., the festive potato-blossom and the sweet-scented onion replaced the roses of last year. Marie Doro "specialized" on her favorite vegetable, asparagus; Billie Burke made the name of strawberries famous at her country home; Marie Dressler came to the front with wonderful tomatoes, and Marjorie Rambeau raised delicious melons.

Early in the season Helen Holmes, of the Signal forces, developed a mania for tilling the soil. When the little, green plants began showing above the ground she became enthusiastic and her back-yard garden of onions and radishes became immensely popular, to the final undoing of her heretofore dearly loved flower garden.

Gladys Leslie, charming Thanhouser star, turned her attention to the raising of potatoes, and the famous Leslie smile has made farm life look more attractive to many husky Americans "somewhere in New York State" to whom the nation is saying "Back to the soil!" so urgently.

Out in California, Louise Huff, dainty little ingénue of the Paramount, is doing a rare imitation of "The Man with the Hoe," working daily in that portion of her garden devoted to the cultivation of small fruit. Kathlyn Williams also donned overalls, rolled up her sleeves, brought out rake, hoe and other implements needed to prepare the soil for early vegetables—to be replaced later.

The Stage Women's War Relief has an Agricultural Committee whose members plant and sell vegetables, and they also had an open-air market and street fête during the summer and an old-fashioned county fair to be held in autumn.

Who can say that the stars of screendom have not responded valiantly to Uncle Sam's call for Soldiers of the Soil?

Afloat With Our Camera Girl

The Adventures of A Girl Reporter In Trailing Irene Castle

By

Nance Monde



WILL MARION AND IRENE CASTLE



GEORGE FITZMAURICE AND IRENE CASTLE

"LIFE on the bounding main!" It sounds attractive, doesn't it? But when you consider that today animals that Noah overlooked in making his historic collection roam at large on, above and under the sea, its attractiveness varies with the direction and distance the main is bounding.

But who wouldn't take a chance with a submarine for the pleasure of spending a day aboard ship with Mrs. Vernon Castle? That's what the Editor said as he gazed rather covetously at my invitation with the I-dare-you-to-decline-it look in his eyes, and I—well, I had no intention of declining.

A few days before he had presented me with a Graflex and commanded me to do my worst. He had added that if my worst would stand the light of day I might be the Magazine's official camera-girl and roam afield at large with all sorts of he-stars and she-stars. (Note he said nothing about "bounding mains" in his contract.) So I got busy. I snapped my friends in the good light, my enemies in the bad. I even took a snap at the Editor in the act of blue-penciling a space-writer's copy. This accomplished, I considered myself an expert at operating a Graflex, and, strange to say, he agreed with me. And now, after spending a day on shipboard, with what risk to life and limb you will shortly hear, I can sign myself "Photographer to Her Highness, Madame Irene Castle."

The good ship *Vestris,* sailing between Amsterdam and England, is the scene of action. But dont you be fooled, as I was. It didn't sail at all, but stayed securely put at Pier 8, in Brooklyn. Thereby I lost a good day's frolic on the waves—and mayhap a submarine lost a sure target.

Mrs. Castle looked surprised when, according to orders, I arrived at the boat as the noon whistles were blowing, and, finding all the company assembled, eagerly inquired if I had kept the vessel from sailing on scheduled time.

"Sailing? Why, we dont sail; we simply stay!" she laughed.

Her laughter carried out the general impression of boyishness for which the dignity of Mrs. Vernon Castle had not quite prepared me. It was the lithe gracefulness one associates with the schoolboy athlete and, of course, the

world-famous Castle cut that made me desire to dub this young person "Billy." But since she has borne "Irene" for some twenty-odd years, it has probably grown quite familiar to her by this time.

These discoveries of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Columbus were cut short by the call of work—and, verily, it assumes many disguises — in the form of a handsome, dignified but withal genial director, one George Fitzmaurice. He was beckoning to Sylvia of the Secret Service to arrange

IRENE CASTLE AS AN EAVESDROPPER



MRS. CASTLE ENTERTAINS HER COMPANY WITH AN IMPROMPTU DANCE

MRS. CASTLE MOTHERING "PUNCHINELLO" AND "NANKIE POO"

herself comfortably in a chair and bury herself in the pages of a magazine. For she was a detective, and what detective, if she be of the girl variety, doesn't hide her watchful gaze in the covers of the latest magazine? It is good form in the detective world, just as it is proper for a stage villain to nonchalantly light a cigar before telling the heroine that he holds the mortgage on her father's farm and that foreclosure can be avoided only by her consent to elope with him.

And now Sylvia is watching the Wade gang; the Wade gang is watching the Kimberley Diamond, in possession of the handsome young American, Curtiss Prescott, in real life Elliott Dexter; the rest of the ship, including the workmen, whose ostensible task is to load the hold with meat and cheese for the soldiers in Europe, are watching Sylvia, and the camera grinds busily away.

Then the scene shifts, and Sylvia, director, camera-man and privileged audience climb upstairs to the top deck, where the action continues.

But first, of course, Sylvia must retire to her stateroom to change to one of the many sport costumes with which her wardrobe is so well stocked. In the

meantime Suzanne Willa, who is Fay, the girl member of the gang, is awakened from a steamer-chair nap to "vamp" for the camera. Suzanne has been rehearsing in the evening and acting for Pathé in the day, so she does not welcome this interruption to her forty winks. Nevertheless, she successfully holds Mrs. Castle's dog, "Nankie Poo," and not so successfully tries to hold Mrs. Castle's leading-man, Mr. Dexter, until the young star emerges from her dressing-room.

And while all this was registering on the retina of the eye, other impressions were making their entrance brainward via the ear. From the camera-man I learnt that the buildings of New York and Brooklyn were forever projecting themselves into the camera's range.



IRENE CASTLE TRYING OUT HER SMILE ON ELLIOTT DEXTER

"Of course, that would be fatal," Charles Van Arsdale, the assistant director, informed me. Without meaning to flatter my intelligence, he carefully explained just why a New York skyscraper appearing in the distance would tend to spoil the illusion that the scene was taken in the English Channel. He also gave the reason for the disguise in which he had appeared as I stepped aboard ship. An important rôle in the picture was being played by Eric von Stroheim. But when it came to boarding an English vessel, Mr. von Stroheim found himself at the lower end of the gangplank. And yet Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?"

But the company's first inquiry was, "What's in the sandwiches?" as, a happy, hungry group, they took their places at the tables in the saloon. They were dining aboard ship and yet there was no ocean roll to suggest that such an act might prove disastrous. Truly, Pier 8 has its advantages.

After the approved movie sandwiches and coffee had given weight to histrionic art, the company gathered around while Mrs. Castle demonstrated a new step to Mr. Fitzmaurice. He, of course, was the butt of some good-natured jesting on the part of the players. "But what's the use of letting an opportunity like this go by?" he confided to me. "It isn't every man who is fortunate enough to have the advantage of Mrs. Castle's personal instruction these days."

That brought up the subject of dancing, and I asked the young star if she was looking forward to doing any more exhibition work.

"Not until my husband comes back," she answered; "and if the war lasts three years, as they say it will, I'll be too old. Anyway, I like pictures better. It was different when we first started in. Then it was a novelty. Now débutantes and grandmothers are rivals in learning the new steps, and all enjoy dancing them-

selves more than watching other people do it."

All day Mrs. Castle's two little dogs frolicked about the deck and made themselves generally pettable. "Nankie Poo" was acting that day, but "Punchinello," like the men who were supposed to be loading the hold with cheese, was simply looking on. They, their mistress told me, are two of twelve.

"When we were poor and lived in a three-room apartment we had three dogs," she said. "Later we moved to a hotel and got a new dog every other day. Finally the manager asked us and them to depart, so we had to get a house of our own for them." (Then originated the term, "Lucky dog!")

From my friend, Camera-man Miller, I learnt that every animal engaged as a "prop" at the Pathé studio sooner or later finds itself in the possession of Mrs. Castle. One of the latest is a lizard. It had been working in another picture when Mrs. Castle, in passing the set, noted the look of absolute hopelessness on its face. That night, when the star left the studio, the film lizard left too. A few days later an old horse, standing outside the window in a dejected attitude, joined the lizard. And so the family daily grows.

"They're more fun than diamonds," she smiled, as "Nankie Poo" turned up an already turned-up-to-the-limit nose because a chocolate proffered by Mistress Castle was not his favorite variety.

It was a lazy, comfortable day, and to think of being paid for being lazy and comfortable! It isn't done in Scribe-land; but then — *this is Venice.* And speaking of Venice, canals, water, etc., reminds me that, according to my book of movie etiquet, the star should always dive from the top deck of a swiftly moving steamer just as it arrives at the mid-ocean point. (Or have I been fooled all these years, and have the mid-ocean vessels really been tied to Pier 8, Brooklyn?) "Nankie Poo" and "Punchinello" did not have a monopoly of the Castle heels that day. So fearful was I that the star would get over the side of the boat without my knowledge, that I kept one young eye securely fastened on her in the eternal vigilance which is the measure of a reporter's pay-envelope. Finally my anxiety grew beyond restraint, and I courteously inquired where, when and how Sylvia of the Secret Service intended to jump into the water.

"Ugh! Into that dirty water?" Mrs. Castle exclaimed, as she looked fondly down at her latest sport costume. "Not today, thank you! Anyway, this isn't that kind of a story. It's a case of 'Diamond, diamond, who has the diamond?' Of course, I find that out. I also rescue the hero from the thieves, show up the whole gang, and am, in short, some useful little party. Look, there must be something exciting going on over at the other side of the boat."

Sure enough, there was Macey Harlan gracefully lowering himself from the ship by means of a rope, while the director urged greater speed "so we can take it before it gets dark."

Now, if the ropes had broken or Mr. Harlan had slipped, I might have had some of the excitement I had anticipated when I accepted Mrs. Castle's invitation. However, he landed safely without even a ducking, and my story lost its only opportunity for a thrill. (He looked so accommodating, too.)

As the ship rolled us away from the dock at the close of the day, we all looked back lingeringly at the big ship. The next morning she was to start on her voyage to England. Had I hidden among the boxes of cheese in the hold I might have had my story with a thrill—and, perhaps, a bang. But before I try it, please, Mr. Noah, come back and make your collection complete. Anyway, I used up a perfectly good film-pack.

Life

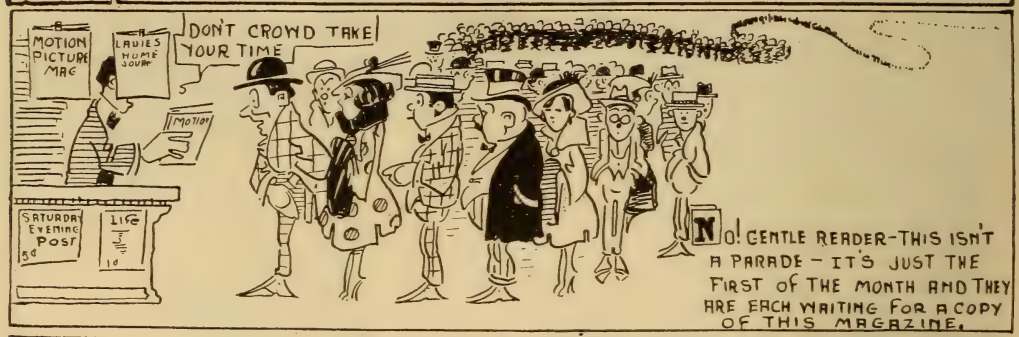
By EARL SIMONSON

Life is a Motion Picture—
A click and a splutter of light;
A laugh and a sigh, and it's fluttered by,
And the canvas hints "Good-night."

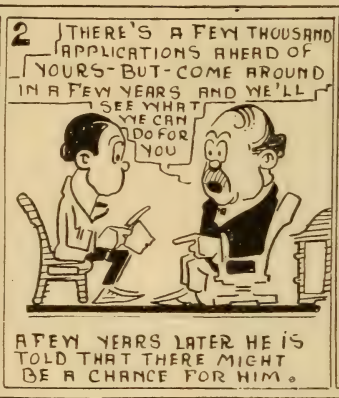


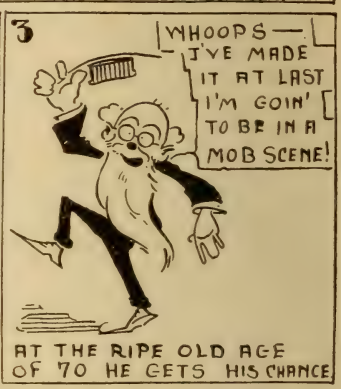
Who says there's no such thing as a "pajama colony" among the smart film-set in Los Angeles? Here we have the evidence—George Walsh and Anna Luther caught "pajaming" together. But it is only a photo-scene from their daily grind

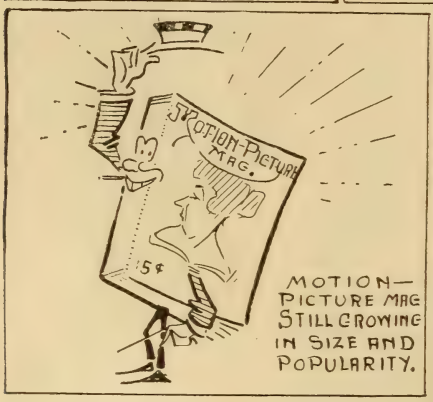
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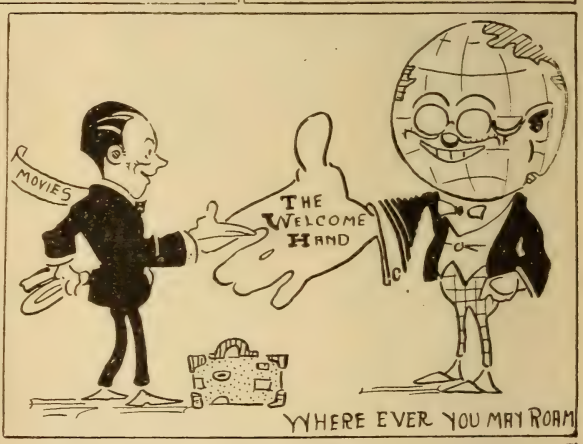




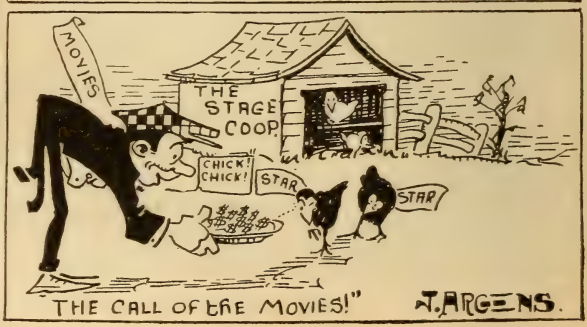












The Movie Gossip-Shop

Pictured News Sauced with Tittle-tattle from Screenland

"I speak the truth—not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and the older I grow—the more I dare."—MONTAIGNE.



MARY PICKFORD, WILLIAM S. HART AND JESSE LASKY

"Say, I dont believe I had four hours' sleep a night since I left Los Angeles." This is what "Big Bill" Hart said when he rounded out the last leg of his big swing around the country. Since then Bill hasn't caught up a minute of his stolen sleep. When Tom Ince decided to make a get-away from Triangle, "Big Bill" was hand-picked to be his running mate. Every star has got to have a picture pilot; every pilot has got to have a picture star. The combination was inevitable. Since stampeding their old corral, "Sleepless Bill" and "Restful Tom" have kept the pot a-boiling on the first Wm. S. Hart production. The picture is already taken, cut, and titled. A neat little bit of sentiment connected with his new home was the greeting that Mary Pickford extended to "Sleepless Bill." Mary rushed out to the studio doors in her working clothes and pushed a child-size flipper into Bill's big mitt, then held the door open and told the big player to join in. It was the personal touch to his entrance to his new quarters that caused Bill's big heart to rise up and say, "Well, I reckon this is *home!*"

There is a tie that binds between big Montague Love, star of "The Guardian," and little Madge Evans, starlet of "Jerry for Short"—both are from war-torn England. "Guardian" is Mr. Love's middle name. He has made it his duty to protect and guide the little expatriated stray, whom the die of fortune has cast into his company. Between scenes they find time to play for just themselves at the Peerless Studio in Fort Lee, N. J. "Jerry" has appropriated "The Guardian's" hat, gloves, and walking-stick, and she is so fond of him that she blindly hopes some day that his shoes will fit her as well.

In rose-blown California the press-agents are making so much money that they are giving dinner-parties and outings to the movie stars. In New York the press-agent never blows, neither is he blown. The wind is tempered to the shorn lamb. At any



MONTAGUE LOVE AND MADGE EVANS

rate, Tom Geraghty, Pat Dowling, and Bennie Zeidman (our Bennie who used to write the Lubin Greenroom Jottings), recently gave an Oh! Oh! Gambol and Clambake



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND ERIC CAMPBELL

at Santa Monica Beach. There were oysters with and without pearls, and green corn on the cob for everybody. After the big eats, "Doug" Fairbanks refereed a wrestling bout between Bull Montana, his trainer, and Eric Campbell, Charlie Chaplin's giant stalking-horse.

We have had lots of pictures in the newspapers showing the fraternizing of the soldier boys of all the different allies, and it occurred to us that a remarkable set of allies were camping out right near us in the Thanhouser studio. So they pulled a little ceremony for our Kodak Fiend. Jeanne Eagles, of the U. S. A., pinned her colors on Director Emile Chautard, of France, while Frederick Warde, of England, was a smiling witness. Director Chautard's staff are the other screen allies. Back of his right shoulder is Giuseppe Lena, from Sunny Italy, and Jacques Ewens, from valiant little Belgium. Ivan Sansonwitch, who hails from Russia, was not passed by the Board of Censors. This doughty Slav was backing up Jeanne Eagles, but our Kodak Fiend did not get him inside the camera lines.



JEANNE EAGLES AND HER ALLIES

Mabel Taliaferro did not compose "Paddle Your Own Canoe" or "Tippecanoe." Neither



MABEL TALIAFERRO

did she sing those ancient sea chanteys, but being a Kentucky mountain-bred girl, she paddles a canoe right well. There is nothing she likes better than a bit of a sojourn in her native haunts. And the snapshot she sends us is a reminder of a recent, all-too-quick vacation. "Tippecanoe" had just happened, and Mabel beached the tricky thing to gather up the flotsam and to man the pumps. (Please note Mabel manning the pumps.) And be it remembered that when Mabel gets water on the knee she always knows enough to wear her pumps.

There is so much news brewing about Jackie Saunders that we can get only a sample of it in the Gossip-Shop window. Just before "A Bit of Kindling" was staged by Horkheimer-Mutual, Jackie received a letter from her uncle, Mortimer De Bensaude. He asked her to quit the screen and to give up her artistic career. Uncle Mortimer was no piker. An offer of one hundred thousand dollars was the tempting bait dangled before Miss Jackie's eyes. "It was a terrible temptation," says Jackie. "I saw thousands of dollar-marks dance before my eyes for days. Finally I wrote Uncle



JACKIE SAUNDERS

Mortimer to please turn the money over to the Red Cross." The picture she sends us is "at the end of a perfect day." Be it known that Miss Jackie tumbles out of bed at 6 o'clock every morning, plays the piano for an hour, drives her car twenty-five miles to the studio, plunges into make-up, hairdressing, and costume, drives home to dinner, and sneaks a bit of shopping en route. Jackie was "shot" just as she started to enter her car after a shopping raid. But this isn't all. She is back at the studio from 9 to 11, and in bed by midnight. So is the vacation earneth. Jackie is taking a trip to Honolulu, where it's the law of the land that work never interferes with pleasure.



MARY MILES MINTER AND FRIENDS

Little Mary Miles Minter did not want our Graflex Sleuth to "shoot" her on the run —she doesn't play golf in slippers. Mary is skipping for the Santa Barbara Country Club, where she will change her shoes for golf-kicks, Mr. Critic, and if her tootsies are warm she will turn the hose on them, too.

Some of the finest polo in the world is played on the broad meadows surrounding Bushmanor, and Francis Bushman is a king of this king of sports. Bushmanor is restful as well as strenuous. Its broad, shady lawns invite repose; or again, its hounds bay to the hunting-horn. Francis Bushman, "country gentleman of Bushmanor," is a stage well set and a part well played.



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN AT BUSHMANOR

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

THE theatrical season is well under way and the stage is calling many picture stars to its ranks. Stars who are fortunate enough to have long runs on Broadway will no doubt double up and perform for the camera in the daytime. Marie Doro has announced her intention to return to the stage. She will appear on Broadway in October in "Barbara." Billie Burke will also appear in October in a stage comedy, "The Rescuing Angel."

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton has leased the former Marion Leonard Studio in Brooklyn and announces "The World For Sale," adapted from the novel of Sir Gilbert Parker, as his first super-feature for Paramount. The cast is not yet forthcoming, but we hazard a good guess that Anna Little and Conway Tearle will divide stellar honors.

William S. Hart has won the law-suit which Triangle brought against him and his new connection, Artcraft, in which the former tried to restrain the Western favorite from appearing in his new picture field.

Dustin Farnum will expose the activity of German spies and plotters against the United States in his forthcoming picture, "The Spy." George Bronson Howard, its noted author, will reveal many things, such as the fomenting of strikes, the attempted control of munition plants, the buying of newspapers, the plot to destroy the Panama Canal, and the German-inspired negro race riots.

Lillian "Dimples" Walker, who has been keeping her progress very secret of late, announces that her first Ogden Pictures Corporation photoplay is ready for its launching. It is a costly affair with a lively title, "The Lust of the Ages." Our information ceases here, but it is neither a sex- nor a war-play.

Add to the list of studio marriages that of Director Jean Hornbostell, of World, and Edna Hume, of Metro. It isn't a slacker marriage by any means. Mr. Hornbostell recently returned from France, where he had been in the trenches as a member of the American Legion. The germ of romance was planted last summer when Hornbostell, who was then a Metro director, rescued his bride-to-be from the surf at Long Beach, New York.



MARGUERITE COURTOT

Bradley Barker, leading-man for Mabel Taliaferro, in her latest feature "The Jury of Fate," indulged in a sure enough prize-fight in the picture, in mixing it with Danny Hogan, long known as "One-Round Hogan." Both of the fistic artists got excited, with the result that Mr. Barker was knocked out, lost four perfectly good teeth, and dislocated his jaw. And still they say that movies are not the real thing!

Emmy Wehlen is bound to be forward in styles. The Metro star is now in Newport, R. I., taking some close-ups of society belles, with special attention to their wardrobes. Miss Wehlen says the styles are severe and plain this year, thru patriotic motives, but that some startling changes are due in the fashion-plates.

The romantic rumor which wafted along the heated pavement of New York's Rialto, to the effect that Marguerite Courtot and dashing George Larkin were engaged, has been industriously traced to its source and proven to be false. George denies it. Marguerite denies it. The jeweler denies it. The pastor denies it. So it must be not so. Fare-thee-well, Dame Rumor!

Mae Murray has departed from the Lasky encampment and has already begun production in the Bluebird nest.

Players, like the seasons, come and go. The more often they change companies, the more seasonable they become, it appears. Speaking of changes, do you know that Rhea Mitchell has "summerfled" from Triangle to Paralta; Lew Fields will winter with World; Anna Lehr is again "autumnizing" with Triangle; Fannie Ward and Jack Dean have made their August exit from Lasky and are blowing hither and thither in the September wind; Paul Willis starts the new season with Morosco, as do Grace Valentine with Ivan and Jack Conway with Triangle; and to prove "the winter of his discontent," Ralph Kellard will "Novemberize" from pictures to the stage.

Juanita Hansen has engaged to play opposite Crane Wilbur for Horsley. This brings together a sharp contrast in beauty—Crane Wilbur's chestnut locks and hazel eyes contrasting with Juanita's golden top and blue orbs.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

During the recent terrific heat-wave in New York, some of the studios stole a whole set of light-saving hours by not working at all in the daytime and in producing entirely at night. Alice Joyce and Marc MacDermott were the first stars to join enthusiastically the "Exalted Order of Night Owls."

Theda Bara, recently, came dangerously close to losing her life on one of the mountain roads leading from Hollywood to Oxnard, Cal. Her car was descending when a motorcyclist suddenly shot around the curve, directly in her path. Miss Bara's chauffeur swerved just in time to avoid a head-on collision, but the heavy body of the limousine careened to the edge of the precipice. Two inches more and Miss Bara would have met a fearful death by dropping into the valley a thousand feet below.

Director Joseph Kaufman recently became so temperamental while directing a big scene between Billie Burke and Thomas Meighan that he began yelling thru a megaphone at the top of his lungs. Thereupon, one of the studio wags rang the big bell, which is a signal for silence in the studio, and is used when the carpenters are making such a violent racket that it is impossible for the director to do scenes.



GEORGE LARKIN

William Russell has just moved into his new Santa Barbara residence. It is a big establishment with large grounds, and his dog-kennels are the most up-to-date on the Coast.

The "Sing a song of serials" is in full cry, so add to the latest: "The Seven Pearls," the first episode of which will appear on September 2, and which features Mollie King, Creighton Hale, and Leon Bary.

Bessie Barriscale has been called upon to perform her first picture stunt. In "Rose o' Paradise" she has to escape from a window, walk along the window ledge, and climb to the roof of a seven-story building. Bessie was not at all nervous while performing her first stunt, but she says she doesn't care to do anything like it again.

Rose Tapley, for a long time a Vitagraph favorite and Answer Lady of this Magazine, is nearing the end of her big swing around the country. Her last public appearance was at the National Motion Picture Exhibitors' League, in Chicago. Miss Tapley was honored at the Exposition by being designated the "official hostess."

A little Russian Revolution is brewing every day in Herbert Brenon's studio, where he is staging "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Many real Russians are used as extras, and they agree to disagree on every single point of Russian life, habits, and customs. As the heated arguments all occur in the twenty-seven different dialects of Russia, we refuse to report their values.

Take out your pocket calendar and jot down the news that your favorites will appear during September as follows: Marguerite Clark romances as a school-girl in "Bab's Burglar," the first of the "Sub-Déb" stories; "Fatty" Arbuckle perpetrates a scream in "His Wedding Night"; Ben Turpin and Polly Moran skid thru their first Paramount-Sennett caper in "Roping Her Romeo"; Charles Murray and Mary Thurman (she of the wonderful bathing-suits) come near being naughty in "A Bedroom Blunder"; Chester Conklin, Mack Swain, and Gloria Swanson play railroad pranks in "The Pullman Bride"; Mary Miles Minter, with Alan Forrest as her leading-man, salutes the colors in "The Call to Arms"; Gail Kane with an all-star cast sunshines in "Southern Pride"; and Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge sell their hearts in "The Marriage Market."

Pauline Frederick and company have journeyed to historic Lake George, New York, in search of locations for her next picture, "The Hungry Heart," in which fair Pauline's heart palpitates all the way from over-feeding to being starved-out.

Vitagraph's Western studio did its bit for the Red Cross by recently holding a Red Cross dance. Two hundred and fifty dollars was turned into the fund. Margaret Gibson raised the last ten-spot by auctioning off a real ripe kiss.

Flattering advance reports are coming from Hollywood about Jack Kerrigan's new picture, "The Man's Man." Twenty-three hundred feet of film were used to photograph handsome Jack. Too bad that most of this is "overrun" and will have to be cut out.

Eva Tanguay is going to make her picture début with a mighty strong support. "The Wild Girl" is her first film venture, and sharing the camera honors with the popular and temperamental Eva, are Stuart Holmes, Valerie Bergere, and Tom Moore.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Wash day is on again in the studios and lots of players are hanging their costumes in new yards. There are James Aubrey, who has betaken his pantaloons and brogans from Vitagraph to Smallwood; Virginia Pearson threatens to run her own film laundry at the expiration of her contract; Florence Reed and Robert Warwick are beginning to unpack their trunks in Pathé's dressing-rooms; Juliette Day must be reckoned a comet instead of a star, as, after the third season with American, she is about to "tread the boards" again; Harry Ham is moving up to the front ranks of the heavenly stars, by joining the U. S. Aviation Corps; Tom Forman has enlisted in Company K, 17th Coast Artillery, of the Federal Reserve; Margaret Thompson has winged from Triangle to perch upon her family tree. (We will draw a diagram of this by explaining Miss Thompson is the wife of Director Edward Hallin, of the Ince forces, and she has for the present retired to private life. Very good, Eddie!)

Every one has wondered what has happened to Myrtle Stedman. Her last picture appearance was in June, co-starring with Wallace Reid in "The World Apart." Lasky has kindly divulged the secret of her disappearance to us. Miss Stedman has spent her summer on concert tours in the West. Her vocal gifts rival her acting ability. Her concerts have been largely attended and the proceeds donated to the Red Cross Society. Blessed be she who does not seek even publicity in such a noble cause! Miss Stedman's friends may expect her reappearance in pictures in October.



MYRTLE STEDMAN

Do you know Lillian Vanderveer? This is the girl who played a character part in support of Gladys Hulette in the "Last of the Carnabys." Miss Vanderveer gave no address, and now that the picture is out a prominent director wants her to play another part too. A determined search has been started, but to no avail. Where is she?

Francis X. Bushman has recently purchased forty acres of land adjoining his estate, Bushmanor. Mr. Bushman has already planted the new land in potatoes, and estimates the crop will bring him close to ten thousand dollars. (Just how close we cant say.)

Picture players sometimes get in soft when it comes to unexpected entertainment. Emmy Wehlen and her director, William Christy Cabanne, have recently returned from the Thousand Islands, N. Y., where they were taking scenes for "Miss Robinson Crusoe." George C. Boldt, Jr., whose father was for many years the proprietor of the Waldorf-Astoria, and whose island is one of the show-places of the world, invited Miss Wehlen and company to take pictures on the Boldt estate, and to keep him company on his private golf-links and in his palatial boat-house and swimming-pool.

The youthful American sailor who gets the sweater which Pauline Frederick is knitting for the navy need not be surprised if he catches cold, for there are going to be a number of drop-stitches and other curious apertures in the garment. Who could sit in a 75-h.p. racing Simplex, going at top speed toward her home at Mountain Lakes, N. Y., and get every stitch correct? The Paramount star declares that frequently it is a question of dropping a stitch or her life, and so far the stitches have suffered.

Gail Kane has been selected as a member of the recently appointed Women's Committee of the National Association of the Motion Picture Industries, to co-operate with the Federal Food Commission to save the American people and the Allies from possible food shortage. Among other stars that are already active on this committee are Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, and Ethel Barrymore.

The filming of the next Paramount picture, in which Jack Pickford and Louise Huff will appear, has been delayed for several days, pending recovery of Jack's eye. The Pickfordian orb had the great misfortune to stop a swiftly moving boxing-glove, containing a very hard fist, during a recent match, and it was found quite impossible for Jack to register the proper emotions with only one eye working on schedule.

Margery Wilson's first starring play under the Triangle banner presents her as a Kentucky mountain-girl. The rôle is quite appropriate, inasmuch as Miss Wilson is a native of the blue-grass State.

Thomas Meighan has been selected to play opposite Billie Burke, in "The Land of Promise," from the stage play of that name.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their return. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

A. K., Toronto.—Guess you were right on that. It should have been 6,000 feet instead of 60,000. Yes, there is a war tax on everything these days, even on my salary. Oh, I manage to keep cool with so many *fans*, fanning question marks, thanks.

R. M. Felicia.—I advise you to join the correspondence clubs. You will find lots who will be glad to correspond with you.

Irishman.—He was with Fox last. Mary MacIvor was the girl in "Paddy O'Hara." William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y.

Frances M. C.—Your letter was very witty. Enjoyed your jokes immensely. Always glad to hear a good joke; it breaks the monotony. Alan Hale will play opposite Ethel Barrymore in "The Whirlpool" (Metro). Miriam Fouche is the new leading-woman for Harry Morey.

Alice M. G.—Yes, I know Edward Earle has joined Vitagraph. Arthur Donaldson also, and Betty Howe is back. Seems like old times.

Ivanhoe.—Quite a unique way of introducing yourself. Zoe Du Rae is with the Western Universal, at Universal City. I am sure she will write you. Bobby Connelly recently fell and hurt his arm, but I guess he has recovered by now.

Mrs. H. B.—Well, if the world does not smile on you, as you say, it may be because you dont smile on the world. We will never publish the story of "Maternity." You can reach Alice Brady at 136 W. 40th St., N. Y.

Antonio.—You think the public should be satisfied with being amused by the players rather than going into their private life. Private affairs amuse most people most. You must remember that many of our most beautiful flowers are without scent, so also are many of our most beautiful women without heart, so be lenient with the fair creatures.

Jessie S.—Yes, I have heard something about Mignon Anderson being Mrs. Morris Foster. And yet, she says in her interview she will never marry. Perhaps she means again. Mabel Normand has settled the Goldwyn Co. suit—because she failed to start work for them on May 1st as she agreed—and by the day, wonder what happened to "Mickey"?

A Little Girl.—Yes, Dorothy Gish and Elmer Clifton in "The Little Schoolma'am." Oh, but I didn't mean to be cruel. We are often cruelest to those we love best.

Mildred E. M.—Pearl White and Earle Foxe in "The Fatal Ring."

Jay C., Jr.—Remember this: It is a dangerous thing to live on flattery, for in that way we put all our happiness in the keeping of others. The last I heard of Marie Eline and Kenneth Casey they were appearing in vaudeville.

Betty of Melrose.—Let me see—how about this motto: "Knowledge is the father of wisdom—get wise!" Yes, that was a double rôle in "Hinton's Double." Vola Vale was Ellen in "The Bond Between." Helen Eddy was Tina, the Italian girl, in "His Sweetheart." Why, I never felt better in my life. The last picture we had of Irving Cummings was in June, 1916. I always enjoy your letters.

Irene H.—You are looking for a model husband. Whew! They are made only in wax. Come now, you dont mean all you say about that player. Cæsar's ghost! but you certainly can do a lot with that hammer of yours.

IRMA R.—Robert Broderick was General Blucher opposite Laura Sawyer in "One of Millions." Wallace Reid opposite Geraldine Farrar in "Maria Rosa." You are welcome.

GERTRUDE P.—Thanks for your suggestion. We always welcome suggestions.

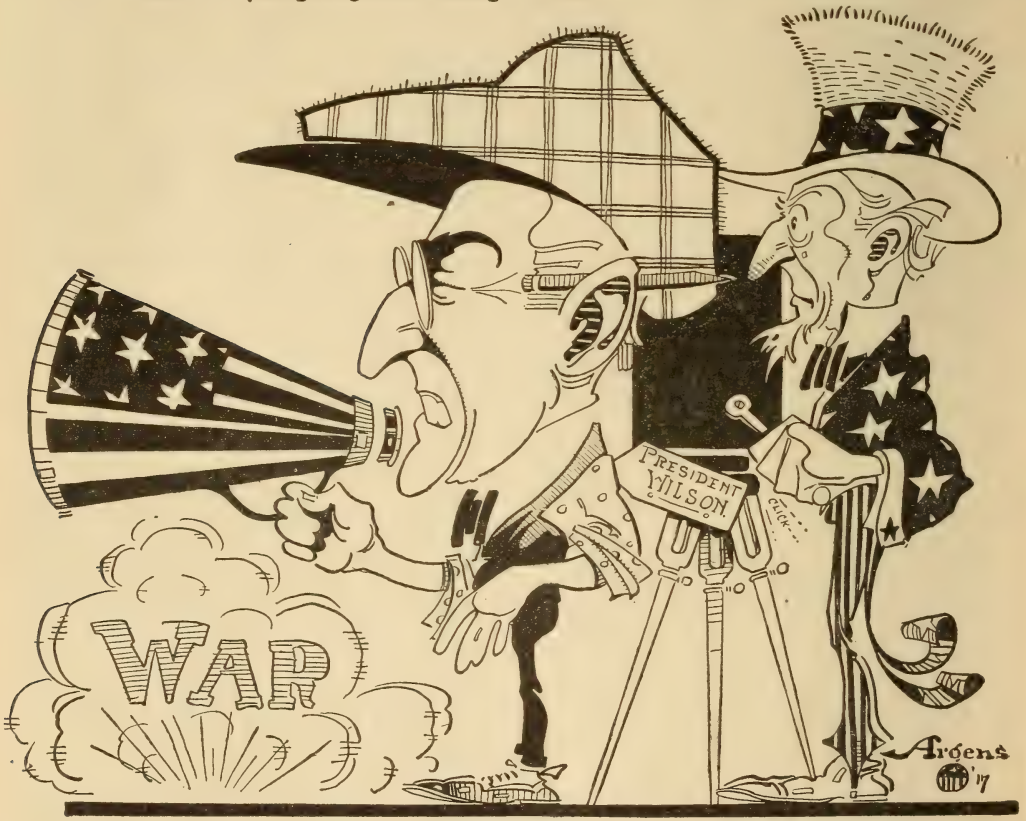
JUST ANN.—Yes, a lot of players found that it was an easy matter to make good films, but a hard matter to sell them. The first actual under-sea vessel built for warfare was constructed in New Orleans, by an engineer named Watson. It has been in commission only a short time when Admiral Farragut captured New Orleans. You say Charles Jackson was the little boy in "Poor Little Rich Girl" as Micky Dolan? Thanks for the information.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Always glad to hear from you. Thomas Ince is no longer with Triangle. Eva Tanguay has joined Selznick. June Caprice is with Fox. Perhaps you mean Ethelmary Oakland, as the child with Jack Pickford in "The Mummy."

MARY FRANKLIN.—Now, girls, quit your teasing. You must realize that I am not a young Romeo; but you think I enjoy having you tell me you think I am lovable. Sure, I like it! And then you go right on telling me all about the other fellow. Sure, and I like that too! I fear there's no hope. A woman over seventy would be too old and a girl over seventeen would be too young. I am very sorry, but I have no record whatever of Jack Filkins.

CURIOSITY SHOP.—Yes, the Moving Picture people did their share in the Liberty Bond raising. In all, I guess, they raised $5,000,000. Yes, I did my bit; but you cant buy very many Liberty Bonds on an $8.00 a week salary. You dont have to send a drawing along with your limerick. Great guns!—you want a list of all the people who have joined the movies since January! Have a heart!—I would have to take a month off to get that information.

A. B.—Want me to name the handsomest screen hero? Huh! Glad you said hero instead of heroine. Dont want to start any hair-pulling contest. Didn't lose my front hair that way, and what's left isn't insured. Hobart Bosworth's good points average 99 per cent. He's a regular "Viking" type. Famous in Jack London's "Sea Wolf," "John Barleycorn," "Odyssey of the North," etc. That was an old Vitagraph with Norma Talmadge and Garry McGarry in "A Daughter of Israel."



THE "DIRECTOR-GENERAL" OF THE U. S. A. COMPANY—This company, in co-operation with some well-known European companies, is working on a patriotic subject, which is of vital interest to all humanity.



Resinol Soap certainly ended *my* complexion worries

Skins clogged with cosmetics, irritated by rubbing and kneading, or parched by harsh, ill-made—though often costly—soaps, simply *cannot* be really attractive. All that most skins need to bring out their *natural* beauty, to make them clear, fresh and charming is the regular use of Resinol Soap.

This is, first of all, an exceptionally pure and cleansing toilet soap, free from anything which could harm the most delicate complexion. But to it is added just enough of the gentle Resinol medication to offset the effects of neglect or improper treatment, and to keep the skin healthy—free from redness, roughness and blotches. To adopt Resinol Soap is usually to find one's complexion problems promptly and agreeably solved.

Yet, with all this, Resinol Soap costs but twenty-five cents a cake—little enough when compared with what is often charged for other choice soaps, but sufficient to insure the utmost refinement of manufacture, the utmost satisfaction in use. A week's trial should suffice to make Resinol Soap your favorite.

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Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

LAURA LEE.—My good friend Roberta Courtlandt asks me "Can a cake walk?" No, but the tomato can. Aint it awful, Laura? Rene Rogers was the girl in "Where Are My Children?"

HIP.—Never mind about "practice makes some people perfect and others perfectly crazy." You just get up every morning and practise your piano lessons. Your limerick was splendid. Have passed it along to Doc. Ruth Roland is still in New York. She was stopping at the Algonquin last. Address, Norma Talmadge, care of her own company, 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

JULIET.—Your idea is very good, but I doubt whether our Editor will approve of it. However, I have put the question before him.

BEVERLY BAYNE ADMIRER.—Gail Kane is the champion roller skater of the Lambs' Club, and that's some skater. Get the July 1916 Magazine for a picture of Miss Bayne, and the October 1916 Classic for the story of Romeo and Juliet.

ANXIOUS.—Just as the Muses represent drama, dancing, song, etc., the great arts, sciences and histories all have their "fathers." Aristophanes is the father of comedy; Eusebius of Cæsarea, of ecclesiastical history; Chaucer of English poetry; Roger Ascham of English prose; Homer of epic poetry; André Duchesne of French history; Lessing of German literature; Terpander of Greek music; Herodotus of history; Joseph Miller of jokes; Hippocrates of medicine; Palestrina of music; Rabelais of ridicule; and last, but not least, Satan is the father of lies. And so we go on year after year. The maid in "The Years of the Locust" was not on the cast. Sorry I cant help you. You might write to Paramount.

BILLIE BRONX.—So you dont care for these knee-high vampire skirts. Yea, verily, the knee is a joint and not an entertainment. Yes, Mary Charleson played opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Road to Strife." Lillian Walker is with Ogden Co., playing in "The Lust of the Ages." Ralph Kellard is on the stage. And you like Harry Smalley's limericks—so do I.

MARCELLE D.—Maude Fealy has recently obtained a divorce. Quite the fad. Haven't heard of Fannie Ward's signing up as yet. Tom Moore and Constance Talmadge opposite now. You want a picture of Seena Owen and her baby.

JEAN S., DETROIT.—No, I never smoke cigarets. I look upon a cigaret as a roll of tobacco with fire at one end and a nuisance at the other. Ivan Studio at 126 W. 46th St. You refer to Richard Barthelmess.



A FORMER MOVING PICTURE DIRECTOR, NOW FIGHTING "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE," HAS A TEMPORARY FIT OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

The new way to manicure

Don't cut the cuticle—give your nails the well-groomed loveliness you've wanted so long

Discard forever your manicure scissors! Cutex softens and removes surplus cuticle without cutting.



Photo by Floyd, N. Y.
Naomi Childers, whose perfect features noted artists have often commented upon, says: "After my manicurist had used Cutex but once, I saw the difference, and now consider it a matter of course not to have hangnails or uneven cuticle."

Cutex is absolutely *harmless*. It was formulated to do away with that cutting which specialists agree is so ruinous. You will be amazed to see how easily you can give your nails a wonderful manicure with Cutex.

Just how to do it

Open the Cutex package. In it you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the bottle. Then work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wipe off the dead surplus skin. Rinse the hands in clear water.

Finish with a touch of Cutex Nail White. It removes any stains from underneath the nails and leaves them immaculately clean.

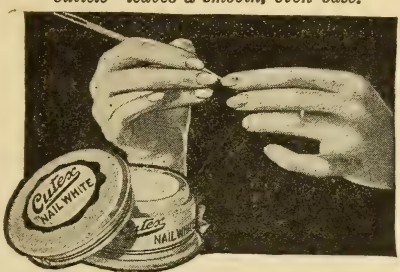
Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails gives them a soft, shimmering polish.

One application makes a decided improvement

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even *one* application makes; you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.



With Cutex, gently work around the base of the nail, pushing back the cuticle—leaves a smooth, even base.



A touch of Cutex Nail White underneath the nails leaves them immaculate—snowy white.



Cutex Nail Polish gives a soft, lasting polish.

After a few applications Cutex makes any nail look shapely and symmetrical. It quickly removes overgrown cuticle, does away with hangnails, dry, rough skin—all the nail troubles rapidly disappear. Try it. See for yourself. Notice how quickly it gives your nails the shapeliness that everyone admires.



Photo by Tarr, N. Y.
Lillian Walker, known among picture "fans" as "the girl with the dimples" says: "Now that I know how good Cutex is, I never allow my maid to cut the cuticle. Cutex gives my nails such a shapely look."

Ask for Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, wherever toilet preparations are sold. Cutex comes in 50c and $1.00 bottles; introductory size, 25c. Cutex Nail White, which removes discolorations from underneath the nails, is only 25c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder or liquid form is 25c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort for sore or tender cuticle, is also 25c. If your favorite store has not yet secured a stock, write direct.

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Don't think you can get along with old-fashioned cuticle-cutting—not even for another day! Send at once for the Cutex set illustrated below and know the difference. Tear off the coupon now and send it today with 14c (10c for the set and 4c for packing and postage) and get your Cutex Manicure Set. It is complete and is enough for at least six "manicures." Address, **Northam Warren, Dept. 406, 9 West Broadway, New York.**

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VERNEY.—So you envy Lillian Walker. I envy the man who plays opposite her. Leslie Peacocke is playing with Jackie Saunders in "Betty Be Good." Yes, Charles Chaplin is with Fox, playing in "Bing-Bang." You just write as often as you like. David Powell—but he is with Selznick. Marshall Neilan is working for Lasky. Come up North and pick lilacs.

J. M. P.—No, no, no. Put on your breaks, you're skidding. Theda Bara never did marry a prize-fighter. Gladys Brockwell played both parts in "Sins of Her Parents."

M. J. B.—No, I dont know of any company who is in the market for scripts, except those mentioned in the Photodrama Department of Mr. Phillips. Your scenario is very funny; you put all the principal characters in a room and the clock strikes one. Dont you know striking is forbidden by the censors?

HERMAN.—The *ruelle*, sometimes called *les precieux*, a class of ultra society in France during the reign of Louis XIV. Their foible was to call every common thing by a high-sounding title. They called a "house" a "mansion," a "woman" an "angel," etc. We haven't killed them all off yet.

PINKY PRIM.—Yes, it gets my goat to see so many women knitting these days. Wouldn't mind having one of those dandy sweaters myself. When you stop to think of it—a helmet, muffler, mittens, socks, and sweater would keep a feller mighty warm in the mountains during the hunting season. Ethel Cooke is Mrs. Harry Benham. No, I wont put you among the also rans. Thanks for the clipping; it interested me very much.

RITA S.—Peter Cooper constructed the first locomotive engine on this continent in 1830, and founded Cooper Institute in 1857. Died April 4th, 1883. Oh yes, I have all the encyclopedias agoing—and yes, acoming, too.

E. A. LEE, JR.—You ought to find a nice pal to travel with. George Washington said: "Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company." Charlotte Walker was the nurse in "Sloth." It is all a matter of taste. You happen to think that brunettes photograph better than blondes. Harry Hilliard opposite Theda Bara in "Romeo and Juliet." I was down your way last week and enjoyed the boardwalk and the ocean.



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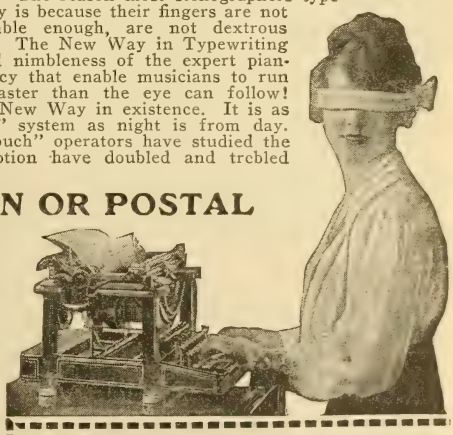
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D. P. L.—Of course I am glad to see you. Why not? You are right. I wish more thought the same as you do. George Baker will direct Edith Storey in the Metro pictures. Warren Kerrigan played in "Man's Law" for Paralta.

ELMA S.—No, I am not a fortune-teller. If I were, I would have a fortune long ago. The custom of telling fortunes from or by teagrounds is common both in England and American. When a player says she isn't married that doesn't necessarily mean that she hasn't been married. You cant apply the slogan "Once married, always married" to theatrical people.

RUFAS.—The address of Wilna Wilde? She was with Metro for one picture, but isn't playing just now. Address her at Inwood, N. Y. Ann Murdock is with American.

LINA S.; COLORADO SUBSCRIBER; M. M.; P. E. M. P.; MRS. A. B. O.; M. B. B.; CELIA G.; JOSEPH R.; MRS. L. E. S.; MRS. JEANNE A.; MARGARET G.; VORNE S. DAHTON; PAUL WILLIS ADMIRER; and HELEN G.—Look elsewhere for your answers. Let me hear from you again.

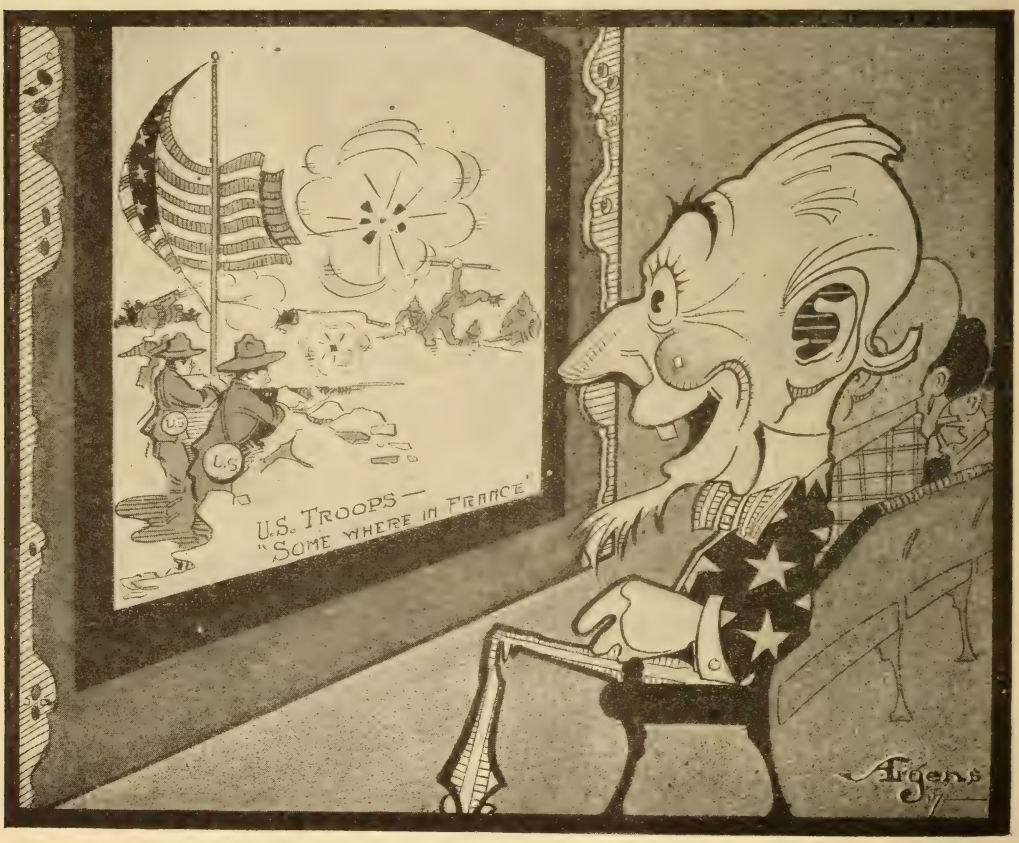
EMANUEL S.—You are right, we shouldn't insult them. Henry Kolker in "Gloria's Romance." Yes, the war is getting quite bitter —I see the Germans have sunk a Peruvian bark.

ALBERTA W.—Handsome Gordon Gray was in to see us not long ago, and we shall have a new picture of him in the next Classic. You must let me know how you all like the October Classic in gravure. Beant it great, Alberta?

CAMILLUS FAN.—Ann Murdock, no matter how busy she is, has a long swim every day. That will make you thin. Haven't heard whether the Editor is thinking of making a cover of Bessie Barriscale. Did you see the inside cover of the August Classic?

S. M. O.—You are quite a stranger. Edwin Stevens is directing Violet Mersereau now. Ben Wilson expects to return West. You have the picture business down to a science now, haven't you?

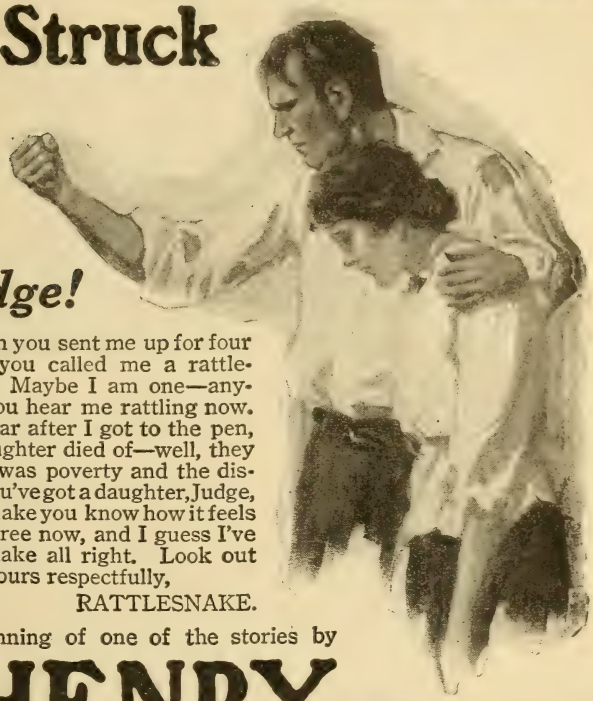
PETER PAN.—William Russell says that any man who smokes monogramed cigarets will carry a powder puff in his change pocket, and, I might add, a wrist watch on his ankle. Helen Marten was with Vitagraph last. You must not judge a person by her clothes. Barbara Tennant is with Williamson Bros. Katherine Kirkwood was Edith in "The Payment." Florence Martin was Alice in "Miss George Washington." Come again, do.



UNCLE SAM REVIEWING HIS TROOPS

When the Rattlesnake Struck





Judge!

When you sent me up for four years, you called me a rattlesnake. Maybe I am one—anyhow, you hear me rattling now. One year after I got to the pen, my daughter died of—well, they said it was poverty and the disgrace together. You've got a daughter, Judge, and I'm going to make you know how it feels to lose one. I'm free now, and I guess I've turned to rattlesnake all right. Look out when I strike. Yours respectfully,

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C. I. D.—Paul Capellani was opposite Clara K. Young in "Camille." The "A" in Bara as in bare.

LESLIE W. H.—Not in these days is the library mightier than the battleship. The marsupial is an animal who carries its young in a natural pocket or sack, like the kangaroo. Some women, especially stepmothers, are marsupials—they sack their stepchildren whenever they get a chance. Thanks for the program. That's a regular program. Harry Dunkinson, James Carroll in "Skinner's Dress Suit." Madeline Travers and Charles Wellesly in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Ruth Hennessy isn't playing just now.

ELAINE D. Y.—But you didn't give me the name of the book you refer to. We think the world and his wife read our magazines. How about his children? The man who thinks he can read a woman like a book is looking only at the picture on the cover.

CAROLINE.—I have not yet recovered from the effects of your joke.

A. BERTRAND.—That story was released as "At the Rainbow's End." Edwin August and Ormi Hawley in that old Lubin. George M. Cohan is with Artcraft. No, I am sure the pictures wont hurt your eyes.

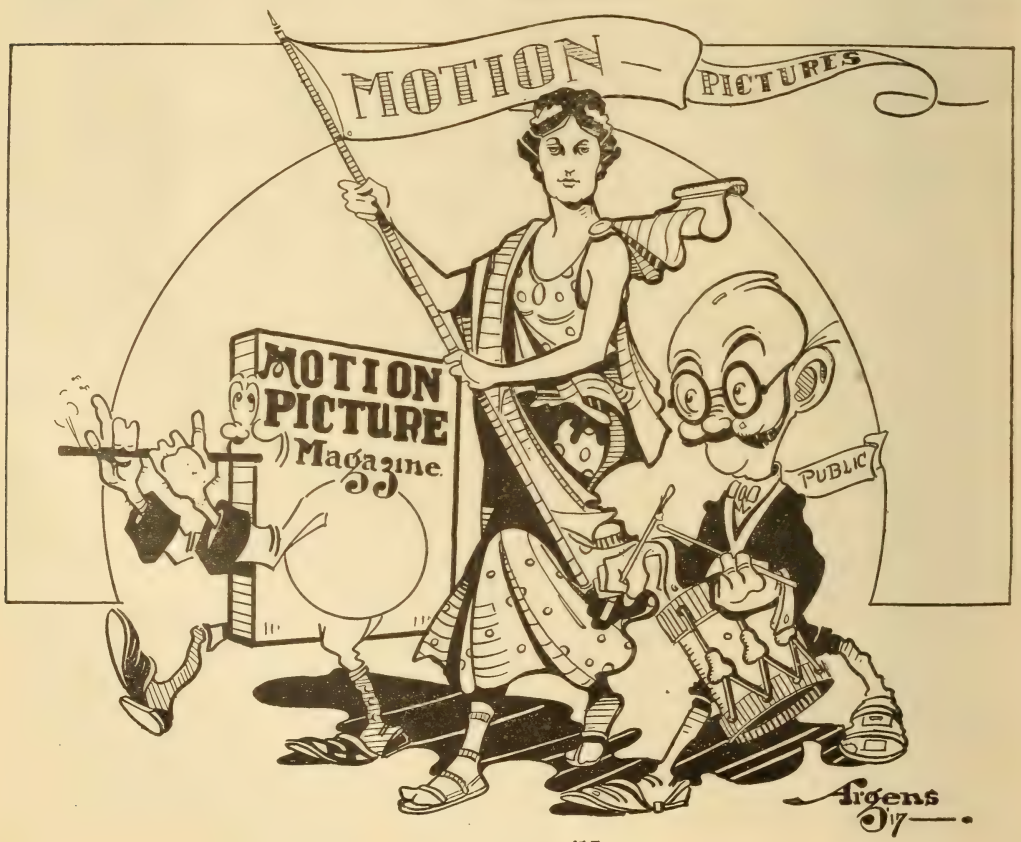
ELMA S.—You here again. You write a fair hand. Sorry about your brother. Father's wild oats make poor breakfast food for the children. You think Henry Walthall is the best emotional player and Herbert Rawlinson and J. W. Kerrigan are the handsomest men.

JAMES N.—No, no. George Walsh was Lish Henley, and Juanita Hansen was Maggie in "Mediator."

MERMAID.—You can reach William Duncan, Western Vitagraph, Hollywood, Cal., and you can reach Mrs. Castle and Mr. Moreno, care of Pathé, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. Sorry to hear you are lonesome.

RIGHTO.—Is it horsepower or horse-sense you wish me to define? I'm sure you have plenty of the latter. The former you compute by this rule: the average power of a horse is sufficient to raise about 33,000 lbs. one foot, in vertical height, per minute. Thus, an engine is said to be of 100 horsepower (h. p.) when it has a lifting capacity equivalent to 3,300,000 lbs., one foot high, per minute. Yes, Charlie Chaplin has great drawing capacity as to audience, and lifting power as to salary. His horsepower rating is raised to the *n*th power.

D. JACK.—Warren Kerrigan with his own company, called Paralta. Thanks for them kind woids.



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B. V. D.—Sounds rather cool. Frank Morgan was Haskell in "The Girl Philippa." George Fisher was Arnold in "The Gentle Intruder." No, I am far from knowing it all. *Nec scire fas est omnia.*

CATHERINE K.—You refer to Jewel Carmen and Ethelmary Oakland.

A FLYING BLUENOSE.—Even at twelve cents a quart, I must have my buttermilk. They pay fourteen cents a quart for milk. See above. Donald Hall was the brother in "Hesper of the Mountains." I enjoyed yours very much.

MRS. E. A. C., SALT LAKE.—I dont know how many people have written me that they have shaken hands with Warren Kerrigan, but it must be over a billion. Some went so far as to shake hands with him three times. I never saw any one shake hands with so many people, except Billy Sunday at the Tabernacle.

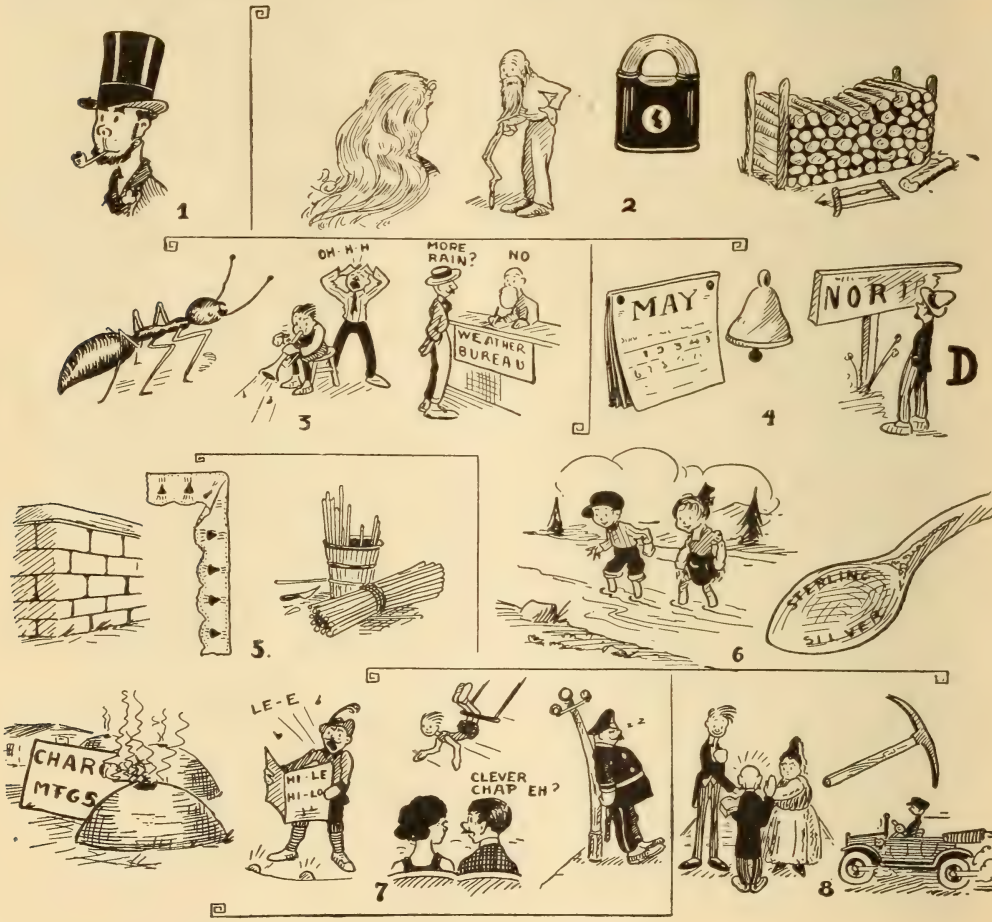
JOHANAS T.—Please send a shock absorber with your next if it's anything like your last. I vum! You'd be willing to be choked like Rube Miller in "Taylor's Trimmings," if Lillian Hamilton did it. She was only taking his measure. Did you overlook the tape-line around his neck?

APE, 99.—Hire a hall, O mighty philosopher and wit! I am no fish, but you may drop me a line once in a while, if you dont write a book each time. You have already covered that field. Mary Fuller played in "The Public Be Damned!" Sorry you feel the way you do; but cheer up, the best is yet to come.

CARESSA V.—I doubt if you will ever see Suzette Booth in pictures now. Yes, Bryant Washburn is playing in the Skinner plays. His last was "Skinner's Bubble." Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman in "The Ne'er-Do-Well."

POPULAR PLAYERS PUZZLE

Here are fourteen pictures, or groups of pictures, each representing the name of a well-known player. For the best correct answers we will award five suitable prizes. Address Popular Players Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



(Continued on page 142)



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King Baggot	Alice Brady	Bessie Eyton	Viola Dana	Ruth Roland
Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli	Ormi Hawley
Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Edwin August
Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew	Kitty Gordon
Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
Lucille Lee Stewart	Pauline Frederick	Mae Busch	Mollie King	Anita King
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Enclosed please find $..... for which send me a year's subscription to the { Motion Picture Magazine / Motion Picture Classic } and the set of 80 portraits.
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JUST COME.—Have you arrived yet? You ask, if one should meet a star without face powder would one recognize the star. I dont know, I've never tried it. Powder makes beauties of some, and scamps of others.

YANKEE, ROCHESTER.—No, "The Promise" was produced by American and Metro. Your letter was very interesting.

MR. H.—I dont know why we dont see more of Earle Williams. He hasn't been in to see us for some time. Yes, Lillian Russell has been trying to get a good husband. She has had five already.

A. F. BROCK.—You want the joke about the watch? I said I usually get up at seven. If I arose any later my watch would be gone, for it is always going when I get up (a little soft music here, professor). James O'Neill played opposite Violet Mersereau in "Sultan's Gentleman," also in "Little Miss Nobody." Kathryn Williams is with Morosco.

GERDA F.—You're real good to me. In New York in the subways they say "Watcher step"; in the department stores, "Forward, please"; the traffic policeman says "Step lively"; the telephone operator, "You're on a busy wire"; and the Answer Man says "Your ?? have been answered before."

MISS HANAKO SYGRYAMA, SAKARSHI, IZUMINOKUNI, JAPAN, is collecting postal cards and would like to exchange with our readers. I say Miss out of courtesy, but I'm not sure.

MEMPHIS.—I dont want to exhaust my saliva glands licking stamps, so send a stamped, addressed envelope. A stamp is not sufficient. Very sad case. June Elvidge was Edith in "The Page Mystery."

SANDY.—Oh, yes, that was a big mistake. Alice Joyce's baby is called Alice Mary Moore. Your letter was very interesting. You dont have to sit for hours composing a letter to me. As a rule, a woman loves most to be loved; a man to be admired.

PAUL A.—I wish I could help you. Why dont you try to become a salesman? I dont know of anything just now. No, I dont need an assistant.

EDITH O.—William Hart and Marguerite Clark are your favorites. Clara Williams opposite William Hart in "The Bargain."

WILLIAM FARNUM FAN.—I dont know why more isn't said about Charles Clary. I never knocked Theda Bara. The very idea!—who said I did?

MOVIE FAN.—Frank Losee was the father in "The Valentine Girl." Mae Murray and Tom Moore had the leads in "The Primrose Ring." Your questions were apropos.

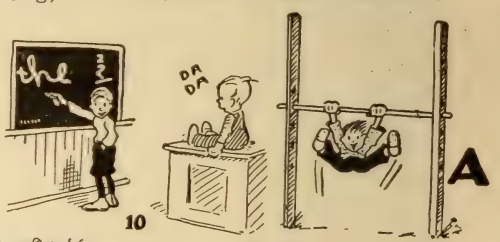
PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—I know, but every parting is a form of death, as every reunion is a type of heaven. I didn't see Earle Williams and Corinne Griffith in that play.

MARY PICKFORD ADMIRER.—You say you love Mary Pickford. Are you sure? Women go further in love than most men, but men go further in friendship than most women. Bobby Connelly is playing in a serial now.

H. W. B.—The annual reports of chewing-gum show that we average about 7,000,000 pounds, altho in 1913 the average reached nearly 14,000,000. Thus, it is estimated that $13,000,000 are chewed up annually. If not chewing gum, most people are chewing the rag; but the former is more healthful.



9



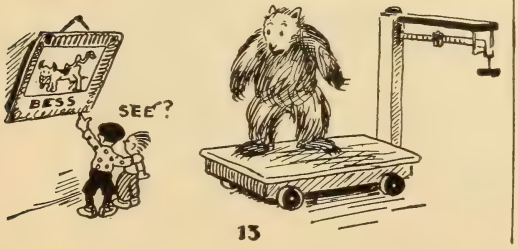
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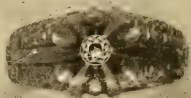
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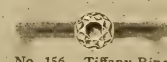
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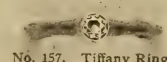
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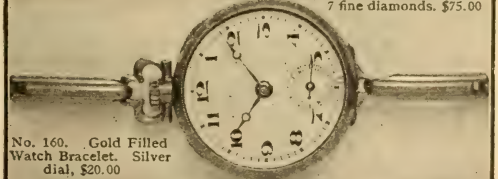
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PAUL WILLIS ADMIRER.—Why, yes, he—Paul Willis of course—was born in Chicago, April 9th, 1901. He played with Kalem first. James Morrison was with Ivan last.

ROSE K.—Thanks for yours. I'll tell you how it was—Jack Robinson was noted for his shortness of visits; the servant had scarcely time to repeat his name, before he would leave. Just seeing Margarita Fischer's startling bathing-suit in "Miss Jackie of the Navy," you thought worth the price of admission? Even the waves boomed? "Well, I'll be dashed! Go and see her in her white-and-silver costume of "The Butterfly Girl." You'll forget the other.

THOMAS E. M.—Yes, it's pretty warm for our dog, too. Old dog Tray's ever faithful, they say. But the dog that is faithful can never be-tray. Why dont you put your questions at the top of the letter and then go on and say what you have to say.

AN ARMY MOVIE FAN.—Margaret Thompson was Muriel in "Back of the Man." You should eat whole-wheat bread, and if you are fat eat glutten bread, and if you are thin eat white bread.

ORIENTAL FIREFLY.—Say, did you ever cheer up a troubled one? You know you can do it if you try. Claire Whitney was Barbara in "East Lynne." Kittens Reichert was the child in "The Scarlet Letter." Be nice next time.

JUST ANN.—You're right, Ann, and you're just Ann. Actions speak louder than words, but most women like to hear us say it. Violet Mersereau is with Universal. It seems that you are quite interested.

MISS ANNA BOEDIGER, 352 E. 82D ST., N. Y.—Would be glad to answer any questions relative to little Charlie Jackson who played in "The Rail Riders," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Lincoln Cycle." Thank you.

PETER PAN, THE MOVIE FAN.—Right, a blue stocking never exhibits it. You want a page devoted to the photoplay releases. Why not get in touch with some company?

PEARL WHITE AND RALPH K. ADMIRER.—Ralph Kellard has gone back to the stage. Marguerite Courtot played opposite Tom Moore in "The Kiss." The Editor is going to print every writer's picture soon but mine. Poor me! Oh, that I were handsome!

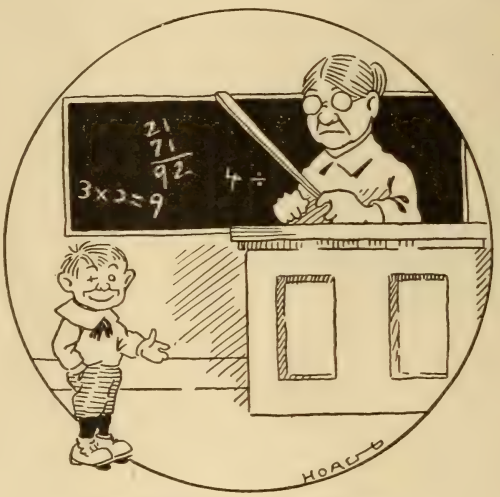
LOLITA WHITE.—At the present time, Robert Warwick can be reached at Pathé Studio, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J.

CYRIL B.—Your joke was a good one, but a little rusty with age.

MARION J. C.—It seems that Blanche Sweet is with Lasky, however. I dont know when Rose Tapley is coming back to us. She is still traveling. What contributors do you mean? Doris Grey was with Thanhouser last. William Desmond was born in Dublin, Ireland, but came to New York when about a year old. He has black hair and Irish-blue eyes, is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs 170 pounds. He was on the stage eight years before joining the movies.

HELEN I.—Well, we sell still pictures that have appeared in our magazines, from twenty-five cents up. All the friends of Francis Bushman who wish to join the Bushman Club, please write to Mrs. Alice Allen, 3011 Abell Ave., Baltimore, Md.

YVETTE B.—So Eugene O'Brien is the man you now adore. Good for you! Next!



TEACHER AND WILLIE

TEACHER—Name a great classic.
WILLIE—Motion Picture Classic.

CREIGHTON HALE FOLLOWERS.—Oh yes, I have seen the obelisk which is in Central Park, N. Y. City. It was brought from Egypt and erected in 1881. It is granite, weighs 200 tons and is seventy feet long. Why, the Frank Powell Company produced "Charity."

CARL J., JAMESTOWN.—Margarita Fischer's principal hobby is collecting Indian pottery and rugs. She has accumulated a wonderfully rare and interesting collection. So you say Mark Twain said that "A classic is something which everybody praises and nobody reads." Oh, but Mark Twain surely never saw our Classic.

DREAMER.—You say you keep a picture of Thomas Chatterton in your Bible, and then you study it hard. What, the picture or the Bible? You say you are only fifteen, but where are you getting these quotations from? You say love makes a woman insanely happy one-tenth of the time and perfectly miserable nine-tenths of it. He who doesn't love doesn't live.

JEAN DULUTH.—William Hinckly was with Mutual last. You say Ormi Hawley is traveling with one of her pictures. I haven't the present address of Carl Brickett.

W. H.—No, we wont carry "Her Secret." We try to have the stories appear in our magazines at the same time the films are shown at the theaters. The ascent of the ladder of fame may be difficult, but we never notice the splinters until we begin to slide down again.

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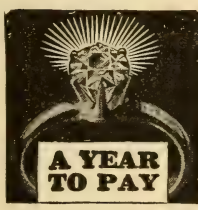


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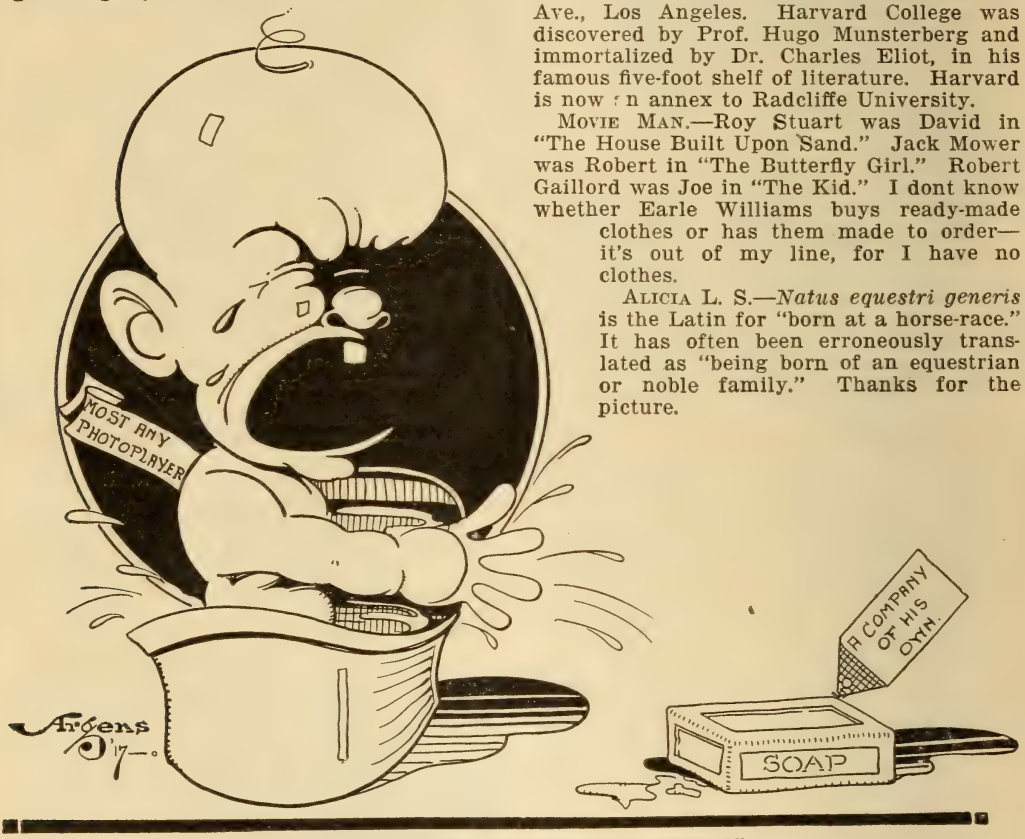


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MARGUERITE J.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for either a list of film manufacturer addresses, or a list of the correspondence clubs, or a list of manufacturers of cameras and projection machines. Marjorie Rambeau is the author of some clever verses.

LENA L.—Raymond Hitchcock calls the roll of his stars out on the stage before the play opens in "Hitchy-Koo." Caruso was born in Italy, in 1880; Emma Calve in France; Oscar Hammerstein in Berlin; Maurice Maeterlinck in Belgium; Julia Marlowe in England; Sarah Bernhardt in Paris; and Alla Nazimova in Russia. I was glad to get your letter.



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(From a well-known advertisement)

MISS BALTIMORE.—To settle an argument you want me to tell you whether Anna Luther is a Jewess. Please dont ask religious questions. Lottie Pickford with Lasky. I do think that Billy Sunday looks more like a prize-fighter than a philosopher. You have to know the person very well before you could say something to her. I would advise you not to say it, but have her brother.

GERTRUDE A.—Sorry you weren't answered before. Widows rush in where maidens fear to tread. Dont believe all you see. My birthday does not fall on either April 1st or March 17th. Try again, you have 363 other guesses.

HEALTH OFFICER.—Jack Dean and Fannie Ward in "The School for Husbands." Would I believe that you saw people swarming like bees to a clover field to see Robert Warwick in the great detective play "The Argyle Case"? Sure—got to—I was one of the swarm. Thrice glad to receive your breezy note. Longevity to your wit! Encore!

BERNADINE.—Rhea Mitchell was Daisy in "Tools of Providence." I received a cozy little letter from her the other day telling me she was with Paralta at 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. Harvard College was discovered by Prof. Hugo Munsterberg and immortalized by Dr. Charles Eliot, in his famous five-foot shelf of literature. Harvard is now an annex to Radcliffe University.

MOVIE MAN.—Roy Stuart was David in "The House Built Upon Sand." Jack Mower was Robert in "The Butterfly Girl." Robert Gaillord was Joe in "The Kid." I dont know whether Earle Williams buys ready-made clothes or has them made to order—it's out of my line, for I have no clothes.

ALICIA L. S.—*Natus equestri generis* is the Latin for "born at a horse-race." It has often been erroneously translated as "being born of an equestrian or noble family." Thanks for the picture.

AMERICAN GIRL.—Your letter was mighty interesting. Let me hear from you again. An actor who can assume any of the minor rôles in emergency is called the utility man.

J. T. H., DETROIT.—I advise you to get a copy of "Pictorial Photography—Its Principles and Practice," by Paul Q. Anderson, E.E., published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Washington Square, Philadelphia, $2.50 net. It is the latest and best book on the subject, with 302 pages, 21 halftone illustrations and 38 line cuts. It ably covers every branch of photography, even Motion Picture photography.

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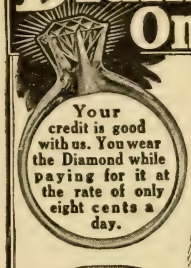
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TOPSY.—Yes, Fred Church is with Universal. There are all kinds of blues: robin's egg, ciel, electric, hydrangea blue, turquoise, peacock; darker—copenhagen, delft, Yale, cerulean, pigeon, sapphire, ultramarine, navy, and a form of Monday blue.

CROSS EYES LIZ.—Dont have to call my department squirrel-food. Naomi Childers is with Art Dramas. "Lives of great men oft remind us we can make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time." Quite right. We, too, could perform this feat if we had a pair of Charlie C's size. Hands up! Not guilty—only echoed what you said.

CHESTER K.—If you write direct to Pathé they may send you a synopsis.

LANGFORD ADMIRER.—Hoot mon! Mary Pickford and Matt Moore in "The Pride of the Clan." Robert McKim was Carlos in "The Dark Road." Edward Langford has gone to war. We have never had a picture of him. Blue blood is all right if you have plenty of money, but if you have to dig in, red blood is better.

JOHN E. O.—Indeed. Not Baby Osborne, but Zoe Du Rae in "Glorianna." Mary Pickford is with Artcraft. Ink is a great thing if used rightly—the colored slave that waits on thought. I spilt a bottle of it on my carpet—which adds to the adornment of my room.

CERVILLE DUNN.—You were right. The printer stole one thousand dollars out of my copy. It should have read one hundred thousand dollars.

ARNOLD H., CLEVELAND.—You can reach Doris Pawn by addressing her care of Fox. She was born in Nebraska. Thanks for fee.

MARGARETTE K. T.—So shredded wheat is your favorite. Our Editor and Doc Limerick eat it every day for luncheon and thrive on it. Yes, but that marriage lasted only a month. Short, but sweet. Where's that cake recipe?

DOT.—So you resemble Ann Pennington, do you? Do that. All right—I will attend to that interview.

C. LILLIE H., CHARLESTON.—I have forwarded the letter to Radcliffe Fellows. I cant understand why Mr. Bushman neglected you after you sent the postage unless the letter went astray. Why dont you write him at Bushmanor, Md.?



A CASE OF THE CAMERA LEADING

CHIEF OFFICER—This fourteen-yard advance certainly gives our men credit.
FIRST LIEUTENANT—But, Cap, we're not the only ones that deserve praise!
CHIEF OFFICER—Well, who else is included in this "push" to victory?
FIRST LIEUTENANT—Those two movie-makers who have been ahead of us by twenty-six yards, taking a picture of how we made the gain!

November Motion Picture Magazine—A Fireside Feast

The Indoor Call of the Shaded Light Sharpens the Eye for a Wealth of Reading

WITH shorter days and longer nights, with winds that cut and croon, there comes the call of the reading-lamp—'tis sheen of the sun's high noon. "Something to hold us at home" is the inner prayer of many a wanderer in search of that will-o'-the-wisp, pleasure. "A shady nook, a jug of wine and thou" is all right for the good old summer-time, but with October a lighted nook, a sip of cider and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is mightily much better. Slippers and bright eyes will be the boon companions of the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Its reading is the finest of indoor sports. For instance, there are—

"Captain Sunlight"—The opening chapters of a new novel by the distinguished author and romanticist, Cyrus Townsend Brady. The story rights of "Captain Sunlight" are the exclusive property of the Magazine, and its film adaptation has been sold to the Vitagraph Company. Teeming with all the good things that make romance wholesome, "Captain Sunlight" is an epic of the Great West—its open loves and deep passions, its rides and its rescues. You will love "Captain Sunlight" the moment you face him on the open page and the open range.

"Her Health Is Her Fortune"—Maude Brooke tells how Marguerite Clark keeps her sprightly little figure in fighting trim and pictures her in her private gymnasium doing all sorts of body-building stunts.

"The Lannigans and Brannigans"—Mr. James G. Gable has never been funnier with his pair of "gabby" Irish housewives and their screaming adventures with the town Board of Censors.

"Morality of the Motion Picture World"—The city of Portland, Oregon, believed that Los Angeles, thru Motion Picture contamination, was vice-ridden. Professor Wm. J. Harrington was appointed a committee to investigate studio conditions. What he did in Los Angeles, what he saw, the men and women he investigated is set forth in a most interesting and truthful manner, illustrated with pictures of the various Los Angeles studios and stars.

"Philanthropic Fay"—The inimitable Peter Wade discloses how Fay Tincher scatters cheer wherever she goes.

"Speakin' o' Lasky"—Roberta Courtland has just made a sight-seeing tour of the Lasky Studio in Los Angeles and has collected all sorts of intimate pictures of the Lasky stars at work. A graphic and convincing story of workaday life under the overhead lights.

"The Ten Commandments of the Body Beautiful"—Parker R. Tyler, of New York City, a few years ago was a physical wreck—he was the hopeless patient of many doctors and physical culturists. At last he took his case into his own hands and built up a system of physical exercise that today has made him as strong as Bushman or the Farnums. Mr. Tyler offered to write his experiences and explain his exercises to us, and when the advance copy was read by athletic little Shirley Mason, she offered to pose each exercise for us. The result is an extraordinary feature article of great physical benefit to all our readers.

A Bookful of Other Good Things—It's too early to announce the half of the November Magazine feature articles, as many of them carry up-to-date news value. They can be written only as the Magazine goes to press. At least a dozen strong feature articles—chats, personality stories, home and fireside talks with favorite players—will insist on keeping the reading-lamp burning late. "Captain Sunlight," by Cyrus Townsend Brady, will have lusty rivals in other clever short stories by our noted staff of writers.

Dont forget our regular departments—Greenroom Jottings, The Movie Gossip-Shop, Answer Man, Photoplay Reviews, Letters to the Editor, Limericks, Patter from the Pacific, How Players Got Their Names—none of which will be discontinued. **Order your copies from the newsdealer now. The November Magazine issue always means a big jump in our circulation.**

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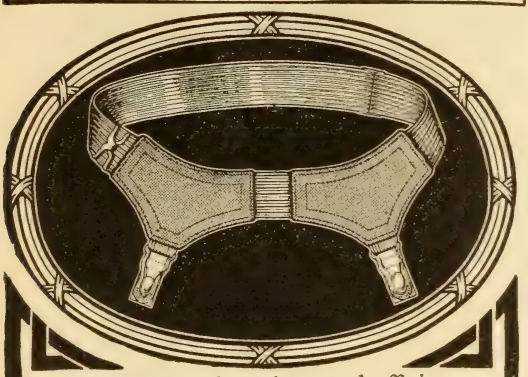
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THE ANSWER MAN

OLGA.—The lady above wants to know if you are peeved at me?

R. E. A. KERRIGAN FAN.—Thanks for the fee. I thought your verses very good, but of course I am no judge of poetry. However, your dream of Warren Kerrigan was real exciting.

ELIZABETH T., SEWARD.—You say you dont think Theda Bara could act "innocent." You're wrong—'deed she can. Marshall Neilan is with Lasky, directing. You better not! Talk is cheap except when it is over the long-distance telephone.

GUSSIE J.—No, I dont agree with you. Suspenders are more secure than a belt. Yes, I wear a belt, but there is no danger. That "handsome leading-man" is Edward Langford. Hal August was with Universal last. You can reach Irving Cummings at the Superlative Co. Yes, Carlyle Blackwell is in New York. The verse was good, but note what I say above about my opinion. This is where you transfer.

THEDA BARA ADMIRER.—I'm sorry indeed. Have handed your letter to the Editor. A good heart is better than all the heads in the world.

ULSTER GIRL.—That player was not cast in the Universal. Herbert Hayes and Stuart Holmes in "Under Two Flags." Thanks for telling me how to make that pillow, but I can never make it. Yes, but without laughter the pools of life would become stagnant, cares would be too much for us, the heart would corrode and life would be all *basso-rilievo* and no *alto*.

ALL STAR FAN.—I'm with you. I dont think June Caprice has joined the Red Cross in person. Ruth Roland and Roland Bottomley in "The Neglected Wife." Thanks for the soda that I got with your fee. I like chocolate sodas best—anything with chocolate in it.

FRANK S., SANDUSKY.—James Otis, Jr., the famous American statesman, who was the leading spirit in arousing the people to a defense of their liberties by saying "Taxation without representation is tyranny," died in his fifty-eighth year at Andover, Mass., May 23, 1783. Lenore Harris was Anne in "The Iron Heart." Thank you.

LOTTIE D. T.—Well, well, well! Barbara Gilroy and Robert Vaughn in "Brothers Equal." Edward Warren Company is where you will find Harry Benham. Yes, I remember those old pictures well.

ADA M.—The sparkling verse beginning "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" in the September Magazine was incorrectly credited to Ada Manning, 2237 84th St., Brooklyn. Its real perpetrator is Josephine Johnson, 1023 St. Peter St., Richmond, Va.—our mistake and here's our apology.

MARGARET K. T.—You here? I dont know where Maurice Costello is, but Walter Miller was with Art Dramas last. Haven't heard of any of his pictures. Of course not—you just ask all the questions you like, and I'm here to answer them, if I can.

THE ANSWER MAN

HELEN C.—Now, now, stop your flattering. Your writing is illegible. My commandments—1st to 10th—Thou shalt not rubber—lest thou get a crick in thy neck.

L. E. P.—Another thing is that the telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic. You had better stay in America. Why dont you write that company?

AMRON E., BROOKLYN.—Norma Talmadge's summer home is at Beechwood, L. I. That voice machine was tried out about six years ago, but failed. Edison tried it. I have never heard of Mr. Kraus being connected with Fox. Helen Holmes has just purchased a perambulator for her little daughter, designed in the form of a small engine.

OHIO GIRL.—Your first letter—welcome indeed. E. Forrest Taylor was with Kalem last. Of course, I will always be your friend. Why, the side-hill gopher was first discovered in Kankakee, Ill. Its two left legs are several inches shorter than its right legs, because it always runs around a hill in the same direction, and Nature has provided this means of keeping it upright.

BEVERLY.—Marrying a man to save him is just as easy as drowning a fish. You cant expect a player to sit down and write you a long letter, can you? Keep at it. Genius consists more of perspiration than inspiration. There's plenty of room at the top, but they wont reserve it for you.

I. E. S., WATERLOO.—Some town, all right. Better meet a bill today than a bill collector tomorrow. So far, May Allison hasn't joined another company.

ELIAL G.—Our divorce laws are the most tangled in the world. Traveling from State to State you may be made ward, wife, or widow, according to local laws. Wallace Reid's last play was "Big Timber." Society welcomes only those who amuse or flatter.

AGATHA I.—But you dont send your address, so how can I send you a list?

ELIZABETH A. R.—Thanks for your sister's wedding invitation. It is better to love today than tomorrow. A pleasure postponed is a pleasure lost. Rumor has it that Bessie Barriscale has just married Norman Kaiser, her leading-man in "Rose of Paradise" (Paralta). Ask me no more.

LOTTIE D. T.—Dont grieve for what you have not, but rejoice in what you have. Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are playing together. No, Edwin August is not with World—he has his own company. No, I never hear from Hillybill, Desperate Desmond, Naomi of St. Louis, Doe-Doe, and Krazy Kat.

HARVE, STAFFORD.—Plato was a Greek philosopher; disciple of Socrates; held that the human soul has always existed, and that an idea is an eternal thought of the divine mind. Emerson says, "Plato is philosophy, and philosophy is Plato." Your letter was certainly a peculiar one. I should like to hear more about you.

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THE ANSWER MAN

ULSTER GIRL.—I think Blanche Sweet is with Lasky. Robert Harron opposite Mae Marsh in "Child of the Paris Street." Mahlon Hamilton and Perry Banks in "Faith." Vernon Steele in "Little Lady Eileen." Hal Ford in "Mayblossom." Alan Hale in "The Woman in the Case." Yes, Clara K. Young was with Vitagraph about four years ago. Let me hear from you again.

ANTONY K.—I'm sure I cant help you. Put yourself in his place; get into his atmosphere; borrow his eyes and ears and see if you would not act as he did. Louise Orth and Boyd Marshall are playing in the Manhattan Stock Company.

ELSIE M.—Friday the 13th is a lucky day indeed. No, G. M. Anderson is in the theatrical business now, but I understand he is to make pictures again. Yes, Arthur Johnson is dead.

EDGAR J. F.—Of course I want to hear from England. Anywhere. I have passed your letter to the Editor, and if anything materializes you will hear from him. Central Park is in New York City and has 863 acres.

RUSSELL W.—Billie Rhodes is with Christie Co. and Muriel Ostriche with World. So it was love *à prima vista.*

HELEN R. M.—Since this is your first letter I will have to be particularly kind to you and not say a cross word. Yes, there is a butterfly exchange now. Jack Mulhall and Fritzi Ridgeway have the leads.

LENA L.—*Charmante.* Yes, it is a bit hard to live on eight "simoleons" a week, but I do it and eat three days a week. Oh, no, I am far from "knowledge personified." Thanks for the typewritten bunnies.

JAMES F. R.—I have passed your mighty clever letter along to the Editor.

VIOLA.—You say having once made the acquaintance of the Answer Man it is impossible to stay away. Thanks. You cant make me mad by saying those things. And you have cast your affections upon Elmer Clifton now. I never noticed his "Cupid bow" mouth. You also want to know whether House Peters will name his son Cottage Peters?

LITTLE JUNE.—Was mighty glad to hear from you again, but you should not ask questions on the same sheet of paper that you write to another department or some day you will get left. I would advise you to write direct to Selig, 58 Washington Ave., Chicago, Ill.

PEGGY MOORE.—Mary Anderson does some lively stunts in Vitagraph's "A Bit of Wire." She doesn't mind—eats 'em up, not the wire but stunts. Read what happened to her in our "Stories That Are True." Glad to know of your little Band of Mercy Club. Here's good news for you: In Cape Town, South Africa, the carrying of live poultry by the legs is a criminal offense, punishable by a fine not exceeding five dollars or imprisonment for one month. You think I am a young, handsome Answer Man? Rave on! Your letter was very neat indeed.

THE ANSWER MAN

JOHN S., WINNIPEG.—Glad to get your picture, John. Yes, that's true, I need a car. The only one I use now is the Fulton St. car. Sure, stop in.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Well, well, well, the prodigal daughter has returned! Welcome forevermore. Now you confess that you love Antonio Moreno and Wallace Reid. What happened to Crane Wilbur? You just bet I like you, Flossie. You can reach him at the World. No, I am not Mr. Brewster. Wouldn't you like to know who I am? You had the whole world guessing who *you* were a few years ago, but I knew that you were only you and the only Flossie C. P.

MARGARET C.—Many a girl has lost a good friend by marrying him. I have passed yours along to the Editor for decision.

L. W. H.—No, I dont happen to know Miss Hummel. Violet Reed was the flame of Wendham Standing, in "The Soul of a Magdalene." Pat O'Malley was the corporal in "Law of the North." That was Anita King and Thomas Meighan in "The Heir to the Hoorah." Starboard is the right, and port is the left side of a vessel. Stern the hinder part, bow the fore part.

THU JAYS.—That's the idea. I'm on that wager with you. As a rule I dont believe in gambling, but just this once. In the Arctic region a man who wants a divorce leaves home in anger and does not return for several days. The wife takes the hint and departs. Wouldn't that be fine here? Rather rough on the wife, tho, and there would be enough undone married men around to start an army.

E. J. D.—Thanks for the fee. Everything is going up, even Charlie Chaplin's salary. Anna Luther is with Kay-Bee just now. Pauline Frederick can be reached at the Famous Players Studio, N. Y. City. I would like to come very much.

VELMA E. A.—Missouri ranks first in mules; Michigan, first in copper, lumber and salt; Delaware, very high in peaches; Connecticut, first in clocks; and Colorado, first in silver. Read all about submarines in last month's Magazine.

ESTHER A.—Surely I belong to the Scroll Club. You send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers, and then you can write to your favorites direct to the studio. Ruth Roland is your favorite?

LORIE OF LAKEWOOD.—I thank you. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. My waste-basket doesn't happen to be wicker, it is galvanized—it stands the strain better. Marguerite Courtot played in "France Feature Co." Winifred Allen in "The Man Who Made Good." Let me hear from you again. I never *tire*, but my patience sometimes gets punctured, but not when they write like you do.

FORD SHIELDS ADMIRER.—You really want an interview with Francis Ford? Look up June 1915 Magazine. A good motto is "Give neither counsel nor salt till you are asked for it."



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THE ANSWER MAN

SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Olga Petrova isn't playing just at the present time. You can point to prosperous exceptions, but it pays in the long run to travel in the straight and narrow way. According to the Good Book, this means everlasting bliss, while the other course means everlasting blister.

PET O' THE RING, N. Z.—You had better join one of the correspondence clubs. Herbert Rawlinson is still with Universal.

INCOGNITO.—Yes, but as I have said before, cracking a bottle of champagne over the nose of a launching battleship is about the best use that stuff could be put to. You bet I like a real man, and not an effeminate one.

ROSY LIPS.—No, I seldom get a headache. I am afraid there isn't a chance in the world for you.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Thanks for yours. Mme. D'Juria was Mme. D'Arcourt in "The Inner Shrine." Didn't see it, but read the book. Yes, Jewel Carmen is with Fox.

CUPID.—Well, I am glad to see you back again. Yes, only in New York State did they all have to register. I am still fighting away in the trenches. This sort of work is play for me, so I do not need pity.

CANADIAN COUSIN.—Thanks for yours.

ELIZABETH P.—Dont know where Douglas Fairbanks spent his vacation. Probably in California. Clara K. Young's new company is called the C. K. Y. Co. She will play in New York until she finishes her first self-made picture and then she will go to Porto Rico and California, where she will produce eight pictures a year for four years, to be released thru the Adolph Zukor exchange.

LUELLA 16.—William Farnum was on the inside cover of the June 1917 Classic, and June Caprice on the September Classic cover. I have given up wearing suspenders during the hot weather. All the elastic snap has departed hence.

SUSAN S.—You say "I think nobody but yourself knows whether you are a gentleman or a lady, am I right?" I am not sure about my being a gentleman, but I know that I am not a lady, and all my readers ought to know that.

WINNIE K., AUSTRALIA.—George Probert opposite Pearl White in "A King's Game." William Russell played in "Pride and the Man" (Mutual), Francelia Billington opposite him.

BUNBURY.—Here you are. Dont talk! On August 1st it was 105 degrees in my office and at noon the Editor told us to pack up and leave for the day. But I would much rather live in Brooklyn than in vain.

FAY P.—Crane Wilbur will play in "Eye of Envy" for Horsley Art Dramas. No, but we dont understand the Russians, so it's wrong to criticise them. There are twenty-seven distinct nationalities in the Russian Empire, with as many languages and dialects, so it's pretty hard for them to understand one another.

THE ANSWER MAN

SADIE, 16.—Why, yes, Forrest Stanley was Orlando in "The Code of Marcia Gray." Carlyle Blackwell was with World last. Sometimes I mix my own smoking mixture; sometimes I buy Arcadia; but I always smoke the pipe of peace. You know Barrie says, "There are two kinds of tobacco, Arcadia and all others." Oh, I'm glad you believe what I say. Lots of people dont.

MRS. D. W. T.—Daniel Webster was an American lawyer, orator and statesman—"The expounder of the Constitution." Born in New Hampshire. So you dont like Wallace Reid with a beard or make-up on. Did you know that Charles Chaplin makes beautiful statuettes out of chewing gum; at least, that's the report.

ADA H.—Grace Cunard is with Universal, Los Angeles, Cal.; Billie Rhodes with Mutual, Los Angeles, Cal.; and Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, N. Y. City. You should send your general questions direct to this department and not to the Henry A. Phillips department. He's got all he can do.

M. H., MT. MORGAN.—The statement that the girls in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE employ wear red-silk knickers and do a fire-drill every day, and that I am a fire-marshal, is not true. Altho I am not saying that in such a case I wouldn't mind being a volunteer fireman. I was glad to hear from you and I hope you dont let the goats get hold of our Magazine. They would be quite interested.

ONE MILE, AUSTRALIA.—Photoplay writing by the masses seems to have died out. A lot of people are convinced that it takes more than a pencil and paper to write a photoplay. Yes, beauty is a very handy thing to have, but a pleasing personality is more so.

LITTLE JANE.—My advice would be, when in doubt tell the truth. I have no record of "The Five Franc Piece." Write to Selig. Your verse was splendid—sorry I cant print it.

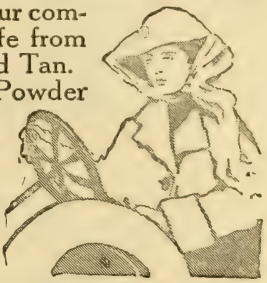
CANADIAN COUSIN.—Alma Reubens opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Americano." Have passed your verse up above. Charles Ray has gone with Thomas Ince to the new Ince studios.

MAE MARSH ADMIRER.—Naturally Ruth Stonehouse wants to be with her husband. She has joined the Triangle studio where he is a staff member. You refer to Jules Cowles as Asbicott in "The Girl Philippa."

FLORENCE K.—You must put your name and address in the letters. Scarcely know which of the many romances of the '76 period to recommend. Lillian Walker and Donald Cameron in Vitagraph's "Kitty MacKay," and Peggy Hyland and Antonio Moreno in "Rose of the South," are both quaintly picturesque dramas of olden days. The fifteenth wedding anniversary is crystal. Eva Tanguay is taking Clara K. Young's place with Selznick. Hazel Dawn is playing for Selznick.

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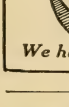
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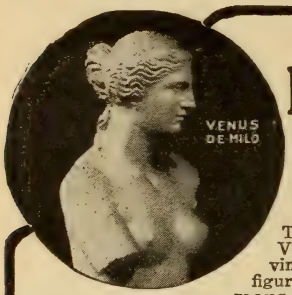


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AIA

THE ANSWER MAN

ADDIE W.—Gail Kane, in "The Red Woman" was directed by Mason Hopper. Yes, I often wear slippers during office hours, but I am continually losing them. Sometimes I shed one on the stairs and sometimes they get lost in the gloom of discarded letters under my desk. Now I have nailed them against the wall so I cant lose them, and my feet fit in them right handily there.

BETH M. J.—You cant prove anything by me. You are either your own best friend or your worst enemy. Of course you knew the difference between Mary Miles Minter and June Caprice, but there's no need to be bitter because you know you are right. Perhaps your friend doesn't go to the movies so often as you do. Forgive her this time. Last I heard of Gene Gauntier she was about to start another company.

PAUL J. D.—I guess you're right, but the world is not what we find it, but what we make it. That ex-pugilist is not cast. Bull Montana was the pal in "In Again, Out Again."

PEACEMAKER.—Yes, we come out on the first. The Poet's Corner is a corner in Westminister Abbey where poets are buried. The poetical column of a newspaper is also called the poet's corner.

LYDIA S.—No, I dont tell everything I know. I was up to Rye last week. I feel terribly sorry for you, and if there is anything I can do to make you happy, let me know.

DONALD J. Y.—We pay no attention to anonymous letters or anonymous information about the players. There is usually dynamite contained in verbal sticks of this kind. William S. Hart is appearing under the Lasky banner. Thanks for yours.

MRS. C. H. C.—Henry King is with American now. Roscoe Arbuckle claims that blue is his favorite color and says it stimulates his humor. His dressing-room is done in blue. Blue is for little boys, I believe. No jokes on the blues, now.

GEORGE G. G., SAN ANTONIO.—William Russell's next picture will be "The Sands of Sacrifice." He married Charlotte Burton.

DOROTHY L.—You believe what I say. Wheeler Oakman has joined the Fox Company. A Persian wise man once said, "I never saw any one who got lost upon a straight road." You are certainly on the right road when you save your buffalo nickels and spend your dimes and evenings at some wholesome, instructive, entertaining picture show.

MOVIE FAN.—Madeline Travers was the mother in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, but educated in the upper part of New York. She is five feet four inches tall, has blue eyes, brown hair, and weighs 130 pounds.

ONION QUEEN.—James Neill and Mabel Van Buren in "The Circus Man." Rudolph Cameron in "Clover's Rebellion." Eugenie Forde in "Lying Lips." Florence Dagmar in "The Clown."

THE ANSWER MAN

RAYMOND.—You're not the only one who would like to start as an extra.

NANNIE.—Eddie Polo is back with Universal. He is an Italian by birth, and is an accomplished acrobat, and was associated with the Barnum & Bailey Circus for seventeen years. Sessue Hayakawa and Lehua Waipahua (Margaret Loomis) in "The Bottle Imp."

C. A. M. S.—Mary Pickford and Elliott Dexter. Florence Reed and William Shay in "The Eternal Sin." Yes, there is an Elmer Clifton. *E pluribus unum* is the Latin motto of the U. S.—meaning, Out of many, one.

MRS. R. T. PHILLIPSBURG.—*Chapeaux bas!*

L. A. N. TEMPLER; GLADYS E.; FLORENCE W.; GEORGE T.; R. R.; UP-TO-DATE OLD LADY; WILLIAM C. S.; EVELYN G. W.; KATHARINE G.; MAE B.—Your questions have been answered before and I was glad to hear from you.

PLATO, BOSTON.—You will be glad to learn that Audrey Berry has just recovered from an attack of typhoid fever. She is now open to engagements and she will be glad to hear from her friends. I will be glad to forward any letter to her.

MARGARET B. J.; J. E., CHICAGO, ILL.; J. S., NEW YORK; H. E., WINNIPEG, MAN.; SNAPSHOT; J. P. H., PHILADELPHIA; J. P., NEW YORK CITY; O. B., VANDALIA, OHIO; MISS ATLANTIC CITY; I. B. CURIOUS; "QUESTIONER"; H. S. LANCASTER, PA.; A. M. GOING; R. H., ALABAMA; PEARL OF HARRISON; THEDA BARA ADMIRER; PLUMB-CRAZY; F. M. A. N., LIVERMORE, ME.; FRANKIE M., BUFFALO, N. Y.; L. K.; MARIE B., HOLYOKE, MASS.; MARGUERITE CLAYTON FAN; LAURA F.; LONESOME KID; CALIFORNIA SUE; P. C., MONTREAL; LOUISE D. P. B., ILL.; "AN ADMIRER OF FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN"—Heap much thanks, but I could not find space to answer you all individually.

A MOVIE NUT; GLORIA A. K.; KERRIGAN ADMIRER; A. D. H., CARROLLTON, GA.; SARAH E. J.; JOSÉ O., BROOKLYN; B. M. B.; GLADYS D. K.; MRS. CASTLE ADMIRER; C. WAYNE; JOSEPHINE N., MINNEAPOLIS; THELMA H., SPRINGFIELD; OSKAR K., SHEBOYGAN, WIS.; "BILLY BOUNCE"; "DOLLY DIMPLES," CHATHAM, ONT.; MARIE P.; CORINNE B., TIFFIN, OHIO; LEONE F., SALT LAKE CITY; WILLIAM N., NEW YORK CITY; "GAIL KANE"; SARG L., BOSTON; VIVIAN R., PANKERS LANDING, PA.; ELEANOR L., SAULT ST. MARIE; B. V. D., MARYLAND; W. H. H., HOUSTON, TEXAS; SALLIE BROWN; MATTIE E., HUNTSVILLE, ALA.; "MARY MILES MINTER ADMIRER"; DOT R., ANTWERP, N. Y.; SYLVIA W., CALIFORNIA; GLADYS L.; FLIRT, 1917; "A. C. H."; LOUISE G., NEWARK, N. J.; "PAL"; "FATTY"; ALFRED DORSZEWSKI; R. C. C.; E. W.; GIACOMO L.; JACK N., NEW YORK CITY; P. P. F.; DANA RAMA.—Sorry I could not give you each a paragraph, for you all deserve it. Next time. My blessings and thanks.

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THE ANSWER MAN

CLARA S.—I have three of Luther Burbank's books, but I have no place to plant. Pedro de Cordoba has the lead opposite Elsie Ferguson in "Barbary Sheep" (Artcraft). Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman That God Forgot." Can you picture it?

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the best and most successful comedies of recent years. Full of laughs, with here and there a thrill and even a sob, but delightfully entertaining from start to finish.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Veiller.

Liberty.—"Hitchy-Koo." Raymond Hitchcock and Leon Errol cause gales of laughter in their inimitable revue in two acts. William Rock, Frances White and Grace LaRue share the honors.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1917." Annual revue in two acts and twenty-one scenes. A veritable circus in which something is sure to please every one. A burlesque on "The Wanderer" and "The Willow Tree," by De Wolf Hopper and Marie Nordstrom—Mr. Hopper, taking the part of the vampire girl in former, is a big hit.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By DICK MELBOURNE

When Anna Little left the Coast to take up her new work with J. Stuart Blackton, at the Brooklyn studios, she was given a big send-off by her friends. It was "Good-by! Good luck! God bless you!" with many expressions of regret. Anna was very popular with the crowd.

Bessie Love is all settled in her beautiful new home, and ready to dispense hospitality. And it doesn't matter whether Bessie is there or not; the tea, salted almonds and home-made cookies are. So, if you are a friend of Bessie's, or if you aim to become one, drop in any afternoon after five.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

Bessie Barriscale and Warren Kerrigan are a well-matched team and are working together beautifully in their first Paralta picture. Husband Howard Hickman expects to join them later.

Douglas Fairbanks is going to be seen in a brand-new rôle, an effeminate Sabbath school-teacher who goes wrong. Imagine the strenuous "Doug" doing a thing like that! The play is a screen version of Herbert Quick's novel "Double Trouble."

Louise Glaum is building a palatial new home not far from the studios. A much-prized furnishing for this home will be an Egyptian bedroom setting, presented by H. C. Davis, general manager of the Triangle Culver City studio. It was designed by Miss Glaum for a pretentious new play in which she will shortly appear.

Just as a bit of recreation, Jack Pickford and Louise Huff presided at the opening of a new theater in Stockton, Cal. This theater seats twenty-five hundred people, and will run Artcraft and Paramount pictures exclusively.

Kathlyn Williams is religiously resting up from a ten-days vacation spent at the beach. It is noticed that she keeps away from the sun-parlor and out-of-doors generally, and infests only the shaded portions of her home and big porch. Perhaps she is trying to become near-white again, and perhaps she needs that kind of a rest.

For the character of "Devil McCare," the title of his newest Art Dramas feature, Crane Wilbur got out his old Stetson hat. With the return of the Western story the Stetson is again an important part of the wardrobe of almost every male lead, and the new Wilbur picture which marks the introduction of Mr. Wilbur and Juanita Hansen as a co-featured team, is one of Western atmosphere.

William Duncan smashed all directorial precedents and threw into confusion the business offices of the Vitagraph-Hollywood plant by committing the unethical blunder of finishing his productions in less time than had been scheduled for them. There was only one thing to be done about that. A wire was sent East by Studio Manager Smith, asking that the Eastern headquarters hurry out other stories for Duncan.

The Hayakawas—Aoki and Sessue—have a new home at Hollywood, and Margaret Loomis helped to choose it. Miss Loomis, who as Lehua Waipahu was a Ruth St. Denis dancer for two years, has undertaken between Lasky pictures to instruct Miss Aoki in the art of St. Denis dancing. So the wide, secluded lawn, in connection with the new Hayakawa bungalow, is the scene of new activities.

Olive Thomas, the little "Follies" beauty, has recently become an authoress. She collaborated with Director Lynn Reynolds in a Triangle play, in which she will be starred.



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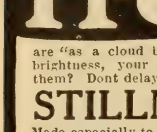
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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

Anna Luther has taken her red hair and her winning smile to the support of Charles Ray with Thomas H. Ince's new company. Miss Luther returns to the screen after an absence of several months.

Stars and supports of the American Film Company are planning a Red Cross theatrical benefit all their own. It will be staged in the Potter Theater, Santa Barbara, the first week in August. The headliners will be Mary Miles Minter, Gail Kane, Juliette Day and William Russell, each of whom is rehearsing a specialty.

Joseph "Baldy" Belmont, who has returned to drama via George Walsh's company at the Fox Studio, after two years of Keystone stuff, is wondering if he is going to be able to stand the monotony of drama. He cant, somehow, get over the feeling when he goes on a set, that he will be butted by a goat from behind, have his toupee snatched off by some irate female, or suffer an unprepared-for mix-up with the furnishings of the set.

Stiles Dickenson undertook a difficult order when he arranged with the Lasky Company to paint the manly portrait of Julian Eltinge. It was Mr. Dickenson's thought that in some fifteen minutes in Mr. Eltinge's dressing-room he might absorb the manly personality of the female impersonator and transfer it to canvas. But his visits to the dressing-room found Mr. Eltinge in feminine lingerie before his dressing-table, transferring his manly features into feminine ones. "It cant be done," exclaimed Mr. Dickenson. So Julian has promised a day off to pose "as is" for the portrait painter.

Winners of Magazine Improvement Contest

We Distribute the Prizes and Thank the Contestants for Their Valuable Up-Building Criticism

In answer to our call for constructive criticism on the make-up, appearance, size, and reading matter of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, a request which we made to our readers in the June issue, and for which we offered $25 in prizes for the twelve best letters of criticism, thousands of our well-wishers have responded. We asked, "What do you think of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE? What department or part of the Magazine do you like least? What new departments or improvements do you suggest? Would you prefer the Magazine printed the same size and shape as the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC?" The answers have varied greatly. It is apparent that taste and distaste, like personality and looks, are different in each human being. But from the sum of all of them resolved into its average, we have found some brand-new angles from which to shoot.

A tabulated record has been kept of every

letter and its writer's preferences analyzed. New ideas, practical and unpractical, have marched in by twos and fours and in serried ranks. The tenor of every letter has been to wish us well. With this encouragement and with the experience gained from such an open "town-meeting" we promise to pass around the plate until every healthy taste has been catered to. It gives us great pleasure to announce the prize-winning letters as follows: First prize, $10.00, to Grace Skelly, Asheville, N. C.; second prize, $5.00, Mabel Brown Sherard, Belton, S. C.

Winners of $1.00 prizes: Mrs. Juliet C. Fullilove, 380 Milleage Ave., Athens, Ga.; Miss Mary Z. Helfant, 64 Lucerne St., Dorchester, Mass.; Katherine K. Kelly, 738 Walnut St., Webster City, Iowa; Eugenie Prout, Beacon Falls, Conn.; Chester W. Cleveland, 223 N. Plumb St., Plymouth, Ind.; Miss Katie Mason, 220 Prince Ave., Athens, Ga.; Gladys L. Falter Mayer, 2923 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Albert A. Aaron, 32 Florence St., Hartford, Conn.; Catherine S. Austin, 3645 Blaisdell Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.; Anthony M. Benedik, 313 Oakland Ave., Greensburg, Pa.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

That fiery orator and wit, Thomas Finnerty, 73 South 2d St., Brooklyn, N. Y., defends himself from attack, pokes harmless fun at "sister contribs" and stirs up a general shindig:

In your August number Miss Curtis Pierce, of Columbus, O., takes her pen in hand and deals me a mighty polthogue (apologies to William P. McLoughlin) for agitating my cerebrum over the age of Miss Mary Miles Minter.

As I explained in the letter referred to, Mary's age is of little moment to me. The whole imbroglio, as we say at Harvard, was the outgrowth of a limerick, the author of which received a first-class "panning" for having the temerity to take Miss Minter's name in vain. The rebuke, which was administered by one of Miss Minter's relatives, was, in my opinion, wholly unmerited, and, feeling that we poets (?) must hang together in order that we dont hang separately, I took it upon myself to enter the fray and vindicate the honor of Poet's Union No. 23, which is now, by the way, agitating for an eight-hour day, with time and a half for overtime. But we digress, as the novelists say.

Miss Pierce says that if I were a woman I would be a cat. I wont gainsay that statement, Curtis, old dear. In fact, I am inclined to believe that your supposition is correct. If I were, I would not want for company, however. My sex aside, I would be a pretty good cat at that—a sort of a Thomas cat.

Miss Pierce says if Miss Minter "really were fourteen she'd be scrawny and undeveloped." Now, I leave it to you, Mr. Editor, is this a fact? Have you ever walked along Fulton Street, say, at lunch hour and "lamped" the key-pounders taking the air? Could you tell the

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Further announcement will appear in the November Number.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.,
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

difference between those of fourteen and those of forty? Why, in these days, you cant tell the difference between a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl and her grandmother. Of course, things may be different in Columbus, O., but I always thought it was a regular town. It must be, or they wouldn't have named Columbus Avenue after it.

And then Miss Pierce picks on poor Francis X. just because he had a temporary attack of dementia and wore a sport-shirt. Can a man never live down his past? Perhaps it was an election bet or something. As for the curly hair, it cant be helped. It's a gift—and so are Christmas cigars.

Next, Miss Pierce throws a moth on Valeska, the "vamp," by saying that Valeska isn't convincing, that she has too much "hicki boola" in her walk, and that she overdoes things generally.

Having studied the vampire in its native haunts, which are Coney Island and the Great White Way, I consider myself an authority. Valeska is the personification of all that a self-respecting vampire should be. A vampire cannot overdo things. The more bold and bad she tries to appear, the better "vamp" she is. Vociferous attire and a "hicki boola" wiggle are necessary adjuncts to the profession, as I discovered while on my zoological tour thru the vampire belt.

Miss Munson's face also comes in for a share of criticism from Miss Pierce, who says it would "stop a street-car." Remember, Curtis, it's the only face she ever had or will have, and besides, tho I didn't see "Purity," I'll bet there were mighty few "close-ups." There's a reason. Quite so, my daughter; I'll agree with you that "not many noticed it." Like the Indians, Audrey and her co-workers must be all "face," or they would have had several cases of pneumonia. As it was, "Purity" was, from all accounts, a bad case of over-exposure, and film footage cut a pretty figure too, to speak the undressed verity.

Well, Curtis dear, the only thing we can agree on is the fact that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is "the best on the market."

Here's hoping to hear the last of Miss Minter's age.

Frank Williams, 1024 W. 34th St., Los Angeles, Cal., hastens to the defense of Charles Chaplin and explains why a "face" does not constitute a "farce":

As a constant reader of your delightful Magazine I feel that I have the privilege of writing you at this time. I do not want you to treat what I write as a criticism of your Magazine or of anything that was printed in it, but merely as a difference of opinion from one of your contributors.

In your July issue, in a short article entitled "Linder versus Chaplin," written by Ivan L. Gaddis, there is a sentence that reads: "Chaplin's screen-face is a blank of stupidity, never altering except for a fleeting smile or a twitch

(*Continued on page* 164)

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(*Continued from page* 162)

of his mustache." Here I want to vary with Mr. Gaddis. The emotion expressed is not stupidity, but an attempt at dignity. Chaplin endeavors to look dignified under all conditions, no matter what happens, and in this, I believe, lies much of the secret of his success as a comedian.

Also, in the article Mr. Gaddis speaks of a basic difference between the comedy of Linder and Chaplin, but there is another difference far greater than the one of which he speaks. It is the difference between the natural and the unnatural comedian. In Linder we have the unnatural comedian, an affected man struggling to be funny, fighting to get his few laughs. Yes, I admit that the people at times laugh at Linder, but then, one must take into consideration that the people want to laugh and that they will laugh if you give them half an excuse. Linder, occasionally, gives them this excuse. On the other hand we have Chaplin, the natural comedian. He is real, he is human and above all he is sincere in everything he does. His laughs are created with no visible effort on his part. 'Tis true he falls, he runs, he skids, and he may be a little rough at times, but there is no effort, it's natural. In Chaplin's pictures he portrays life, with a touch of exaggeration, of course. In the three Linder pictures produced in America there is not a thing that has even the semblance of life.

At the end of the article is this line, "Whether Linder can take away any of Chaplin's laurels remains to be seen." About which I will say this, that any comedian, like Chaplin, whose fun appeals to all classes, from infants in arms to college professors, and whose personality can be understood by everybody regardless of his race or language, that comedian need never fear for his popularity. And any man who can and will continue to turn out comedy like "'Easy Street" and "The Cure" will remain, as long as he wishes, the first comedian in the mute theaters thruout the world.

I wish you and your two splendid magazines (for I am also a reader of the Classic) continued success.

Miss Ethel Perle Cain, 465 Central Park West, N. Y., rises above race prejudice and indiscreet publicity by ably advocating Theda Bara:

The letter of Miss Curtis Pierce in the August number of your Magazine quite startled me. This is the first time that such a statement as Miss Curtis Pierce made, namely stating that there was more truth than elegance in the remark, "Theda Bara aint nothin' but a Cincinnati kike!" ever came to my attention in the professional and artistic lines.

Perhaps Miss Curtis Pierce is ignorant of the meaning of the slang word "kike." It would do her no harm to look it up, but I will not go into detail, as that is not my purpose. If Miss Curtis Pierce so strenuously objects to the "Sahara" advertising her publicity manager gives her, I'll guarantee that her method would do Theda Bara no harm. Miss Bara has worked long and hard for her success, and she well deserves it, as well as many others. But when Miss Curtis Pierce criticizes her advertising and brings her religion into the limelight, then I think it is time for something to be said.

No one would think of calling Disraeli, the greatest English statesman, "nothin' but an English kike"; no one would think of calling Leo Dietrichstein, "nothin' but a German kike"; no one would think of calling Fanny Hurst, "nothin' but a St. Louis kike." I could name hundreds of similar, noted people. It is just as ignorant to use this term of Theda Bara as of any of the aforementioned persons.

Miss Bara has a religion she can be proud of, the oldest religion, God's chosen people! But what matters that today? People jealous of her success seek to hurt her name by calling her "a Cincinnati kike." No one would think any less of Theda Bara for this, I assure Miss Curtis Pierce.

As for Mr. Goodman waiting for his biweekly letter from daughter Dosha, I am quite confident that he is not the only parent of a Motion Picture star who waits. However, Mr. Goodman has one advantage: he never waits in vain.

Why cant people in the twentieth century be broadminded enough to appreciate people for what they are worth? Have our civilization, education and advancement been of any benefit to us, unless we can cast off race prejudice and anti-Semitism?

Let us trust that you will give this the same publicity as Miss Pierce's statements.

The irrepressible Miss Curtis Pierce, Hotel Deshler, Columbus, O., is with us again—this time reciting the "penalty of fame":

I simply gotta tell you how much publicity I innocently wished on myself by writing you my last letter. I never dreamt there were so many people lurking about, ready to hop onto a poor little gal for airing her innocent little views. Man, I was getting ready to skip, for fear of getting pulled for misuse of the mails. Of course it all goes to show the Magazine's extensive circulation, etc., etc.; but, nevertheless, I was getting fidgety.

The principal motif in the symphony of letters I got was—

(Chorus) I'd like to correspond with you—
I'd like to correspond with you-oo.

How do you account for this, Ed.? Why is there such a fascination in writing to strangers for some folks? Me—I like to give a person the all-over and the twice-around before I get as fresh with 'um as some of these fanatics did with me—but——

One bumptious young gentleman, a contributor to these very columns, got real rough with me—bawled me out for what I said about him—quoted my own stuff at me, and every

(*Continued on page* 166)



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(*Continued from page* 164)

thing. Nobody knows how that letter hurt me. Well—"the kid's clever"—so that let him out.

One little Jane was real peeved over the way I spoke of Bushman. Said I wouldn't say such crooil things if I knew what a lovable man Bush was in his home. Say, there aint no such biped—and, anyway, I dont see how she knew so much, unless she's Mrs. Bushman's hired girl.

A man in Seattle informed me that he was on the desk at one of the best hotels there, and was considered handsome by his friends. . . . I quit right there. And I ceased to wonder why women drink. That guy'd qualify for the president of the I-Hate-Myself Club, eh, Eddie?

One rabid young miss from Brooklyn delivered an oration that must have taken a week to prepare, and left her a nervous wreck when it was finished. She just naturally jumped on me with both feet and walked all over me with spiked shoes, then did a hula-hula upon my mangled carcass. Honest, that letter was a scream. If you saw it, you'd never do any more good.

A young Canadian told me he could read my character in the way I handled my words, and he knew I was the kind of girl he could love forever. Oh, boy! Some line, eh? I bet he's a devil with the wimmin! Well, I answered. I was dying to use the Robert W. Chambers stuff—" . . . Then you . . . care for me . . . ?" Or something like this—"Oh, do you rea-ully mean it-t-t-t?" Or, better still, the knock-em-quick line—"That's all right, bud, but I've heard it all before."

But I resisted such satanic temptation, and simply told him that I was afraid I'd be rather an uninteresting correspondent, as I had a daughter as old as he, and two sons in the army. Oh, Mister Dream-man, please let me dream some more! (Poe).

Oh, and I got some of the cleverest sort of letters—letters that it was a pleasure and a privilege to answer.

Altho I'd sing "Die Wacht am Rhein" in the Rue de Rivoli for the sake of starting an argument, I really wasn't trying to pick a fight with anybody when I wrote that letter. But I've got my good ole mitts on, and I'll go six rounds with anybody who doesn't think Theedy's there, forty ways, and says that Chaplin is popular only in the homes where the fork is an unknown implement, and they think Nietzsche is a brand of breakfast food.

Miss Alice Anderson, Sabetha, Kan., is advised to keep on "kicking." Careless directors will some day be made to see the light:

I have a little "kick" I would like to make. I enjoy the pictures very much, but little details in them that are confused or wrong spoil the effect that otherwise might have been splendid.

For instance, in "Civilization," the heroine started out the front door of her home with the hero, with the intention of taking him to the headquarters of the organization to which she belonged. When they were in the house, starting outside, the girl wore an entirely black dress with a long cape. The picture next showed the two coming out of the house from the outside. In the exterior view she wore a white shirt-waist and a black skirt, with the long cape. Quick change somewhere!

And then so many of the pictures have lady stenographers and typists in them that know nothing whatever about what they are trying to do. A stenographer does *not* take notes with the note-book on her knee. It cant be done. And stenographers do not bang indiscriminately upon their keys as if pursued by lightning. They watch their copy all the time, and their eyes do not rove around the room. I saw one picture where the stenographer was taking notes with her note-book on her knee. She would write steadily without a pause, whether her employer was dictating or not, her pencil making long scratches upon the lines. She would write two or three lines and then turn the page. It is possible to get several hundred words in shorthand upon an ordinary note-book sheet.

Then why, why, why do actresses attempt to play the piano when they cant? They place their hands in the most absurd positions and claw around as if the keys were hot, or else lazily drag their fingers along the keys. It may look artistic to some one who knows nothing about technique, but my stars! A piano cannot be played in such an absurd manner.

Not long ago I saw Clara Williams in a picture in which she played "The Rosary" on the pipe organ. Her fingers hopped and jumped along as nimbly as lightning, but—a pipe organ is not played that way. The picture was simply ludicrous to me. The sainted look upon her face while she tortured the poor keys was simply *funny.* And the worst part of it all was that she did not have a single stop pulled out on the instrument.

It may not be the fault of the actresses that these things occur; it may be ignorance on the part of the director. But productions are not artistic and enjoyable until the little details are carefully and correctly worked out.

Here are some mighty good "close-up" impressions of popular players, caught at first hand by the modest author "R. R. R.," 102 W. 44th St., N. Y. City, who will only divulge his or her name by request:

I am writing for the simple purpose of giving my personal opinion of the movie stars. I have seen, in order to let that vast host of your readers and fans learn what one of their number thinks of them in *real* life.

I will begin with little Jane Lee. I have seen her twice playing on the street. She is much sweeter and cuter than in pictures, but I'm afraid rather spoiled and perhaps a little

(*Continued on page* 168)



"HELLO, this is Earl Williams. Got the address? Well, send me another box of silk socks—like the last. *Black Cat,* you remember."

Black Cat

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The well groomed man appreciates the elastic snugness, the sheen and even texture of Black Cat Hosiery—reinforced *just where* the wear comes—extra threads woven into heel, sole and toe give extra strength where it is needed most. It is made for all the family, too—men, women and children.

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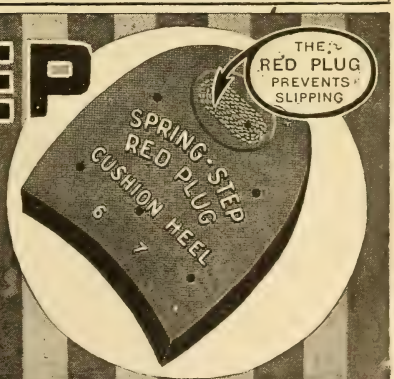
PORTRAITS OF THE GREAT STARS

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(*Continued from page* 166)

inclined to (putting it in child's talk) feel big.

I saw William Hart at a personal appearance at Loew's, New York. We had a front seat and could see him finely. He was terribly self-conscious, but instantly won his crowd. He, like Little Jane, looks much better off the screen. I think him a real nice man, with a big heart and a wonderful voice (when he can control it). He recited a little poetry for us which was truly great. "Rags Was Just Plain Dog" was the name of it. Dont that sound just like him? Always thinking of animals. He acted like a big, bashful boy and when the crowd kept cheering, the tears gathered in "Bill's" eyes and it was hard for him to control his voice.

In Earle Williams I was very pleasantly surprised. I saw him in his big blue car riding up 44th Street. He is a big, broad-shouldered chap, with an exceptionally fine complexion, much better-looking than on the screen. His smile is a very congenial one. I know this because I spoke his name so loud in telling my sister that he must have heard, and anyway looked and smiled.

I saw Violet Mersereau at a personal appearance at Loew's Circle. She is very sweet and winsome. Her smile is very tantalizing and her little haw-haws very cute.

Harold Lockwood and May Allison I saw at the Movie Exposition. Miss Allison at that time had something the trouble with her eyelids, which looked something like granulated eyelids in a mild form; otherwise she is very charming, or, as sister expressed it, "looked just like a wax doll." Mr. Lockwood looks a real athlete, has a fine complexion and is very congenial and talkative.

Lillian Walker and Rose Tapley were also seen at the Exposition. Miss Tapley I think is just a good, sisterly sort of a girl; one who would be the real friend in need. Miss Walker is much smaller than I had thought, and is one of the frivolous kind, I imagine—just in for a good time. Wilton Lackaye, also seen here, I would sum up as a regular, big, fun-loving, jolly, fat man.

Alice Joyce and Tom Moore were at the Exposition, too, and looking for each other. Miss Joyce is very frail and delicate-looking, and acted rather cold and distant, as if she were tired out and walking in a daze. She is very beautiful. Tom Moore looked smaller than I had thought him, but is very jolly and good-natured. He is another of the bashful boy type.

George Beban was also there and is certainly a very wonderful man. I would describe him as a regular kind-hearted, good-natured, brotherly sort of man that one meets once in a while. He introduced us to Mr. Rothapfel of the Rialto, but I don't flatter myself that either one has the slightest recollection of it now. Here are two men that one may be proud to meet, tho.

I saw "Billy" Farnum on the street twice —once with his car. He isn't so large as I thought him to be and I was rather disappointed in him. However, he is "Billy" Farnum and that's enough. His face has a healthy reddish brown tinge, and in his automobile togs, with the flush of the whipping wind still on his face, looks just like "our rugged Billy" should. He seems to be very popular with the men and there are plenty always around him.

Norma Talmadge I saw at a personal appearance at Loew's American. She is very lovable indeed. Altho she looked tired, still she could smile bravely and give us a few friendly words of greeting. It was her first appearance and she forgot all she was to say.

Theda Bara at a personal appearance at the Riverside Theater was somewhat of a surprise in being much smaller than pictured. She also looks better off than on the screen, I think, but sister dont agree with me. Her voice is soft and she talks with a little accent.

I saw Dorothy Bernard and Glenn White at the Jamaica race-track, filming a part of "Sporting Blood." Dorothy has long been a favorite of mine and she certainly deserves all praise. She is much sweeter and cuter out of pictures, fun-loving, always on the job and as graceful as a deer. Altho they worked all day up there in the heat, still they were as sweet-tempered and funny as when they began. Mr. White is rather quiet and reserved. He is thoughtful and conscientious in his work and a fine actor. He is the type that dont make friends quickly, but once he does he is a *real* one.

Bushman and Bayne were seen at the Broadway during "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Bushman's talk was both amusing and sincere. He had a word of praise for every one in his company, and particularly for Miss Bayne, whom he confessed, in a very pleasing way, he loved, too, even as we did. Mr. Bushman has a wonderful physique and is entirely at home on the stage. I wouldn't call his hair red, but dark-brown. We went in the box and spoke to them and they seemed very nice indeed, altho Mr. Bushman's haw-haw indicated nervousness in a very marked degree. Miss Bayne is certainly lovely. Her little talk was a very nervous but pleasing one. Mr. Bushman may be married, but it should be the fine actor and man that interests us, and not that. Some people make me tired writing about this. Hasn't he a right to be married?

Petrova, the much abused and the much admired, made a personal appearance at the Rialto Theater, N. Y., during the run of her "The Undying Flame." I was delighted with the "singing" quality in her spoken words—clear, sweet, penetrating. She is almost fragile-looking with burning eyes and a skin like alabaster. Her movements are deliberate, restful and graceful and the foreign intonation to her words gives them a piquant charm. The audience called her before them again and again.

If this letter is considered good enough to print, I will perhaps write about some other stars I have seen some time. I would like to tell you about the villain in "Sporting Blood," but will have to look up in my diary to find out his name, so cant now, as I haven't time. He didn't act much like a villain out of the picture.

Look to Nela Park for Better Lighting

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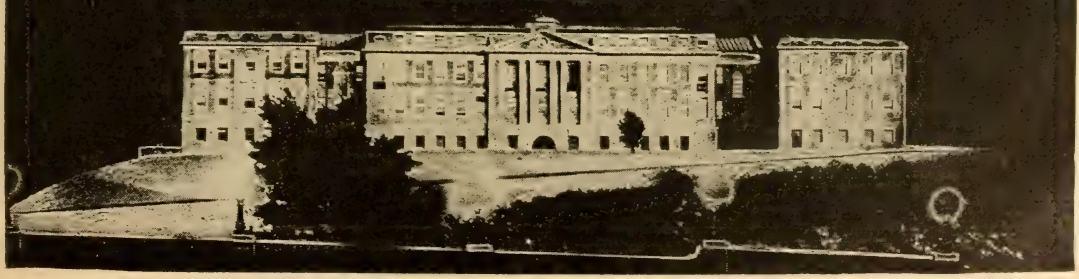
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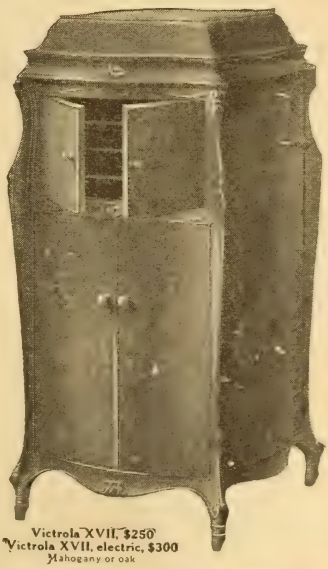
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How a Failure at Sixty Won Sudden Success

From Poverty to $40,000 a Year— A Lesson for Old and Young Alike

By R. D. RAINES

The old-time millionaire "made his pile" by squeezing the pennies, by overwork and self-denial. A much bigger army of men to-day are piling up millions without denying themselves the comforts and little luxuries of life—by giving up poor jobs for better ones, by preserving their health and strength, and by retaining their manhood and independence all through the struggle. Theirs is a new secret and one well worth learning.

Our story is about one who learned it—an old man who got hold of some of these young ideas. If you could have met him in the summer of 1915 you would have pitied him. For forty years he had been true to the old creed—hard work, long hours, patience, faithfulness, and economy. By dint of scrimping and scraping he would save a few dollars only to have them swept away by a season of illness in his family.

And his reward? It came at sixty, when he was thrown out of employment, onto the scrap-heap.

His old-fashioned rules for winning success had failed to work. "What was wrong with them or with him?"

He reviewed, one by one, the careers of some of his old business associates who had prospered. A suspicion entered his mind. He turned his attention to several young men who were forging rapidly to the front. Suspicion became conviction. In one respect all those men were identically alike. The climbing youngsters and the prosperous oldsters were strong-willed fellows of determined purpose. It was almost amusing, the way he and others of his kind scurried to get out of the way of these men whenever they set out to accomplish any purpose.

Slowly the full truth came to him. Success was not a matter of age. It was not luck. It was not even a matter of opportunity. It was simply a question of dominating will power—determination that brooks no interference, commands respect, and easily leaps all obstacles.

Somewhere, lying dormant within him like an unused muscle, he, too, possessed a will. He knew it. He would uncover it. He would exercise and train it and put it to work.

For a long time he had believed he could make a success in a certain line of manufacturing. He had some new ideas about it. But he had never been bold enough to even mention his thoughts to others. Now he sought out some business friends. Instead of begging a small loan with which to pay his rent, he presented and explained his plans for launching a business of his own. His friends' first response was to smile. But as they listened they were struck by a new note in the old man's voice, a new self-confident poise in his bearing; his tone was magnetic, compelling; his argument sound and convincing. This gentleman was not to be denied.

In two days he raised $600 capital for his plant. Three days later his little factory was in operation. In three months he repaid every penny of the loan, and at the end of one year his books showed profits of $20,000, and his second year's operations promise $35,000 to $40,000 more.

A better understanding of the tremendous power of the human will as a force in busi-

ness and in fortune building may be had by studying the success of any of our big money-makers.

Interesting and inspiring are several cases that have come to my personal attention, because the same methods are open to us all, no matter how young or how old we may be.

One is that of a man who was $6,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated $200,000 without speculating and today is earning $1,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book, "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. M. Taylor, the noted efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the author that they would be worth $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Dr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $150 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this new book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercise for will power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body. "Power of Will" is being distributed by the Pelton Publishing Co. of Meriden, Conn. Any reader who cares to examine the book may do so without sending any money. If, after five days, you do not feel that this book is worth the $3 asked for it, return it and you will owe nothing.

Some few doubters will scoff at the idea of will power being the key to wealth and achievement. But intelligent men and women will investigate for themselves by sending for the book at the publisher's risk. Among the 200,000 owners who have read, used, and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others equally prominent.

As a first step in will training, act on your present impulse to write a letter or address this coupon to the Pelton Publishing Company, 46-T Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn., and the book will come by return mail. This one act may mean the turning point of your life. Do not hesitate.

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The Magazine's Cruise Around the World

December's MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE Starts a Girdle of Film Round the Globe with Our World-traveling Staff Writer.

H. H. VAN LOAN, the Well-known Fictionist and Movie Writer, Is Especially Engaged to Make the Trip for Us.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has tens of thousands of readers in Australia and New Zealand, thousands in China and India and a big army of readers in the European countries now at war. We have never felt that we were exactly in touch with them—that we knew what they wanted to know about the glorious kingdom of pictures, or that they knew what we wanted to know. Starting from New York in October, H. H. Van Loan, a distinguished young writer, who has also been connected with some of the leading studios, will make a trip around the world for us. After leaving New York his first stop will be San Francisco, and his next the enchanted Hawaiian Islands. From there Mr. Van Loan will probably go directly to Japan and the Orient.

Armed with camera and pencil, our globe-circling writer will each month tell our readers the history of his trip. A more absorbing movie travelog could not be read. Photographs of the bronzed Kanakas of the South Seas, intimate pictures of their life and what they think of us, and especially what they think of Motion Pictures and Motion Picture stars, will be recorded by Mr. Van Loan.

All Aboard for Australasia

The Commonwealth of Australia is a vast field of enterprise twelve thousand miles from most of us. What our Australian neighbors think of Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Jack Kerrigan, William S. Hart and other American actors that they see night by night will be vividly depicted by Mr. Van Loan. During his travels our correspondent will pass thru some of the countries now at war. Just how the boys in the trenches see their movies and what they think of them will be truthfully told to us. We can assure our readers that Mr. Van Loan's series of articles, starting in the December Magazine, will make a big dent in the history of entertaining movie literature.

Captain Sunlight's Further Adventures

Cyrus Townsend Brady's thrilling novel started so well in this issue that we are all looking forward to see what is going to happen to Captain Sunlight and the other charming adventurers. The distinguished novelist's latest novel will be continued month by month.

Morality of the Motion Picture World

Professor Harrington's inside story of studio and home life among the players has got all our readers "going." His story, which began in the October issue, is being liberally quoted in the newspapers and is one of the topics of conversation wherever film players congregate. Its concluding instalment will appear in the December Magazine.

Motion Pictures Abolished by Congress

Henry Albert Phillips is at his best in an amusing and prophetic article as to just what would happen if Motion Pictures should suddenly cease. It is surprising how many startling things would occur.

Good Things A-coming for 1918

We have long realized that our readers wanted to know something about the Magazine's staff of writers and artists—a touch of their personal life and what they will produce for you during the coming year. In an article illustrated with all their photographs many things of interest in their professional and personal careers are presented to you.

Among other interesting pages can be mentioned:

"Crane Wilbur's Talisman"

Bright Sidelight on an Actor's Peculiar Superstition.

Married Three Hundred Times

Grace Darmond Puts Solomon to Shame with Her Screen Marriage Record.

Wheeler Oakman—Matinée Idol

A Peep at Mabel Normand's Leading-Man

Afield with Our Camera Girl

The Adventures of Our Girl Reporter in Trailing Anna Little and Conway Tearle

It is too early to announce all the other good things—a veritable Christmas stocking. The December Magazine will hum with everything you want, and its hundreds of pictures will be more beautiful than ever. Order your copies from your newsdealer now—if he sells out the December issue it is not his fault.

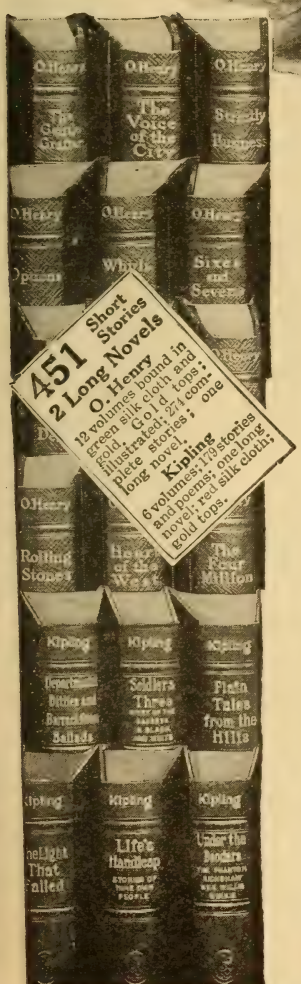
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



She Called Herself a Thief—and Worse

SHE was innocent—her heart was pure, yet she told him—the man she loved—whom she wanted to marry—that she was a thief and worse. It was not to shield another—a bigger, deeper reason lay behind it.

Read this strange story of New Orleans—that city of magnolias and joy—and learn how a woman will risk a tragedy for a high purpose.



O. HENRY

with swift sure strokes drives the story home. Never a word is wasted. From the first word the interest starts, and you are carried on in the sure magic of his vivid sentences to a climax so unexpected that it draws you up sharply.

O. Henry has come to permeate American life. In the news stories from the war, there is intimate reference to O. Henry—everybody knows O. Henry and refers lovingly to his people and his stories.

The founder of a new literature—and yet not literature—no wonder the sale goes up and up—higher and higher each day. One million two hundred thousand already in the United States. How many in France and England—Germany—Africa—Asia—and Australia—we cannot tell. Don't get him to read him once—*you'll read him a hundred times*—and find him each time as fresh and unexpected as at the first. He puts his finger on the pulse strings of your heart and plays on them to your delight and your surprise. And each time you will say, "Why do I love him so much?" And neither you nor anyone else can answer—for that is the mystery of O. Henry—his power beyond understanding.

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Agents—500 Per Cent. Profit. Free Sample Gold and Silver Sign Letters for store fronts and office windows. Anyone can put on. Big demand everywhere. Write today for liberal offer to agents. Metallic Letter Co., 405 N. Clark St., Chicago, U. S. A.

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Hosiery and Underwear Manufacturer offers permanent position supplying regular customers at mill prices. $50.00 to $100.00 monthly. All or spare time. Credit. H. Parker Co., 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

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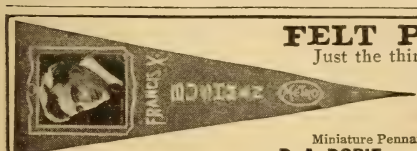
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Master of His Home" (Triangle).—There is nothing novel in the theme of this play. An uncouth Western millionaire marries an Eastern society girl. He longs for a real home and children. She and her mother are determined that she shall not have any children, but love enters her heart after he has left her (to return to the land of real homes and real people). She allows her child to be born and takes it West to the father, where the three are happily reconciled. Did I say nothing novel in the theme—maybe—but, nevertheless, it is one of the finest plays of the month, realistically directed, artistically set and splendidly acted. William Desmond depicts not only the emotions of the heart of a man, but the soul as well. He proves himself indeed a master in the subtle shades of the fine art of photoplaying. Alma Reuben is poignantly beautiful and very tastefully gowned as the wife. All in all, "Master of His Home" is a great production and should be ranked as a classic because of its universal appeal and the fact that there is not a single moment in its multiple reels that does not ring true to life. H. S. N.

"The Masked Heart" (American).—A beautiful woman plays with love and does not hesitate to sacrifice her stepdaughter's happiness to salve her own vanity. But it all turns out right in the end, as is the way of photoplays. William Russell and Francelia Billington have the leads, but for vital acting Kathleen Kirkman easily dominates the picture. Her gowns—and she wears a new one every moment—are unusually beautiful and well chosen. P. A. K.

"The Mysterious Miss Terry" (Paramount).—I suppose that the wrath of the gods will fall hot and heavy on my head if I report that "The Mysterious Miss Terry" did not appeal to me. The fact that it marked the return of Billie Burke to the Shadow Stage should make it do so, but it didn't. Whether the plot or the gowns she wore were at fault, I could not say, but it seemed as if the elf-like spirit of Billie Burke was missing. The final reel, however, brought out more of Miss Burke's charming witchery than all the others put together, and we just wanted to tell Thomas Meighan he was a *brick* when he rushed in to save "Miss Terry" from being arrested as the thief of Miss Wentworth's gowns—when she was Miss Wentworth herself all the time. H. S. N.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" (Artcraft).—The picturization of George M. Cohan's play of the same name. For those who did not see the stage play, a corking mystery, well carried out in every way. The clever dialog of the play is somewhat missed, but the unusual action is given a better opportunity than on the stage. George Cohan himself stars, assisted by Anna Q. Nilsson. H. S. N.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Eye of Envy" (Horsley).—An interesting novelty coined after the pattern of the stage plays, "Everywoman," "Experience," etc. The youth, Ambition, takes the road to Success on his donkey, Opportunity. On his travels he meets Avarice and his wife, Innocence. Their experiences together are fascinating episodes à la fairy story, which are accounted for later as a dream of the youth who, thus warned, abandons the road to success and returns to Sleepy Hollow and Happiness. Crane Wilbur is the star and Gene Collaby is very pleasing opposite him.

H. S. N.

"His Wedding Night" (Paramount-Arbuckle).—"Fatty" Arbuckle seems to be living on his reputation. His releases are all of the old pie-throwing, rough-stuff variety, a variety that has indeed passed out of public favor. This one is neither worse nor better than the rest. P. A. K.

"They're Off" (Triangle).—Noteworthy because of unusually excellent photography and splendidly carried out Southern atmosphere. Melbourne McDonald scores as a young Southerner who loses his home because of the crooked machinations of a Northerner whose daughter (Enid Bennett) in turn beats her father by racing her horse against his, thus winning back the home for the young man—and incidentally herself. Enid Bennett gives an excellent exhibition of horsemanship. P. A. K.

"High Speed" (Universal).—Jack Mulhall and Fritzi Ridgeway have a terribly hard time eluding nouveau riche mamma and getting married, but, thanks to dad's help, they finally succeed after Jack has cured Fritzi's high-bred boredom. Saved from mediocrity by Jack's vim and good looks.

H. S. N.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" (Fox).—A most delightful and well presented picturization of the old fairy tale dear to the hearts of every one. Talented juvenile actors, together with beautiful natural settings and attractive miniature village with its 1,300 inhabitants, etc., make this a photoplay of especial interest to children and is the first of the Fox Kiddies features. Little Virginia Corbin as Princess Regina and Francis Carpenter as Jack are excellent, and J. G. Tarner with his eight feet six is truly a giant "Blunderbore." F. B.

"The Law of the Land" (Lasky).—This stage-play has been beautifully produced, with, of course, Mme. Petrova, that statuesquely beautiful screen-lady, as its main point of interest. Mahlon Hamilton is the gentleman in the case—which, of course, is equivalent to saying that the part was well played. There are a few moments when the play fails to convince—but, on the whole, it is a pleasing entertainment. And in these terrible days, what more could one ask?

R. B. C.



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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Bullem in the Pines" (Klever Komedies).—A farce concocted from all the eccentricities of summer boarding. Nice, fat, cheery Victor Moore is the chief funmaker.

P. A. K.

"Skinner's Baby" (Essanay).—A bright, charming comedy, full of snap and human interest, devoid of slapstick. This and "Skinner's Dress Suit" must be ranked with the best comedies of the year. Bryant Washburn is certainly great in this line of work, and Douglas Fairbanks will have to keep one eye open, for B. W. is hot on his trail.

J.

"Souls Adrift" (World).—Ethel Clayton's newest production is another of the eternal, unending "you 'n' me on a island" stories—but it is interesting—in fact, with the rose-and-gold personality of the "Golden Lady of the Films," it's more than this. As the daughter of the dissolute, dishonest capitalist, turned against the man she loves by the lies that same pleasant old reprobate, her father, tells, Miss Clayton rises to splendid heights of emotionalism. Milton Sills, as the lover, is very good. The island scenes are well played, well written, and the locations are magnificent. There is a decided thrill when the cave-man lover goes thru the muck of a stagnant pond for food. All in all, a very enjoyable picture. World is to be congratulated on the possession of such a player as Miss Clayton.

R. B. C.

"The Amazons" (Famous Players).—Long awaited and much anticipated, "The Amazons" had quite a critical audience to face on its opening night at the Strand Theater in New York. To say that that same audience was pleased would be putting it too mildly—they were delighted. Anything more fascinating than Marguerite Clark in a boxing bout with her sister, swinging head down on a trapeze, climbing through the window of her bedroom, daintily intoxicated, deliciously masculine, would be hard to imagine. The play is all Marguerite—which is what the audience seemed to want. William Hinckley is corking, as the sweetheart, and Helen Greene, as the older sister, is delightful. Good work was done, indeed, by the entire cast. The direction was in the capable hands of Joseph Kaufman—nuff ced!

R. B. C.

"By Right of Possession" (Vitagraph).—A fairly pleasing affair, of which by far the best part was Mary Anderson, as a sweet young mine-owner, and Antonio Moreno, as the sheriff. Mary's work, when she accepts the nomination for sheriff, to run against the man she loves, is not convincing. As a matter of fact, Mary seems miscast. Mr. Moreno plays a sheriff as he does everything else—with a virility that cannot fail to please. The acting of Otto Lederer as "Bells of the Donkey Engine" was the best in the whole play—with all due respect to Miss Anderson and Mr. Moreno.

R. B. C.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Down to Earth" (Artcraft).—This play lacks the brightness and sparkle of some of the old Fairbanks productions—but the audience liked it. As a matter of fact, "Doug" and his genial smile could act the telephone book, if he liked, and make people like it and him. Another angle of the "you 'n' me island" story is utilized here. Eileen Percy is again the lead, and her best scenes were those in the sanitarium, where as a wealthy girl of modern society she was being treated for "her nerves." And since the treatment seemed to include as many brands of "firewater" and as many cigarets as the young lady desired, we can imagine some of our younger scions looking anxiously for just such a sanitarium. There were splendid types in the sanitarium scenes, and the whole thing was well played. John Emerson, as usual, of course, directed, from a scenario by Anita Loos. R. B. C.

"The Vanishing Woman" (Essanay).—After seeing this episode in the "Is Marriage Sacred?" series, one conclusion alone can be reached. Essanay needs some new red blood pumped into its veins, its scenario staff and stock company. But chiefly it needs some originality in its scenario department. It is a long time since Essanay has come forward with anything like a clever original production, outside of its "Skinner" comedies. Worn-out stories, old-time novels, plays of the past—will a company as worth while as Essanay wait until too late before realizing that "The *story's* the thing"? H. S. N.

"Idolators" (Triangle).—The usual Louise Glaum vampire play, containing nothing new whatever. The star is excellent, however, which partly compensates for a poor story containing an unusual number of deaths and gloom moments. J.

"The Law of the Land" (Paramount).—Not up to Paramount standard, and Mme. Petrova, with her little black mouth and ghastly face, certainly did not add anything praiseworthy to a play that needed a high-class, attractive star. J.

"Mother o' Mine" (Bluebird).—A good three-reel story padded into five reels. Well directed, photographed and acted, with Rupert Julian and Ruth Clifford as the feature stars, but Ruby La Fayette the real star. J.

"The Lady of the Photograph" (Edison).—A good example of what poor directing and management can do to a good story. Shirley Mason helps to save the play. E. H.

"Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" (Essanay), in which Taylor Holmes makes his first bow on the screen, in a new narrative photoplay resembling "Fables in Slang." Much may be said in favor of Mr. Holmes and little of the play without him. M. W. P.



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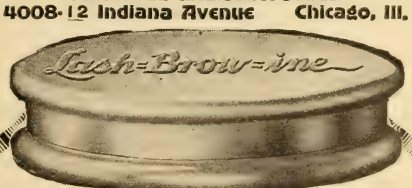
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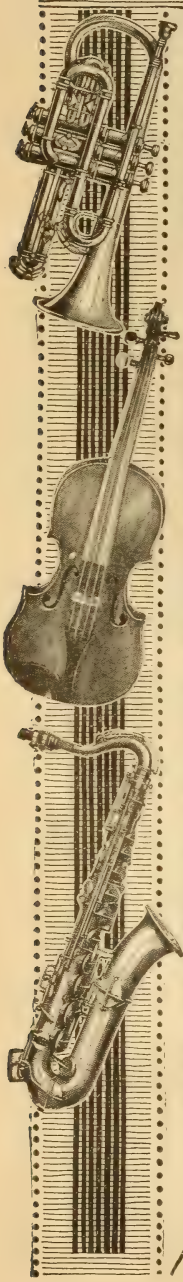
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" (Artcraft).—Furnishes a quaint vehicle wherein charming Mary Pickford rides into the very hearts of her audience. Yet, we yearn for a sturdy chariot like "Tess of the Storm Country" that would carry her to the more magnificent heights of big drama. In too many plays Mary is seen romping in a go-cart, while she is capable of driving a twin-six screen car. H. A. P.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Harris.—"Daybreak." A tragedy in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Class A thriller, beautifully worked out and wonderfully played by Blanche Yurka, Frederick Truesdell and a strong cast. One of the comedy lines is "As fond of cocktails as schoolgirls are of Francis Bushman."

Cohan & Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and then hires the latter to work for him.

Cohan.—"This Way Out," a rather tame and slow-moving comedy until the last act, when things liven up with a bang and the tangle is straightened out, whereupon each and every female in the cast finds and embraces her sweetheart.

Liberty.—"Hitchy-Koo." Raymond Hitchcock and Leon Errol cause gales of laughter in their inimitable revue in two acts. William Rock, Frances White and Grace LaRue share the honors.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1917." Annual revue in two acts and twenty-one scenes. A veritable circus in which something is sure to please every one. A burlesque on "The Wanderer" and "The Willow Tree," by De Wolf Hopper and Marie Nordstrom—Mr. Hopper as the vampire girl in the former is a big hit.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Lyceum.—"The Lasso." Another comedy by Victor Mapes, author of "The Boomerang," but not so clever, for it lacks snap and ginger. Exceedingly well done, however.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Popular Player Puzzle

Here Are the Correct Answers and the Winners

This little puzzle has created quite a sensation among our readers. On September 4th we received 500 answers in the first mail, so you can imagine how our Puzzle Editor's desk must have looked. In some strange manner the printer eliminated the dot which the artist placed on the first picture, meaning it for "Dot Kelly," which makes it a little harder for the contestants to solve. However, first prize was won by Miss Edna Packer, 411 Twenty-first St., Denver, Colo.; second prize to Ida L. Frank, Lakewood, N. J.; third prize to Dora Budoff, 149 E. Thirty-first St., New York; fourth prize by Mrs. Arthur Poese, 448 Northampton St., Easton, Pa., and fifth prize to Miss Elizabeth Rupp, 337 E. Thirty-fourth St., New York City. First prize was a year's subscription to the Classic; second, a year's subscription to the Magazine; third, a set of eighty portraits, with photo of scenes; fourth, pack of playing cards; and fifth prize, set of eighty portraits. The correct answers were: Dorothy Kelly, Harold Lockwood, Antonio Moreno, Mabel Normand, Wallace Reid, Ford Sterling, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Crane Wilbur, Theda Bara, Douglas Fairbanks, William Farnum, Bessie Barriscale, Lloyd Hamilton. We regret that we couldn't give prizes to all who answered the puzzle correctly, and there were several thousand.

A HEATED BRITISH ARGUMENT

Herbert Standing cant stand a great deal of excitement, as will be seen by the following story:

Standing and two other Englishmen were standing at a corner when an automobile came by.

"A Buick," remarked one of the Englishmen. Silence. After ten minutes: "No, a Chevrolet," said the other Englishman. Silence of fifteen minutes.

"I simply can stand these awful arguments," said Standing, and moved off.

HE COULDN'T EXPLAIN HIS CLEVERNESS

Rex Beach, the distinguished photo-novelist, declares this occurred in an Alaskan restaurant. A large, hungry miner, just arrived from the interior, had ordered a sirloin steak.

"How did you find that piece of steak, sir?" asked the smiling waiter, in anticipation of a liberal tip.

"I really cant explain," said the large man, gazing at his plate. "I just happened to move that little piece of potato, and there the steak was—under it!"

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Maybe you read the delicious Bab stories in The Saturday Evening Post. Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote them. Now Paramount and dainty Marguerite Clark have *brought Bab to life upon the screen.* There will be a series—five delightful Bab pictures.

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A *few* of the most recent Paramount Pictures now being shown in the country's leading theatres are Billie Burke in "The Mysterious Miss Terry," by Gelett Burgess; Jack Pickford and Louise Huff in "The Varmint," by Owen Johnson; Sessue Hayakawa in "Hashimura Togo," by Wallace Irwin; Vivian Martin in "Little Miss Optimist," George Beban in "Lost in Transit," Fannie Ward in "On the Level," Mme. Petrova in "Exile," Pauline Frederick in "Double-crossed," Wallace Reid in "The Hostage," Julian Eltinge in "The Countess Charming," Charles Ray in "The Son of His Father" and J. Stuart Blackton's "The World for Sale."

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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Gallery of Photo-Players



MILDRED MANNING.

O. Henry's picture heroine is a mixture of Broadway and the primitive. Born just around the corner from the Rialto, she was once one of the "merry-merry" in Broadway musical shows—now she is an expert chauffeuse and a thoro outdoor girl.



© Hartsook L. A.

CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

Carlyle Blackwell looks all too young to be a full-fledged star and producer of six years standing. But back in the dark days before his star shone, Carlyle was a chorus man and did not even twinkle as a Vitagraph extra.



Photo Hartsook L.A.

MAE MARSH.

Mae Marsh is known to the screen as the first character ingénue to wear calico gracefully. Misfit clothes were the emblem of comedy until the Goldwyn star raised them to rank of regal habiliments by her appealing character portrayals.



WILLIAM S. HART.

"Big Bill" Hart is taking to his new quarters in Laskyville like a pinto to lush pasture. The real West as told by a real Westerner will ever be his career. Sylvia Bremer is "Big Bill's" leading lady.





ANNA Q. NILSSON.

She of the dazzling locks and eyes is supporting George Cohan in that mystifying "melo-comedy," "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Anna is known as "The Norwegian Jitney"—when real young she learnt to ride in a fjord.

Photographs by Campbell Studios N.Y.



RALPH KELLARD.

A screen of camouflage will feature Ralph Kellard for some time to come. He is somewhere "over there" doing his bit before that greater and braver screen—the firing line. Millions of picture lovers have formed a bulwark across his breast.

My Lady Out o' Sight

By CAROL LEE



© Johnson

RUTH ROLAND

FIVE years ago a scene in a lady's boudoir, shown on the screen, would have been a discreet flash, showing My Lady in street togs, just coming in or just going out; but nowadays we follow Miss Film Lass into her boudoir, and are admiring witnesses of her preparations for ball or bed. And it's a minor actress indeed who doesn't possess as many (or more) charming negligées and "nighties" as she does dance-gowns and dinner-frocks.

Ruth Roland has a collection that would stagger Mrs. Crœsus. But one of the prettiest of these is a combination of pale rose satin and gold lace. The dainty pantelets are gathered in above the ankles, and the deep ruffles thus formed are hemstitched. The coat-effect, as well as the fitted under-slip, are scalloped in deep points. The neck and sleeves are adorned with wide bands of fine, cobweb-like gold lace. The corsage of the under-slip is hand-embroidered in pastel shades. The cap is of gold lace, tied with pale rose ribbons. Altogether a most fetching confection! And Frenchy! Well, rather!

On the other hand, Gail Kane seeks the inspiration of Nippon-land in choosing her boudoir belongings. This quaint little tea-gown is essentially Oriental with its long, straight lines, ending in a bit of a train. The material is smoke-gray chiffon over a narrow, fitted slip of satin, soft and clingy. The folds and short train are bound in rose-colored ribbons; the slip is banded in dull, deep blue. And the sleeves, puffed and very full until below the elbow, where they straighten and cling close to the wearer's arms, carry the same rich colors—rose-colored ribbon and deep blue. The quaint circle of embroidery that endeavors to

indicate My Lady's elbow is of rose and blue. Miss Kane wears a quaint little cap of gray and blue, with touches of rose. And slippers of light blue satin with rose-colored bows, and gray silk stockings. Drop in to tea some afternoon, and see it more closely!

Just about the time you have made up your mind that Helen Holmes, the Venus of the Valve, cant do anything but wear rough clothes and "hop freights," take a look at the accompanying portrait of Helen, waiting to portray an intimate peep into some fine lady's "budwar"—in pajamas of heavy yellow satin, made very simply, but all the more exquisite for that, and a lacy, rosebuddy cap to match. Can you imagine this dainty, brown-eyed, dark-haired young thing as "wrastling" with freight-train thieves, jumping from burning bridges, riding in bumping box-cars, driving a racing automobile at umpty miles a minute? The answer is — you cannot! Your imagination may be strong —but it isn't equal to that task.

GAIL KANE

And then, here's Mary Miles Minter, who proves the strength and "enduringness" of "Youth's Endearing Charm" by remaining fourteen despite old Father Time. Mary is utterly and absolutely charming. Of course, that's evident. Anybody would know that. And Mary has all the average girl's love for pretty clothes—while being anything but an *average* girl. A blue crêpe-de-chine negligée adds to that charm, most indisputably. It's pale blue, plaited full

HELEN HOLMES



about the slightly raised waistline. Bands of soft, fine lace bind the negligée, and tiny, hand-made satin flowers, in pastel shades, further decorate. A lace cap, combined with corded crêpe-de-chine and tiny rosebuds of pink, with narrow pink ribbons, finish the costume.

Another adorable young blonde star pleads the charm of soft, fluffy negligées.

This is May Allison, and she offers for inspection a negligée that bears out her contention. It is, first of all, a garment something on the order of a Princesse slip, except that, instead of sleeves, it has narrow ribbon shoulder-straps. It is of a pale golden color, and the material is crêpe-de-chine. This under-dress is rather long, but perfectly plain, except for delicate embroidery in pastel shades, at corsage. Over this is worn a coat-like blouse of fine golden lace. The sleeves are immensely wide, and the coat reaches almost to the knees. It is loose and falls gracefully. The waistline is merely suggested by a girdle of tiny, yellow flowers, fastening in front with a tiny, lace-wreathed nosegay. Phew! It's hard to describe anything so pretty and make you see it; it's worse than that—it's impossible! But I have tried, and if I have failed, all I can say is, take a look at the picture, close your eyes, and imagine the colors! That's all!



MAY ALLISON

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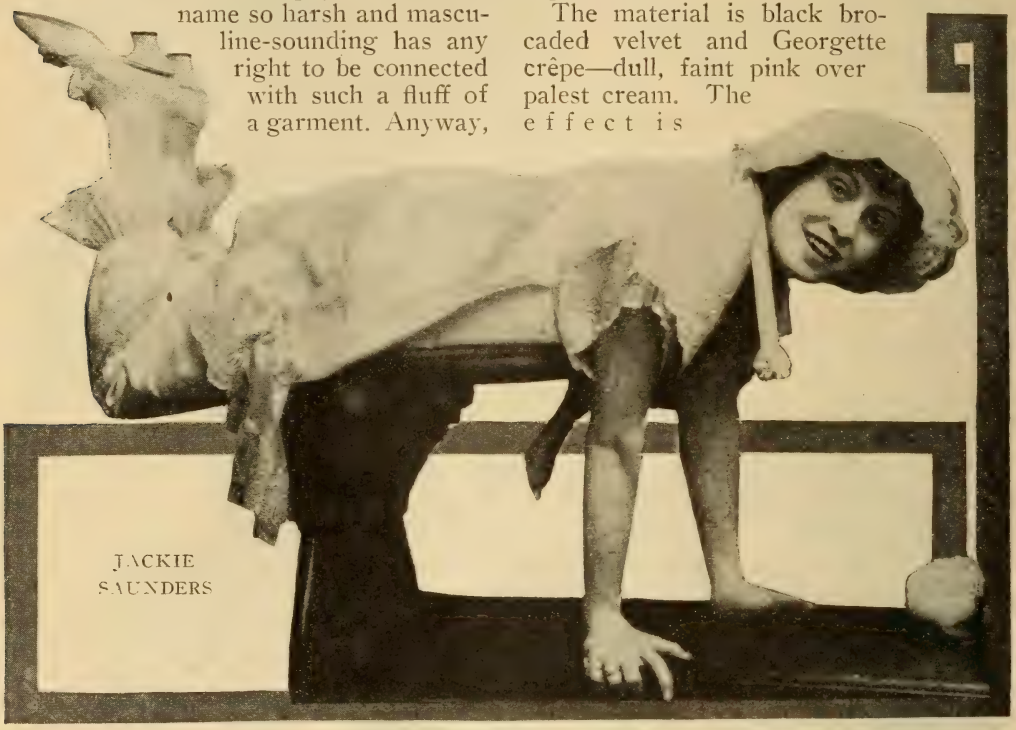


MARY MILES MINTER

Jackie Saunders is a somewhat distinctive young lady, both in her choice of exercise as well as of clothes. She suggests the exercise

shown here as an excellent method of reducing the waistline. Perhaps it will—it ought to. And Jackie vows vehemently that it will! Anyway, Jackie's costume is fetching, and the pose is a graceful one, so who cares for aught else?

The costume in question is called, for want of a better name, pajamas, tho no name so harsh and masculine-sounding has any right to be connected with such a fluff of a garment. Anyway,



it—or they—is of mauve satin, trimmed with silver lace. The knee-length coat is straight and loose-fitting, banded at bottom in the silver lace. A square sailor collar and the absurd, would-be sleeves are of the same material. A band of silver lace at the knee gives a hint of pale green silk stockings, and another band of lace is gathered into a ruffle just above the ankles. The high-heeled "mules" on her pretty feet are of green with silver straps and rosettes. The cap is a daring imitation of the so-called Quaker caps, the silver lace wired to a becoming frame for the piquant face beneath it. A band of green ribbon fastens under the chin, holding this satin and lace whimsy to the blonde head of Miss Saunders.

There! You've had half-a-dozen peeps at ingénue Ladies Out o' Sight; but in order that the woman of more mature and matronly figure may not be forgotten, Helen Lindroth exhibits a negligée that is eminently desirable for the woman who is of a stately, dignified type. It fairly breathes aristocratic abhorrence of plebeianism in every graceful, sweeping line.

The material is black brocaded velvet and Georgette crêpe—dull, faint pink over palest cream. The effect is exquisite. The neck of the gown is outlined with seed pearls, which also band the cuffs. The sleeves are long and close-fitting; the short train is very gracious to the woman of matronly figure and good carriage. A touch here and there of soft, old lace adds the final note of good taste. A charming gown which can also be used in other ways than that of My Lady Out o' Sight.

Need we add that a girl who is clever with her needle, and wants pretty clothes, may find numberless suggestions and hints for pretty, graceful negligées and the pretty, intimate things that every girl loves, in this little story? The costumes presented may be copied quite successfully in much less expensive fabrics than My Lady o' the Screen must needs choose, because of the relentless, all-seeing eye of the camera.

The Ten Commandments of the Body Beautiful

By Parker R. Tyler

New Forms of Physical Exercise That Make For Startling Results

EDITORIAL NOTE:—Mr. Tyler has devoted his life to making himself strong and fit far above the average man and woman. We heard about his self-taught system and asked him to write its message to our readers. We sent a copy of the article to Shirley Mason, the athletic little star of McClure Pictures, and she became so interested that she volunteered to pose Mr. Tyler's exercises for the benefit of our readers and the cause of the body beautiful. We take pleasure in presenting their combined efforts to you.



SHIRLEY MASON, PHYSICAL CULTURIST. EXERCISE 1 MOVEMENT 1

EXERCISE 2 POSITION 1 AND MOVEMENT 1

SOON after eight every morning I get to my desk; at noon go across the street for a hurried lunch; along toward six o'clock I quit work, not because I am tired, but because I'm hungry—I'm never *tired*.

I cant spare the time to walk home; I invariably ride both ways. This has been my daily routine for several years. I dont get a bit of what people commonly call "exercise." Yet my muscles are as hard as steel, and I am in literally perfect health. I have forgotten what it is to have indigestion or headaches, or feel low in my mind. My day's work is all the cocktail I need for a hearty dinner and a happy evening. Full of eager-

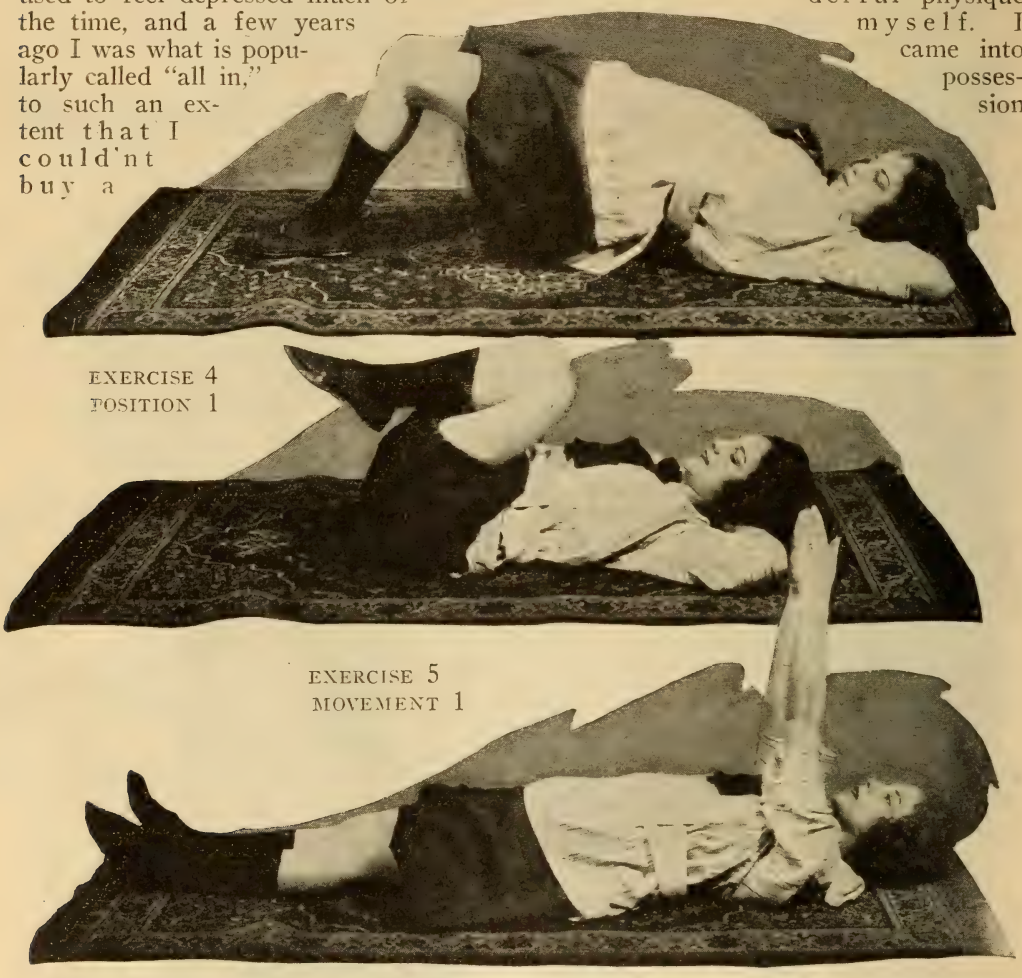
ness for the next day, I drop asleep the minute my head hits the pillow.

I dont want any one to envy me for being born with "such a wonderful constitution and disposition." I wasn't. I used to feel depressed much of the time, and a few years ago I was what is popularly called "all in," to such an extent that I couldn't buy a dollar's worth of honest life insurance.

I admit the change is wonderful—almost miraculous, considering the fact that I brought it about myself, solely by a few minutes' daily attention to my body in my own bedroom.

I have pursued an entirely different régime than have most people to restore the muscles and organs of the body to a condition of normal health. Most methods are too strenuous, and those such as cross-country hikes, bag-punching, dumbbell and Indian club swinging and other violent forms of exercise should be discontinued.

This is all wrong and does not result in any permanent good. I have a wonderful physique myself. I came into possession of it by a mild form of exercise which I have practiced daily for years.



EXERCISE 4
POSITION 1

EXERCISE 5
MOVEMENT 1

EXERCISE 6, MOVEMENT 1

Shortly after my graduation from college, physicians declared that tuberculosis would claim me as a victim inside of a year. My mind was made up that "Mr. Consumption" would get a run for his money.

"It is a case of life and death," said I, and I knew that if I won out an intelligent fight must be made.

I say no dieting is needed to get back

lost health. The man who starves himself on a diet and plunges into strenuous exercise in an effort to reclaim lost health should be examined for his sanity. It is not necessary for any man to deprive himself of good things to eat, or even his cigars, beer or cocktails, if he takes the right sort of exercise to offset irregular living.



EXERCISE 7
MOVEMENTS 1
AND 2

EXERCISE 8
POSITION 1
AND
MOVEMENT 1

I had sense enough to know that swinging heavy dumb-bells and engaging in a bag-punching contest every day before breakfast would probably weaken my condition and likely bring on a hemorrhage. So I just sat down and made a thoro study of the human anatomy. I discovered mild forms of exercises that would strengthen the lungs and other internal organs, and strengthen them gradually and naturally. Inside of a year I was a well man, with a chest expansion that would have gratified a pugilist.

Any business man can postpone his retirement from active business indefinitely if he but follows a few simple rules for health recovery.

Many people have the erroneous impression that hard, firm muscles, with a tremendous lifting capacity, mean perfect health. Nothing is further from the truth. A man with the muscles of a Sandow may have a weak heart or weak kidneys. His liver may be in an unhealthy state.

The first thing a man must do to get on the plane of perfect health is to build up his internal organs. This can be done by the most simple exercises.

The first sign that a business man is run down and is preparing himself for the scrap-heap is when he takes pepsin to digest his breakfast and a pill to move his bowels.

Many business men recognize the symptoms. In their ignorance they rush into the heavy gymnastic work. This hardens their arteries and gives them another push toward the grave. Others get the walking fever and walk many miles a day. They dont stop to think that walking develops only one portion of the body.

The trouble with the average brain-worker is that they have too much blood in their head. It should be more evenly distributed about the body, and the only way to do this is by means of blood-pulling exercises. My advice to men who want to get back to health is to abandon heavy gymnastic work and perform the exercises I have devised that do not tire out the body and injure the nervous system, such as:

RESPIRATORY EXERCISES for the immediate elimination of poisons from the system and for organic invigoration. The action of breathing is absolutely muscular.

STRETCHING EXERCISES for mobility — the free, youthful play of the muscles in all movements.

RELAXING EXERCISES—for alleviating muscle, nerve and brain tension and for conscious muscular repose.

CONTRACTING EXERCISES—for strengthening and developing the muscles and for stimulating the vital processes. They include energizing, rigid and tensing movements.



EXERCISE 9
MOVEMENT 1

EXERCISE 10
POSITION 1

I am herewith giving you directions as to the ten exercises I perform twice daily. I do these exercises from five to ten times each in the morning upon arising and fifteen to twenty times each at night before retiring.

Exercise No. 1.—FIRST POSITION—Stand before an open window, feet eighteen inches apart, hands clasped on abdomen.

FIRST MOVEMENT—*Inhale* slowly and, with a gentle pressure of the hands, gently draw in abdomen.

SECOND MOVEMENT — *Exhale* slowly through the mouth and let abdomen fall back again to FIRST POSITION, at the same time relax the pressure of the hands.

Bend head forward while *exhaling.*

Inhaling and exhaling constitute one "count."

Exercise No. 2.—FIRST POSITION—Stand erect, feet eighteen inches apart, arms out horizontal with shoulders.

FIRST MOVEMENT — Clench fists and make arms and shoulders rigid and bring arms down and back as far as possible.

SECOND MOVEMENT—Open hands and relax muscles and return to FIRST POSITION.

This constitutes one "count."

Exhale on downward motion and *inhale* as arms are brought back.

Exercise No. 3. — FIRST POSITION — Stand erect, heels together, hands clasped behind the head.

FIRST MOVEMENT—*Inhale* slowly, bend left knee and raise leg toward chest, far as you can, keeping toes pointed downward. *Exhale* slowly and go back to POSITION 1.

SECOND MOVEMENT — Exercise right leg same way.

When knee is raised toward chest and

returned to FIRST POSITION, this is one "count."

Exercise No. 4. — FIRST POSITION— Lie flat on back, arms folded behind head and heels together.

FIRST MOVEMENT—*Inhale* slowly and bend or arch body and raise upward, keeping heels and head on floor during movement.

SECOND MOVEMENT—*Exhale* and return to FIRST POSITION.

Each time you raise body off the floor and return to FIRST POSITION is one "count."

Exercise No. 5. — FIRST POSITION— Lie flat on floor on back, arms folded behind head, heels together.

FIRST MOVEMENT—Raise the legs together, bending the knees as far as possible, toward chest.

SECOND MOVEMENT — Return legs slowly to lying out straight position.

Inhale as knees are bent toward chest, and *exhale* as legs return to FIRST POSITION.

Bending and straightening them constitutes one "count."

Exercise No. 6. — FIRST POSITION— Lie flat on back on floor, heels together, arms out to side parallel with shoulders.

FIRST MOVEMENT—*Inhale* slowly and deeply, and keeping arms straight, raise same straight up over chest until hands meet.

SECOND MOVEMENT — *Exhale* slowly and return arms to FIRST POSITION. FIRST and SECOND MOVEMENTS combined constitute one "count."

Exercise No. 7. — FIRST POSITION— Stand erect, feet eighteen inches apart, arms at side of body.

FIRST MOVEMENT — Make abdomen rigid, clench left fist and bend body to right side, bringing left fist up under left shoulder. *Do not* make arms rigid in this movement.

SECOND MOVEMENT—Drop left fist to left side and bring right fist up under right shoulder and bend body to left side, keeping abdomen rigid. *Do not* make arms rigid in this movement.

Bending body to left and to right sides constitutes one "count." Breathe naturally in this exercise, as in all where breathing instructions are not specified.

Exercise No. 8 — FIRST POSITION— Hands above the head, feet about eighteen inches apart, toes turned out.

FIRST MOVEMENT—*Exhale* slowly and bend forward as far as you can comfortably do so, hands stretched toward floor. Do not try to touch the floor.

SECOND MOVEMENT — *Inhale* slowly and push abdomen out *rigid*, as tho you were trying to burst a belt, and come back to FIRST POSITION.

Each time you bend forward and return to FIRST POSITION is one "count."

Make abdomen *rigid* on *upward* motion only. Keep body relaxed on forward motion.

Exercise No. 9. — FIRST POSITION— Stand erect, feet eighteen inches apart, arms out horizontal with shoulders.

FIRST MOVEMENT—Clench fists, make arms and shoulders rigid and bring fists over to shoulders. While in this position relax muscles for a second.

SECOND MOVEMENT — Clench fists, make arms and shoulders rigid and return to FIRST POSITION. Relax muscles for a second.

Inhale and *exhale* naturally in this exercise.

Bringing fists to shoulders and back constitutes one "count."

Exercise No. 10.—FIRST POSITION— Stand erect, hands at side of body.

FIRST MOVEMENT — Keeping arms straight and *inhaling slowly*, raise arms out to side of body and above head until hands meet.

SECOND MOVEMENT—Keeping arms straight and *exhaling* slowly, return arms to FIRST POSITION.

FIRST and SECOND MOVEMENTS combined constitute one "count."

These exercises should be done three times each upon arising and five to ten times each before retiring.

These exercises will stretch the thorax, expanding the lungs, massage the abdominal muscles, also making the heart more vigorous, keeping the arteries elastic, preventing the very prevalent disease in this age of arteriosclerosis, at the same time not overtaxing or straining any one's physical condition.

The average man or woman uses about two-thirds of his or her lung capacity; there are few exceptions to this rule; the other third becomes useless as the years

go by and in time unusable. The individual who keeps all of his or her physical forces active and constantly at work learns to breathe so as to make every cell in the lungs take up oxygen and supply red blood corpuscles to every bit of living tissue in one's body.

These exercises will eliminate the waste products and poisons which accumulate in the body and which must be thrown into the circulation and eliminated thru the excretory organs. If not, a toxic condition takes place and congestion is set up over the entire body.

These ten exercises will teach one the control of the abdominal muscles and increase the efficiency of these muscles and internal organs to a marked degree. Every individual who will follow for a few weeks these few exercises will have a better co-ordination of mind and body than they have ever experienced. These exercises will bring into play the strongest and largest groups of muscles in the body, namely, the flexors and extensors of the thigh, the muscles of the back, abdomen and shoulders. It is by the constant use of these that benefits of the vital organs are brought about. By practicing these exercises regularly and conscientiously one will be enabled to perform better work mentally as well as physically, and one will not only add years to his or her life, but added enjoyment to these years will result by having a sound mind and body and a reserve of energy and vitality that one may call upon in time of need, that will successfully combat the constantly increasing diseases known to mankind.

The QUITTER

By W. S. CRAWFORD

I started writing picture plays,
Turned out at least a score;
I packed them up and sent them out,
Then turned to writing more.
But soon my scripts came back to me—
None lacking, not one play;
I mixed them—sent them out again—
No use, they wouldn't stay.
(And yet they were of stuff that would make "Intolerance" look like an animated cartoon.)

The veteran script-reader then
A letter wrote to me;
I opened it, not doubting that
A nice fat check I'd see.
"Dear Sir—We cannot use your plots"
(Is what the letter said);
"You do not seem to have a single
New thing in your head."

I quit—and from my old scarf-pins
I formed a golden ball,
And sunk it in a cartridge-blank,
Resolved to "end it all."
That night I sought the mountain-wilds
Thru darkness, wind and rain—
Sat down and shot that golden ball
Straightway into my brain.
(Right there I laid the plot for a good five-reeler and didn't know it.)

Next year, a Motion Picture party
Came, prospecting 'round,
And, passing, found my skeleton
A-bleaching on the ground.
My skull they lifted—found the little
Golden ball inside—
And, turning to his company,
The chief director cried:
"Get busy, writers, and turn out
A thrilling five-reel plot
Of gripping murder mystery—
'Who Fired the Golden Shot?'"
(See? I had the plot, but was taking a wrong view of it.)

My bones are now in picture plays,
Neatly articulated,
And on the inventory sheet
A "piece of props" I'm rated.
That old script-reader came, one day,
Looked at my bones and said:
"At last we found somebody with
A new thing in his head."
(Stick to it—the Morgue is full of Quitters.)



"Love Me—Love My 'Woof-hound'"



© Lou Goodale Bigelow

ANITA LOOS, THE AMAZINGLY YOUNG AND AMAZINGLY CLEVER AUTHORESS OF FAIRBANKS' PHOTOPLAYS

The Latest Little Starfish

Enid Bennett—The Periwinkle Discovered on an Australian Beach and Now a Full-fledged Starfish in the Ince Aquarium



© Ivers

ENID BENNETT

Gail Kane's Stunning Hat-Box

By WANDA SINCLAIR

No doubt that the good old Quakers from whom Gail Kane is descended would be a bit uneasy could they see her with her wonderful collection of gowns and hats and knew that the gorgeous array was all a part of her stock-in-trade and belonged to her "job" as a star in the American film firmament.

Let those who will rail at the discomfort attendant upon the wearing of summer furs, but there is absolutely no question as to the becomingness of the fur framing for the piquant face of charming Gail Kane. The white straw



(1)



(2) turban with its feather-covered crown is no less becoming, and the combination is all that can be desired.

In pleasing contrast is the dainty, summery hat with its crown of silk and its wide, transparent brim. With its bit of ribbon twisted carelessly about the crown, its band of fur and the spray of flowers in effective contrast, it is irresistibly girlish, and will add the finishing touch to any afternoon frock.

The martial spirit seems rampant even in millinery. This model, something on the order of a modified helmet, presents a most soldierly appearance, tho the severity of the style would not be becoming to every face. However, the ornament of velvet and fringe adds a softening touch, and the chic little hat, with its air of sincerity, truth and wholesomeness, is especially effective with a tailored suit.

The autumn fur is in evidence again with a hat that suits it and the fair wearer. This tailored turban has a rich, simple beauty all its own. The hat itself is of fine straw. Around the crown and reaching to the very brim is a wide band of ribbon, and the wide, graceful bow perched at just the right angle is of ribbon the same width and color.

This close-fitting little hat is of the reserved, conservative type that suits so



(4)



(3)



(5)

many women. The very thing for motoring, driving, or almost any occasion. The crown is of shirred tulle, and the brim shading the face is of lace. The crown is encircled by a wide band of rich ribbon, and any suggestion of plainness is relieved by the immense paradise spray that adorns the front of this most charming and becoming of models. No veil is needed with this hat, as one of the modish black lace veils is fastened around the crown to be worn over the face or draped back over the lacy brim. This hat is the kind that's nice "for mill or for meetin'" with its quiet, simple dignity, yet it's quite smart enough for any occasion. And as for the darling white serge suit, the cobwebby gown of dainty white, the frock of soft, clinging silk, the smart tailored suit of silk and the one-piece, easy-to-get-into dress that should go with these adorable hats—well, that's another story. We dont know—but we can imagine. One who has such perfect taste in hats must have a corresponding taste in dress. And are not Gail Kane's hats just like her —chic, smart, and just right?

CALLED TO HIS KING'S COLORS



"Somewhere in France" Roland Bottomley, erstwhile screen idol and Pathe star in "The Grip of Evil" and "The Neglected Wife," is standing side by side with his fellow king's-men in the trenches. Mr. Bottomley was the first actor of prominence in America to leave his profession in answer to the call of arms. And now the world of ruthless realism fronts this man who has spent his life in a world of make-believe. He must begin again and learn to play before that deadly camera, the machine-gun, and to uphold himself before that most pallid screen of all, the curtain of fire. Let there be honor for him among player folk and friends!

© Witzel

ROLAND BOTTOMLEY



Captain

By CYRUS

"CAPTAIN SUNLIGHT" was the terror of the Southwest. He bore as many names as he had racial strains, but he preferred that bright appellation above all. He had a touch of romance in his make-up and a sardonic humor. The name fitted for two reasons, he declared. He had "let daylight" thru enough people, for one; and he had a great shock of blond hair that might have become a Greek god, for the other. He had the morals of a Greek god with regard to women, too; and in spite of his fantastic facetiousness, the subtlety of a snake and the temperament of a tiger.

Amid many racial strains, the Anglo-Saxon was dominant outwardly and visibly, the Latin inwardly and spiritually; which is a figure of speech to balance the sentence. There was no

Sunlight's Last Raid

TOWNSEND BRADY



Cast of characters in the play as produced by the Vitagraph Company:
Capt. Sunlight—Alfred Vosburgh
Janet Warned — Mary Anderson

The First Episode

The Message of the Mirror

spiritual element in Captain Sunlight. He loved to call himself an American. It made his enemies more furious; also, it tended to relieve the government of Mexico, which sheltered him. He spoke English perfectly; he had been well educated, and was reputed to have something of the grand manner, especially toward women, unless they proved too obdurate, when he stripped off the veneer and exhibited himself in his naked hideousness.

He had his lairs in Old Mexico, whence he had raided the border with impunity for a long time. Like those of all great men, his usual method was simplicity itself. Altho on occasion he could muster a band as formidable in numbers as it was bad in quality, from his very numerous following of otherwise masterless men, he generally preferred to work with few followers unless there was something great to be gained by a display of force. A case in point was his attempted abduction of Janet Warned. Captain Sunlight was very catholic, in the universal sense of that word, in his taste for women, but the personal element feminine had not originally entered into that particular outrage. Not that the personal element was absent, but its direction was masculine, for, of all men on the border, it would have been hard to have selected one for whom Captain Sunlight entertained as bitter a hatred as he cherished for Bill Warned, the owner of the "Dot-Star" ranch.

Indeed, Bill Warned was as much a leader on his side of the boundary as Captain Sunlight was on the south side, for Warned was at the head of the organization which had sworn to put a stop to Captain Sunlight's raids and depredations, and incidentally to put a stop to Captain Sunlight himself; which, indeed, it was realized was the only way of accomplishing the aim of the organization. And thru Bill Warned's activity Captain Sunlight's incursions had been materially checked, his individual danger greatly increased, his personal liberty much curtailed, and his range of activities severely limited. Consequently, when the desperado heard that Miss Janet Warned was coming to spend the summer at her brother's ranch, he decided that fate was playing into his hands.

Any woman was fair game for Captain Sunlight, and he could kill two birds

with one stone by running off with Janet Warned. He knew that Bill Warned had sworn to compass his death. There was a long score of ruined barns, slaughtered horses, stolen cattle, and dead cattlemen which Warned and his associates intended to pay off. Ordinarily, one woman more or less would make little difference in the situation in the long run. There was hate enough and bad blood enough already between the desperado and his foes, but if the one woman proved to be Warned's sister, Captain Sunlight would achieve a fine revenge for the ignominious retreats he had been forced to effect, with great loss, by Warned and his rangers.

The bandit was well served by spies, one of whom was a Mexican ranch-hand at Warned's. His last foray had been checked; he had been driven back over the border with heavy loss, and pursued some distance until he escaped to his fastnesses in the hills. It appearing that nothing was to be apprehended from him for some time, Warned's men, being loosely coherent, separated, each member intent upon his own tasks, altho each holding himself subject to call. Therefore, the advantage of the unexpected would be with the raider if he should attempt anything at this, from his point of view, opportune time.

Therefore Captain Sunlight laid his plans accordingly. With but two trusted men, he slipped over the border. He crossed the railroad which ran along the river, traversed the lowlands, went thru and up the long cañon that led from the foothills up the range to the plateau upon which Bill Warned's great ranch lay. He concealed his horses in a recess in the cañon and proceeded on foot, for the better escaping observation, to the ranch, in the vicinity of which he hid himself and his fellow villains in a wind-break of trees and undergrowth near the ranch-house, to await developments. Utterly unsuspicious of any danger, in the course of the morning Warned took his horse to ride the boundaries of the enclosed portion of the ranch. From his place of concealment the Captain saw the parting between the brother and sister. His first glimpse of the sister intensified his design—he found her greatly to his taste.

There was no one left at the ranch-house but the Chinese cook and a boy. The cook fled the instant the three masked men appeared at the door of the house. It was Captain Sunlight's fancy invariably to appear masked. It added to the terror of his victims and tickled his own vanity. There was something mysterious and awe-inspiring in the practice, he fancied, and it was in keeping with that fantastic, romantic quality of his temperament. The boy, bravely seeking to draw his gun, was shot down, but left alive by the abductors so that he could deliver a sinister message to Bill Warned. The girl, unarmed and helpless, wild-eyed and white with terror, for she had just come to Texas from a famous school at Ogontz, Pennsylvania, where she had just been graduated after four years spent in the East, and was utterly unprepared for an adventure of this kind, was taken without resistance. She was thrust on one of her brother's horses, which one of the Captain's able assistants had brought from the corral, and the three, with their prisoner, galloped away across the upland toward the cañon. Captain Sunlight was exquisitely polite and courteous, even deferential in his bearing, and he was as considerate for her comfort as his great haste permitted; but she took little comfort from all that.

So far everything had gone beautifully for the raiders. Once in the cañon and on their own horses, which by now had been rested and fed, they could gain the lowland and be across the border probably before Warned heard of the abduction—certainly before he could organize any effective pursuit. Of course the raiding party might be intercepted by chance along the river, but that was most unlikely. Once over the border, the bulk of Captain Sunlight's force was drawn up ready to receive him, and if he had to fight he would probably be better prepared and more sure of the final victory on that account.

But it was not on the knees of the gods that day that Janet Warned should suffer so malign a fate as to remain in Captain Sunlight's possession at that time. The chapter of accidents and her own wit, with some assistance from Jack Con-

way, of the "Dot-Arrow" ranch, brought about her release. Jack Conway was her brother's best friend. They had been classmates at the University of Texas, and they both elected the cattle business for a life profession after their graduation. Being in possession of abundant means, they had bought adjacent ranches and controlled jointly the same range. Ranges and distances were expressed in large figures in that country. Conway's ranch-house was situated some ten miles from Warned's.

He, too, was a-horseback that day. Jim Phelps, his ranch boss, was with him. After a long morning of hard riding the boundaries, the two men had dismounted, and were taking a brief rest when the attention of the ranch boss was attracted by some peculiar and most unusual flashes of light from the direction of the mouth of the cañon or ravine, which began between the two ranches and ran down thru the broken rocks, huge, craggy precipices and wild, deep gorges to the lowlands nearly a mile beneath.

After a mad gallop across the several miles that intervened between the Warned ranch-house and the mouth of the cañon, Captain Sunlight and his men dismounted and drove the stolen horses, which were in a rather sorry condition—they had been out all day and part of the night before—across the upland, reserving the best for their captive. Then one of the men was dispatched to the hiding-place to bring up their own horses. Something had frightened the horses—a bear or rattlesnake, possibly. At any rate, they were gone. The broken hackamores which the Mexican brought back told the story. The state of affairs was instantly changed. There were now four people with one horse between them.

Captain Sunlight rarely made mistakes, but he cursed himself for having got rid of the stolen horses before he made sure of his own. It was useless for a man on foot to chase horses galloping away across the upland. Their chances of escape depended upon their recovering their own horses. There was but one thing to be done. Captain Sunlight ordered Janet to dismount, and as she stared at his masked face in dumb terror, apparently incapable of obeying, he lifted her hastily from the saddle—there would be time for further courtesies later—placed her in charge of the two Mexicans with positive orders not to allow her to escape or to come to any harm, coupled with terrible threats as to what he would do to them if they failed in either case, and hurriedly mounted her horse and galloped down the cañon to round up the other horses, which he felt sure would not have fled very far. The recovery of the horses was so vital to him that he would not trust the task to any one else.

The men guarding Janet Warned were a stupid pair. Captain Sunlight furnished all the brains for his command, and he had plenty for the purpose. Instead of seeking concealment in the cañon, they withdrew to the shadow of some trees near the entrance, secured their prisoner by binding her feet together so she could not walk, produced the inevitable bottle of whiskey, a greasy pack of cards, and began to play. Their chief had said that he would return in a short time with the horses. They had supreme and complete confidence in him. They thought they would have abundant time to get away in case of danger, anyway, because, the country being open and rolling, if they kept any kind of watch they could see any one approaching for a long distance. They did not count upon the sense-benumbing quality of the alcohol and the engrossing nature of their game.

Poor Janet Warned's condition was practically hopeless. Her brother did not expect to return until late in the afternoon. The Chinese cook, paralyzed with terror, was a broken reed. Nothing could be hoped for from him. The boy had been left too badly wounded to move. The other ranch hands and cowboys were out on the range. She would be beyond rescue before any one became aware of her plight. The country was wild and unfrequented. No one came up Wildcat Cañon unless he had business with the two ranches on the upland. But Janet Warned was young and she would not give up hope. She racked her brains and finally an idea came to her.

Now, the young girls of that Ogontz school had been formed into a military



ONE OF THEM CAST OFF THE ROPE THAT BOUND HER AND DRAGGED HER TO HER FEET

battalion, of which, in her senior year, she had been the captain. Having shown extraordinary aptitude, she had been instructed in the intricacies of the fine art of military signaling, in which she had become very proficient, to the great delight of the officer in charge of the

drills. The two Mexicans had seated her on the ground a few yards away, with her back to a tree, facing the open country, fortunately for her. By leaning forward she could put her hands in the sun. The little clump of trees grew on the highest hillock on the edge of the plateau. She was looking directly across the upland toward Conway's ranch. She had not yet met Conway, but she had read a great deal about him in letters from her brother, and, among other things, she remembered that formerly he had been a lieutenant in the Texas National Guard, attached to the Signal Corps. She knew from her brother that Conway was on his ranch, for he had purposed coming over that night to make her acquaintance and to discuss a big cattle deal which was to call Warned to Montana the next day. In this deal they were both equally interested. It could not be closed without the presence of one of the principals.

Now, she happened to have hanging in her belt a little vanity case. She had intended to ride later in the day, and the little case, with its toilet appliances, was a useful thing to have by her. Among the aids to beauty it contained was a small hand-mirror an inch and a half or so in diameter. She determined to heliograph her peril in the faint hope that Conway or some one might see and understand. The Mexicans by this time were partially filled with whiskey and completely engrossed in the game. One of the advantages of heliograph signaling is that it is soundless and that it attracts no attention while being used, unless one is directly in front of it. A furtive glance, followed by a steady inspection, convinced the girl that she had nothing to fear from the Mexicans. So long as she made no noise they would pay no attention to her. It was a forlorn hope, but it was something.

She opened her vanity bag, took out the little mirror, and leaning forward and at the same time bending her body so as to shield her hands from their observation if they looked, she began to spell out a message. Miles away, looking up toward the high point which marked the mouth of the cañon, the ranch boss detected the successive flashes of light.

"There's something funny about them flashes of light," he began, drawing lazily at his pipe as he spoke.

"What flashes of light?" asked Conway, who, facing the man, had his back toward the signals.

"Yonder, from the foot of the clump of trees that marks the entrance to Wildcat Cañon."

Conway turned about and stared. The flashes of light reflected from the little mirror appeared first on one side, then the other, in an irregular succession which was repeated after an interval of a moment or two. At first they conveyed no meaning to him, since he was expecting nothing.

"Looks like some kid was playin' with a lookin'-glass," continued Phelps, mildly curious.

"Yes, I suppose so, only there are no kids around here," returned Conway, vaguely interested as he continued to glance carelessly at the lights.

"That's so. But many of them cow-punchers aint more'n kids in spite of their beards."

Conway laughed. He could confirm the truth of that observation. He still stared at the flashes quite uncomprehendingly. It never occurred to him that any one could be signaling, and it was not until the ranch boss spoke again that he got the idea. He was not slow on the up-take, as the Scotch would say, but that any one should be signaling seemed so impossible as not to come within his imagination. His pipe had gone out and he was busy lighting it, or perhaps he would have made the same observation that the ranch boss now made himself.

"Kid or not," said the latter, decidedly, after a longer look, "it looks to me like somebody was tryin' to signal something. Them flashes are just the same."

"Signaling!" shouted Conway, a light breaking in upon him. He jumped to his feet, drew from his pocket a serviceable little three-power glass he always carried, for the use of which he had been laughed at many a time by his friends and associates, and focused it on the light. Given the clue, he recognized the action instantly. "You're right, Jim," he cried. "Some one is signaling."

The flashes of light stopped just as he got his glasses focused.



"Jest wait a bit," said the ranch boss, noting Conway's disappointment. "They'll be repeated."

As he spoke, the little far-off flashes suddenly began again. Conway had not



forgotten the alphabet.

"H," he said, reading the flashes, "E-L——"

Just then there was a break. The flashes stopped abruptly. It happened that one of the Mexicans at that moment bent a fierce glance upon Janet while the other dealt the cards. Fortunately she caught his eyes and stopped at once. Consequently it happened that the now thoroly interested distant watchers caught only those first three letters. They concluded that the last letter would be even as the third.

"Some drunken cowboy who knows the signal code is flashing 'Hell,' no doubt," said Conway, listlessly. "The next letter will be 'L'."

"I reckon you're right," said Phelps. "It hadn't ought ter be allowed."

Fortunately Conway had not taken the glasses from his eyes.

"By heaven!" he shouted, as the lights moved again. "The next letter isn't 'L'; it's 'P'."

"Some one signalin' for help!" cried the ranch boss, awakening to instant action. "We'd better get a move on us." He turned to the horses.

"There's more," cried Conway. "The next letter is 'J'."

"'J'!" exclaimed Phelps. "What does that mean?"

"I dont know."

"What's he signalin' now?" asked the other.

"'W'," answered Conway, as the flash completed the letter. There was a little pause. "Help J. W.," repeated Conway, thoughtfully.

"It's Bill Warned's kid sister," cried the ranch boss. "Can you make out anything under the trees?"

"Not a thing. The shadow is too deep."

"Can it be a joke?"

"Joke nothing," said Conway.

He shut the glasses, jammed them back in his pocket, and sprang to his horse.

"Janet Warned," he cried. "She's in trouble. It'll be that d—d Sunlight again. Where can Bill be?"

"Murdered, maybe!"

"Come on."

Now, if there was anything Conway prided himself on, it was his horses. He and the ranch boss had two of the best. They struck out across the upland toward the clump of trees at a swift gallop, which presently rose to a wild run. And as they raced forward they noted again and again the repetition of that silent appeal of light.

It happened that after a short time Bill Warned decided to give over riding the boundaries that morning, to go down to the railroad station at the little border town by the river in the lowland to send some telegrams and receive some freight which he had planned to attend to the next day, but which it occurred to him it would be well to see to at once. He started, therefore, for the mouth of the cañon about half an hour before Conway and Phelps read the signals and responded to them. He made a long circuit and came toward the mouth of the cañon from that side of the pass which was opposite his house, from a point which was hidden by the trees, and from which the Mexicans did not expect any one to approach. It was not until he was almost on them that they heard the hoofbeats of his horse on the hard trail.

The Mexicans were not too drunk to fail to realize their danger. They got to their feet, drew their guns, while one of them cast off the rope that bound the girl, and dragged her to her feet. They did not know who was approaching. In any event, it could not be a friend. They must hide at once. But Janet, who had heard as well as they, was not minded to go with them without a struggle. Here was a chance of escape she would not give up. She was a healthy young woman, athletic and vigorous, and the half-drunk Mexicans found it hard to handle her. They were struggling desperately to drag her down the cañon to a place of concealment when Bill Warned, rounding the clump, caught sight of them thru the trees. If it had not been for the most particular and emphatic injunctions they received from Captain Sunlight to the effect that the young lady's life would be paid for by their own, they would have shot her and made a get-away. As it was, they were trapped.

Upon them came Warned at full speed of his horse. He was not too surprised to act. His gun was out instantly and one of the Mexicans fell with a bullet in his heart. Warned did not dare fire at the other for fear of hitting Janet. He threw himself from his horse and, gun in hand, ran toward the pair. At that instant Captain Sunlight himself appeared in the cañon. He had rounded up the horses and was bringing them back. He had heard the galloping of Warned's horse and arrived in time to see the first shot. The situation was patent to him. In a flash his own gun was out, and but for the fact that

Warned slipped and swayed sideways on a root his career would have been ended then and there. As it was, Captain Sunlight's bullet caught him in the right shoulder and hurled him to the ground, and in the shock and pain he lost the grip on his own revolver. The next instant Captain Sunlight was above him. Altho he still wore his mask, Warned recognized him at once.

"I came just in time, señor," said Sunlight, smilingly and in perfect English, taking care to kick Warned's revolver out of his reach. "Just hold the señorita quiet, Pedro. I'l' attend to her in a minute. This is good fortune, indeed. I had the sister, but it was beyond my fondest hope to have the brother as well. I regret that your wound will not permit you to ride with us. I should be delighted to offer you the hospitality of the border, and the señorita, too, I am sure, would be happy to extend to you all the hospitalities of her new home."

"You d—d villain!" cried Warned, fiercely, struggling to a sitting position and looking without blenching into the muzzle of Captain Sunlight's revolver. "If you harm a hair of that girl's head the whole State of Texas will make you pay for it—they'll flay you alive."

"I've had the whole State of Texas on my trail before now," said Captain Sunlight, who loved to bandy words with a helpless prisoner, and who took a keen delight in inflicting this mental torture upon Warned in addition to the pain of the wound, which, to tell the truth, the latter scarcely felt in his rage at his own helplessness and his apprehension for his sister. What answer he would have made to the taunts he was receiving is not on record. Indeed, there was no necessity for any answer, for on the instant two revolver-shots rang out.

At the time of the first shot Conway and the ranch boss had got near enough to the copse to see what was going on. They saw the first Mexican fall. They saw Sunlight appear and Warned go down. There was a little depression between them and the hillock, into which they descended. A rise of ground hid them from observation.

"We had best do it on foot," said Conway, leaping from his horse.

The two men ran at headlong speed to the top of the depression, each of them cursing himself for not having brought a Winchester. They arrived panting from their exertion, but otherwise cool. It was a long shot for revolvers, but it had to be chanced. Further delay would be dangerous.

"You take the Mexican. I'll take Sunlight," said Conway quickly.

The two reports were as one. Pedro was standing apart from the girl, staring at Captain Sunlight. At the moment of the shot the latter stooped over to pick up Warned's revolver. Conway's bullet passed thru the brim of his big felt sombrero, which it tore from his head. Even in the excitement of the strange and sudden shots Janet got a glimpse of that great shock of curly blond hair which imprinted it forever on her memory.

Captain Sunlight had one quality which often served him well. He knew when he was beaten. He saw that both of his men were down, and that the two men who had just fired with such effect were a short distance away, coming forward on the dead run. Their guns were up. Another second would see him a target for two shots from marksmen whose ability he could judge. He fired twice in the direction of the two newcomers and then turned and leaped into the cañon, jumping sideways as he ran to escape a fusillade of bullets, mounted his horse, and, driving the other two before him, raced madly down the cañon and was soon far away.

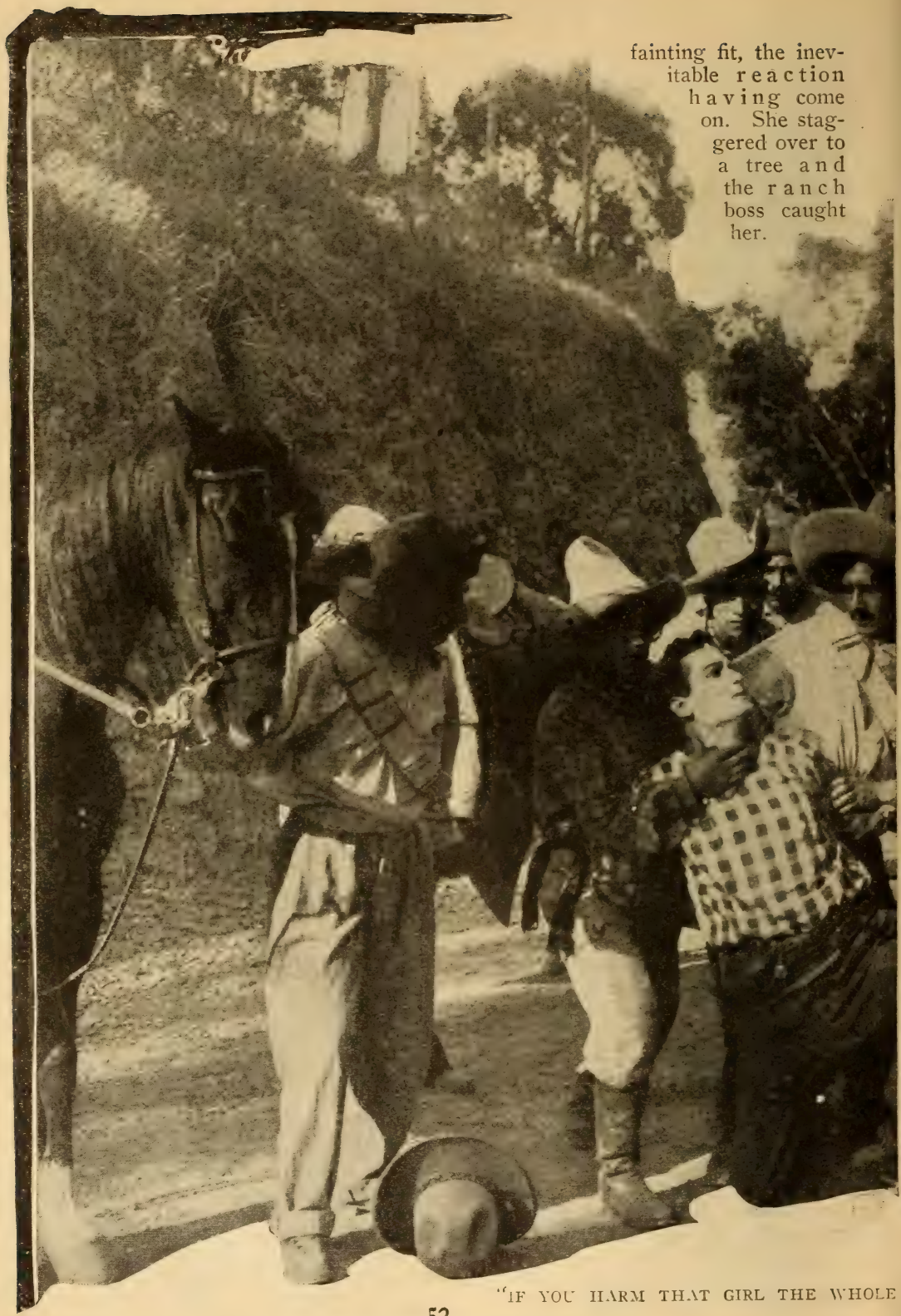
Conway stopped by the side of his fallen friend and partner.

"You came in the nick of time, Jack," said Warned. "Another minute and he would have had me and got away with Janet."

"Are you much hurt, Bill?"

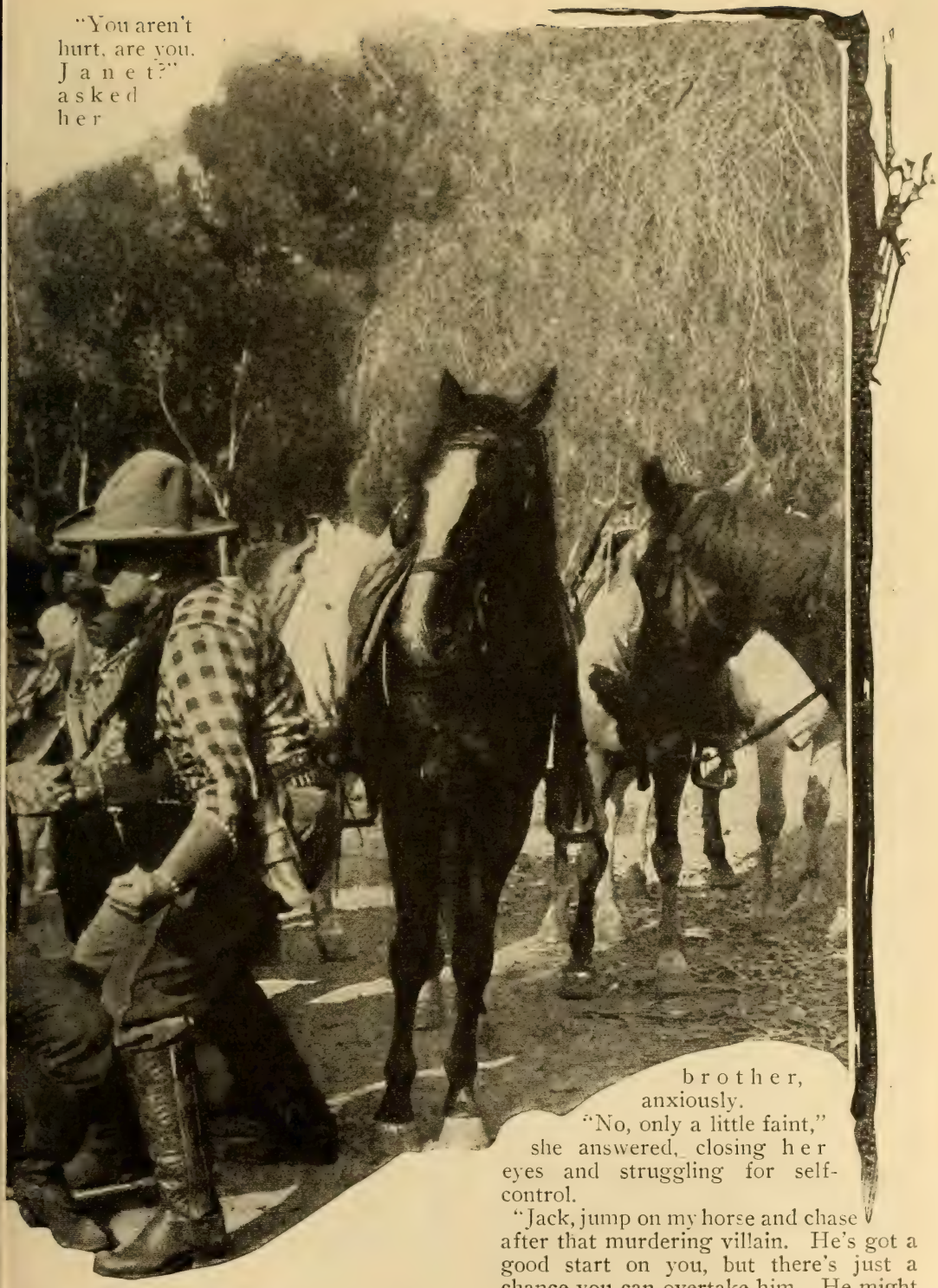
"Only a bullet in the shoulder, and Janet's saved, thank God! This is my friend and partner, Jack Conway, Janet," said Bill.

The girl was vaguely conscious of a huge figure of a man wearing a thick, short-cropped beard, streaked with dust from the rapid gallop across the upland, and not of much else. She did not even see him take off his big Stetson hat, for she was fighting desperately against a



fainting fit, the inevitable reaction having come on. She staggered over to a tree and the ranch boss caught her.

"IF YOU HARM THAT GIRL THE WHOLE



"You aren't hurt, are you, Janet?" asked her brother, anxiously.

"No, only a little faint," she answered, closing her eyes and struggling for self-control.

"Jack, jump on my horse and chase after that murdering villain. He's got a good start on you, but there's just a chance you can overtake him. He might blunder into some one on the lowland."

STATE OF TEXAS WILL MAKE YOU PAY!"

"But how about you, Miss Warned?"

"Jimmy," returned Warned, looking at the ranch boss, "will take care of us. Dont lose any time."

"My horse is back in the hollow yonder," said Conway, jumping astride Warned's horse, which had slowly drawn nearer to his prostrate master.

"I hope you get him," said Warned. "By the way," he called out after him, "if you're down at the station get that stuff for me, and see if there are any telegrams."

Conway nodded as he disappeared down the cañon.

THE SECOND EPISODE

The Rattler on the Hog-back

A month later the scattered citizenry of the counties touching the Mexican line had declared that Captain Sunlight's most recent, which had been his worst, would also be his last raid. He had burnt up a settlement on the river, and had escaped with much booty and not a few prisoners. They were out in swarms to catch him. The international boundary was patrolled and the help of the United States Government had been invoked. Troops had accordingly been ordered to the border, and the Mexican government had also been aroused to the necessity of action, and the border accordingly breathed freely, confident that the desperado had been eliminated for the time being. Yet, with characteristic boldness, into this hornet's nest the outlaw once more thrust himself.

Bill Warned, the owner of the "Dot-Star" ranch, fully recovered from his slight wound, had gone up-State for a bunch of cattle he had pastured there. Things had been quiet along the border since the attempted abduction of Janet Warned. Captain Sunlight had last been heard of hundreds of miles away. Warned had no premonition of the recent raid before he went, and no knowledge of it could reach him after his departure, so there was no one at the ranch to stay his sister from starting for the railroad station, some twenty miles away, alone, on receipt of a telegram from her fiancé.

Her month on the Texas border had taught her much. There was, she thought, nothing whatever to be feared. She rode cheerfully enough thru the rolling hills toward the cañon down which she must pass. There had been a heavy storm the night before, but the morning was fresh and beautiful. She was alone in the wild. Joy was in her heart. Sometimes she lifted her voice in song as she cantered along. As she approached the descent the trail grew more rough, winding thru rocks and ravines.

Slackening her pace perforce as she rounded a huge boulder, she found herself confronted by a man on horseback. There would have been nothing alarming in such a meeting had not a heavy revolver in the hands of the man been pointed directly at her heart. She stopped instantly. The man smiled, lowered the gun, swept his big Stetson hat from his head in one time and three motions. The doffed Stetson disclosed a crop of bright blond, curly hair crowning a clean and handsome face, the smiling mouth and the bright blue eyes of which were expressive of merriment entirely out of keeping with a typical desperado. Nevertheless Miss Warned jumped to a conclusion natural enough under the circumstances.

"Captain Sunlight!" she exclaimed, in sudden surprise and terror. "How horrible to fall into your hands a second time!"

"At your service, señorita, as before," said the man, and now he threw back his head and shouted with laughter.

Quick as thought Miss Warned wheeled her pony, but, for all his amusement, the newcomer had kept her under his eye, and in two bounds his horse was at her horse's head on the narrow trail.

"Where are you going?" he asked quickly.

"Naturally, knowing your reputation, I was going to put as much distance between us as possible."

"I cant allow that," said the man, smiling at her in a way which did a good deal to diminish her apprehension, but which by no means altogether dissipated it. "A few questions, please. You were

headed this way. I presume you are going to the station?"

"I dont recognize any right in you to question me."

"Nevertheless, you would better answer," he said, compellingly.

"Well, I was."

"Good. I shall do myself the honor of escorting you there," was the ambiguous answer.

She had heard of Captain Sunlight's good manners and his good education, and altho there had been little chance to exhibit either in his first meeting with her, they had distinctly impressed her, but she realized now how much truth there was in the rumor, for on that morning his manners and his words were alike unexceptionable.

"The trail is wide and, if you please, we will ride side by side," he continued.

"You are the master," said the girl. "I suppose there is nothing to do but obey your commands."

"Nothing. How did you know who I was?" he asked her, smiling again as they rode down the trail.

"I remembered from the last time. When your hat was shot off I saw your hair. No one could forget that."

"Just so," answered the man, with another laugh.

"Why you should pretend to escort me to the station I dont know."

"Well, it's just conceivable that you might run into some member of Captain Sunlight's band who might not appreciate beauty in distress and who would not treat you as well as I."

"I have more to fear from you than from your followers," said the woman, bitterly.

"You flatter me."

"You are different now from what you were before."

"I'm a man of moods. In my present mood I propose to escort you to the station. Upon my word of honor, nothing more, nothing less."

"The honor of a desperado, a thief, a murderer, an attacker of women!"

"It seems to me," was the mild answer, "that you are a young woman of extraordinary courage."

"Why?"

"To recall to my attention the enormities of which I am supposed to be guilty when you are supposed to be in my power."

"Supposed?" queried the woman, scornfully.

"Not even the devil is as black as he is painted," expostulated the man, mildly.

"Captain Sunlight's reputation could be lightened by much and still be dark enough," returned the girl, somewhat recovering her courage in this strange conversation; "and as for fear, I'm afraid of no man."

It seemed to her that the best way to carry off this adventure and to extricate herself from the frightful consequences that might so easily come upon her was to keep up a stout heart and show a brave front. She had escaped before; she might again. Besides, the newcomer was so polite and considerate, and he was so obviously amused with the situation, his manner was so friendly and agreeable, there was not even a sign of a threat in his voice or bearing; he was somehow so strangely different from the man who had taken her a month ago that she could not but feel a certain amount of confidence in the outcome.

"Let us talk about something else," said the man, after a little pause.

"I have no wish to talk about anything."

"Most wonderful of women!" he ejaculated, "who loves silence! But being 'Captain Sunlight,' as you say, and as you admit you are completely in my power, perhaps it would be better not to disturb my pleasant mood—which is not usually so agreeable—therefore it would be good policy to humor me a little. If reputation does not belie 'Captain Sunlight,' you know how unpleasant he can be on occasion."

"You can lead a horse to water but you cant make him drink, so you can invite a woman to speech but you cant make her talk."

"I will only entreat her to do so," returned the stranger. "It is many miles to the station. We shall have a long ride together. What could be more pleasant than to beguile the tedium of our journey by an interchange of ideas? What, for instance, do you think of the

political status of women in the Southwest?"

Now, this was a subject upon which Miss Warned had thought deeply. Like every other advocate, she would fain make disciples for her creed. Even Captain Sunlight was not to be disdained. She launched forth, answering his questions, parrying his arguments, for he naturally took the other side, matching wit with wit and repartee with repartee.

"All this is most interesting," said the stranger at last; "but we shall have to break off the conversation for a few moments. The trail has been ruined by a washout below here. I found it impassable for horses when I came up it this morning."

"Must we, then, return?"

"By no means. There is a long hog-back over yonder which is practicable for a horse, altho difficult. If you have the courage, and if your horse is accustomed to climbing, we can cut off a mile or so, rejoin the trail beyond the break, and it will be plain sailing after that."

"I have both nerve and horse," said the girl.

"And they are both evident," returned the stranger.

"Very well. Do you lead?"

"Yes, and when we have passed the hog-back and got on the trail again, we will resume the conversation."

"As you please."

"All you have to do is to follow me exactly."

"I shall do so."

With a wave of his hand, the man rode his horse up the steep acclivity by the side of the trail until he reached a long, narrow ridge which crossed a ravine several hundred feet deep. Evidently this ridge had been a terminal moraine in the glacier period. It was broad at first, but it narrowed just where it rose above the deepest part of the gorge to a space just wide enough for a single horse to go carefully. From the narrows it fell away with steep abruptness on both sides.

"Ride slowly and carefully," cried the stranger, looking back at the following woman as he reached the danger point. "Once you've passed here the going will be easy."

It was a desperately difficult space to get over, and to pass it the undivided attention of horse and rider were required. After that backward look the stranger bent his head to the trail and gathered up the reins. He had got halfway across when a sharp, shrill voice, entirely different in tone from that which had so pleased him before, broke into his consciousness.

"Hands up or I fire!" were the words that came to him.

To obey was impossible. He had to go on. Any movement would have startled his horse and the result would have been a fall of several hundred feet, which meant sure death.

"Wait until I get to the other side," he cried, and even as the woman behind him shouted, "No, now," the passage was made. He threw up his hands, wheeled his horse, and found the positions of a short time before exactly reversed. The woman had checked her horse right on the brink of the narrow bridge, so to speak, and a revolver held in a hand which, while it trembled a little from excitement, was sufficiently steady to be dangerous, was pointed directly at him.

"Now I've got you, Captain Sunlight!" cried the woman, triumphantly.

"So you have," returned the man, genially. "What are you going to do with me?"

The distance between the two was scarcely ten yards, which made conversation easy, and even a poor shot could scarcely have missed at that distance.

"First of all, get off your horse without lowering your hands."

"That's easy," said the man, swinging his leg over the pommel of the saddle and dropping lightly to the ground.

"Now turn your back and start your horse down the trail."

The pony the man was riding seemed well trained, for it was only necessary for him to speak to the horse to have him turn and walk down the hog-back, which grew broader and broader as it ran southward.

"Now lay your revolver on that boulder."

For a resourceful man, ready with his weapons, the stranger was singularly submissive. He did exactly as he was

told, altho a desperado with a reputation like that of Captain Sunlight might have risked a shot and, whirling about with a revolver in his hand, have brought down his captor, but, with astonishing meekness, the stranger made no effort to take advantage of any such skill or quickness.

"Good!" said the woman, and the note of relief in her voice, as the man obeyed, told him much. He did not seem in the least alarmed. He was smiling even more broadly than before. She could not see that, but she marked his shoulders shaking with suppressed merriment. "You wont find it so amusing when I hand you over to the authorities at the station," she said, indignant that he could regard the situation so lightly.

"I suppose not," he threw back at her over his shoulder. "What am I to do now?"

"March down the trail after your horse, but stop by that big boulder yonder, and remember that I've got the drop on you and that I'm a passably good shot with a revolver."

"I shall not fail to recollect it," said the stranger, taking a step in the direction indicated.

The next moment a wavering scream broke on his ear. He turned with a quickness which would have told the woman much if she had been in condition to notice anything. What he saw terrified him. The smile left his face instantly. She had got fairly on the hog-back, the narrowest part of it. Her horse had stopped abruptly. It was struggling to retain its footing. Directly in front of it a large rattlesnake, which had come from a crevice in the rock, having been disturbed by the passage of the man, lay coiled and ready to strike. As the woman's scream died away the man could hear the rattle in the perfectly still air. The hand that had held her gun dropped suddenly. By a nervous constriction the trigger was pressed and the gun went off as it rolled into the gorge below.

That completed the ruin of the horse. It might have regained its footing and backed off to more solid ground, altho that would have been a miracle, but the startling report swerved it further to the side. Its feet on the right hand went over the edge. Again the woman screamed. The man was upon them. He had snatched his revolver from the boulder as he came, and with the quickness of light itself he shot the head off the snake, which now lay writhing helplessly in his path. The next second he was by the girl's side.

"Loose your feet from the stirrups," he cried as he ran.

Unconsciously she obeyed him, for as the horse slipped and fell he dragged her from the saddle, and he himself fell backward with her in his arms, fortunately upon the length of the narrows. Holding her with one hand he fought desperately with the other and with both feet until he stopped his own slipping. Then he slowly got to his knees and lifted her up. She was in a dead faint. He carried her across the narrows and laid her down, ran to his horse, detached the water-bottle from the saddle, and soon brought her to consciousness.

"You're all right now, Miss Warned," he began, and she was too surprised to wonder how he knew her name. "Take a little swallow of this." He rested her head against his knee, took out a pocket-flask, mingled some of the contents with water, and put it to her lips. "You're none the worse for your adventure."

"You have saved my life," said the girl, sitting up after she had drained the cup. "That horrid snake! Where is it?"

"I was lucky enough to shoot its head off."

"And my horse?"

"He went over the cliff," said the man.

"But for you I had gone over with him."

"It was fortunate that I was here," returned the other. "But my own horse is at your service, and you'll be all right in a few moments."

"Help me up," said the girl.

When she got to her feet she turned and walked back toward the narrows. The man accompanied her. Three hundred feet below lay a battered, bruised mass which had been her horse.

"I might have been there!" she cried, shudderingly. She turned to see her rescuer tendering her his gun. "What's the meaning of this?" she asked.

"I am still your prisoner," was the smiling answer.

"Nonsense," said the woman. "I did mean to drive you down to the station and give you up, but since you saved my life I cant do it."

"Why not? I'm just as bad as I was before."

"You may be, but you have laid me under a debt of obligation which I cannot pay in that way. You can go free." She took the weapon, examined it a moment, and then handed it back to him.

"Very well. Our relations revert to what they were before, and I shall be your escort to the station, as I promised myself that pleasure. You shall ride my horse and I will walk. Of course you know that you can ride away from me whenever you please."

"I shall take no advantage of our changed circumstances. Let us go."

"When you reach the prairie level, if I think it's safe, I'll let you gallop on ahead, but we must go at a snail's pace in these mountains, anyway, so I shall not keep you back. Must you reach the station at any particular time?"

"I want to meet the west-bound express. The man I am——" she stopped. "There is a man going to the coast, and he telegraphed me to be at the station."

"Are you engaged to him?" burst out the stranger, quickly.

"Partly," was the answer, before she thought.

"How far?"

"Well, he is altogether engaged to me and I am seriously thinking about it."

"You dont love him, then?"

"Captain Sunlight, if you think because you saved my life you have a right to the history of it, you're very much mistaken," she returned, recovering herself.

"I'm very glad, however," returned the man, whose good humor came back to him, "that you're only partly engaged."

"Why?"

"Because I love you and I intend to marry you myself."

"This is magnanimous of you," said the girl, sarcastically, with a flush of bitter resentment. "Because you saved me from death, you think you have a right to say anything to me, much less to marry me—you, a murderer, a thief, an outlaw!" she added, contemptuously.

"Would you expect anything more from a reputation like mine?" asked the man, looking up at her.

"Your reputation, of course, would justify anything, but I cannot help thinking it belies you a little after what has passed."

"Thank you. That makes me more than ever determined to win you," was the cool answer.

"You are incorrigible! And, by the way," she continued, screening her eyes with her hand and staring down the mountain, "yonder are horsemen. They are evidently coming up the trail. The hog-back joins it yonder. They will relieve you of your charge. And as they are probably enemies of yours—in fact, I have heard that any honest man on the border would shoot you on sight—you had better take the horse and go back up the trail while you have time. I give you my word that I wont betray you. We will part friends, and I will hope and pray that you will quit this evil course and leave the country."

"And if I reformed and became a better man, would you——"

"It is impossible," said the girl. "We'll not talk about that."

"Well, if you will just wait a moment until I climb up on that bluff and can get a better view of those strangers, I may, perhaps, accept your offer."

(*To be continued in our next number.*)

Great Stories by Great Writers

You who have read these two Episodes will surely want to read the remaining four. The next two will appear in the December number of this magazine, and the final two will appear in the January number, out Dec. 1. Watch and wait for them! In the meantime, a real treat is in store for lovers of great stories. In the December number of the Classic will appear a wonderful story by the great REX BEACH. Read the particulars later, and dont miss it!

A Day with Charlie Chaplin on Location

By JAMES E. HILBERT



This is how Charlie looks when he takes his pen in hand to write to his sweetheart

IN balmy (?) July I spent my vacation in the Santa Monica Mountains, near Los Angeles, at a place called Los Flores Cañon. It is a summer camp, and is situated between the rugged mountains and the great Pacific Ocean. Los Flores is the only thing that is not as nature made it. For twenty miles around it is the narrow road, with its still narrower bridges that span the smaller cañons, that leads to the camp.

It is here that our famous Charlie is doing his latest stunt, entitled "The Escaped Convict."

There was some excitement in the camp the morning he arrived; tents were deserted, and the little store at the camp did more business in ten minutes than it usually does in a week. We all gathered around, and Charlie treated the bunch to ice-cream and soda-water; and then he promptly offered $5 for a cup of English-breakfast tea, which the storekeeper could not provide. One of the campers came across with the tea and hot water, and Charlie made the tea himself, using three handfuls for the cup. He had on a convict suit used thruout the picture, and while drinking his tea he posed gracefully for our cameras, poising his cup and saucer in an I-dont-care-if-you-do-fall fashion.

Having duly paid for the tea and posed for several more private cameras, Charlie and his company started for the "location," where the first scene was to be



CHARLIE FOUND THE LOCATION AND LOST THE PRISON GUARD

taken, with us campers bringing up the rear. It was quite a procession. Charlie, in his jail suit, took the lead; then came the jail guards carrying their rifles, and the camera-men with the cameras over their shoulders, and an actress in a fancy bathing-suit was next in line. The rear guard was composed of some extras in their diverse make-ups, and the campers, some in bathing-suits, some wearing bath-robes, and bewhiskered fishermen with their oilskins and rubber boots. Ladies wearing pantalets and in riding-habits, and others too numerous to mention, made up the second section of the parade. It would have made quite a sensation if it had marched down Broadway.

But, anyway, the scene was to be taken on the side of a mountain. The guide climbed up first; then he threw a rope down, and Charlie tied it about his waist. The guide started to pull on the rope, and, believe me, it was a whole comedy in itself to see Charlie climb that mountainside. He had on those long shoes about ten times too large for him, and every time he took a step up he slid down two. When he was about half-way up he lost his hat and it started to roll down the mountainside, and Charlie, in his haste to recover it, nearly pulled the guide down with him, burning the guide's hands with the swiftly moving rope as it pulled thru his hands.

Finally Charlie got mad at the preposterous shoes and yanked them off. He tied them together, threw them over his shoulders, and made a new start in his stocking-feet, much to the amusement of the campers, who were taking in every agonized look Charlie made as he stepped on the sharp stones.

At last, when he reached the location, nearly four hundred feet from the road, he wasn't satisfied with it at all, and he returned to the road, still in his stocking-feet. Then the motors started to purr, and they, camp-followers and all, were off to find a new location.

After a suitable location had been found and Charlie had viewed it from every angle, with his hands over his eyes, sailor fashion, he breathed a sigh of relief and



HE POSED ESPECIALLY FOR THE DEAR GIRL!

smiled blandly at the crowd below.

He ordered the cameras up and proceeded to take the picture. A dummy dressed as a prison guard was to be rolled down the mountainside, and when everything was ready it was started on its way. It did not reach the much-desired bottom; instead it dangled by its coat-tail in midair from a shrub on the mountainside. Thereupon Charlie complimented it for its foresight in stopping short of its destination and for wasting several feet of good film. With much difficulty the dummy was recovered, and once more started on its way down, with better results this time.



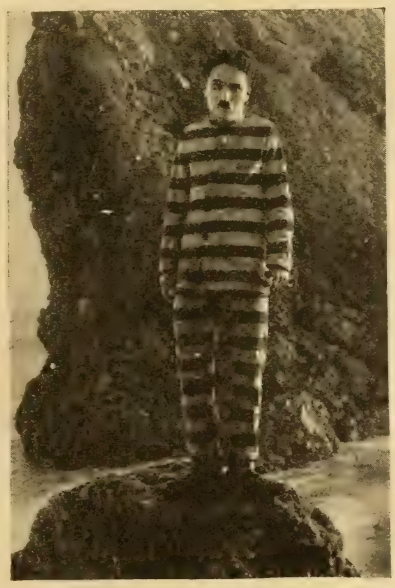
THE UNFORTUNATE "IMP" WAS A FAILURE AS A TRAFFIC COP

The next scene was one which must be taken on the narrow road, and a director's "imp" was sent out on a motorcycle in the direction which the camera faced, in order to stop the traffic coming that way. In his haste to get away, the "imp" upset a nice young lady and her camera, who was trying to get a snap of Charlie. With much gusto and gallantry, Charlie assisted the young lady to her feet. He posed specially for the dear girl.

Action was soon on again. As if lightning had struck him, Charlie bit the dust, for the special purpose of tripping a guard who was hot after him; then, jumping up, he ran a few feet, then dropped again, the guard turning a somersault as he tripped over him the second time; then Charlie got away; the guard, lying where he fell, slowly recovered himself, only to be knocked down again by two more guards who came running pell-mell down a trail on the mountainside.

I am sorry to say that Charlie got real mad. A flivver that refused to stop for the "imp" was in the picture, and it had to be done all over again. Charlie wished "Henry much peace!

The scene was taken again, but just as Charlie made his get-away and the guards were starting down, a lovely big rattlesnake loomed up on the trail and stopped the whole proceedings.



CHARLIE AS "CONVICT 23," DOING THE ROBINSON CRUSOE ACT

The two guards stopped short, and a long pole was procured, and Mr. Snake was promptly executed. Charlie tried again, and, to make sure everything was right, he went thru his dialog:

"No more flivvers coming? No. No more snakes in sight? No. Are you ready up there, you bum guards? Yes. Are the caps off the cameras? Yes. Remember, Joe, I will trip you right here; fall heavy and get up quick. Then you know the rest. All ready! Camera!"

At this point some one mentioned that it was "Friday, July 13th," and, with an exclamation of annoyance, Charlie said with the tones and air of finality:

"We shall all go home at once. This is my Jonah day, and I *absolutely* refuse to work any more today."

"Absolutely?"

"Absolutely!"

THE LANNIGANS & BRANNIGANS

BY · JAMES G · GABLE ·

MRS. LANNIGAN AND THE CENSORS

"WHAT makes ye look so cross?" complained Mrs. Brannigan.

"Ye wud look crabbed, too," snapped Mrs. Lannigan. "I've lost me rayligion, spoiled me digestion, an' dishtroyed all me rayspict for me elders."

"For hiven's sake!" exclaimed Mrs. Brannigan in alarm. "Have ye been in some dreadful calamity?"

"I have indade. I've been to a matin' av the Boord av Censures."

"For the love o' Mike," expostulated Mrs. Brannigan. "Have ye no regard for yer health? Which wan was it—the National, State, County, Township, City, Ward or Consolidated Spinsters' Club? Do tell us all about it."

"Well," Mrs. Lannigan responded, "the charman was a woman. Nature had thried to make a man out av her an' failed, an' she had only a small mustache to show for the experiment.

"A man sat near her whose mustache was only half the size av the charman's. I misdoubt not he wore it out stroking it so much, tho they were all soft an' aisy strokes, ye understand. This I l'arned aftherwards was Mr. Smith."

"Still, lots av sissies are smart," urged Mrs. Brannigan.

"Judge fer yerself," said Mrs. Lannigan, dryly. "His name was Clarence; he wore a wrist-watch and shaved the back av his neck.

"Another man sat near him, if ye want to stretch the truth by callin' him that. He was very accomplished: he cud roll a cigaret wid wan hand an' blow the smoke out av his nose widout iver wanst showing a spark av intelligence. This was Mr. Gimp.

"An ould maid, Miss Sizzle, sat nixt to me. Her face wud cuddle swate milk an' her heart cud play tag in a grain av mustard-seed. Her dress looked as tho she had worn it for the last forty years, but that's unpossible—'tis me own privilege, for I'm the only wan that's married to Mike Lannigan.

"Mrs. Gump was a short, fat woman, that sat nixt to Miss Sizzle—but niver got nixt to her. She wore a white waist, an' it was black. Her skirt was wan av the hobbled kind, an' so was her mind. They all came to cough an' remained to bray, as the pote has it."

"Mrs. Lannigan," interrupted her friend, "dont make the mistake av thryin' to clane up the world by scaldin' your naybors."

"No," Mrs. Lannigan retorted, "an' 'tis a waste av time to whitewash a mud fence. Iv'rything I've tould ye is a zoological fact."

"Well, go an."

"They all had little tabs to write on, an' they held their pencils like an assassin houlds his dagger, which was rale appropriate, seein' all the art, beauty an' jaynius they killed wid it. It did no good to appeal for marcy, for these modern Rummuns turned their thumbs down iv'ry time.

"The first picture showed a beautiful home scene. The father kim in from work; the mother an childher gathered round him, an the baby laughed an' cooed as if he knew he was the star in a grate photoplay.

" 'Anny crusticisms?' asked the charman, knockin' for order—she was an expert at all kinds av knockin'.

"'I thoroly object to wan thing,' said Miss Sizzle.

"'Name it,' commanded the charman.

"'The baby-seen,' she declared.

To my mind 'twas wan av the best seens in the play.'

"'Ye must raymimber wan thing,' said the charman to me severely. 'We always



"I SEEN OWEN MOORE AT TH' CRYTEARIN MOVIE THEAITER LAST NIGHT 'N' HE WAS FOINE."

"BEGORRA! MRS. BRANNIGAN, YEZ MUST BE MISTAKIN, FOR WID ME OWN EYES I SEEN HIM AT THE BEEJEW MOVIE HOUSE LAST NIGHT IN A PIECE CALLED 'SPAKE NO EVIL.'"

"'Hivens!' I exclaimed in surprise—I jest cudn't kape still, for the swate prattler brought a lump into me throat as I thought av me own little darlints at home. 'What was the matther wid that? welcome crusticisms av the plays—and the worse the betther—but we wont be insulted by havin' anny strangers spake in their favor. So pl'ase recall that in future, an' we will proceed. Kindly state

your objection, Miss Sizzle; I know it must be a vital wan or ye wudn't make it.'

"'I thank ye,' Miss Sizzle simpered, 'for the explicit confidence ye impose in me, an' I admit I do all in me power to desarve it. The baby-seen is too suggestive.'

"'An' that,' said the charman solemnly, 'is enough to dam any picture.'

"Miss Sizzle nodded assent; Clarence stroked his mustache; Mr. Gimp rolled another av his cigarets, an' Mrs. Gump snored.

"'But where do ye get that at?' sez I, me Irish blood b'ilin', fer the picture was a gem an' I hated to see it condemned by a lot av ninnies that were blind to beauty an' deaf to art.

"'I dont know who brought this outside person inside,' remarked Miss Sizzle loftily, 'but I have no objection to eliminating her ignorance. Ye niver see a baby, aven, if it is well an' happy—which it seldom is—but what ye think av ma'sles an' croup an' deeptheery an' snoopin'-cough an' infant-heel analysis, an' so I say 'tis entirely too suggestive.'

"'An' very right an' proper, too,' said the charman, approvingly. 'I'm sure we wudn't have thought av that.'

"'Ye must all be crazy,' says I, so loud the fat woman awoke wid a snort. 'Why, ye niver see a laughin', crowin' baby but what ye think av the angels in hiven where they kim from. An' ye mind their cool, moist, lovin' lips agin your wrinkled old cheeks; their dimpled, white hands in your grayin' hair, an' their lovely images enshrined forever in your toil-worn hearts. To be near a baby is as close to hiven as we can iver git on 'arth.'

"Miss Sizzle raised her eyes in a resigned sort av way. 'This outside person is very droll,' she said, pursing up her lips.

"'Droll?' the charman exclaimed. 'She is very importinent. How do you vote, Mrs. Gump?'

"Mrs. Gump was about to drop off to sleep again, but awoke with a start.

"'I vote with Miss Sizzle,' she declared.

"'But ye've been fast aslape all the while, wid th' small av your neck in th' nape av your back,' I declared, scandalized to me very morrow. 'Since when were Emotion Pictures invinted for blind payple?'

"'Av coorse I was,' she admitted. 'But me subconscious self was at work. All the time the machine was running I was havin' bad dreams, which proves that the play is an absolute dirtymint to the public morals.'

"'Proves your granny,' sez I, disgustedly. 'It proves ye et too much lobster salad, tho aven a cannibal should rayspict her own relations.'

"'The lady is out av order,' snapped the charman.

"'Well, thank hiven I'm not out av brains,' I raytorted.

"They began to look at me as if they tho't I naded fresh air, so I shut me trap hard an' sat still, fer I wanted to see the thing thru.

"The nixt picture was a beautiful story av affection an' affliction. I tho't sure 'twould pass widout a single disseminating vote, but I reckoned widout my landlord, as the sayin' is.

"'It wont do,' said the charman, shakin' her head. 'It wont do a-tall.'

"'An' phy not?' I asked, in scandalized accents. I jest cudn't kape still.

"'Because it contains an illusion to Jupiter, an' that's some sort av a furrin' rayligion. We must rayspict all rayligions.'

"'But,' I parsists, 'all that happens is that wan man exclaims "By Jupiter!" an' Jupiter died befoor Billy Bryan ran for Prisident the foorst time.'

"'Tis a good thing to know that he's no longer livin',' sez she. 'We must rayspict the dead.'

"'Thin,' says I, 'in spite av meself an' me own inclinations, I must have rayspict for you.'

"'Why?' she exclaims, in surprise. 'I aint dead!'

"'No,' I admitted, 'I know ye aint, but your brains is.'

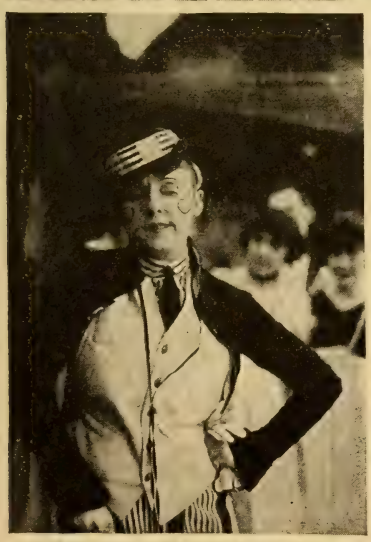
"An' then they chucked me out.

"But I lave it to ye, Mrs. Brannigan, jest the same as if ye had intelligence. Did ye iver hear the beat?"

"Well," Mrs. Brannigan replied, meaningly, "none but a fool wud look for goold in a garbage-can."

Filmanthropic Fay





Fay Tincher Scatters Cheer Wherever She Goes

By PETER WADE

WHEN Fay Tincher hopped out of her little runabout, slipped off her mackintosh and revealed a chic and abbreviated bathing-suit, designed in the famous stripes—stockings and all—the Venetian crowd on the beach grinned from ear to ear. They were California Venetians—from Venice, California, of



course—and the occasion was the annual bathing-suit contest.

Fay walked off with the fifty-dollar prize, and, as that was nearly two years ago, she has, no doubt, "blown it in."

On the stretch of broad beach, that sun-bathed afternoon, were thousands of critical spectators, five cool contest judges, and a hundred or more beautiful girls in stunning bathing-togs. Yet Fay glided off with the prize just as easy as you please.

How did she do it? Ah, there you have the secret of her success on the stage, in the studio, and on the screen. Some fun-makers are born, others achieve popularity, some have it thrust upon them. With Fay Tincher, her humor bubbles up from an inexhaustible spring. It's as infectious as the mumps. That's why the Venetians were fooled into rewarding her above the others.

Fay's father was a printer—so she didn't run to type. If there's any one less comical than a printer, he's never been unearthed. Fay was humorous in spite of parental handicaps. Upon the death of her father, the contrariwise miss had a few thousand dollars in hand—and no stocks and bonds in the bank-vaults. Canny friends advised her to sit tight on her little nest-egg. But Fay was cursed, or blessed, with a sense of humor. She resolved to "do" Europe until Europe "did" her and the last of her little pile. So she disappeared for three years and studied all kinds and conditions of *genus homo* on the

Continent—always thru fun-loving eyes, of course. Back to America came Fay, minus her nest-egg, but rich in experience. After a flying leap thru a college of music, she discovered that she had a voice—at least her teacher told her so.

Fay decided to put it to the test by trying it on the public. "For," opined the wise miss, "every one has a voice in a parlor full of chums." Savage's "Shogun" was her first voice-tester, and from this light opera she essayed, in rapid succession, "The Dream City," with Joe Weber, "The Magic Knight" and "Twiddle Twaddle."

Between acts, by varying the monotony of road life, Fay mimicked the fat tenors and love-lorn sopranos to her heart's content.

One day she felt a serious emotion take hold of her, and deserted musical-comedy in a hurry to have D. W. Griffith diagnose her case. The famous director looked her over and cast her as Cleo in "The Battle of the Sexes."

Fay's success was assured overnight, but she felt that emotional drama was not exactly her forte—there must be some imp of perverseness trying to throttle it.

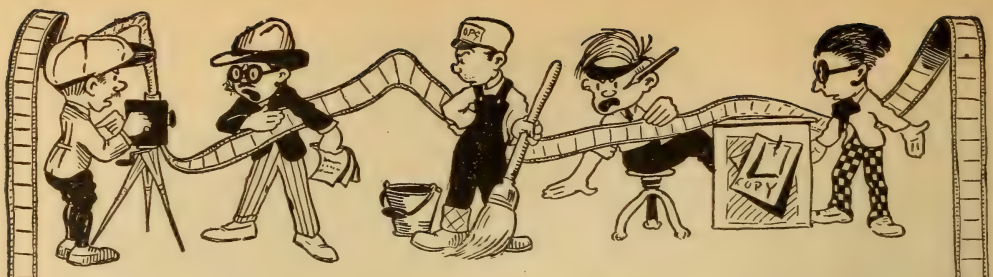
One day, on a visit to an Indian encampment, Fay, in a spirit of fun, decided to shock the aborigines—"to give them something to grunt about"—so she designed and wore a most outlandish dress of screaming stripes. The Indians were more than impressed; they begged their agent to procure at once a bale of the dazzling goods from "The Great Father in Washington."

Those stripes landed Fay Tincher in comedy film. Her career since then, as the gum-chewing stenog' in the "Bill" series and as De Wolf Hopper's co-star, is an open book.

But if the stripes put Fay on the screen, they did not keep her there. After wearing them vertically, horizontally, on the bias, and in convolutions, people got used to being blinded and didn't shy any more. But you cant stop infectious fun with a gloom antidote. Fay is infectious. Strip her of stripes and she'll do just as well in checks or a Mother Hubbard.



MARIN SAIS AND HER FAMOUS HORSE, "BLUE DEVIL," HOLDING SILENT COMMUNION. THE FAR-AWAY LOOK IN THEIR EYES BESPEAKS THE HAPPY DAYS IN WHICH THEY ARE CO-STARS



Reflections on the Movies

By LON DINSMORE

Said the camera-man, as he gave his last turn,
"This picture is great—'twill bring money to burn";
And he said to himself, as he heaved a hard sigh,
"*My* work is what counts, for the camera cant lie."

The director then said, "'Tis surely a shame,
'Tis *my* work that counts, for I'm onto the game;
I lay out the scenes, and the business I plan—
'Tis *my* work they see when the pictures they scan."

The property-man takes a glance at the list,
Saying, "Here's where *I* shine; I must really insist,
When due credit is given, they look at the 'props'—
If they are not right, the 'shooting match' stops."

The editor, idle (?), sat back in his chair,
And said to himself, "This is surely not square,
For without *my* 'gray matter' the business would funk,
For most that they write is nothing but punk."

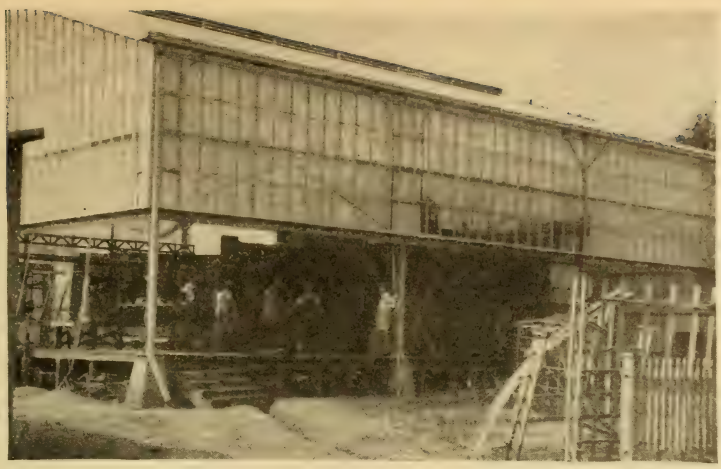
The author felt sore and made a loud talk:
"Let *me* have the floor, and *I'll* win in a walk;
You're all of you right and all of you wrong—
My stuff is the thing that helps you along."

The actors rose up in a terrible fury,
And said, "'Tis the public must act as the jury;
'Tis *us* that they look for—they well know our faces—
The story's all right if of 'punch' it has traces."

But the manager settled the muss in a minute,
Saying, "Where would you be if *I* were not in it?
Your acting is fine, either tragic or funny,
But this eating up films is a thing that takes money."

Now what shall one say at the end of this screed?
In making success many forces we need;
If one part falls down, then all must stand still—
The public care not if the show "fills the bill."





Speakin' O' Lasky

and My Wonderful "Mixing-In" Day

By ROBERTA COURTLAND

HAVING been invited out for a visit to the Lasky studio, we donned our "Sunday-go-to-meetin's," flagged a 'bus, and off we went. The studio stands at the corner of Vine and Selma avenues, and the entrance was all cluttered up with a row of cars—big cars, little cars, smart cars and gaudy cars, two-passengers, five-passengers, a nine-passenger "battleship" car, and lots of others.

Entering the gate, we interrupted a first-class prize-fight which seemed about to take place in the light-room, glass-enclosed down to a man's height. The overalled, shirt-sleeved men who were engaged in the fight turned, surveyed us calmly, and, as we scuttled, rabbit-like, out of the way, they calmly resumed activities. But we hadn't time to worry about this fight, for we (using the editorial "we," of course, for "we" was really only me—very much flustered, not a little scared, and with a deep feeling of homesickness) stumbled almost headlong into a sumptuous (there's no other word for it) set, beautifully decorated in true Oriental style, and further adorned by the presence of Sessue Hayakawa, in very picturesque and none-too-clean rags, being waited on obsequiously by a roughly dressed individual who was probably wanted by the police in various States, judging by his attempted disguise—blue goggles, a heavy, scrubby beard, a dirty collar and a rough gray sweater. I was just about to criticise this "make-up" as distinctly bad form, when he turned, and I saw that what I had mistaken for an actor in disguise was really a much more awesome spectacle—a director in working-clothes, Marshall Neilan by name.

I passed silently along, my discomfiture no whit allayed by my narrowly avoided *contretemps*—suppose I had voiced that criticism aloud, before Mr. Neilan turned!—watching the various activities in the yard, and watching lonesomely for the acquaintance who had invited me. I heard a low, sobbing wail, as of a soul in torture. I looked up, startled, to behold a strange and wondrous spectacle. Wallace Reid, in a plain, dark-blue serge suit, soft collar and tie, was seated on the arm of a dainty white wicker-chair, a violin in his hand. He dropped his bow,

extended his hand tremblingly, and said, in a pathetic, woeful voice:

"Please help the blind!"

A hurrying feminine figure, clad in an exquisite negligée held high above the rubbish in the yard, halted for a moment, and Fannie Ward, head on one side, one hand holding her dainty skirts, stared thoughtfully. Then she dimpled, and her blue eyes twinkled mischievously.

"That's pretty bad, old man," she called gayly. "The imitation would get over much better if you had a tin cup."

"Drop a penny, please, kind lady," begged Wallace, shamelessly, with a grin, as he peeped at her thru half-closed lids. "Please, pretty lady!"

"Pretty lady! You're a fake, Mr. Blindman!" accused Fannie.

"But not so hopelessly blind that I cannot recognize beauty!" declaimed Wallace, with a Chesterfieldian bow. And Fannie, with a gleeful, youthful laugh, hurried on to where her director was waiting patiently.



MARSHALL NEILAN AND SESSUE HAYAKAWA

Of course, I knew Wallace Reid—that is, I knew the chap who, with his stunning wife, faultlessly attired in evening things, danced so much at "The Ship" and Levy's. But this young man, in make-up and costume, was a stranger to me, so I wandered lonesomely on.

On one of the outdoor stages pretty Mae Murray, with her sunny hair piled high, clad in a frock of black velvet and net, was trying hard to look like a Wenzell drawing. Her director was by no means pleased with the result, and Mae's eyes were wistful and a bit tired-looking. I might mention that it was Mae who had invited me to the studio, and I felt like hailing her joyously. But she was busy, so I paused uncertainly. Then I decided I'd go on, see what I could see, and come back when her director was in a more cheerful mood.

Suddenly there came the sound of shots — rifle-shots — popping cheerfully away, and I quickly sought an escape, wondering meanwhile why I had ever

allowed myself to be lured to a spot so near "war-torn" Mexico. I hurried around a corner—and right into the midst of a war-scene that looked exactly like Mexico. White-clad peons, a rurale here and there, and some frightened women, added to the general confusion. Aghast, I stared, almost petrified with alarm.

"It's all right, Miss Courtlandt," laughed a pleasant voice behind me, and I turned to face Theodore Roberts, genial, pleasant, clad in the proper outfit for a South American consul. "We're taking some fight-scenes for 'The American Consul.'"

"Well, I'm glad it's nothing worse," I sighed, tritely enough, but with an earnest and heartfelt sigh of relief.

A little farther on Tom Forman was discovered in a "set" which I learnt was destined for use in the same picture. Two grinning, good-natured companions—distinctly personable young men, but strangers to me, so their names cant be written here—



MAE MURRAY TRYING TO LOOK LIKE A WENZELL DRAWING



TOM FORMAN AND THE WIRELESS OUTFIT



SESSUE HAYAKAWA RIGGED AS A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER

were assisting (?) him in mastering the wireless outfit which young Tom is supposed to manage in the picture—he playing the wireless operator, so to speak.

At the edge of the stage, away from any one else, and where they were quite sure of having the place to themselves, Sessue Hayakawa's dog and the shipping-room cat were staging a little bout that would have done credit to the most temperamental stars.

"G-r-r-r-rouw!" remarked the dog, contemptuously.

"Ps-s-s-t!" returned the cat, in her haughtiest manner.

"Bow-wow-*wow!*" stormed the dog, angered at this apt repartee.

"Muriouw!" returned the cat, icily.

And this was really more than any dog, no matter how well-bred, could be expected to stand, and "Shoki" (the dog) darted forward, with malice in his eyes. He retired, a moment later, with a badly scratched nose. Just how the battle resulted I am unable to state, as, by this time, Miss Murray had finished her scene and was ready to go to her dressing-room. As we walked down the lane called "Lasky Lane," where all the dressing-rooms are, we passed Marshall Neilan, who had also finished work by this time and, once more clad in his right mind, was engaged in earnest conversation with Jack Pickford, who had arrived that day from New York. From the rather high-pitched conversation, we gathered that Mr. Neilan had expressed a doubt that it was possible that Jack could have visited New York for so long a time and return to California still retaining his watch. Jack was showing the doubter, which seemed to convince him.



WALLY REID, THE "BLIND" VIRTUOSO

The Lasky studio is an immense organization, and it was a veritable babel of talk and laughter as I waited for Miss Murray to dress. Myrtle Stedman, Vivian Martin, Louise Huff, Fannie Ward and Miss Murray were on the same corridor of the Dressing-room Lane, and they laughed and chattered like schoolgirls.

Altho I was terribly frightened—once by the musket-fire of "The American Consul's" fight-scenes, and again when I so nearly stumbled into a set and spoiled a scene—I had a splendid time that Saturday afternoon down at Lasky's.



"SHOKI" AND "GRETCHEN" TAKE UP SIDES IN THE WORLD WAR

Solomon said, "There is nothing new under the sun." But this learned and wise gentleman lived a great many years ago. Could he be alive today and have the privilege that I had of seeing the "innards" of a Motion Picture studio, he would surely change his mind. At least there would be a chance for an argument. There are thrills a-plenty and things happening every minute that would have made a person of even fifty years ago think he had gotten by mistake into a lunatic asylum. But aside from the startling and disconcerting spectacle of the queer people running about, "some in rags, some in tags," others in villainous garb, fearfully and wonderfully made up, others with bayonets, apparently ready to do or die —there were all kinds of pleasant and interesting things. I always did like fairies and fairy tales, and was so glad to meet some, with the knights and ladies and other Mother Goose characters. I was even glad to see the witches and the king's jester, tho the latter tried to make me feel foolish (and didn't succeed).

A peep into the studio restaurant revealed Director Neilan, some of the stars and a few extras lunching together in cosmopolitan fashion. Yes, I was invited to join them, but was far too busy and interested with other things to spend the precious time.

And then the dressing-rooms! It was my rare privilege to capture some of the stars alive in their holy of holies. Louise Huff has the cutest little room done in chintz, with threefold mirrors and beautiful pastel pictures peeping from all the bare spaces. The little star's hair was being done up by her maid when I intruded, and I marveled at the deft and amazingly rapid way with which the trained servant made her mistress' ringlets hang just right.

There is another dressing-room into which everybody goes in Laskyville. It is a sort of Mecca for movie fans. Its famous tenant was away at the time on concert tour. We passed thru the beautiful room awesomely, and saw the couch on which the great Geraldine Farrar rested between scenes, and her elaborate dressing-table and wonderful hangings.

It is an immense place, that studio. It was necessary to keep one's head, or be lost in the mazes and by-ways, and everybody was madly busy at something. Yet, from the directors and their many gifted players it was my privilege to meet, down to the important personage who guards the sacred portals of the entrance, everybody was delightfully friendly.



I'd Like to Know Why—

By MILDRED CONSIDINE

Beverly Bayne looks so worried—
Can it be that she knows not,
That no matter what her danger,
Bushman's Johnny-on-the-spot?

William Hart, the Western bad man,
Who at first will not unbend,
Falls for some girl's mushy talk, and
Gets religion at the end?

The dashing blonde, Kathlyn Williams,
Dotes on wearing leopard skins,
When she knows her anatomy
Is exposed above her skins?

Henry Walthall will waste his time
On pictures like "Mary Page,"
When actors, far less talented,
Have made themselves the rage?

Childish little Marguerite Clark,
Who is always sweet and shy,
Insists on knocking the movies,
When her finger's in the pie?

Young Bryant Washburn hides himself
Behind stern character parts,
When, as a handsome juvenile,
He might be collecting hearts?

Francis Xavier Bushman
Drives in a lavender car;
Is this story on the level,
Or the press stunt of a star?

Sis Hopkins and her piggy-tails
Ever left the speaking stage,
To caper about in nonsense
That was good in the Stone Age?

Douglas Fairbanks leaps and jumps
Like a circus acrobat;
Is he bragging of his prowess,
Or afraid of getting fat?

Fair Edna May tried "spoofing" us,
About not wanting her "pay,"
When we knew, from the very start,
That she had come to stay?

Should magnetic H. B. Warner,
Who can grip you from the start,
Be forced to struggle pitifully
Thru a wishy-washy part?

The beautiful Kitty Gordon
Never wears a high-necked gown;
Does she fear, without her bare back,
That her fame will tumble down?

Charlie Chaplin, whose assets
Are his cane and shuffling feet,
Has proven such a drawing card
And "knocks" them off their seat?

Frisky, agile Mabel Normand
Doesn't stick to slapstick stuff;
Will she be fully satisfied
Not to treat her hero rough?

Mr. Broadway George Cohan
Has been permitted to lag;
Why not a "fillum" of Georgie
And his pal, the "Grand Old Rag"?

I am writing all this truck
When I should be earning dough;
It is just a lot of nonsense—
But, I'd really like to know!

The Morality of the Motion Picture World

By WILLIAM G. HARRINGTON

EDITORIAL NOTE—The Portland (Oregon) Chamber of Commerce and the Portland newspapers decided that life in and about the Los Angeles studios was immoral. It became the subject of heated argument in the press and in community meetings. They decided to investigate. William G. Harrington, formerly head of the Department of English and Public Speaking, Pacific University, was chosen. He was clothed with police power, backed by every good influence in Oregon, and went to Los Angeles with a corps of investigators. At first they worked "in the dark" unknown to the studios, and later every picture plant was thrown "wide open" to them. What Mr. Harrington learnt from dance-hall proprietors, car-conductors, chauffeurs, waiters, telephone operators, hotel clerks, the police, and, finally, from the players themselves, is herewith set forth in a most unusual continued article which began in the October number and which will be continued in this and the next number.

IT would seem as if the photoplay world were fully protected against the incursion of undesirable influences thru the methods already described.

The Jesse L. Lasky Company, however, evolved a still more comprehensive system for the supervision of moral welfare. Their methods are city-wide in scope. They were apprehensive concerning the girlish stranger alone in the great city, and determined to devise means of affording her protection. Accordingly, the Lasky management suggested to the city authorities the advisability of establishing a civic bureau for the assistance of girls who, hopeful of winning success in the photodrama, arrive in the city in such destitute circumstances that there are grave possibilities of moral deterioration should they fail to obtain employment. The city fathers considered the suggestion timely and appointed Judge White of the Women's Court, Chief of Police Shively, and Mrs. A. Gilbert of the City Mothers' Bureau, as members of such a bureau, with power to appoint a representative of the photodramatic profession as the official head thereof. After careful consideration these officials nominated Miss Anita King, one of the stars of the Lasky studio, a young woman who has a thoro knowledge of the photoplay world plus unusual strength of character and breadth of vision. Miss King accepted the appointment and thus became the only official "mother" ever appointed by a municipality to guide the footsteps of girls who seek a career before the camera. Her work with the Lasky Company is arduous, yet she freely gives her time after working hours to girls in the wide, pitiless city who need motherly help and advice. The degree of determination and resourcefulness which Miss King brings to bear upon her work as "city mother" may be deduced from the fact that she is the heroine of "The Race," the thrilling photoplay founded upon her recent hazardous transcontinental automobile trip—a trip that she made alone and without assistance.

An introduction to Miss King revealed a virile type of beautiful young womanhood, whose personality radiated strength of character, sincerity of purpose, a broad and sympathetic understanding of the frailty of human nature, and a splendid physique that makes possible the accomplishment of her many artistic and humanitarian duties.

When the subject of morality was broached, a wistful look crept into her eyes, as if her heart yearned for a greater tolerance, a finer sense of justice, a more generous Christian spirit on the part of the evil-thinking public. Then her militant will-power asserted itself. Her face grew grave and her level glance searched one's innermost thoughts as she said with passionate vehemence: "Is chivalry dead? Have all of the tender and sympathetic impulses been frozen in men's veins? Has respect for women vanished? Is nobody's character safe from slander? Why is the public so receptive to sensational stories? Why will it believe anything—no matter how bad—concerning us? The time was when a real man would knock down a foul-mouthed brute who slandered any woman, and now—now we are not even given the benefit of the doubt. Oh, it's unjust—cruelly

unjust to hold us as a class morally depraved.

"Public opinion is inexcusably wrong, as you will learn thru personal contact with our people. They are clean-living, high-minded and absolutely moral. Watch the difficult, even dangerous work that they have to perform and you will understand that they could not endure the daily nerve-racking strain if they were otherwise. Oh, I do so wish the public would be fair and charitable. I want the world to know us as we are —to picture us in our homes and by our firesides—to appreciate that we love to spend our evenings in happy, quiet ways with our families and friends.

"We live in a glamor of life, it is true. Each day we interpret with such skill as we possess the gamut of human emotions, all for the edification of the public; but when the ordeal is over and the hush of evening is around us, we become very ordinary, tired folks, appreciative of sympathy and encouragement and sensitive to undeserved criticism.

"You speak of girls astray in this great city. Well, such is our devotion to our art and our desire to keep it unsullied that some of us have voluntarily assumed heavy burdens. Strictly speaking, it is no affair of ours if girls who come to Los Angeles seeking work in the studios are sometimes numbered among the fallen after disappointment and lack of funds have made them a prey to unscrupulous men. Let me ask, Would a bank or a department-store or any business house be held accountable if a girl who sought employment and failed to obtain it subsequently went astray? Would they incur any responsibility for her downfall if she had been employed and for a good and sufficient reason discharged? You say, 'No.' Well, similarly we are clearly absolved from responsibility under such circumstances. But we recognize that these poor girls are our sisters—that there is a spark of God in them—that they need help and consolation—and we give it to them. We dont ask needless questions. We dont preach. We just put our arms around them and—well—mother them."

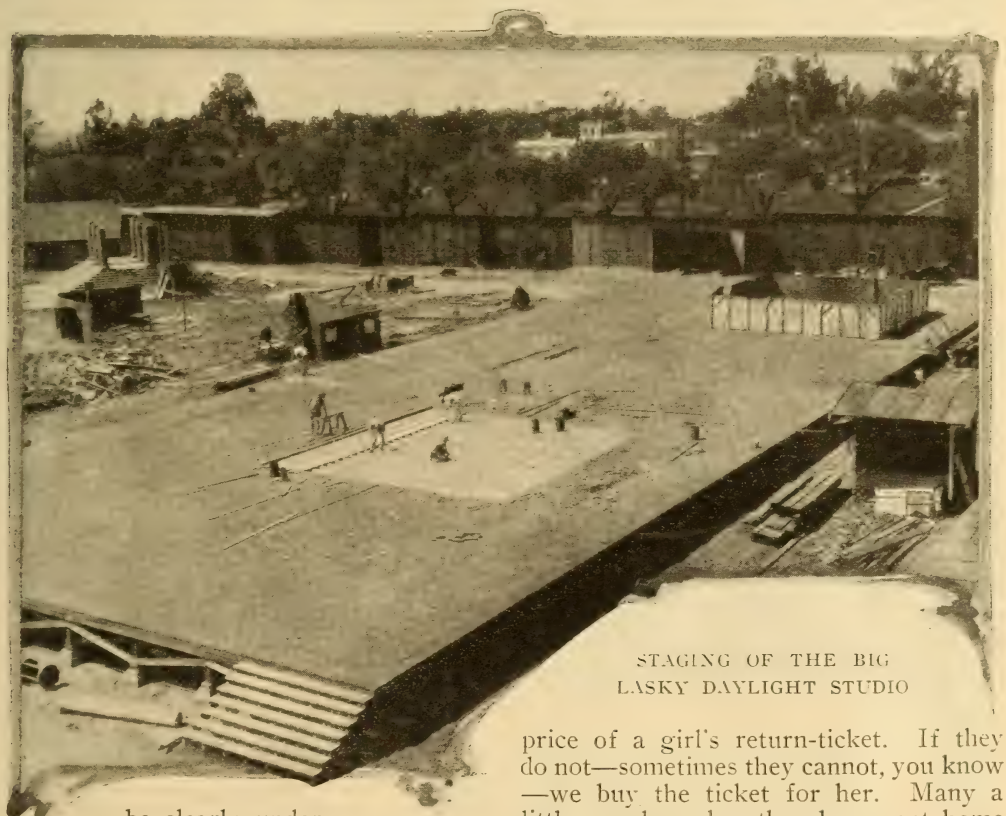
There was a pathetic little catch in Miss King's voice. Something glistened in her eyes. She looked away for an instant—far away at the distant mountain-peaks; then, with a deep breath that was almost a sigh, she continued quietly: "There are some things which reflect discredit upon the Motion Picture world that have no connection with it whatever; for example, I ought to tell you that, while some girls are attracted to Los Angeles solely by the lure of the screen, the greater portion of them are induced to come by the so-called 'movie schools.' Their lurid advertisements attract girls from all parts of the country. They represent to a girl that, after a short course in 'Motion Picture acting,' she can easily obtain work at a studio. She comes. They get all of her money, go thru the form of teaching her 'expressions'—that is, they tell her to look sad, happy, angry, etc.; have her make faces, in fact; all of which is of no value as training for photodramatic art—write a perfunctory letter of introduction which engaging directors consider worthless, and then turn her adrift.

"Active measures have been taken to combat this evil. Already I have appeared before the Los Angeles Ad Club and The Rotary Club, and have been assured of their hearty support. We plan to bring about the enactment of ordinances that will make unlawful the operation of such schools, and thus rid Los Angeles of their menace.

"There is also the wolf in sheep's clothing, who goes about the country masquerading as a Motion Picture director. Usually he is a traveling man of lax morals. Sometimes he is a white-slaver. He sees a girl who seems desirable. He presents a card bearing the name of a well-known photoplay company. He mentions a fabulous salary—a meteoric career. He flatters and fawns. The poor, innocent girl yields to his blandishments, and the public enjoys another scandal that is a gross insult to all filmdom.

"Now please understand me. I resent the injustice of holding us to blame for such occurrences, but, nevertheless, I want to be perfectly fair and honest. I want you to know the actual facts. There are, I regret to say, cases of immorality among the destitute—yes, and among the

comfortably situated girls in this city. Undoubtedly there have been instances where certain girls of the immoral class have, when apprehended, given their occupation as Motion Picture actresses. Perchance, occasionally one such was at some time employed among our thousands of 'extras.' Usually, however, they have never seen the inside of a Motion Picture studio. But it ought to



STAGING OF THE BIG LASKY DAYLIGHT STUDIO

be clearly understood that none of this moral delinquency can be attributed justly to any demoralizing influence of the photodramatic profession. We recognize its existence, however, and the need of corrective measures. We realize that the Motion Picture business is one of the largest industries in this city; that we share all civic and social obligations; that the general moral welfare of Los Angeles concerns all good citizens; that it is proper that we should do our part to make our city a good place in which to live. Accordingly, we have co-operated with the city authorities, thru my work as 'city mother,' in an endeavor to alleviate conditions that concern all.

"How do I conduct this work?

"We keep a record of every applicant for employment at the studios. When we learn that a girl whom we cannot accept has come from a distance and is without funds, we give her money sufficient for her needs until we can communicate with her parents. Usually they telegraph the price of a girl's return-ticket. If they do not—sometimes they cannot, you know—we buy the ticket for her. Many a little wanderer has thus been sent home to the aching hearts that awaited her.

"No, the city has made no appropriation for this purpose. I—we—that is"—here Miss King blushed and looked very sweet and girlish; the businesslike "city mother" had disclosed her generous, warm-hearted self. It was quite apparent that she was the good angel who, perchance with the assistance of other whole-souled people in her profession, had provided the means that enabled penniless, homesick girls to set their sad faces homeward again.

"But," Miss King continued, seriously, again in the rôle of the capable "city

mother," "the one big, outstanding fact that I want the public to know is, never to my knowledge has there been a single case of immorality among our regular stock people.

"However," she continued, with a warm smile and magnetic hand-clasp, "the best way to determine our moral standards is to watch us at work and in recreation. Actions speak louder than words, and you can soon tell of what kind of stuff we are made."

As the writer turned away, his last impression of Miss King awakened in his subconscious mind the old, old thought expressed in Corinthians xiii: "And the greatest of these is love"—love for the Magdalene whom the great, cold, righteous world so bitterly scorns.

After considering the methods used relative to employment, and making a general survey of housing conditions, personnel, etc., supplemented by the testimony already submitted, the writer undertook a personal investigation of actual working conditions. This proved to be very instructive and inspirational. There was nothing to shock the finer sensibilities. One, in mingling with the throngs of extras, found them to be likeable people. As a class they were keen-minded and clean in speech and action. Virility, ambition, enthusiasm abounded. No task seemed too irksome or hazardous. Men actually sought the privilege of performing dangerous bits of business.

At the Lasky studio, where "Jeanne d'Arc," a tremendous spectacular production, was being filmed, the DeMilles, who were personally supervising it, decided that a certain scene indicated in the script would have to be omitted because of the grave possibility of loss of life. When this decision became known, twenty men signed a petition requesting that they be permitted to assume the risk of injury or death. The request was granted and fortunately no serious injury resulted. This is but one of many instances indicative of the intense enthusiasm and devotion to what these lesser people in filmdom consider to be their duty.

Without disclosing his identity, the writer went here and there, listening, asking questions, and trying to appear like a typical extra. He arrived early in the morning and watched the long line of applicants for work who waited patiently to learn what fate had in store for them. He chatted with them during intermissions and ate with them during luncheon periods. When considerable hilarity was to be expected as a matter of reaction from intense emotive and physical strain, he observed no unduly exuberant expressions. On the contrary, there was much earnest discussion concerning the quality of the work that had been done. When the day's work was over, he observed the tired yet happy hundreds who, talking quietly and conducting themselves decorously, wended their way homeward.

In due course there came invitations to take part in diverse scenes at certain studios. So, with some trepidation, the writer acted (?) with these extras in "long-shot" scenes staged in the interior of courthouses and legislative halls, where the back of the head was necessarily the expressive part of his anatomy. There was good-natured chaffing and the usual nonsensical small-talk in intervals that occurred when directors were discussing ways and means of working out indicated business, but the instant the call "Ready! Camera!" came, each individual was as serious in his endeavor as if the success of the entire play depended upon him. This seeming consciousness of individual responsibility, this intense desire to perform one's work well, is a phenomenon not seen in many lines of business.

This close personal contact under actual working conditions revealed no indications of immorality. Not a suggestive or profane word was heard—not even a suggestive look or gesture. None of the men seemed to have either the time or the inclination to seek female favor. Indeed, when intermissions occurred most of the men grouped by themselves, as did also the women. Nor did any of the young ladies seem flirtatiously inclined. Unconstrained and ingenuous they were, to be sure—acting develops an ease of expression that overcomes self-consciousness—but never were they bold or common in demeanor. In



JESSE LASKY AND CECIL DE MILLE IN THE LATTER'S SANCTUM

fact, on every hand there was strict propriety and a careful observance of social amenities. Of course, such conduct is expected thruout society, but it should be remembered that society at large does not depart from normal conventional action and expression in social intercourse; whereas, in filmdom many scenes call for an indiscriminate mingling of sexes in absolute democracy and in the expression of intense emotions. But notwithstanding the freedom of deportment frequently necessary, nobody indulged in coarse familiarity. There was not even a suggestion of "spooning." As a young lady said, who is working her way thru a prominent university with the aid of summer work in photoplays, "You are so surprised to see men and women so indifferent to each other! Well, let me tell you, that in order to retain a position here, one must attend solely to business. If a director saw a man's arm around my waist, unless of course the act called for such a thing, nothing would be said, but the next morning I would be informed that there was no work for me and the man also would find himself out of a job. Why, we are allowed greater freedom of deportment in college than here." The writer agreed with her as he recalled halcyon days in hall and campus.

While obtaining a "close-up" of the daily routine of the rank and file, many mothers were seen chaperoning their daughters. These mothers were sometimes given acting parts, sometimes assigned to work in the costume department, sometimes merely admitted that they might accompany their daughters. It was interesting to learn thru them that they were unanimous in their declaration

that it was a privilege to have their daughters in Motion Picture work. One mother, a college graduate, who had been trained for secretarial work, said that she was glad her daughter had chosen a career in Motion Pictures; that the work kept her out on "locations" so much, engaged in healthy physical exercises, that she was developing a splendid physique that could never have been obtained in any kind of office work.

In this connection it should be noted that the film companies strictly observe California school laws. Schools conducted by competent teachers are provided for employees not exempt from school attendance. These schools afford the students an opportunity to receive instruction equivalent to that given in the Los Angeles public schools.

It was with some apprehension that the writer availed himself of the privilege of conversing with "stars" and "starlets." Like most of the public, he had the notion that they lived and moved and had their being in a sort of rarefied atmosphere, in which ordinary mortals could only choke and sputter and grow red; that they resembled "gods" and "goddesses," while he was of the earth, earthy. It was a delightful surprise to find them very human and approachable —aristocratic, yet democratic. Conversations with them revealed culture, refinement, and that unaffected simplicity indicative of true worth. Belles-lettres, dramatic technique, social and political problems, the great war, and life in filmdom were discussed with a facility of expression that put one entirely at ease and made it a pleasure to participate in the conversation. Occasionally some remark suggested an anecdote or a humorous story, which in turn led to good-natured banter and satire, but never was there a ribald or vulgar suggestion.

One would expect them, however, to be of the effete type so common in our modern aristocracy of wealth—that salaries mounting into four figures weekly, with all of the attendant luxury, would make for dissipation and physical decay. But notwithstanding the temptation that such salaries must create, to live a life of insidious ease, there was no evidence of mental, moral or physical deterioration. One saw the bright eye, the elastic step, the quick movement—all the general indications of vigor that is coexistant with a temperate and moral life.

In a word, acquaintance with the leading people and extras in filmdom led to the conclusion that the personnel thereof is unquestionably composed of ladies and gentlemen, not vulgarians.

(*To be concluded in December number*)

Irma Shapiro in Paradise

By WILLIAM LAIRD

Many dulled heavens there are under Heaven,
Many smudged Edens since Eden was barred.
Irma Shapiro buys heaven on South Street,
Slides in her nickel, and slips by the guard.

Here is a heaven that reeks of her people,
Murky, and clamorous with idiotic tunes—
Otherwise, filled with clear music and moonlight,
Blest with the breath of immaculate Junes.

Loosed from the iron of the aches of her labor,
Wing-borne above the malignant, unclean,
Towered from the clutches of avid young devils—
This for an hour, with her eyes on the screen.

Forests shall talk with her, calling her sister;
Mountains shall hearten her; rivers and springs
Murmur of healing and cleansing; strong ocean
Bid her to ride on the hurricane's wings.

Here wields the Prince his full armory of weapons——
Harp, lute, and banjo; Springfield and spear:
Here shall she hail strength and daring—her Lover;
Gulp at the glamour-cup; joy in a tear.

This we have given her, careless, her masters,
Wine, but not bread—the shufflings of feet,
The press at the doors—her nickel worth's ended.
Out with you, Irma, and stroll down the street.

The Call to the Colors



No Moving Picture scene was enacted when Mary Pickford presented the Lasky Home Guard with its company colors, and placed the flag in the keeping of Standard-bearer Wallace Reid. Every able-bodied unmarried man has already enlisted in the Army and Navy or in the Naval Reserve and the Coast Artillery Federal Reserve. The Lasky Home Guard is a well-drilled and completely equipped unit, composed entirely of men (players and technical operators) who are not eligible to the first draft or have families dependent upon them.



Beverly the Adorable

by Hazel Simpson Naylor

SHE has been called by eminent critics the loveliest of Juliets; by enterprising publicity agents, the queen of the screen; but to me she is simply Beverly Bayne, the sweetest, most unaffected little girl in the world.

It was at the recent Buffalo Screen Club ball that I last talked with Beverly Bayne. Gowned in a beautiful creation of turquoise-blue heavily embroidered in silver, she held court in the orientally hung box especially reserved for her use.

While the band played popular strains with vim and gusto, and men and girls swayed in the swirl of the gay dance, a seemingly never-ending stream of people sought to grasp Beverly Bayne's hand and tell her how they adored her. Really, so saccharine were their remarks that I should not have been surprised to see many fall on their knees and kiss her hand. Indeed, many looked as if they would have enjoyed it.

As the air became stifling from the

whirling of the dancers, the warm fragrance of dying flowers and stale perfumes, I saw Miss Bayne turn rather white. At last, rather desperately, she flung a rich ermine wrap about her shoulders and prepared to depart. With great difficulty she eluded the maddening mob, while I followed unobserved.

Suddenly she disappeared behind some cool-looking palms, and there I found her cozily ensconced on a wicker settee. I hated to bother the little lady, but—

"How do you do, Miss Bayne?" I said.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, somewhat startled. Then she recognized me and pressed a dainty finger to her lips. "Sh!" she whispered. "Slip in here; there is plenty of room."

"Well," I observed, as I gazed at her closely, "you are tired out, are you not?

"And," I added, "you have run away from the crowd of overwhelming admirers?"

"Tired, my dear—I am dead!" she said, as she carelessly gathered her scintillating train into knots and allowed her ermine wrap to slip unnoticed to the floor for all the world like a little, tired child.



BEVERLY BAYNE IN THE SIMPLE EVENING CLOTHES AND "UNACTRESSY" COIFFURE THAT BESPEAK HER ADORABLE

"Of course," she added, her large, brown eyes quite serious, "it has been a wonderful trip, and every one has been lovely to me, but it has been go, go every moment. The committee had arranged for Mr. Bushman and myself to visit Niagara Falls this morning. I spoke in a theater there; then they rushed us to Rochester, where we both spoke again, and, do you know," she whispered confidently, "it is very difficult for me to address an audience personally. I suppose, never having been on the speaking

stage makes it come harder to me. It is twice as terrifying as facing the camera."

"Do you miss Chicago?" I asked.

"Yes, of course; having been brought up there, I miss all my old friends, but I like New York very much. In many ways it has greater facilities for producing pictures."

"I know you enjoyed playing Juliet," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed," she replied. "It was so worth while, and in the future I hope to have more parts as appealing as Juliet.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, flung her train over her shoulder, clutched her priceless wrap and stood up, "Mr. Bushman will be wondering what has become of me. Do come along with me and talk to him."

"Thank you, no. I haven't time."

"What!"—she registered vast astonishment, then enthused. "Isn't he marvelous? He is the most thoughtful man to work with you ever knew!"

Then Beverly deserted our peaceful eyrie, only to be again pounced upon by the indefatigable public. The price of fame, thought I, as I slipped away. Some time later, as I was tying on my carriage-boots, Miss Bayne called out from the midst of the crowd that was watching her departure, "Good-night, Miss Naylor. Be sure to come and see me in New York."

I was glad because, as I said before, in spite of her silver-and-ermine trappings, to me she was greater than a mighty movie queen; she was a sweet, unaffected, unspoiled girl who is accomplishing a great deal.

And, girls, as a parting bit of information, I want to tell you that in spite of this age when the rouge-box is so handy for most of us, Beverly Bayne's daintily chiseled, cameo-like countenance was guiltless of artifice. Her lovely blue-black hair was very simply waved and caught in a knot at the nape of her neck.

Her soft, brown eyes and sweetly curved lips seem to question the reason of all this adulation. After all, she is only a little girl, somewhat timid and rather shy, but always Beverly the Adorable.

The Ghost of Pie

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

I come!
I am the Spook of Pie!
The Conglomerate Ghost of all the Pies
Mutilated, tortured and foully murdered
To make a slapstick comedy!
I speak for all the Pies whose torn souls
Cry out for vengeance from
The Stonekey garbage-can!—
Lemon-cream, blueberry, custard—
All, all, most damnably murdered!
From the Great Beyond I come
To warn and haunt ye!
Cease this butchery!
Cease this unholy murder of Pie!
Know ye that Pie is preordained by Nature
To tickle the palate of man—
Not born to fling in faces of grinning clowns
To make a movie holiday!
Forever shall our spirits haunt ye!
Upon your heads I launch the curse of Pie!—
May indigestion strike your vitals!
May your dreams be cursed with Piebald nightmares!
May ye be bitten in the hereafter by the Ghostly Great Pied-Hornbill!
May your bed be ever one of Pilocereus, infested by the Piratosauros!
May ye be pierced with Pilums and crushed by Pile-drivers!
May the Pious forsake ye and Piety depart from ye!
May ye lose your Pilot and Pile on the rocks of despair, to be tortured by Pirates!
May your only drink forever be Pinipicrin; your only food, Pinicorrestin!
May your fat comedians become Piliform and your thin ones Pine and wither!
May ye dance on Hades' Pike to Satan's Piper for æons and eternities!
Be warned!
I go!

Her Health Is Her Fortune

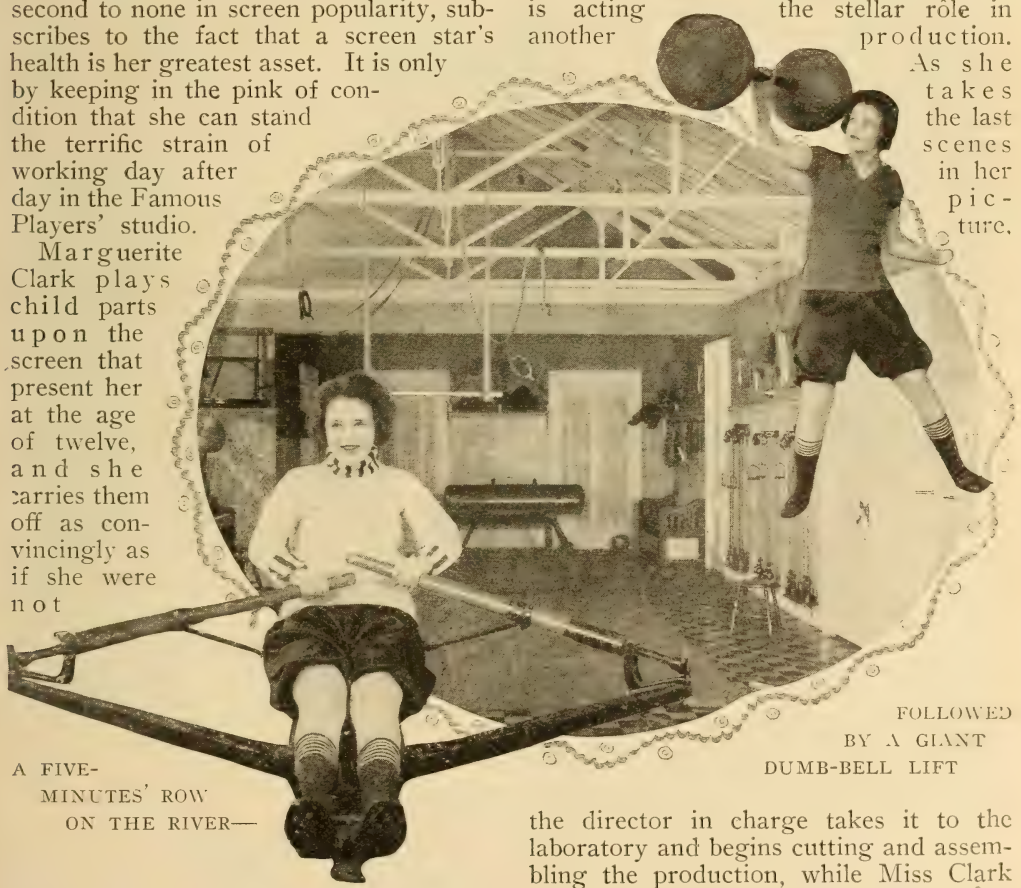
Contrary To the Old Adage Marguerite Clark Is more Concerned Over Her Health than Her Face

By Maude Brooke

THO it is a very general impression that a girl's face is her fortune, there is one immensely successful photoplay star who does not believe in that theory. Marguerite Clark, who is second to none in screen popularity, subscribes to the fact that a screen star's health is her greatest asset. It is only by keeping in the pink of condition that she can stand the terrific strain of working day after day in the Famous Players' studio.

Marguerite Clark plays child parts upon the screen that present her at the age of twelve, and she carries them off as convincingly as if she were not a day older than the character which she is portraying. How does she do it? By keeping herself in such perfect physical condition that she has all the freshness and spontaneity of the child of that age. So continuously does Miss Clark work that it requires two directors to keep pace with her in the big studio. While one director is preparing a script for her, she is acting the stellar rôle in another production. As she takes the last scenes in her picture, the director in charge takes it to the laboratory and begins cutting and assembling the production, while Miss Clark starts work under the second director. How does she stand this continuous strain?

There is only one answer — by so



A FIVE-MINUTES' ROW ON THE RIVER—

FOLLOWED BY A GIANT DUMB-BELL LIFT

regulating her day that she gets a certain amount of exercise and a given number of hours of sleep every twenty-four hours. Miss Clark has always been a very abstemious eater, her daily consumption of food being less than half that of the average person. She seldom eats meat, and will frequently make a meal of a salad and toast. Miss Clark takes at least eight hours' sleep every night, and never fails to indulge in some form of exercise before she reports at the studio in the morning. Miss Clark has her own gymnasium in her home, where she spends at least a half-hour every morning working upon the apparatus. She is an expert upon the flying trapeze, handles the "horse" like a trained gymnast, works the weight-machines and lifts the giant dumb-bells like a college athlete. She can row in the rowing-machine with all the grace and abandon of a Ten Eyck.

There is nothing which Miss Clark enjoys more thoroly than a few rounds with the gloves—heavily padded, of course. She frequently invites one of her friends into the gymnasium, where they put on the gloves and go at each other as tho they were mortal enemies. Miss Clark is particularly enthusiastic over her impromptu sparring matches, because she believes that they will keep her in condition more completely than any other form of exercise.

"Boxing is not really a tomboy's pursuit," said Miss Clark, in defense of the pastime. "Of course, it is technically known as a 'manly art' and all that, but at the same time, I think that it can be indulged in without in the least abrogating one's femininity. I love the sport, because I do not know any other which keeps the eye so clear and exercises every muscle so thoroly as does boxing. It keeps both mind and body alert, and that is what one needs in order to be constantly at one's best upon the screen."



THE FLYING TRAPEZE DEVELOPS POISE AND BALANCE

The first thing that Miss Clark does upon waking in the morning is to go to her window and take ten long breaths of fresh air, no matter how low the temperature may be. Then a cup of coffee and a little toast before Miss Clark goes into the gymnasium for her half-hour of brisk exercise. Nearly every morning this period in the gymnasium is followed by a hard gallop in Central Park or over the country roads bordering Long Island Sound, according to whether Miss Clark is in her home in New York City or in her country place in New Rochelle.

When she is in the country, Miss Clark commutes to the Famous Players' studio by motor, and tho she is a devotee of all forms of outdoor sports and is a rigid disciplinarian in the matter of daily exercise, she never drives her own car. Summer and winter she rides in a limousine, and it is interesting to note that she has had the same chauffeur ever since she purchased her first car.

When Miss Clark first became a motorist she undertook to drive her own car, but, being of a nervous temperament, she found that it was a great strain and that it tired her very quickly. Now she very gladly leans back among the cushions and resigns the stewardship of her motor to her chauffeur, in whom she has implicit faith.



IN THE SQUARED RING

In view of the fact that neither rain nor shine, heat nor cold is permitted to interfere with the little star's daily exercise, she will scarcely be accused of laziness in this desire to avoid the responsibilities of driving her car. As a result of the relaxation which she thus permits herself after her half-hour in the gymnasium, Miss Clark arrives at the studio prepared for the hardest and most exacting sort of work before the camera.

MARGUERITE COUNTERING TO HER OPPONENT'S "WIND"

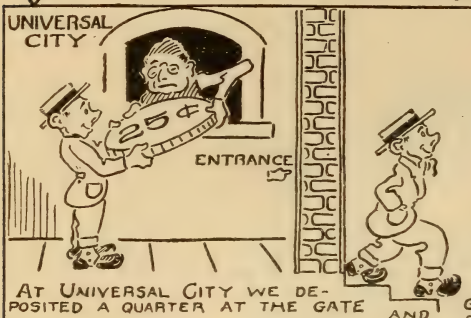
FIVE MINUTES WITH THE WEIGHT MACHINE

No wonder, then, that the diminutive Miss Clark requires the services of two directors to keep pace with her activities before the camera, and that she can play such youthful characters as Snow White, Molly Make-believe, and the little Valentine Girl.

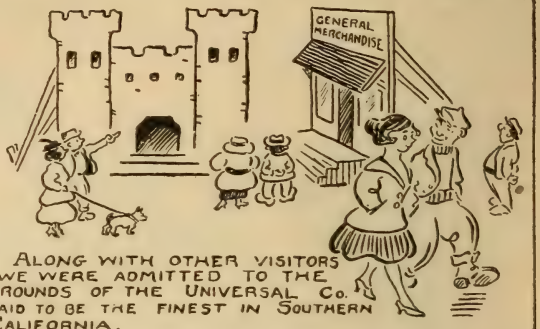
If you were to ask Miss Clark for a formula for success, she would tell you to avoid all excess—except work. It is her belief that no amount of work hurts any one in proper physical condition.

A DAY AT THE STUDIOS

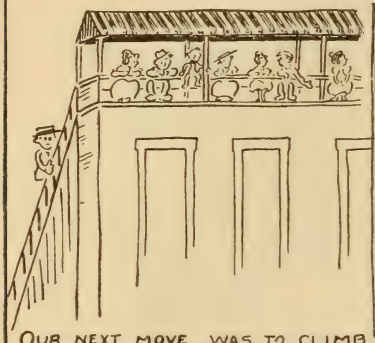
BY McNEEL



AT UNIVERSAL CITY WE DEPOSITED A QUARTER AT THE GATE AND



ALONG WITH OTHER VISITORS WE WERE ADMITTED TO THE GROUNDS OF THE UNIVERSAL Co. SAID TO BE THE FINEST IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



OUR NEXT MOVE WAS TO CLIMB THE STAIRS TO THE GRANDSTAND FROM WHICH VISITORS MAY VIEW



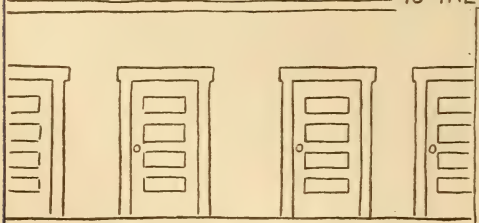
THE ENORMOUS 156 x 320 FT. OUTDOOR STAGE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD. CONTINUOUS ACTION GOING ON ALL THE TIME.



DIRECTORS ARE GOOD NATURED OR OTHERWISE, ACCORDING AS THE CASE MAY REQUIRE.



A GROUP OF ACTORS WAITING JUST OFF THE STAGE WITH THEIR COSTUMES OF DIFFERENT PERIODS, GAVE HISTORY FROM THE 20TH CENTURY TO THE YR. 1. A SORT OF SCRAMBLED EGG EFFECT.



LONG ROWS OF DRESSING ROOMS IN THE REAR OF THE STAGE.



ONE DOOR TO THE LEFT WE HAVE A CLOSE UP OF ONE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED DRESSING ROOMS. MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED IN BUT — WELL WE WERE JUST HUMAN THAT'S ALL.

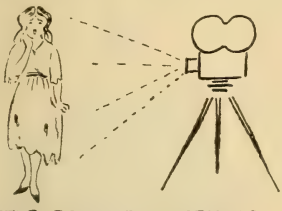


THIS IS A CAMERA-MAN. FINE ARTS, LASKY, INCE, AMERICAN, UNIVERSAL, KEYSTONE AND SEVERAL OTHER COMPANIES EMPLOY THESE MEN.

HE IS FILMING A SCENE IN "NEPTUNE'S CHICKENS". NOW WE KNOW WHY CAMERA-MEN LOVE THEIR WORK.



AT ANY STUDIO ANY MORNING — A SMALL SECTION OF A LONG LINE OF EXTRAS WHO KNOW THEY COULD ECLIPSE MARY PICKFORD OR DOUG FAIRBANKS IF THEY WERE ONLY GIVEN A CHANCE.

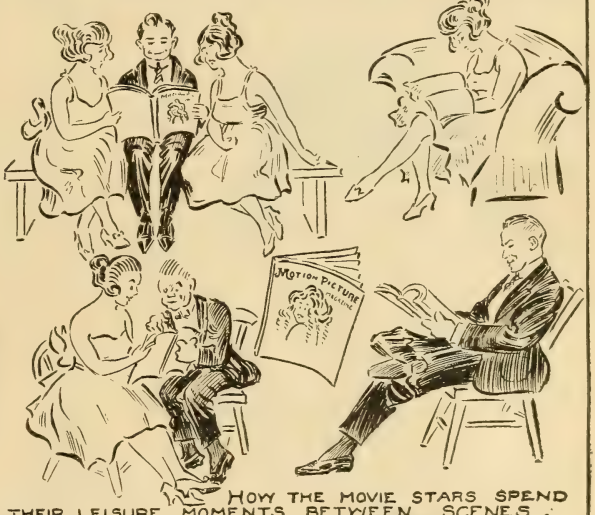


POOR LITTLE RAGGED WORKING GIRL AS SHE APPEARS BEFORE THE CAMERA

AND JUST BELOW



SAME POOR LITTLE RAGGED WORKING GIRL GOING HOME FROM THE STUDIO.



HOW THE MOVIE STARS SPEND THEIR LEISURE MOMENTS BETWEEN SCENES.



WHEN WE SAW THE FUNNY COPS AT KEYSTONE WE THOT WE'D LIKE TO GET ON THEIR POLICE FORCE, BUT JUST THEN WE SAW THE FIREMEN IN ACTION AND WE STRUCK MACK SENNETT FOR A FIREMAN'S JOB RIGHT AWAY.



ENROUTE TO KEYSTONE.





NO VISIT AMONG THE STUDIOS AND FILMFOLK OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA IS COMPLETE WITHOUT A LOOK-IN AT THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUDIO, BUT AS IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO PICTURE HALF THE AMUSING STUNTS WHICH ARE PULLED OFF THERE DAILY, WE SUGGEST THAT YOU INVEST A DIME AT THE NEAREST MOVIE HOUSE AND LET CHARLIE ENTERTAIN YOU HIMSELF.

Can You Make Your Hair Behave at the Picture Play?

There Are Some Fans Who Cannot

By HARVEY PEAKE



Well, here I am again, ready to be entertained!



It's an odd film; I wonder how it will turn out?



Isn't that a sweet love-scene!



It is exciting, all right!



It must have cost a fortune to produce that film!



I never had so many thrills in my life!



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Freres; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

BACK ON THE JOB

Close-Views and Inserts

It will be news to many when I tell them that it is going to be just as hard to sell Photoplay manuscripts this season as ever.

And let me suggest to you all that it would be a trifle less hard to sell if writers could be convinced that Photoplays are hard to write.

Instead of concentrating all your energies on selling, and complaining of producers who dont buy, put a little extra gray matter in writing and complain of yourself more.

After all, can you really write Photodrama?

If you cant, go back to the laundry and give it your best and try to become boss some day. Keep your eye on the boss's job, but keep your mind on your own—and *work*.

If you can write Photodrama, stick to it. It's simply a case of all *work* or no Play.

Some job, believe me! And yet, no different from other jobs. Hard, conscientious, intelligent *work;* followed by long waits for rewards and promotion and Success.

Success is just plain hard work to which is added Enthusiasm; Laziness must be subtracted; then multiplied by Persistency; and divided by Endurance.

Reel News

A sudden reaction has come in the ingénue market. All producers featuring "little girl" stuff are making an effort to get away from the trite "rags to riches," "finding father," "adopted by old men" variety.

Katharine Kavanagh is now in charge of the manuscript department of the Metro and Rolfe companies. She wants material for Edith Storey and Viola Dana.

E. J. Rath, scenario editor for Apollo Pictures, has been drafted and accepted for military service.

LIST OF PHOTOPLAY MARKETS

(Continued)

16. FRATERNITY FILMS, 220 West 42d St., New York. (Super-features of more than 5 reels only.)
17. GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION, 16 West 42d St., New York. (5-reel synopses; male or female lead; ingénue.)
18. KALEM COMPANY, 223 West 23d St., New York. (Short dramas; short comedies; serials)
19. METRO PICTURES CORPORATION, 3 West 61st St., New York. (5-reel synopses; comedy-drama; female lead; ingénue.)
20. OLIVER MOROSCO. (See FAMOUS PLAYERS.)
21. B. S. MOSS MOTION PICTURE COMPANY, 749 Seventh Ave., New York. (Super-features; synopses; male and female leads; vampire and passion.)
22. PALLAS PICTURES. (See FAMOUS PLAYERS.)
23. PATHÉ FRÈRES, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (Out of the market.)
24. LEWIS J. SELZNICK ENTERPRISES, 807 East 175th St., New York. (Temporarily out of the market.)
25. TRIANGLE FILM CORPORATION, Culver City, Cal. (5-reel synopses; male and female leads; comedy-drama; ingénue.)
26. UNIVERSAL FILM MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Universal City, Cal. (Short comedies; serials; 5-reel synopses; female lead; ingénue.)

27. VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, East 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (Short dramas and comedies; 5-reel synopses; double leads.)
28. WORLD FILM CORPORATION, 139 West 46th St., New York. (5-reel synopses; female lead.)
29. THANHOUSER FILM CORPORATION, New Rochelle, N. Y. (Out of the market.)
30. FRANK P. POWELL PRODUCTIONS COMPANY, 71 West 23d St., New York. (5-reel synopses; female lead.)

While this completes the Market List to date, new markets will be added as they appear and old ones mentioned as they are discontinued.

Questions and Answers

NOTE: Dont forget that all who have genuine questions concerning the construction and production of Photoplays are invited to write me.

H. W., Buffalo.—"Leader" and "Caption" refer to the same thing; I prefer and use the latter because the term best fits the use. I think you will find *The Moving Picture News* a helpful trade journal.

L. F. E., Stoney Creek.—You can determine the number of reels a synopsis contains by the number of grand crises it contains. It is best to designate the number of reels. I cannot recommend any firms who sell on commission.

C. H., Mt. Vernon.—500 words to the reel are not too many.

T. L. L., Muskegon.—If you have the talent you CAN learn to write.

A. F., Bronx.—If you will count the number of times new situations develop and characters appear and reappear you can approximate the number of scenes to the reel.

R. K., New York.—Synopsis is a brief story of the proposed Photoplay expressed in terms of emotion and written in the present tense.

C. S., Pt. Allerton.—That you have sold material is not sufficient guarantee that that is the career you should select; you do not need leisure for experimentation, as best work is usually done under pressure; going to California will not help you, studio atmosphere does not improve with acquaintance; do not sacrifice one position until you have a guarantee that you will succeed in another.

S. J., Chicago.—Photoplay synopses are not written in the same style as stories at all; only the concentrated essence of the story is given—all contributions must be typewritten.

W. F. R., New York.—I shall conduct evening lectures as usual this winter on Photoplay Writing and Short Story Writing.

A. J. Y., Topeka, Kan.—Mysteries, fabulous jewels, desert islands and mummies are passé as photoplay subjects; simple stories of simple life among plain everyday people with a novel twist to the plot are in demand. I disagree with you when you say photoplay writers are poorly paid.

Mrs. J. M. C., New York.—Kindly do not send me manuscripts to criticise unless you are prepared to pay for this service, which I occasionally render—ideas alone are not enough; they must be expressed in photoplay form.

F. A. J., Emporium.—I have never made a practice of "going halves" with prospective writers, since I am in the same business myself and have more good material ahead of me than I can hope to use; I could never materially help a student by solving his problems; I show him how, but he must do the work.

W. M. P., Tuscaloosa.—In reply to your own and numerous other requests for a Model Feature Play Synopsis, I shall begin the publication of one that has been sold and produced, in the December Number of the Motion Picture Magazine.

C. J. B., Clearfield.—You say that two out of the three scenarios you have written have been "expected"; if you mean sold, I congratulate you; three months is too long for any company to hold a script; write again.

G. R., Rawlins.—I am not a movie star and am married and partly bald, so fear that if I were to send my picture it would be to my disadvantage.

O. M., Detroit.—I shall shortly publish a complete Synopsis so that you may study it. It is essential to divide the Synopsis into reels. Education is necessary—that is, an understanding of rhetoric and life.

N. G. G., Chattanooga.—If the idea is there in plot form in Synopses they become acceptable, if not salable. You will find a List of Markets appearing in this Department. A Complete Synopsis will shortly appear.

Mrs. A. H., South Bend.—There is only one way to gain an editor's confidence, and that is to send him what he wants; this is not so easy a thing as you think, I'm afraid. Dont make your Synopsis so short that it loses its punch. Send it to the companies exploiting the stars for whom you think the play suited.

L. E. M., Chillicothe.—Drama must never degenerate into biography. The story of your own life may interest yourself and your friends, but no one else. It may also contain the germ of a real drama. Drama is man's struggle against environment, circumstance, other men, etc., *taken at its crisis.*

As a practical supplement to Mr. Phillips' series of articles on the Photodrama, it will greatly aid our readers to read "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. This little book goes right to the roots of photoplay requirements, and is the slow-gathered experience of a very successful photoplay writer. We will supply the Primer for 50c. postpaid. —*The Editors.*

Their Compact

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Photoplay of ALBERT SHELBY LEVINE

All at once, in the thirty-fifth year of his life, it came to James Van Dyke Moore that this was not life as he had dreamt it when dreams were sweet—that this was not woman as he had visioned her, fresh from God's hands. All at once he realized that there was a staleness in his mouth. And he had known for a long while that there was a blood-wound in his heart — a *woman*-wound—that was bleeding him to death. If he did not apply caustic in one form or another—well, he would bleed to death, that's all—he, and his honor, and his heart. Or else he would finally not care. He would grow, or shrink, into one of the evil-smelling army of young-old men, with their ultra-fastidious tailoring, their dead-alive, yellowish skins, their sin-peopled eyes, their driven mouths. There would be about him that air of semi-paternal jocosity, tragi-comical mask for the lewdness just within. He would inveigle young girls —very, very young ones. After a long while he would die—and there would be no one to care . . .

Cast of characters of this play as produced by the Metro Pictures Corporation:

James Van Dyke Moore...Francis X. Bushman
Molly Anderson.....Beverly Bayne
"Ace-High" Horton.....Harry Northrup
Robert Forrest.....Henry Mortimer
"Pop" Anderson.....Robert Chandler
Verda Forrest.....Mildred Adams
Peters.....John Smiley
"Pay Dirt" Thompson.....Thomas Delmar

Verda Temple was giving him this future if he would take it from her. She had played upon him for over five years —deluded him—he had believed all the ancient tales—and after all he had found her only one of that most ancient profession. She had been like an asp on the white breast of his ideals—sucking—sucking.

He could not stay East—it was too memoried; everywhere there were memories—of women—dear, dead women—chiefly of Verda.

Out West there was a mine—No Man's Mine it was called—one of his father's bequests to him. It had a lonely sound—No Man's Mine; and mines did pay—unexpectedly. Verda and her associates were fast depleting things. Also, the West had a tang to it—sharp and keen and lusty. He had a notion that perhaps things would come back to him out there —those vagrant dreams and such.

As for women—a closed chapter, hermetically sealed. *Requiescat in pace!*

No Man's Mine was situated near a typical Western town—a mushroom of a town. There was the one street, straggling and unkempt. There was the one hotel. This one had bizarre pink geraniums blooming in neat little window-boxes. . . Afterwards Moore learnt that Molly . . but avaunt anticipations! In front of the saloon—the one and ever-popular saloon — stood a typical crowd of "the boys."

It was all just as James Van Dyke Moore had seen it in an occasional movie, or glimpsed it via O. Henry.

"Isn't it bully?" he queried of the dismayed Peters; "New York, you know, is so hectically unexpected . . this, by heaven! this is so true to *form!*"

Peters failed to perceive the "form." Valets are such sybarites.

In the faded, flowery lobby of "Pop" Anderson's hotel the unexpected happened in Silverville—the unexpected that Moore believed he had left back where white lights twinkle. The hotel-clerk handed him the scrawled-over page whereon to affix his title, and the hand that held the book was firm and white—and feminine. Moore's eyes traveled up the arm. They alit upon the face, and it was with a decided sense of stress and strain that they dropped again to his wobbly signature.

What a face!

It was tenderly contoured, whimsical, pensive. A nimbus of dark hair framed it. And there was a light in her eyes . .

a light . . withal there was a quality of steel—a quality of strength. One felt that the spirit inhabiting the delectable flesh was dauntless . . and wildly clean.

"She sort of makes restitution," vagaried Moore, "for her sister-women." Then, "You fool!" he apostrophized himself. "You're at it again. Pull hard on the curb!"



HER FACE WAS TENDERLY CONTOURED, WHIMSICAL, PENSIVE

James Van Dyke found, within the next twenty-four hours of his habitance of Silverville, that unexpectedness was its slogan. He found, too, that he could live quite conscientiously up to his epitaphic renunciation of the frailer sex.

"Ace-High" Horton was largely responsible. "Ace-High" was "typical," again. He was typically, villainously Western—miner, gambler, bully. Much red blood coursed thru his veins. The primitive raged rampant. And he wanted No Man's Mine outrageously! His own mine had long ago petered out, and he was miner enough to know that No Man's had more than one rich pay-streak in it. Until the arrival of Moore he had had somewhat well-grounded hopes of obtaining at least the lucrative ownership of it. He felt contempt for Moore—the large contempt of the antithetical type. He was far too well-groomed, too soft-spoken, too polished. Moreover, he had a certain tenacity to his mouth that "Ace-High" perceived. Manifestly, he was not to be hoodwinked. There are other ways, however, of obtaining possession of another man's property.

"Ace-High" enlisted "the boys." Some of them were grudging. "Ace-High" painted No Man's Mine in broad bands of gold, and spangled it with dollar-signs. Then he filled them up with cheap whiskey, and after dark they "laid" for Moore in front of "Pop's" and fell upon him.

Moore had had no cheap whiskey. He had had no whiskey of any kind in weeks.

He had methods, and he tried them. He felt clean and fighting, and he had the right behind him. In ten minutes "Ace-High" sprawled upon the gutter, staring bloodily at a sardonic star. "The boys" ranged themselves along the hotel porch, and looked sullen or sheepish accordingly. Moore stalked inside and begged Molly to do up a slight flesh-wound in his arm. "Ace-High's" gun had homed just once. Molly did it deftly. Perhaps her sympathy rendered her



"ACE-HIGH" SPRAWLED UPON THE GUTTER

slightly tender. Moore caught himself thinking a man might worship the fair picture of service she made: dark head bent, warm breath—and tenderness. . . . He had not known tenderness—back there. 'Most every other emotion; but sheer tenderness—*strong* tenderness, such as this—never!

"Probably, tho," he forced himself to think, "there is a worm at her heart."

He rode out to the mine that night, and regaled the fascinated Peters with a gruelling account of his gruelling encounter. No man is a hero to his valet, says some cynic; but James Van Dyke achieved that exaltation then and there. The next day he rode down into Silverville again. He was driven by the notion that he ought to thank Molly for doing up his wound; and she had warned him that "Ace-High" meant mischief, too—at lunch that day it happened.

"One can only be decently grateful," he considered. But in his heart he knew that he could not put from him the warm feel of her fingers on his wrist—it had reached from his wrist to his heart of hearts. It had staunched the wound that was bleeding him to death. It had saved his future for aye! He could not close out the sweet gravity of her, the strength of service so wonderfully woman. She would be a second mother of the Gracchi. She was Doric. Of course he was not in *love* with her—his love was a stained rag—*but*——

He found Molly perverse. For the first time. He did not know that she knew that she loved him—that her heart, in travail, had given birth to love that was twin to agony. "He is not of the West," something told her; "he is of the East—and the East will call him back."

Anyway, he held her hand, and thanked her . . and for one singing moment flowers sprang to life about them . . . birds called . . . and angels shed the feathers of their wings. . . . There *are* such briefs in life—shining, supernal

moments—breaths that we snatch from heaven to our surging breasts—interludes to make endurable the bruising everyday.

Up at No Man's things had begun to progress. The sybaritic Peters had become quite a mining enthusiast, not to say expert. He made a reliable watch-dog, anyway; and the information he acquired was astonishing.

James Van Dyke felt entitled to a day in Silverville.



FOR ONE SURGING MOMENT FLOWERS SPRANG TO LIFE ABOUT THEM

And what better place than "Pop" Anderson's hotel, with Molly as clerk. James loitered—deliberately and brazenly *loitered*. He was loitering when a hand descended upon his shoulder, a voice catapulted into his ear, and another hand sought his well one and wrung it. No one but a friend would—— "Why, Forrest!" he exclaimed. "Bobbie Forrest—you old son-of-a-gun, you! Where the—how the—when the——"

"Come on in here a minute," laughed Bobbie Forrest, motioning to a small parlor. "Wife's confabbing with the pretty clerk."

Moore followed Forrest into the small parlor. "Wife!" he echoed. "You——"

Bobbie Forrest laughed. He had a likeable laugh. It was jolly, and it held a note of deeper understanding.

"Wife—I should say!" he boasted. "This is my honeymoon, man alive! Gaze upon the phenomenon of Cabaret Bob married to the peeress of women. Honest, Jim, you know I used to be sort of a cynic—a nix on the holy virgin stuff and all that—remember? Well, I'm a changed man, Jim, since I met *her*. She's great stuff, old man—a *real* woman—and a *good* woman. Dont laugh, Jim, but I—I've taken to saying my prayers again, since——"

Jim didn't laugh. He had felt sort of prayerful himself of late . . free from Verda's taint .. . closer to Molly. And he didn't think it so very strange in Forrest. He had had a religious streak back in their college days. Of late he'd battled around a lot . . but he'd always been on the level—old Bobbie Forrest! He'd never lost grips with himself. He deserved the best. There was nothing in his life that made a barrier to home and woman-love, and lusty youngsters for his fathering.

"Here she comes!" whispered Forrest.

There was a reminiscent frou-frou of silks—an aroma of Mary Garden—a

something that permeated the atmosphere—and Moore was holding Verda's hand in his! . . . Again . . . again . . . again . . . The masks we wear! He shook hands with her courteously, under her husband's prideful eye. Shook hands with her—this woman he had owned—who had lied to him—tricked him—made sordid, lustful, mercenary use of him. This woman he had reviled—kicked literally from



THIS WOMAN HE HAD ANGUISHED OVER—CURSED—AND ADORED

him; this woman he had anguished over—cursed—and adored—feverishly—intermittently—hellishly! This woman who was a scarlet, harried *thing*—a vender of wares! . . .

He said something perfunctory about Silverville. She answered, and he thought how ugly her voice was. Forrest excused himself to attend to their baggage.

"Verda, in God's name——" Moore exclaimed as Forrest departed.

Verda stepped near to him. "Jim," she said, tensely, "you used to try to preach to me—back in the old days! You couldn't do it! But once there was a Man—and a Magdalene; and the Man said, 'Go—and sin no more.'

"Jim—who are *you* to throw her back? I *do* love Forrest! I'm on the dead level! Give me the chance——"

Moore laughed, rather loudly.

"You're raving, Verda," he said. "You always were a good actress, and you can spiel the sob-stuff more copiously than any of your kind; but, for God's sake, *pick your audience!*"

"Jim—do you mean—are you going——"

Moore stepped away from her. Sick disgust of her twisted his features. "Bob Forrest was a good pal of mine," he said. "A man doesn't blab to a man of his wife. I'll be d—d if I know how you roped him in, Verda, cheap Lorelei that you are; but since you *have*—play up! And, for Bob's sake, I'm dumb."

Moore was glad of the one-room shack and Peters. There was no question of hospitality on his part. Also, he discovered engrossing tasks at the mine. He could not force himself to witness Verda as Bob Forrest's worshiped wife. One never knows what Touchstone rôle one will be called upon to take in the *dramatis personæ* of this scheme of things.

A week after their arrival Bob Forrest rode up to No Man's and begged a favor of Moore.

"I'm inspecting some mines farther on," he said; "it's a rough trip—not fit for any woman, much less Verda. Will you be her guardian while I'm away, Jim? Naturally, I dont like to leave her unprotected in Silverville."

"No," Jim answered, woodenly.

"I guess Silverville hasn't seen many of Verda's class," laughed the proud husband again. "Think so?"

"Probably not," agreed Moore.

"That Molly Anderson's a pretty little girl, Jim," observed Forrest, irrelevantly, after a second. "Something sort of deep and sweet about her. Think so?"

"Yes," answered Jim, more woodenly, and felt manslaughter within him. Molly Anderson . . And this was Verda's husband! . . Ugh!

"Well, will you ride down tonight, Jim, and stand guard over Verda for me, old chap? I'll be no end obliged."

"I'll be down."

"You seem reluctant; but I guess you're worried, aren't you—and over-tired?"

"That's it. I'm beastly worried and—and over-tired."

"About the mine, I suppose?"

"Yes, Bob—oh, yes, of course—the mine."

Bob Forrest felt vaguely uncomfortable as he departed on his trip. He had hoped that Verda would tyrannically refuse to be separated from him, waste places notwithstanding. He knew that he would have refused separation from her had he had to follow her over plowshares.

Then, Jim had been queer—so un-Jim-like.

James Van Dyke rode into town on his satirical mission that night, to find Verda and "Ace-High" Horton, head to head, in one of the little parlors. "Ace-High" looked completely ravished and swept from his feet. Verda had that look in her eyes that always came there when she was stalking new prey.

Jim had a powerful revulsion of feeling. It almost included Bob—who *could*—— And then his own racked years came back—and he remembered.

"Ace-High" departed sullenly at Jim's unbidden word. Verda eyed him balefully. "Well?" she scoffed.

"Well!" said Jim. "At it again, I see—Forrest in the discard, hey? Thought you were going to 'play up' this time? What about your little Bible story?"

Verda lit a cigaret and smoked it.

"How do you like to—take care of me again?" she smiled, nastily.

Jim ignored her. "Are you playing crooked with Bob?" he insisted.

Verda rose from her chair stormily.

"Mind your business!" she hissed, "and I'll mind mine."

Leaning across the desk in the lobby, Molly, who knew where they were, heard the mingling of their voices, the silences. "The East," she thought, wistfully; "she is the East—and she's calling him."

One week later Verda was packing her valise, to take a desperate chance with "Ace-High" Horton, when Bob walked in upon her.

He kissed her—starvingly. "I've been waiting for this," he whispered against her hair, "waiting—and longing—under the stars at night! Kiss me again, sweetheart!"

She kissed him—mechanically; but the Verdas may be mechanically artistic.

His eye lit upon the half-packed bag. "Packing!" he exclaimed, "to go—where? For what——"

Verda looked hunted. Then she drew closer to him again. "Jim Moore," she whispered, as tho reluctantly; "I couldn't stand him, Bob—and you away . . and trusting him so."

Even Verda was a bit terrified at the havoc her statement wrought. Forrest turned chalky. Something not dissimilar to foam wet his lips.

"The dog!" he mouthed. "The low-down dog—the *yellow* dog——"

Then he held her very close—strainingly close. "If they hunt you they shall be hunted, dear," he whispered.

Jim Moore knew Verda and her powers. When Forrest, outraged male, confronted him with his preposterous tale he knew denial to be useless. The man would believe the woman . . nothing but the long truth, the whole truth, would suffice. And that truth would burn into Forrest's life and leave an unhealable scar. Verda held the man's

entire being in her inconsequential hands. He leaned upon his conception of her as a religeuse leans upon his conception of God.

Moore hesitated . . . was lost . . . to, not *out* of, town, defenseless, to give up his life to his friend rather than tell him the truth!

At sundown Molly's heart was breaking!

And Bob Forrest was dying—the bullet thru his lungs, the woman's name moaning on his tongue! It was the name that reached Jim's ears as he entered the



"ONCE THERE WAS A MAN—AND A MAGDALENE"

Forrest stepped up to him till their livid faces all but touched. "I give you till tonight to get out of town!" he rasped. "At sundown I go gunning for a—*skunk!*"

At sundown!

At sundown Verda was slipping out the back entrance of the hotel to elope with "Ace-High."

At sundown "Ace-High" shot Forrest thru the lungs, believing that Forrest had discovered his plans because he encountered him with a revolver.

At sundown Jim Moore was riding *in* hotel. He sought out Molly, and she confirmed his suspicions.

"Ace-High" had been going to elope with Verda, she believed. He met Forrest armed with a gun, and thinking the gun for himself, had fired in ambush. He had escaped, she said—with the woman.

"The gun was for me," explained Moore, briefly, "and they will think *my* gun—my empty gun—killed him! But now—he's calling, Molly—I'm going to bring the woman back . . . to close his eyes. Stay with him, girl!"

Moore found them on the desert's rim —the woman crazed with fear because "Ace-High," a speck upon the horizon, had deserted her.

"One horse could not hold us both —for escape!" she panted, as Moore dragged her up in front of him and turned his horse's head.

"Where are we going?" she asked at length.

"You are going to play the epilog," he told her, grimly; "and you're going to do a good piece of acting, do you hear? —before the final curtain rolls down. A man — your husband — is dying — with your name on his lips. Let it not be a *curse!*"

At the hotel Jim dropped from his horse, and half-dragged the terrified Verda after him and up into Forrest's room.



THE TIME HAD ARRIVED FOR JIM TO TELL HIS STORY

It was almost over with Forrest. Obeying the menace in Moore's eyes, Verda laid her head on the wounded chest.

Softly—softly—"Good-by," whispered

Forrest, indistinctly; "good-by—dear! God—bless you!"

Moore was not sure, but he thought that, with the dark life-blood that flowed from Forrest's heart, there mingled a penitential tear. Tears and blood—blood and tears! So have sins been cleansed . . . tho they be as scarlet.

Verda knelt in the death-chamber. She dared not move. Jim stood by the door.

Suddenly Molly appeared in the doorway.

"Jim!" she cried, tensely, unexpectedly, "they have a posse out—they think it is *you* who killed Forrest! The back way! My horse—and ride—oh, RIDE!"

In the midst of the angry mob, for he allowed them to catch him, Jim told his story—the story he would not tell while Forrest lived, his faith pinned fast on the woman's skirts. With Forrest dead it did not matter much. And there was Molly there, with the still light deepening and deepening in her eyes . . .



"OH, MOLLY!" HE WHISPERED AGAINST HER HAIR

They believed the story. They had to, for Moore took the naked heart of him out of his breast and showed it to them . . . the scars and the possible glorification . . . the shabby lies, and the shining truths.

Late that night a horse bearing a woman stood again on the desert's rim. Some one gave the animal a stinging crack. He reared and plunged—and shot into the desert, arrow-like, deeper, and deeper, and deeper!

Under the stars, outside her father's road-house, Jim held Molly to his breast. The sweetness of her—the feel of her soft shape—set him to trembling—with reverence and with love. It was the weakness of strength.

"Oh, Molly!" he whispered against her hair, even as Forrest, poor Forrest, had done. "Oh, Molly!—my girl—my girl!"

The Royal Knock-Out

Montagu Love is English, but has a sense of humor. He delights in "putting one over" on some one; and if it turns on himself, so much the better.

"I was standing with a friend on a street-corner in London one day," he relates, when I was particularly struck with the strutting of a very important Bobby (as our guardians of the peace are called). Calling a seedy-looking individual, I said: 'I'll give you half-a-crown if you will go over and knock that Bobby's helmet off.'

"The seedy one immediately crossed over and knocked off the helmet in a most inspired and artistic manner, and rejoined my friend and me. The irate Bobby picked up his helmet and crossed close behind him.

"'Who are you?' he demanded of me.

"'I am the Duke of Montlove, and you will find me at—' giving a number.

"'And you?' he demanded of my friend.

"'I am Lord Harcourt, and my address is—' so and so.

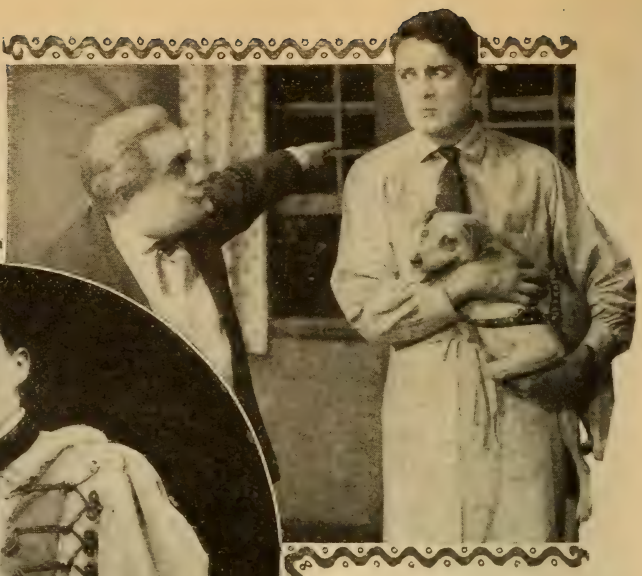
"'And you?' said the Bobby, turning to the grand executive of the deed.

"'I?' said the seedy individual, inserting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest. 'I am de Prince of Wales, an' you all knows where yous can find me.'"

Born Without His Dress Suit

"Skinner" Had Nothing But Skin to Start Life With

By LILLIAN MAY





WHEN Bryant Washburn entered upon his picture career he brought with him the determination to do whatever was expected of him and to do it well. He has lived up to it.

Before he began his screen work he was on the speaking-stage, and before he was on the stage he had lots of bad luck, and since then he has never played anything but leading parts. But Essanay wanted a "heavy." He must be a villain or nothing. He did not propose to be nothing—so villain he became and villain he remained for several years, and a most delightful one he was, too. And how hard he did work to be just the "ideal" villain! It mattered not how unpleasant the types were, to each he gave a thoughtful and realistic characterization; and in spite of the thankless parts he portrayed, he became so popular that his long list of admirers asked why this exceedingly good-looking young man with the pleasing personality must be always made to do wickedness.

So, finally, the golden wand of good fortune was waved — no longer need he hide the dimple in his chin or cast malevolent glances of hatred at his successful rivals. The bad, bold man, the general all-around character became a sure-enough hero. But it wasn't really any magic wand of good fortune that accomplished this transformation. It was the hard study, earnest application, and the strong determination to succeed that brought him recognition from the public and from his manager and directors. Not always the easiest way of getting what one wants, but always the surest.

The human interest attached to his latest plays, the "Skinner" films, set a high standard of excellence and originality; and Mr. Washburn's magnetic personality and expression make the series a most satisfactory production. In "Skinner's Baby," which might be called a study in babies, he makes a most likable chap as Skinner. And when it comes to babies, he confessed that his avocation was "pushing the baby-buggy."

One of his reasons for entering the Motion Picture field was that he might have a settled home, and he went about the acquisition of a home and family with the same energy and determination that he went about his work. In short, Bryant Washington is just a regular fellow and deserves every bit of his success.

Follow Me & Her Fine With

Mary Pickford

By Her Daddy Schmid

WORK-DAY hours—9 a.m. to 5 p.m. In this respect Mary Pickford is just like thousands of other young girls whose daily work is done within these hours of the day. However, unlike most of these girls, Mary occasionally has to work far into the night, and does not reach her downy-downy until the wee sma' hours of the next a. m., particularly if conditions demand that certain scenes be finished. For instance, only recently America's most popular girl had to spend from three in the afternoon until eleven at night on a raft in the Pacific Ocean for her new patriotic picture, "The Little American." Such cases, however, are the exception rather than the rule, and generally "Little Mary" finds the hours before nine and after five her very own.



© Hartsook

BREAKFAST WITH "MUMSEY" PICKFORD



Miss Pickford's telephone is a very busy instrument, and were she to answer every call that comes in she would have

her pretty mouth at the receiver twenty-four hours a day. Hardly is Mary awake when she will answer a call from the studio regarding plans for the day's activities. Of course she does not personally answer any but the more important calls, for if she did she would be trying to give advice in matters ranging from the practicability of founding a home for motherless kittens to how a perfect peach pie may be tested without opening the oven.

Breakfast with Ma Pickford in the sun-parlor is one of the brightest spots of the day for "Little Mary." "Mumsey" always has lots of nice things to tell her devoted daughter, and even on a "blue" morning Mary will smile soon after she greets her mother at the breakfast-table. A half-hour or so in her pretty garden after breakfast also tends to lighten the great work which



confronts her at the studio. Mary Pickford takes great pride in the many beautiful flowers which are nursed to full bloom by her tender fingers, and justly so, for there are few more attractive horticultural displays than is presented on the strip of ground in front of her little bungalow. Like most of her sex, Mary loves flowers, and one of her greatest pleasures is experienced in the care of a plant until it has made its floral début.

A few minutes with her pets to look after their welfare, and Mary is ready for the motor which waits at the curb to take her off to the studio, where she arrives in plenty of time to prepare for her first scene at nine o'clock.



THAT NIGHTLY LETTER TO HUBBY OWEN MOORE

Back at her bungalow after the day's activities at the studio are left behind, Mary Pickford addresses a letter to her husband, Owen Moore. Owen is also a very active as well as popular Motion Picture star, and on many occasions the camera calls him to another part of the globe. At such times Mrs. Owen writes him every evening telling of the day's happenings, after which various business propositions that demand Mary's personal attention are taken up.

Then comes the tinkle of the dinner-bell, and Mary once more breaks bread with Ma, who is her constant companion, both at work and at play. If it is a particularly warm evening, a long spin

in her car will wind up the day for "America's Sweetheart," and should the weather prompt an evening indoors, Mary often seeks her entertainment at a theater. Like every one else, Mary Pickford loves to be entertained, and after giving her best efforts in order to entertain the world at large, no one deserves such recreation more than "Our Mary." Her appearances at public places are always more or less dreaded by Miss Pickford, who, when discovered by the audience at a theater, attracts more attention than those on the stage. For this reason most of her pleasures are derived in her home among her flowers and pets, and in her car out on the mountain roads of California. All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, which fact is thoroly appreciated by Mary Pickford. Away from the studio, she endeavors to secure as much recreation as possible, and correctly so.

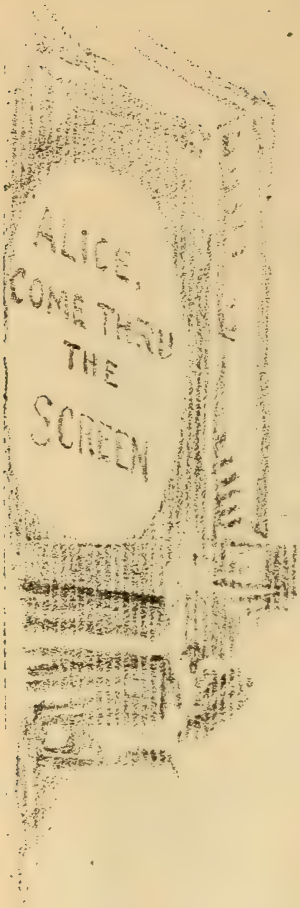


"OUR MARY'S" DRESSING-TABLE IS A DREAM O' YOUTH

Thru the Movie Screen

A Sequel to "Alice in Movie-land"

By JOSEPH FRANKLIN POLAND





ALICE had always suspected that if she could get thru the Screen at the Movie Theater, she would find herself in Studio-land where, instead of the shadows on the Screen, she would meet real, two-sided people. So this afternoon she decided to wait until the theater was empty, and then go thru the Screen.

Three times she watched the hero triumph over the villain and embrace the heroine as the film faded. But the third time, instead of the legend "Passed by the Board of Censorship," Alice was amazed and delighted to see the words: "Alice, Come Thru the Screen!"

Rising, she walked down the aisle and tapped on the Screen. A panel slid back, and she found herself on the Other Side of the Screen—in Studio-land. What a scene of bustling activity and seeming confusion greeted her! Sets were being built on every inch of space, it appeared, and property-men and carpenters were rushing about, shouting hoarsely. Directly in front of her was a "compo-board" brick wall, and perched on top of it was Humpty-Dumpty, ready to perform his famous fall for the camera.

"Why, Humpty-Dumpty! are you a movie actor now?" cried Alice.

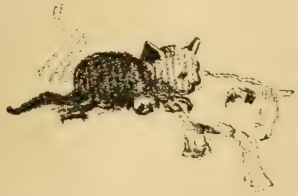
"I should say I am," he replied pompously. "High-salaried, too—eggs are precious as diamonds nowadays. And *I'm* the most famous Egg in history—I did my fall before Royalty."

"But are you going to fall and break?" queried Alice, looking at his beautiful white shell.

"Not a bit of it," he informed her. "They're going to let an ordinary egg—an egg-stra actor, so to speak—double

for me. *I'm* too precious to take risks—and that's no yoke!"

"Lights, lights!" yelled the Director suddenly, and immediately thousands of glow-worms flew into the scene, shedding their soft light over it. It gave the prettiest effect imaginable!



Alice's kittens—the black one and the white one—passed by.

"Come here, Pussykins!" she called. "How did *you* ever get here?"

But they hurried along, calling back to her, "Cant stop now, Alice dear. We're needed for close-ups with the ingénue—kittens are always used in ingénue close-ups, you know."

Property-men continued to rush by. To her surprise, Alice perceived that they were all oysters. She halted one of them.

"How is it that you Oysters are property-men?" she queried. "I thought the Walrus and the Carpenter ate you!"

"No, mum," he replied briefly. "They were going to—but being as they were starting a movie studio next day, they said we'd do for prop-men——"

"Why? Efficiency?" asked Alice, wondering.

"Yes, mum, that's it, I guess—'a fish in sea.'" And he hurried along, leaving her gasping.

The Jabberwock entered, megaphone in hand.



"Hello, it's little Alice!" he exclaimed jovially. "Come along and watch me shoot the scene."

She went with him to a big drawing-room set, the floor of which was laid out in squares, like a chess-board. And there, waiting for their scene, were the White King and the White Queen, the Red King and the Red Queen.

"You see," explained the Jabberwock, "I have these Kings and Queens in my company. Thus, because I have Royalty *in* my productions, I get royalties *on* my films." He chuckled hoarsely at this atrocious joke, then called, "Ready! Rehearse, people!"

Then the Red Queen began to squabble, for she thought he was calling her "Reddy," and Alice hurried to another part of the studio, where a long reel of film was dancing about gaily, while Tweedledum and Tweedledee made music for it with their famous rattle.

"How funny! The Film is dancing!" exclaimed Alice.

"Why not?" asked Tweedledum. "It's from the South—it's a Virginia Reel, you see."



"Yes," added Tweedledee, "it's an F. F. V.—a first film of Virginia. Very proud, too."

Straightening itself, the Film regarded Alice mournfully, and spoke (its voice was a little hoarse, probably from exposure): "Would you like to hear my latest studio poem, little girl?"

"I'd be delighted," replied Alice politely.

So the Film began to recite:

'Twas static, and the kliegelight
Did glare and flimmer on the scene,
All close-up was the lithograph,
And arc-lights tinted green.

Beware the Camerama Bird,
Whose eyes are cooper-hewitt blue,
Whose hide is made of celluloid,
With inserts—just a few.

He gobbles scene-plots as he runs,
And likes his carbons very rare,
Wants serials at every meal,
If double-exposed with care——

"But, goodness gracious, what does it all mean?" interrupted Alice, who was so confused that her head ached.

"Mean? Why should it mean?" asked the Film sulkily. "Everything else is mean nowadays—but my poetry isn't." And it angrily diaphragmed out.

Suddenly there was the sound of an orchestra, and a voice shouted: "Stop work—and dance!"

And every one and everything danced. Furniture, walls of houses, "props" of all sorts, cameras on their tripods, as well as actors and directors, danced gaily. How they reeled!

"Very silly!" said Alice. And, as if they were angry with her, the dancing stopped. Numerous hands seized her, and, amid angry cries, she was thrust thru the Screen. . . . .

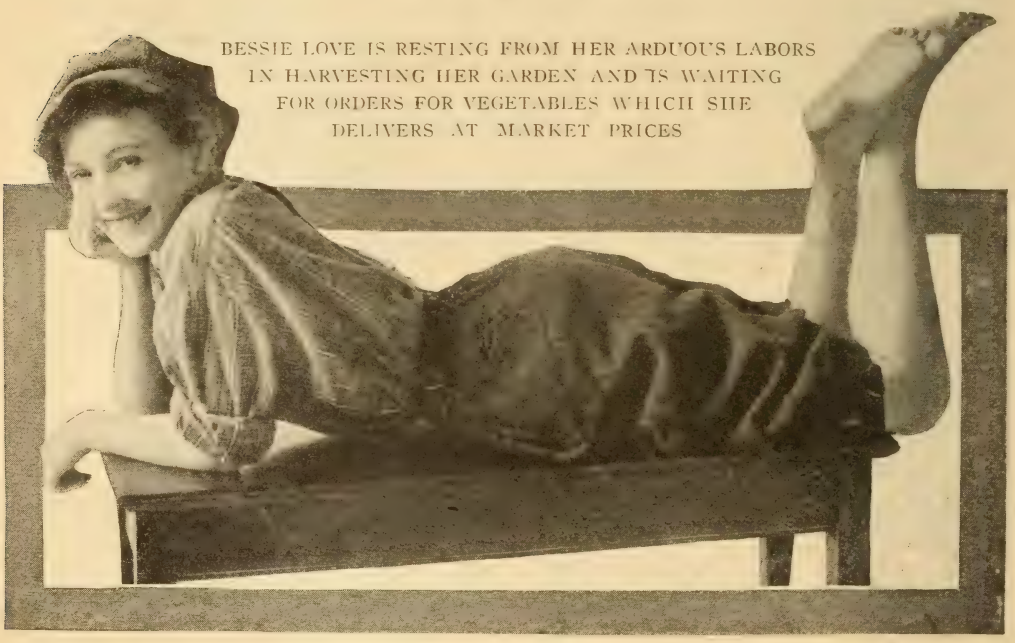
Looking up, Alice saw her mother and the Theater Manager smiling down at her.

"Here she is, thank goodness!" remarked her mother. "I wouldn't have been worried about her if I'd known she was at the movies, Mr. Brown."

"She's been sleeping, snug as a bug in a rug," chuckled Brown.

Alice merely smiled. *They* didn't know anything about her wonderful adventures on the Other Side of the Screen. In fact, they might not have believed them had she told her story.

Nevertheless, she *had* been in Studioland. And if ever you receive an invitation, as she did, to go there, and you find the secret panel in the Screen, why, you will see for yourself the marvelous things on the Other Side of the Screen.



BESSIE LOVE IS RESTING FROM HER ARDUOUS LABORS IN HARVESTING HER GARDEN AND IS WAITING FOR ORDERS FOR VEGETABLES WHICH SHE DELIVERS AT MARKET PRICES

A Peep Into the World Studio

By WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD

Most theatrical reviews are written by dramatic critics and are aimed at almost equally professional "first-nighters." They tell us all about the motif and the psychology of the play and a lot of other high-sounding stuff that we common folks dont know anything about. Maybe it is all very fine; I dont know; but somehow I have a notion that people would like to know just what a regular human being thinks about the stage, and the screen, and the actors, and the fixings, and paraphernalia, without all the professional "kishamaclaver" that usually goes with the recital. This is a homely story; there is not going to be any technical terms nor high-sounding stage phraseology. (Mr. Editor, if you find any, please cut them out.)



ALICE BRADY IN ACTION



ALICE BRADY IN REPOSE

This is a dual world; there is the every-day world with its humdrum existence, and then there is the Moving Picture world. It is a world all in itself, separate and distinct from the world that we know. Thru the courtesy of Mr. Brady I was permitted to inspect this fairyland—a day seeing them make the movies.

The first thing that impressed me was, that I was among old acquaintances. "Yonder stands a man that I know, and here is another. Where in the world did I see that girl who is dressed like a gypsy? Who is that charming girl, barely grown, that is so joyous and gay? Surely I know her! Who is that Juno—who, that statuesque beauty? I met her somewhere. Plague take my faulty memory!" All of a sudden you remember that you have seen them on the screen. Probably, before it had dawned on you, you had smiled pleasantly at one or two; then anatomical reasons alone prevent you from kicking yourself for having been so stupid. You dont dare apologize to them for your forwardness, for you would only make matters worse, and they dont seem to mind it, they are so democratic, in fact. The next thing that impresses you is the extreme *democracy of the players.*

There were four companies playing in different sections of the huge studio. In the center there is a large lobby, in which the players from each company congregate when not actually engaged in their work. They circulate freely in the lobby in the costumes in which they will appear before the camera, thus making a most motley crowd. It strikes you as peculiar to see a charming woman, attired in full evening dress, her bare shoulders covered only with a filmy scarf, conversing on intimate terms with the janitor in his overalls. It is funny to see an imitation Jap detailing the latest bit of gossip to the lady whose servant he will be within a few moments. The maid and her mistress are chums. The gentleman and his man smoke cigarets together while they discuss the latest war news. It takes you a little while to become accustomed to the seeming incongruities. You feel like expostulating with the janitor for his familiarity and telling him to go and attend to his fires. You are subconsciously surprised that the lady should so far forget her dignity as to hold frivolous conversation with the man of the ash-cans. Suddenly "Lights!" is called and you see them scurry to their respective places. Then the ballroom crowd is thoroly *comme il faut.* On the other hand, the ladies in their street attire attend strictly to their rôles. I am sure at this time they would not dance with the electrician, and as for the lady in the kimono, she makes a perfectly adorable frown at the Chinaman who has clumsily handed her a package, altho a few minutes before they were talking in easy familiarity; and as for the huntsman, he would probably shoot "them city fellers with them biled shirts and stove-pipe hats and their cussed cigarets"; and his good wife would talk for a week about "them gals that dident have no more decency than to come traipsing around with no shirt-waists on."

Burns says: "Facts are things that winna ding," which means that facts dont lie. I believe he is wrong; at least they were doing their dingdest to ding yesterday. It was a real world of unreality, everybody having two distinct personalities. You get so twisted up that you are not sure but that you are two different personalities yourself, looking at different things at different times. Maybe you are dreaming, but a pinch will demonstrate that it is really you—if you pinch hard enough.

What were they playing and how do they do it? The first thing I saw when I stepped into the huge glass-covered building was four or five men standing around a camera. One man was gesticulating wildly, shouting his directions to the players. His arms were going like flails as he hurled his commands. I would have hit him had he been hollering at me. He was not really, sure-enough mad, tho, for in a few minutes, after it was over, they gathered around him and he in the most friendly terms assured them that they had done remarkably well. I believe they call it temperamental when a man is allowed to abuse his friends.

Looking beyond him, I saw a drawing-room furnished elegantly. In it was a man who had coal-black whiskers, an opera coat and a silk hat. He was talking with great earnestness to a charming young miss and her mother. The girl seemed disdainful and the mother distressed. To save me, I could not determine whether he was a Russian count demanding a large sum of money for bestowing his title upon the charming



ETHEL CLAYTON AND COMPANY IN A BIG BALL-ROOM SCENE





young miss, or whether he was the family lawyer who had come to inform them that they had lost all their wealth and in future would have to battle with the cruel, hard world for a living. I will wait until I see the picture to find out, but I do know that the girl captivated me, and if she has been left a poor

orphan I know where she can find refuge and relief. That will not be necessary, however, as in a few minutes after I found out that the little miss was not really in hard luck. She being the well-known star, Alice Brady, she wont need any assistance from me, and as for being sad, five minutes after the director had called "Lights out!" she was dancing around the room like a two-year-old, gay as a lark and exceedingly friendly. I had always heard that the great stars were stuck up; that they never even notice the minor members of their company; that they were so exclusive that



JUNE ELVIDGE



they would hardly speak to themselves. It isn't true. Just then the victrola started to play some dance music and the famous star danced up to a gentleman, one of the aforementioned ballroom actors, and with charming naïveté asked him to dance with her. He wasn't one of the stars either, just one of the minor actors in a dress suit to fill in the ballroom crowd. My! but they did dance gracefully! Their movements were as rhythmic as the music itself. I could have watched them all day. Just then his director called him. His fair partner went over to an electrician attired in overalls. He was no fake electrician, but a really, truly workman, fixing the lights. She grabbed him, saying, "Come on, Bob, and dance with me." "I cant dance none, Miss Alice," he said awkwardly, but she led him away whether he would or no. The phonographic record was changed to a song, and she joined in the singing with the victrola artist as light-heartedly as a care-free child. She is pretty, with the freshness of youth; has a smile that

would make any man forget his woes and a charming frankness that would disarm any villain. I do not know how old she is—I am not in the lady's secrets—but I do know that she is young and can act well. There is no doubt about it, she *can* portray emotions with fidelity and power. She holds the mirror up to Nature so truly that the old dame does not know that she is being counterfeited.

Then I sauntered over to where Ethel Clayton was playing. She was receiving her guests in her spacious Washington ballroom that the World Film Company had fitted up for her in one corner of the studio. It was an immense room, exquisitely furnished. There was something incongruous about it, however. It had but one side; that side was beautifully furnished—fine paintings on the wall, rich carvings, fine statuary, everything in perfect taste; and on the other side there was a bunch of men attending to the mercury lights that illuminated the room, and there was no roof on this otherwise earthly paradise. Think of building a real palace for a real star and not putting any roof or sides to the building! Miss Clayton was just the usual adorable Ethel Clayton. She received her guests with all the grace that is natural to her, and one gazing at the scene could hardly make himself believe that she was not really at home, these were not really her guests, and that the Japanese ambassador, who was so evidently in love with her, was not really planning to deprive America of one of her greatest stars. I would have sworn it was true, only I looked at the one-walled, no-roofed room, and then I knew it was like Byron's dream—"A wild world of wild unreality."

Next I went over to see June Elvidge. According to my opinion, she is the prettiest woman on the stage. (Have you any suit of armor to protect me?) Maxine Elliott, when she was some twenty years younger, may have been as pretty, but now June is "the thing" in feminine pulchritude. It is not just stage beauty, bought from the drug store, I know, because I was standing within ten feet of her while she sat at her dressing mirror, attired in a morning gown, busily engaged combing her hair. A woman does not look her best at this period of the day. I looked very closely for faults, but could find none. She appeared to be debating whether she should sacrifice her all for the man she loved, or she was possessed of some other such dramatic sorrow. She was most certainly determining her future career. I do know that she was sad and that she was simply superb in her sadness. It was all I could do to keep from going up to her, putting my arms around her, letting her put her head on my manly bosom and gently wipe away her tears. I would have done it too, but the director, Mr. Fielding, was a friend of mine, and I did not wish to spoil his scene; besides, she might object.

By this time it was getting late, and, much to my regret, the stars, reversing the natural order of heavenly bodies, cease to shine with the coming of the night.

To the Moving Picture Folk—A Toast

By ERWIN F. WILMERDING

Here's to the Motion Picture folk,
To both the great and small;
The ones loved best, and those less blest—
Here's to them one and all.

They teach the world to live and think,
To laugh and love and cheer;
Show hate and care and wild despair,
And things we hold most dear.

Divergent life, its joys and ills,
Its smiles and hopeless tears—
They portray all, our hearts enthrall—
Here's to them thru the years.

From East and West and North and South,
Alike from far and near,
The world should raise its voice in praise
To them with hearts sincere:

Here's to the player folk—Success!
Here's to the great and small;
The ones loved best, and those less blest—
Here's to them one and all.

Favorites of the Screen

$20.00 in Cash for Our Readers' Opinions

In the July issue appeared the following:

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will pay $10.00 for the best appreciation of your favorite player; $5.00 for the next, and $1.00 each for the five next best. You are to select your favorite players and write a little article, or verses, or a prose poem about him or her, and mail it to us.

Each contribution must be clearly written (typewriting preferred); must contain not more than seventy-five words, and your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper.

We will publish several of the contributions each month, illustrated with photographs of your favorites. We reserve the right to publish any articles submitted, whether a prize-winner or not.

Address all communications to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MAE MARSH O' THE WOODS.

Dawn, like a lily, rested upon the land,
As it shone upon the whiteness of your hand;
Fields for your feet grew brighter and more green,
And happy blossoms told where you had been.
Birds to your voice attuned their pleading throats
And swelled their breasts while shouting joyous notes;
Waves, at your coming, broke in brighter blue,
And solemn woods were glad because of you.

ROSE VITTO SHERMAN.
5230 Winthrop Ave., Chicago, Ill.

SEE CHAPLIN!

When a thing dont go your way
And you're out o' sorts all day,
See Chaplin!

He will rid you of your pout,
Turn your dark clouds inside out,
Keep you laughin' till you shout,
Say, you—see Chaplin!

And when hubby comes home sad,
Business rotten—awful—bad,
Take him to see Chaplin!
Billy soon will lose the blues,
Stick his troubles in his shoes,
He's forgotten all bad news,
When he sees Chaplin!

DORA APRIL.
823 Hunt's Point Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

TO MARGUERITE CLARK.
(With Apologies to Lewis Carroll.)

"The time has come," the critics said,
"To talk of many things,
Of Marguerite so fair and sweet,
A child with faery wings,
And how she twines around our hearts
The winsomeness of grown-up parts."

"Oh, critics," said Miss Marguerite,
"You've sung your pleasant song,
Shall we go trotting home again?"
But answer came there none.
And this was scarcely odd because
She'd smiled at every one.

MARGARET E. SWAN.
County Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ROMANTIC DUSTIN FARNUM.

I have always been a dreamer of the quaint old-fashioned things,
Of the princes, knights, and jesters, courts and pomp, and queens and kings;
Tho I walk in world of business, work and worry, shop and store,
Still my thoughts are always turning to romantic times of yore.

When my day of toil is ended, and the lights are dim and low,
I take my hat and journey to a Motion Picture show—
If, perhaps, by right good fortune, Dustin Farnum's on the screen,
Comes to life my vivid fancies, real and living then they seem.

THOMAS A. GAY.

OLGA PETROVA.

She is ideal womanhood,
Wistful, clear-eyed and true,
Whom the years touch lovingly
As flowers kist by dew.

Madonna-like she keeps her place
Thru sunshine and thru tears;
The sweetest face my eyes have glimpsed
Thru byways of the years.

G. L. DUNPHY.
244 Arlington St., Winnipeg, Can.

IN APPRECIATION OF WILLIAM FARNUM.

When genius on her lofty height
A shrine to art had builded there,
She searched, in stagedom's starry realm,
A guard to keep its altar fair—
A guard whose greatness, beauty, might,
Outrival all as day the night.

Her quest was long and seemed in vain—
Such brilliant stars shone in her train—
But finally she found, apart,
The brightest day-star of her art—
An one above, beyond compare—
Then set the peerless Farnum there.

JUANITA W. PORTER.
408 W. B St., Joplin, Mo.

How I Got In

A Department in Which Leading Players Tell of Their Beginnings and First Ventures on the Screen

This series of articles began in the August issue of this magazine and contained articles by Marguerite Clark, Alice Joyce and Earle Foxe. Our readers will hear from many other distinguished players in following issues of the magazine. Those who are interested in knowing how these famous people got in the pictures should read every article. They not only tell how they got in, but they tell of their first impressions of the camera. They suggest improvements in Motion Pictures and they give valuable advice to photoplay aspirants. Each experience is different and each one is told in a different way. Individuality is the keynote of these articles. As a rule, they do not encourage nor discourage. They simply give dependable information that applies to his or her individual case and leave the readers to study it out for themselves.

HELEN HOLMES

Signal Film Corporation

IN attempting to answer the question, "How I got in?" I feel like the little boy who was asked how he came to fall into the river. "I didn't come to fall in," he said. "I came to fish and fell in by accident."

So it was with me. I came to watch pictures made, and I fell in by accident. I had come to Los Angeles for a taste of civilization after an eighteen-months' stay on our Utah ranch. Here I met Mabel Normand, who asked me to go with her to the Keystone studios and watch the companies at work Just how it happened I do not quite know, but when I left the studio I was on the pay-roll. I signed up more for fun than because I had any serious thought of taking up the work as a vocation. I remained because I thought I saw a chance to gratify a childhood ambition—to tell to the world some of the stories I had heard in the railroad yards of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, where my father was traffic manager. The opportunity came when J. P. MacGowan came West to organize a Kalem company. I have specialized in that type of picture ever since.



© Witzel

HELEN HOLMES

My first impressions of the camera are not very clear, but I dont recall being conscious of the camera until I had been working a couple of months. Then I got camera-fright so badly that for a week or so I was absolutely worthless. That is the only kind of stage-fright I know anything about, as I have never been on the stage.

As for improvement in Motion Pictures, I can think of but one—continuity. I try to judge pictures for myself, and I find that, almost without exception, when a picture is adjudged good it is because of the continuity; and when it is branded worthless, it is because the continuity is lacking. Mediocre plots make good pictures if the continuity is there. Good stories make bad pictures if it is lacking. Continuity is to the pictures what style is to the teller of short stories; but it is improving, so pictures will continue to improve.

I believe that the same advice fits

people who want to break into pictures that applies to any work calling for specialization. The road is a long, hard one, and only the fittest survive. I try to discourage those people who think it is possible to step into the ranks and win their way to the top in short time and without effort, just as I would try to discourage them from attempting a sudden rise in any other line of work. But to the ones who have their eyes open and realize that it is no sinecure, and are willing to go thru everything for the sake of arriving, I say, "Go in and try. Be ready to suffer—for you will have to. Dont think you know anything. Listen to everything that is said to you. Most of it will be worthless, some of it will be invaluable. It is up to you to determine which is and which is not, and profit by it. And above all, be prepared to work, work, work!"



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DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

WHEN approached by Harry E. Aitken, president of Triangle, to work under the supervision of D. W. Griffith, it was made interesting by the fact that I would be directed by the producer of "A Birth of a Nation," which up to that time I had seen six times. After a series of conferences I decided to accept the Triangle offer in preference to others, and went to Los Angeles, where, under the Fine Arts trade-mark, I made my début in "The Lamb." My first impressions of the camera reminded me of my curiosity when, as an infant, I was taken to a photograph gallery and told to "look for the birdie." I experienced the same sensation the first time I faced a film camera, and my curiosity was most pronounced. My many questions must have bored every one at the studio, but they all humored me. When they photographed what is technically known as a "test" and I first saw it projected, I pinched myself to see if I were awake. The idea of seeing myself on the screen seemed uncanny. Of course I had seen many Motion Pictures previous to this test; but it was the idea of seeing myself walk around, fumble my coat nervously, and try to grin—with a number of people looking on.

I prefer the screen to the stage because of the unlimited space which really makes possible my attempts at athletic stunts.

One can hardly ride a bucking broncho or bulldog a steer within the three walls of a theater; but out on a prairie it can be done with real comfort.

Now for comparison. The stage cannot compare with the screen for the detailed treatment of dramatic situations. The stage is limited to three walls—to the regular time of a performance and to theatrical traditions. Whereas the screen is like a sick brother comparatively, when it comes to fine dialog. What is more interesting than three men seated at a table on the stage, carrying on a conversation that bubbles over with philosophy, humor, tragedy and satire? We cannot give this to the public thru the medium of the silent screen, but we can advance dramatic pantomime, not overlooking the advantages of screen repression, and get great results. We are gradually developing a screen language, the kind of pantomime that the fellow in the top gallery, when he cant hear your voice, hears and understands. And I think we will soon witness the elimination of subtitles, which comparatively is like an aside speech on the speaking-stage.

To persons who feel that screen-work would be to their advantage financially or artistically, I advise them to go ahead and try their hand at the game. The screen requires personality and ability; and a photographic test will soon confirm whether or not one is fitted for the work.



© Campbell

ANITA STEWART

ANITA STEWART

Popular Young Vitagraph Star, Who Attained Success without Stage Experience

WHEN a schoolgirl I posed for high-class pictorial work, and about that time I became interested in the movies. My brother-in-law being one of the directors for the Vitagraph Company, I was able to get into the studio and watch the making of pictures. I was fascinated with it from the start, and begged to be given a part, tho ever so small. I spent my time out of school (when allowed to do so) at the studio, waiting for a chance to play extra. I played maid and almost everything in the way of small parts. Finally, one day I attracted the attention of J. Stuart Blackton, and was given a real part. Of course I was delighted, and how I did work! I stayed at the studio every minute I could, whether necessary or not, as I wanted to learn everything I possibly could.

I was never frightened at the camera because I had spent so much time watching pictures being made that I was accustomed to it. I had never been on the stage and didn't miss the audience as some do; for me the camera was the audience. From the first I could see what a really big thing the movies were to be. They cover such a wide field and have such boundless possibilities. They are education and recreation, and to me it is a great satisfaction to know that all this is brought to the masses for a very small sum.

If I were going to suggest improvements in Motion Pictures I would say that the fewer subtitles used the better. If the story could be conveyed to the minds of the audience by the acting alone, it would be much more real. I hope for the day when we will become such real artists that we can express ourselves so intelligently and expressively on the screen that no written word is necessary. Of course that means not only better acting, but better stories.

When asked, as I frequently am, "How can I get in the movies?" I always say that the field is overcrowded. With the greatest artists forsaking the stage for the screen, there is almost absolutely no chance for the amateur. True, I got in, but that was several years ago, and it is becoming harder all the time.

LUCILE McVEY DREW

Sidney Drew Comedies

THE story of "How I got in" is not a long one. For some years I had been before the public in Chautauqua and Lyceum work, my specialty being child dialect stories.

When I came to New York the dancing craze was at its height, and there was little opportunity to make a success in my particular line of work. It was suggested to me that I go into Motion Pictures, and I was given a letter to Mr. J. Stuart Blackton. I was fortunate, for at that time the Vitagraph carried a very large stock company, and Mr. Blackton decided to increase it by one. Having been used to large audiences in my Chautauqua experience, I felt confident I would not be nervous before the camera. The director was kind, the actors were pleasant and agreeable. I was told that all I had to do was to look guilty and surprised when my mistress came in and found me eating my luncheon in the dining-room. (I was supposed to be a French maid.) All I had to do was to act guilty! It was as simple as rehearsing a play for a church benefit. But, when the director said we were off, and my mistress entered the room, and I stood up the most surprised and guilty maid in all filmdom, with my hand over my heart in a natural, realistic manner. I became conscious of the camera turning and realized that I must act—act madly, so I made several quick grasps at the place where my heart was supposed to be. Afterward I saw it on the screen, and kind friends asked me if I had had an attack of the hives while the picture was being made.



MRS. SIDNEY DREW

I had many faults to correct before I felt at ease before the camera.

Now, after two years of work in one-reel comedies under the direction of my talented husband, I am free to confess I feel all the assurance I thought I would feel that first day at the Vitagraph studio.

Dorothy the Determined

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



At the enormous, white studio of Thomas Ince at Culver City there was one young actress who had set a most prohibitive pace of work. Her determination to be doing and accomplishing something worth while had made her known among the studio people as the most tireless, energetic worker of the Ince-Triangle forces.

No other than Dorothy Dalton, she of the deep dimples, the languorous eyes, the bewitching grace of carriage, recently made a record for filming the greatest number of scenes in one day. She, her director, Charles Miller, and her supporting company left the studio at the early-wormlike hour of 8 A.M., captured a desirable "location" in Pasadena, and returned to Culver City before sundown with eighty-one scenes to their credit, not one of which required a retake.

Miss Dalton is never found in any one place for very long at a time. When she is not busy at Lasky's, she is out racing her car over the sunlit roads or exercising her pet horse from the Los Angeles stables. Nevertheless, home—a most attractive, white bungalow with a charming garden—holds her contentedly happy for a longer length of time than any one would



suspect. It was there that I and the cameraman caught her in a moment of relaxation. Leaning back in the most comfortable chair on her broad granolithic porch, while a gentle, caressing wind blew her dark, glossy locks whither it would, and even the famous dimples were at rest, Dorothy Dalton seemed far different from the energetic girl I had seen on the screen and been told about at the studio.

But her moment of rest came quickly to an end. When she saw she had callers, a vivacious sparkle of welcome lit up her large, dark eyes, and she chatted easily and quickly about her career for my particular benefit.

"I was born in Chicago," she said, "and educated in a convent. But after graduation I took a course at the American Conservatory, and studied dramatic art under Hart Conway.

I was stimulated to go on with a stage

career because of my encouraging success in amateur theatricals. I obtained my first professional engagement with the Virginia Harned Stock Company in Chicago. For three years after that I alternated between stock companies and vaudeville."

"Did you like vaudeville?" I questioned.

"It isn't how much you like a thing that counts," stated Miss Dalton philosophically. "The important point is, how it affects you or your career. Now I consider vaudeville the finest school in the world for a would-be screen actor. The requirements for the two are practically the same. The emphasis is placed on action, telling your story in pantomime—with the lines of as much importance as photoplay subtitles. The audience wont stand for any long-winded accounts, but likes constant movement and variety. There is more real meat in a successful vaudeville sketch than there is in most full-length plays. Patrons made restless by the swift succession



of trained seals, singers, acrobats and monologists haven't the slightest interest in any but significant moments.

"It was a surprise to many of my friends that I had so little trouble adapting myself to screen demands, but that was exactly why.

"I began photoplay acting with Thomas Ince in the summer of 1915. He knows—as he knows most things about the art of acting, in a way that is uncanny for a man who was in the profession for so short a time—just how vaudeville is the true sister of the movies; and so had little hesitation in entrusting me with rôles a bit risky for the novice.

"Speaking of Thomas Ince reminds me that he trouped as an actor, once upon a time, in support of William H. Thompson, who was starred in 'Civilizations' Child.' One of Mr. Ince's sons is named after Mr. Thompson, another expression of his fine sentiment, which also brought William Thompson to Inceville."

At this moment Miss Dalton's automobile was brought around to the door, and hastily slipping on a hat and large, loose coat, she begged our pardon for leaving us, and explained prettily that she just had to hurry "somewhere."

So we snap-shotted her as she was about to "fly along," and waved good-by to a whirr of the engine and a fine cloud of dust and gasoline fumes.

To Miss Dalton's monolog I wish to add a slight epilog, and that is that Dorothy Dalton has a brilliant future ahead of her—not only as a lovely ingénue, but as a character or emotional lead. Already she has demonstrated her versatility—as an ingénue in "The Vagabond Prince," a vampire in "The Female of the Species," a brilliant feminist in "The Weaker Sex." She is no one-part actress. No rôle is too difficult or too different but what it can be conquered by the determination of Dorothy Dalton. The public look forward to the second phase of her pictured career under the Lasky "overheads."



THREE LI'L PALS TOGETHER:—MARY PICKFORD AND "DOUG" FAIRBANKS—BOTH AT PRESENT WORKING AT LASKY STUDIOS IN CALIFORNIA—RECENTLY SENT CHARLIE A TELEGRAM THAT THEY WOULD SUE HIM FOR SORE RIBS AFTER SEEING ONE OF HIS PHOTOPLAYS. THAT CHARLIE SUCCEEDED IN CHANGING THEIR MINDS IS EVIDENCED IN THIS PICTURE

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

SESSUE HAYAKAWA has responded to "The Call of the East" and will again be surrounded by all the exotic mystery of the Orient. (Cheer up, movie fans; he doesn't really return to Japan—it's his new Paramount picture.)

"Fatty" Arbuckle estimates that he has received nearly a thousand pies, several hundred sacks of flour, an indefinite amount of crockery and 200 quarts of ice-cream in broadsides directed at his ample person since he began his career before the camera. The Food Administration should do something about this. We shall never win the war at that rate.

In the five "Sub-Déb" or "Bab" stories starring Marguerite Clark, each episode is a five-reel comedy complete in itself, but the same cast will be used thruout. It will be like reading a profusely illustrated copy of Mary Roberts Rinehart's delightful story.



MARGUERITE CLARK

It's quite a change for Beverly Bayne. In her new story, in which she plays a Tennessee mountain girl, she has only one dress—of brown gingham. So simple and uncomplicated, she says. In the meantime her wonderful assortment of clothes are rapidly going out of style. And what will Beverly do then, poor thing?

Speaking of clothes, Vivian Martin, who is never so happy as when romping thru the scenes of a play in boy's attire or in ragged girl's clothing, is forced to spend tiresome hours being fitted to a great array of feminine finery for a new picture, which does not appeal to her at all, strange as it may seem.

The beautiful Triangle star, Olive Thomas, will soon be seen on Broadway as a dance-hall girl. No, not the Great White Way, where she first became famous, but in "Broadway, Arizona," a new screen play.

For the first time in history of any of the National parks, the United States Department of the Interior permitted a Motion Picture company to erect a set within the confines of Yosemite National Park, California. Cecil B. DeMille built an immense set, in addition to taking scenes at the foot of the famous Yosemite Falls in Geraldine Farrar's new production, "The Woman God Forgot."

Paramount is going in for serials. The first one will be a fifteen-episode mystery drama, full to the brim of gasps and throbs. The story is the work of America's greatest builder of mysteries, Anna Katherine Green, and Kathleen Clifford will star.

Billie Burke will return to the spoken drama, after a two years' absence, in a new play written by Clara Kummer. Miss Burke will continue to make pictures for Paramount.

St. Louis clubwomen wish there were just 100 more William Russells. Asked to do his bit for the Red Cross work, "Billy" shipped the ladies 1,000 of his best photographs, autographed. These found immediate purchasers and netted a goodly amount.

Not to be outdone, Juliette Day, another American star, donated her car to the Red Cross, to be disposed of at auction. This was prior to her departure from Santa Barbara to New York, where she is filling a stage engagement.

Louise Huff did a bit for Red Cross work in Los Angeles by appearing in a sketch called "Food," a satire on the high cost of living. Perhaps Louise thinks the H. C. of L. is a joke, but it's really not.

Carol Holloway wishes there were such a thing as a speedometer that she might attach to a leg of her horse, as Carol is curious to know how many hours a day she spends in the saddle as leading-woman for William Duncan. She says it's a thousand miles a week, but Mr. Duncan says it is just a woman's imagination.

Anna Little has finished "The World for Sale," under the direction of J. Stuart Blackton, and has gone to California to begin work in "Nan of Music Mountain" for Lasky. Wallace Reid is the fortunate man this time.

Albert E. Smith has decided that names have a psychology all their own and has applied the theory to several of the players now engaged on Vitagraph contracts: Miriam Fouche will be Miriam Miles; Alice Rodier will be Alice Terry; Agnes Eyre will be Agnes Ayres, and Alfred Vosburgh will be known hereafter as Alfred Whitman.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Vacation time is over, but we still have the movies—and there are all sorts of good things in store for October. Lovers of the inimitable "Doug" may see him strenuously enacting "The Man from Painted Post." Charming Billie Burke may be seen in "Arms and the Girl," a big spectacle with a real Belgian village—Germans and everything! There will be William Hart in "The Narrow Trail" and the long-looked-for "The Woman God Forgot," with Geraldine Farrar.

Pauline Frederick is driving a yellow Peerless roadster with such high gunwales that the driver looms from the center like an oasis on a saffron island. Miss Frederick calls it "The Buttercup" because of its cuppiness and its butter color.

Jack Kerrigan may be out of pictures for six weeks or more, as he recently had the misfortune to break one of his Apollo-like legs. Jack is already hobbling around on crutches, but the injured member is still a stranger to the earth.

The Vitagraph Company has a recruit from the ranks of the Washington Square Players in the person of Alice Rodier, an attractive, petite young blonde. She has been seen in a number of the O. Henry pictures.



J. WARREN KERRIGAN

Corinne Griffith has been presented with a handsome young collie, and she has already begun the task of making an actor out of him. She hopes to make him a worthy successor to old "Shep," the famous Vitagraph collie, who was well known on the screen. "Shep" died a few months ago.

It's a sad story for the ladies—but, nevertheless, it's true. Eddie Lyons is married. In spite of his marriage to Miss Virginia Kirtley, he has not divorced Lee Moran. They are still making fun for the Nestor Company.

One scene in the filming of "The Boss of Powderville" was just a bit too realistic. Dorothy Phillip, Bluebird star, has a burned hand, caused by her efforts to beat out the fire, and is wondering what will happen to her in the next scene, when a whole street is burned.

Olga Petrova is preparing to leave her new producing medium, Lasky, and to ally herself with McClure pictures. Her first picture under the new management will be in October.

After fifteen years on the stage and screen, Frank Leigh, a well-known English actor, enlisted and served ten months on the battlefields of France. Wounded, he received honorable discharge, and from the trenches he comes back to the screen in "Life's Whirlpool" with Ethel Barrymore.

Henry B. Walthall has formed a company of his own to produce Motion Pictures in, and he will appear in plays that he has personally selected. Mary Charleston will be leading-lady.

Bobby Connelly may be one of the youngest and smallest of stars, but he has an automobile as big as any of the older stars' and is quite capable of taking the wheel himself, tho Bobby's father does most of the driving.

Richard Tucker didn't know whether he wanted to be a soldier or not—but in his portrayal of John Hancock in Metro's patriotic play 25, "Draft 258," he was so deeply impressed that he went straight off to make application for the Officers' Reserve at Plattsburg, and was accepted.

When Winifred Allen, Triangle star, returned from a filming expedition in Canada she brought back several swagger sticks presented to her by Canadian officers. Winning Winnie is likely to be seen any day swaggering along Broadway with one of these prizes captured from the Allies.

Blanche Payson, Triangle-Keystone star, measures six feet three inches in height. She says that while she is not eligible for the trenches, she is ready to take the place of any policeman who wants to go and do his bit.

Motion Pictures are already active in helping out war measures. In Madison, Wis., a Hoover food celebration was held upon the lawn of the State Capitol. Upon a suspended screen was thrown "Mothers of France" with Sarah Bernhardt. Similar celebrations are being arranged in different State capitals.

Clara Kimball Young, besides owning her own organization, which is devoted to powerful dramatic productions, has entered the comedy producing field also. She has formed the Fun-Art Films Company, and has signed up the well-known vaudeville team of Ray and and Gordon Dooley for five years.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

The tempestuous picture career of Clara Kimball Young seems at last to have found its groove. We have it on good authority that Miss Young has allied herself with Paramount and will soon produce "Madga" from the famous stage-play of that name.

Francis X. Bushman has just purchased another beautiful stallion for his stables at Bushmanor. Like the man who "bought more land to raise more corn to feed more pigs," Francis will need soon to "build more stables to hold more horses."

Jack Pickford as "Tom Sawyer," the immortal boy, and Louise Huff as "Becky" are in the spot where Mark Twain spent his boyhood seventy years ago. Hannibal Cave figures in the picture and many spots made familiar thru the author's work.

Fay Tincher has decided to become a producing star and will soon start in releasing her own comedies thru Pathé.



FAY TINCHER

No one who saw the first episode in the delightful "Bab" pictures will want to miss the second, "Bab's Diary." Ann Murdock, whose favorite stage play was "The Beautiful Adventure," will star in the screen version of this charming play, and Gail Kane will be lovely as ever in "Southern Pride." Anna Little and Conway Tearle will be seen in a compelling story of the Canadian North Woods, "The World for Sale."

We have as yet the unconfirmed story from the lips of a personal friend of Anita Stewart that the charming little star has left the Vitagraph Company and is now resting at her summer home, Brightwaters, Long Island, N. Y. The tale runs that Vitagraph has sent Miss Stewart several new contracts to sign, but that in each case she has refused to do so.

Eileen Sedgwick, who acts with lions and leopards, doesn't care what happens any more. She was married last month to one of the famous McCloskey family, who sprang into fame when the Motion Picture industry was in its infancy.

Other important flittings are Clara Young and Rhea Mitchell from Triangle (to Paralta); also Bessie Love—destination unknown. Matt Moore, formerly of Artcraft, is with the Ardsley Film Company. Enid Markey of Corona Cinema Co., is with Fox, and Donald McKenzie is again with Pathé.

A few flittings hither and thither are as follows: Billie Billings has left Vitagraph for Goldwyn and will star under the name of Florence B. Billings. James Young is again directing for Essanay; Charles West is playing leads opposite Grace Cunard for Universal. Kenneth Harlan is also with Universal. Polly Moran, Ben Turpin and Slim Summerville have left Keystone for Paramount, and William Conklin has deserted Triangle for Paramount.

William S. Hart, who is working at the Lasky studio on his first Artcraft picture, makes up, dresses and departs on location before any one else reports for duty. Hart's dressing-room is next to that of Wallace Reid, and it is wondered if the early departures of Mr. Hart are occasioned by his desire to escape Wally's early morning overtures on the saxaphone.

Robert Warwick has retired from both the screen and the stage and is now at the Officers' Training Camp, Plattsburg, N. Y., where he is taking up intensive training to become an army officer.

Evelyn Nesbit, assisted by her son, Russell Thaw, will be the star feature in a six-reel photodrama, "The Greater Love," produced by Julius Steger.

Alice Brady has formed her own producing company. A little bird whispers that she resigned from World after a stormy scene, not in the scenario. Her studio will be in the vicinity of New York, and work will begin at once.

The Metro Pictures Corporation has announced the acquisition of another studio. It will be at Hollywood, Cal. Edith Storey and Viola Dana will be among the first to leave for Western territory.

Among the striking features of Dorothy Dalton's first Paramount photoplay will be an accurate reproduction of the famous Shepheard's Hotel in Cairo, with which city and its environs Roy Neil, director of the picture, is familiar.

Mrs. Vernon Castle, "best-known, best-dressed and best-advertised woman in America," will star in the 1917-18 Ziegfeld-Dillingham show at the Century Theater, New York, but it will not interfere with her appearance in Pathé features.

Sylvia Bremer, the beautiful Australian actress, will be William S. Hart's leading-woman in his first Artcraft picture, "The Narrow Trail."

The Movie Gossip-Shop

Pacific Coast Edition

By FRITZI REMONT

CHER MONSIEUR EDITOR—While you are breathing wet air and fighting a desire to assassinate Mons. Fahrenheit, the West is wrapped in hot air from the desert, artificially superheated by prevailing forest fires, and little chiffon veils of high fog and low smoke are draped from the blue bonnet of the sky. I might be tempted to call it "Indian summer" were it not for my sense of justice, which forbids me to blame the few hundred chiefs and squaws smoking peace-pipes at Culver City and Universal City for the masking of the sun.

The only solution of the problem seemed a trip to Santa Barbara, "wave-tossed and sun-kist," the city of the unburied dead. Why? Well, there you'll find all the old folk whom Osler-ism spared. I never knew there was so much wool outside of the Wayne Knitting Mills or Fleisher's until I arrived in the little French-Spanish city. Everybody was buying, holding or knitting yarn except the men folk, and even they congregated about the pretty girls and begged for assignments. What will one not do *pour passer le temps?*



ANNE SCHAEFER AND GEORGE PERIOLAT

The old men look regretful, retrospective, and overfed. They have achieved; and divide their time between coupon-cutting and answering the meal-call. The excitements of life are past for them, and comforts are to be had without a financial struggle. The old ladies are all manipulating gray wool and arise from their huge rockers only thrice daily. The only excitement I ever discovered was a lost stitch. Nothing could possibly happen to one in somnolent Santa Barbara, and even the doggies are well-behaved. At our southern beaches the waves rush in blatantly, but at Santa Barbara they creep in timidly, with a well-bred, well-manicured air, and just tickle the beach gently with an apologetic murmur. *Oui,* here really have they the right to call the big ditch "The Pacific," but in 'Frisco or the southern beaches you'll find waves which make those of the Atlantic resemble dewdrops.

The little town is like a huge bouquet nestled on the bosom of a good-natured cove. Back of the town the hills dance ring-a-round-a-rosy, swinging garlands of bright wildflowers. In the town, in fact, there are so many flowers that one must hunt for the bungalows. Three funny street-cars play "follow my leader" on the main street, and if you miss the leader by any chance you need not worry, for there's a convenient bench at every corner, so that you may wait for the next triplet, listen to mocking-birds and pass the allotted ten minutes very comfortably.

Somebody played a prank and started a jitney-bus line in Santa Barbara. There was nothing for it but to allow the trolley line to operate a rival 'bus-line, and even



"Yes, it certainly has cleared my skin"

Resinol Soap

"After years of experimenting with all sorts of things for my skin, I began to use Resinol Soap. In a very few days I could see a marked improvement.

"It seems impossible that anything so simple as washing my face twice a day with hot water and a delightful toilet soap can have done more good than all those tedious, expensive treatments, but the fact remains that now my complexion is clear, with the natural glow of health and youth that I feared it had lost for good."

If *you* are having trouble with your complexion, if you find that an unattractive skin is a handicap in your social or business life, think what it would mean to have your problem solved so easily!

Try Resinol Soap a week and you will know why you will want it the year round. The soothing, healing Resinol medication in it reduces the tendency to blotches and oiliness, soothes irritated pores, offsets the effect of neglect or improper treatment, and brings out the real beauty of the complexion, giving Nature the chance she needs to make red, rough skins white and soft.

Resinol Soap is excellent, too, for the hair and for a baby's tender skin. Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment are sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

with a good tourist crop, the individual jit gave way to the corporation 'bus. Consequently you will find the street enlivened nowadays by the queerest-looking automatic insect I ever rode in, labeled "Flying A." Every 'bus goes to the American studios, and I had no difficulty in locating the home of Mary Miles Minter, Bill Russell, and countless other loved film-folk.

George Periolat, in one of his famous make-ups, trying to look happy with carpet slippers and a bag of the vintage of '49, met me and introduced me to Anne Schaefer, who was posing as his affable housekeeper. While they discussed a bit of "business" I snapped them. You know Anne is just the dearest thing that ever came West, and they've started a little Anne Schaefer Society in California; all the young girls are joining it, and she is kind enough to write personal letters in every minute of her spare time. While a young woman herself, she still has time for the débutante element, and she has as many girl admirers, even while she hides her prettiness under horrid make-up, as she can count forlorn-hope males in her well-filled address-book. I chatted at least a half-hour with her, and she's mighty glad to leave Chicago and settle in the land where filming is made easy.



EUGENIE FORDE AND OSCAR GERARD



EUGENIE, THE "ARTFUL DODGER"

I left her in a mad rush, for Eugenie Forde had just come in to tell the hard-luck tale of her arrest for speeding. Just as she was being coaxed into good humor by Oscar Gerard, who advised her to fight the fine, I touched the bulb, and if you want to know just how a film-actress looks after she's been arrested, gaze warily at the snap!

That isn't half a circumstance to the background which Miss Forde's cute little Dodge provides for her magnetic personality. She fairly radiates life and sprightliness. Her ability as a chauffeuse was demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that day, and I'm not quite sure yet whether I admired most her chic frock, with its odd little wrap, hat and handbag of turquoise blue, hand-embroidered in Chinese motifs and designed and executed by the clever little lady, or her



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EUGENIE FORDE AT THE ARLINGTON

fearless twirling of the wheel in that land of limousines, for the millionaire colony from the East is a bit aged and it loves to ride in a glass house.

Of course, I met George Fisher, who has done a picture with Miss Day, and saw him later at a lovely party which Miss Forde gave at her cute bungalow. You would turn green with envy if you were told the pretties she showed me, but I'll just mention that the tablecloth and napkins, all hand-embroidered in blue, with heavy lace edge, which the little lady is making for Virginia Forde, would make you want to break one of the famous Ten. I know I did.

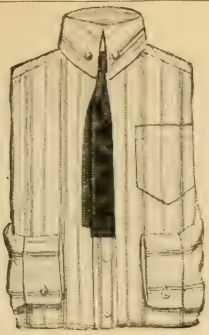
Some days later, when I went to the Orpheum in Los Angeles, I found the house filled with members of our local and "foreign" Motion Picture colony. William Russell had been out on location near the San Bernardino mountains, and just got back in time to see Nat Goodwin, who was being featured on the circuit that week. Mr. Russell and Charlotte Burton did not look a bit bride-'n'-groomy," altho they had been married only a month, and both were in outing togs and well tanned. Miss Burton wore a mannish tan-and-white check suit, with a little brown felt crusher, which made her look like Maid Marian, a stock which hid her pretty throat, and a diamond which nearly covered her small left hand. And they say her baby is so glad to have a new daddy.

Somehow the films are not drawing as they should in Los Angeles. I dont know whether to blame the war or the star exploitation method now in vogue, but managers are vying with each other to have a live star rather than a dead film in their houses. Consequently, every featured artist has been appearing in person lately. Last week I saw Louise Glaum and Mr. Gunn, the former most wonderfully bedecked as usual, wearing a canary-silk frock, with hosiery and slippers to match, and a kaleidoscopic coat of purple and bright green, topped by an Indian headdress of folded silk,



WILLIAM RUSSELL'S MORNING EXERCISE









BACKVIEW







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bejeweled. She made a pretty attempt at speech-making after Mr. Gunn's cordial introduction of "the vampire who really doesn't vampire at all in private life, you know."

Have you heard about Brownie Vernon's Jackie uniform? She even wears it on the street—sailor pants and all!

It's for the cause, you know, and many a young fellow has enlisted in the Navy by reason of Brownie's pleasing voice. (Perhaps they hope to serve alongside of her.)

Last month we had the première of "The Little American," and Mary Pickford was presented to the biggest audience I've ever seen; not even "The Clansman" so thronged Clune's Auditorium, and hundreds stood waiting for the second show.

Miss Pickford's voice was tremulous; she is very modest, and entirely unspoiled, tho everybody this side of the sun knows her name and fame. She wore one of her Lucile creations, one of those little white net things which men think cost about ten francs, and which every woman in the audience gossips about reverently. She removed her hat and her embarrassment at the same time and said briefly: "There's no use in saying I'm not nervous, for I am. I feel like a little kitten who has been out in the wet, cold rain all night. Mother says I must not talk about the war and the Red Cross, for you all have heard too much about that already, but, having just seen this picture, I feel that I want to say I'd like to give up making pictures for a while and go to France and shoot up the enemy for a change. But as my director is waiting for me to do a scene from 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' in which he will have a fire-hose squirted on me for a rain scene, I suppose I'd better close with 'I love you, California,' and hope you'll love me, too, and that I can induce my director never to send me back to New York."



BROWNIE VERNON

Yes, and Douglas Fairbanks and Will Hart have cavorted across the Auditorium stage already, and next week we'll have other stars twinkling there, so that, after all, one can forget the thermometer. Besides, in California we always have cool nights, and sea-breezes play sham-battles with the mountain air which comes in thru the San Bernardino pass.

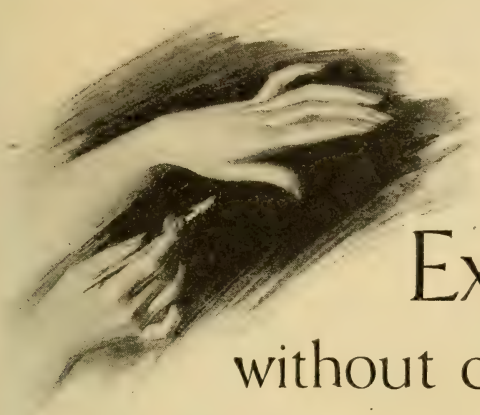
And in spite of the high cost of gas, Louise Lovely's beautiful little mustard-colored car, with its dainty cretonne linings and upholstery, her name emblazoned on the door, is a sight for the pedestrians on Broadway every night. It is a special model and looks as exclusive as the Kohinoor.

While lunching at the Arlington I met Mary Miles Minter's famous grandmére, the voucher for *la petite's* age, and Mary Shelby, who is as dark as Mary is blonde. In the long ago, Margaret was a Biograph favorite baby of David Griffith, and while she occasionally supports her famous sister, her aspirations are for literary glory and scenario-writing honors. Miss Shelby confided to me that she considers this field far more interesting than acting.

And speaking of bungalows, I wish you had seen George Periolat's bachelor home—too bad he is Cupid-proof. I never saw so many Chienese art treasures outside of Sing Fat's famous import house.

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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their return. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—Thanks for the four leaves of clover. Your verses are mighty clever, and you really ought to be represented in a Poets' Corner somewhere. Your French is beautiful, only I cant read it.

HELL DEVIL.—Yes, I like strangers. Cant have too many friends. Webster Campbell was Frank in "The Evil Eye." Dream on, little one. Happiness is simply unrepented pleasures.

HELEN O. CRANE.—Winter Hall was the real Uncle John in "Romance of the Redwoods." Tell your little sister the Editor will print some paper cut-outs of the players again soon. Thomas Santschi and Kathlyn Williams in "A Man, a Girl and a Lion." Quite a trio—all it needs is a mouse.

IRENE H.—Of course you are not intruding when you write me. Everybody is welcome. Even the dog. You want a picture of True Boardman. We are always glad to print pictures of the players if they would only send good ones to us. Lots of them try to economize by sending process prints, and these do not produce well.

BUSHMAN-BAYNE.—Yes, William Conklin was Norman in "Prison Without Walls." Louise Huff and Louise Lovely are not the same persons. Sam T. Hardy was Hartley in "At First Sight." Perhaps you got the tail-end of some one else's answers. Heap much thanks for them kind woids.

BETTY M.—Marjorie Rambeau was Mary in "Mary Moreland" (American). William Conklin was with American. J. Stuart Blackton directed "The Message of the Mouse." You say the greatest blessing Heaven can send to me is a wife. After I had her, what would I do with her, and what would she do with me? She would starve on my salary, and I would starve after she got thru with it.

ELIZABETH.—Stars have no choice in choosing leading-men. That is all arranged by the heads of companies and seldom by the directors or stars. So you dont care for Jack Dean, who played opposite Fannie Ward. Be careful, now, or you'll hurt Fannie's feelings. To which Smith do you refer?

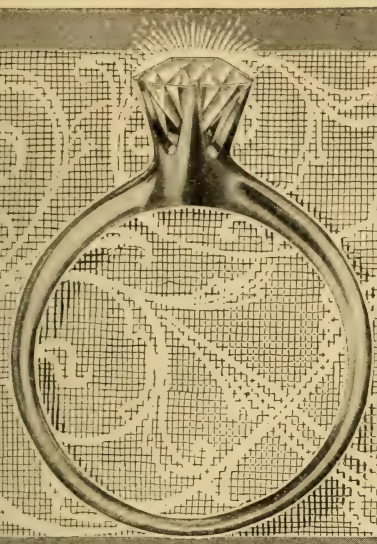
DANIEL J.—Emmy Wehlen was Pamela and Walter C. Miller was Bertie in "Miss Robinson Crusoe." Eugene O'Brien was Captain in "The Moth." You're right, the leading rôle usually gets the leading roll.

J. F. D.—Oh, at ten o'clock I douche the glimmers, and usually retire. I am not sure whether "The Birth of a Nation" will be reissued or not. You will have my hair standing on end if you ask such questions as, "Is Earle Williams related to Doug Fairbanks?" Cant you think of something more ridiculous?

EUNICE M.—L. Rogers Lytton was Thomas, Donald Hall was Richard Steel and Mollie King was Anne in "On the Square Girl," Astra released thru Pathé. Lenore Ulrich is on the stage. Dorothy Dalton is with Thomas Ince-Lasky.

JOHN A., QUEENSTOWN.—The poem beginning "Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind, that from the nunnery of thy chaste lips and quiet mind, to arms and war I fly," was written by Colonel Lovelace, a famous English wit of the eighteenth century. June Caprice was Patsy and Harry Hilliard was Dick.

JANET.—William Hart was father. Of course, William Hart is in love with his pony. No, she backed out.



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OLGUS.—Whisky glasses are not spectacles, but they enable men to see a lot of queer things. I talk so much about myself because I am worth talking about. Be modest and you will be lonely. Archie Clifton is not on our list. The conscription law wont have much effect upon Motion Pictures. I enjoyed yours so much that I passed it on to the Editor.

EUGENE H.—Tyrone Power was Ludwig in "The Planter." I think "Richard the Brazen" was the last Morey and Joyce picture. "Under Two Flags" was produced by four companies—which will you have? I am sorry I cant tell you who the blonde girl was with blue eyes and medium size in width and length. Please give further dimensions.

FRANCES F.—You just bet we are glad to get your opinion of things. You think the Gallery would look better with just one picture instead of a snap or two. Hope you write again. Henry Albert Phillips wrote "The Self-Made Widow" (Brady).

OXFORD.—The only player who tells the truth about his salary is the one who never mentions it. A great many of the boasted salaries are paid in stage money. I get $9.00 a week, real money. It will soon be a dozen, the Editor said, on account of the war. He's afraid I might enlist, I guess. We will have a picture of Paul Willis soon. You must never say Hate—Dislike, if you please. You say I need a mate. Yes, a check-mate.

HAPPIE.—Millie McConnell has the reputation of being the best dressed character woman in the picture business. That's some reputation. Glad the public cant see me. No, I dont play tennis. I couldn't even cut a piece of pie and serve it. Who let him in? I guess the Editor is pretty well stocked with drawings just now.

GOLDIE.—Ralph Kellard has gone on the stage. You think I am delightfully wicked? Just what do you mean by that? He was only an also-ran, and is not on the cast.

MADGE.—Marguerite Clark played in "Amazon." She is very versatile and quite charming. We have no record of Jean Davidson and I think our files are pretty accurate. Speaking of Sessue Hayakawa, you say, "Oh, rapture, oh, bliss, how that man can kiss!" Alas, alack!

MILDRED H.—A soft answer turneth away wrath, but not so in custard pie comedies. Your other name was too long to use. Look up the October Classic for Warren Kerrigan.

MARIE T.—Sarah Rosine Bernhardt was born in 1844. She is a French actress, born in Paris. At an early age her Jewish parents placed her in a convent at Versailles. When 14 she left and entered the Paris Conservatoire and studied tragedy and comedy. She has also done considerable work in sculpture, painting and literature. She is now playing in New York. Write me again, *à coup sur.*

KITTY MCK.—You ask has Pearl White red hair and rough skin. More or less. You remind me of the man who said he had a few moments to spare and guessed he would sit down and write a book. In other words, your terminal facilities are in need of adjustment and rectification.

KATHLYN W.—Yes, I like the Gish Girls' work. John Bowers is with World. Do write again. George Baker will direct Nazimova in her initial Metro, "The Rosebush of a Thousand Years."

DOLLY DIMPLES.—Shorty Hamilton is not married. This is where you change cars. Mrs. Anderson is still playing. Her last picture was "Chump and Chances," released on the same day that Mary Anderson's "The Divorcée" was.

CALIFORNIA POPPY.—Greetings to thee, friend. Come hither and I will conduct thee on a pleasant journey. Come, let us reason together. Follow me thru these pages and your brain will crack with knowledge. Marguerite Clark's latest picture was "Amazon." All this time you have been ignorant of my existence. Ye gods! where have you been, child? So your favorite sports are dancing, swimming, riding, and Bill Hart. Yes, he is a sport, all right.

PAULINE D.—You say you read my department about ten times and learn the answers by heart. You are now ordained a reserve Answer Man. I understand what you mean when you say you have fallen in love with Dustin Farnum. Ethel Barrymore is playing in "Life's Whirlpool." Olga Petrova is playing in the new Biograph studio in New York City.

G. R. M.—Henry Walthall and Mary Charleson are playing together, releasing thru Paralta. Watch them grow. You want Earle Williams and Anita Stewart to play together—I believe Anita has left Vitagraph. You cant have everything you want, you know.

MAY B.—Thanks, but our "Shep" has been in the hospital with white eczema. He is doing nicely now, thank you, and sends his regards. You say you cant understand how the magazine got out to Rome City, Ind. Our magazine is in every State and in every country town in this great country—the land of the spree and the home of the depraved. May the war destroy the whisky curse and promote reading of good literature like this.

MALVALOCA.—Keep your own secrets, for nobody else will. The State's prison at Sing Sing commenced in May 14, 1826. Rupert Julian had the lead in "Bugler of Algiers." Write to Universal. No such animal.

MURIEL H.—Well, I have two drawers full of pictures, postals, cards, souvenirs, etc., etc., so send them along, and I'll get another drawer. I prize them highly. William Duncan and Carol Holloway are playing in the Western serial, "The Fighting Trail" (Vitagraph).

E. C. M.—Naomi Childers and Antonio Moreno in "The Devil's Prize." Well, I should say a prude was a person who is afraid to trust anybody, even himself.



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W. V. BELLEVERE.—Nice of you to think of me so often and to wish to embroider me a pair of house slippers. My size is 11-2 smaller than Charlie Chaplin's. I can identify them if you put A for Answer on the left slipper and M for Man on the right. I'll promise always to remember not to forget to write to you when I look at my right foot. Grace Carlyle is with Morosco.

O. M. ADMIRER.—No, I have never met Owen Moore. Now you know very well that Theda Bara isn't cross-eyed. Her eyes are simply close together. Her picture in the next issue. We had a picture of Marie Doro in the May, 1917. Yes, your letter was just a little long. You refer to Richard Barthelmess.

CURIOSITY SHOP.—Thomas Santschi does not believe in players appearing at the theaters personally. He says that much of the romance surrounding his or her personality is lost, and the glamor of the screen to the layman is gone. May Allison isn't playing at this writing. That petition wont do.

SKINNEY.—Lillian Walker has just completed her first Ogden picture, "The Lust of the Ages." Miriam Cooper was with Fox last. Anita is pronounced as An-e-ta, not a-nighter. Edna Mayo is still drawing pay under the Essanay roof. So you wont believe any one but me; well, Wallace Reid is the proud papa.

JUANITA W.—Rosemary Theby will play opposite Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons in Universal plays directed by Harry Myers. *Entre nous*, I think it has been an awfully hot summer. Charles Ray and Louise Glaum have been separated—that is, only in the pictures. Write to the players in care of the company. Seena Owen went to Fox to play opposite her husband, Smiling George Walsh, but, on account of illness, Enid Markey took her place.

FATTY.—You just bet I am. Jewel Carmen was born in Arkansas. She was educated in public schools and St. Mary's College for Girls in Portland, Ore. You should go to the manager about your complaints always. Dolores Cassinelli is a has-been, because she is not picturing now.

CLARK-SAIS ADMIRER.—You mean Gretna Green, a village in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, the place where, for nearly a century, runaway couples were made man and wife. These irregular marriages were discountenanced by law in the year 1856. Edward Hearn was Larry in 'The American Girl." True Boardman in "Stingaree." You refer to Robert Vaughn. Don Cameron in "Kitty Mackay."

IRENE H.—Creighton Hale was overcome by the heat wave in New York. In other words, got all het up and was laid up, and then layed down. Fay Tincher was in New York for a while this summer, but she never came to see the Answer Man.

CATHERINE.—After consulting my card index, I think it best to put the tails on your y's and g's; however, a mere de-tail. Edythe Chapman was Mary in "'The Girl at Home." See elsewhere about Geraldine Farrar. Kenneth Harlan was the lover in "The Cheerful Giver."

CLIO.—Why, I thank you muchy much for the Huylers. Also Virginia. You and Virginia camping together—scandalous! Clio was one of the Muses, daughter of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. She presided over history.

TEDDY BEAR.—Earle Williams is not married. He hasn't been in to see us for some time. However, he has been ill. You say Mary Miles Minter is too young to do love scenes. Wait! She'll have a real one soon, and then she'll learn fast enough.

ERMA, ST. LOUIS.—Well, before marriage woman is queen; after marriage, a subject. Yes, if the wise moon could only talk! Grace Cunard is playing in "Treason." Thanks for yours.

MISS GOLF WIDOW.—You are right about Earle Williams. Valeska Suratt was at Delaware Water Gap this summer, taking "Wife Number Two." Edward Earle and Betty Howe took "For France" at Huntington, L. I.

D. W. T.—It appears that you act as both judge and jury in film sartoria. The selective draft has not as yet made serious inroads into the studios. Many are enrolled but not yet called into the various reserves. Some are "over there," some in officers' training camps.

FAULT FINDER.—Thanks, my dear, for the candy. Mary Pickford has no boy three years old. Yes, Robert W. Chambers wrote "The Girl Philippa." Sorry you are a fault-finder. Why not be a merit-finder? A place can be found for a peaceable man in the smallest and most crowded room.

ETHEL A. R.—Mr. LaRoche is not the Editor—Associate Editor. I have sent your letter to the Vitagraph and they will no doubt communicate direct. Thanks for the wild-turkey feathers. They make me look like a chicken now.

ANTHONY.—I was, indeed, sorry to hear of your illness, but hope you have fully recovered by now. E. Forrest Taylor is with Kalem. I very seldom hear of Frank Mayo. Course I like to read—books are the mentors of the heart.

WINNIFRED M. K.—You can reach William Hart, care of Thomas Ince, Los Angeles, Cal. Thanks for the fee. Wyndham Standing was Richard Harding in "The Law of the Land." Yes, it was very much like the play.

DOLLY DINGLE.—I'm surprised. Patrick Henry was an American patriot and orator, member of the Continental Congress and Governor of Virginia. Most actresses have secretaries. You must inclose a stamped, addressed envelope if you want your questions answered by mail.

HURRAH FOR OUR AMERICAN ALLIES.—Thanks. You say you are secretary for the Correspondence Club—any one can get further information by writing to Georges Jousset, 3 Rue Joly, Fougeres, France. Thanks I appreciate being an honorary member.

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ULSTER GIRL.—*Bienvenu.* I'm surprised that the title of the "Battle Cry of Peace" was changed to "The American's Home" in Ireland. I dont know how to account for it. Yes, I think your brother's mind ought to be examined.

LIBERTY.—Thanks for the bag of good luck. This ought to be a good toast for you, then: "Drink beer and have the gout, drink water and have it out." Mollie King with Pathé and Marie Walcamp with Universal.

LETTERHEAD, C. P. R.—Well, one dies twice; to cease to live is nothing, but to cease to love and to be loved is an insupportable death. I doubt if Helen Gardner is doing anything in pictures now. I dislike advising you about your script. Has it merit? But how can an author judge his own work?

LELIA K.—Paul McAllister was appointed captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps and Tom Forman is corporal in the Coast Artillery. John Bowers opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." Thanks for the fee.

A. FRIEND OF FRANCE.—Thanks for the pretty card. I'm sorry for you, but if you write to Pearl White, I'm sure she will answer you. Frank Mayo was opposite Ruth Roland in "The Red Circle."

FANNIE WARD FAN.—Thanks kindly for the dollar. It will come in right handy. So you think H. S. N. sits too heavily on Fannie Ward and Jack Dean in the Photoplay Reviews. I think so, too. Of course, I like Fannie Ward and admire her youthful longevity. I believe Viola Dana is younger. I enjoyed your letter immensely, and hope you will write again.



TOM FORMAN

We have caught thee in our warm embrace and wish a smile from thy charming face;
For no handsome chap could be blest and worshiped more than thee.

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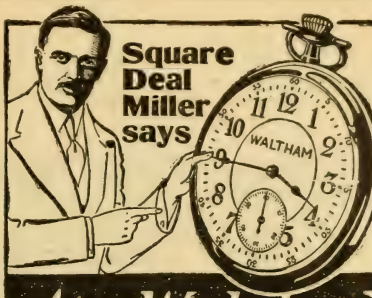


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ANDY, GLASGOW.—James Morrison is still with Ivan. Why, yes, if you inclose sufficient to cover postage, any player will send you a picture. I know of no other picture that De Jalnia West played in.

ROY FAIR.—You refer to Bull Montana as the burglar in "In Again, Out Again." You think Owen Moore had the hives when he played in "Little Soldier Girl." Well, you certainly have pretty good eyesight.



HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

November Classic a Movie Telescope

HUNDREDS OF INTIMATE PEEPS AT STARS NEW AND OLD

On the Cover—We present Crane Wilbur ready to set forth for a day's outing. The brilliant colors will gorge the palate of your eye—an azure blue background and Crane Wilbur in a gorgeous Princeton blazer of orange and black.



Crane Wilbur

Under Cover—Mary Miles Minter, Dustin Farnum, Virginia Pearson, Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish, George Periolat, Pauline Frederick, Jackie Saunders, the Keystone Comedians, a bewildering constellation of others.

A SUPERB Gallery of Players. The hearts of our readers will be gladdened when we announce that thru improvements in printing, the gallery of players' portraits will stand out like fine-cut cameos. We have at last reached the perfection of gravure printing and present in the November Classic Gallery beautiful portraits of Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish, Elliott Dexter, Vivian Martin, George Walsh, Anna Nilsson, Creighton Hale, Irene Castle, Beverly Bayne and Harold Lockwood.

"Big Moments in Broadway Stage Plays."—Here is a surprise—every Broadway hit will be reviewed in the Classic and beautiful photographs of the leading scenes presented in a superb lay-out. Colgate Baker, the well-known critic and playwright, has been added to our staff and will contribute a sparkling page of Rialto news about the stage and picture stars.

"Playing Up to Herself."—Admirers of Virginia Pearson's sensational acting will find a unique lay-out in which the famous emotional actress is shown in thirteen of her leading roles. The odd part of the lay-out is that in each group she is shown playing opposite to herself.

"How an Accident Was Staged."—Here we again have Martha Groves McKelvie in one of her happiest moments—a graphic description of Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston at work. Also dont forget the side-splitting business about the dummy.

"Swinging Round the Circle with Mary Miles Minter."—A beautiful lay-out of the schoolgirl star in farmeret togs.

"Making Faces."—Fritzi Remont presents an elaborately illustrated appreciation of the art of George Periolat and his wonderful gift of make-up.

"A Dozen New Hand-Picked Beauties in Filmiana."—The rapid rise to film fame and fortune of twelve new favorites on the screen—Adele De Garde, Elsie Ferguson, Jewel Carmen, Emmy Wehlen, Agnes Vernon, Gladys Brockwell, Olive Thomas, Sylvia Bremer, Mildred Manning, Carmel Meyers, Juliette Day and Corinne Griffith.

"The Designing Pauline Frederick."—Nina Dorothy Gregory tells all about the spare moments of Miss Frederick and how clothes, kitchen gardens and sweet charity keep her hands busy.

"Putting the Key in Keystone."—Stanley W. Todd takes us on a most interesting sight-seeing trip thru the Keystone studio and introduces all the famous comedians to us while they are caught in action. Mr. Todd's article includes some most interesting biography and studio chatter, and is illustrated with thirteen exclusive pictures from Keystoneville.

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SYZYGY.—I give up. Warren Kerrigan recently broke his leg while crossing some open country about ten miles from the city. I hope he has had it fully repaired. Well, this is the way I look at it—we love handsome women from inclination, homely women from interest, and virtuous women from reason. Ben Alexander was Bobby in "The Little American." Never heard of Joseph Galbraith?

PATE, EDMONTON.—Why, Buffalo is about 420 miles from here. Your letter was mighty interesting, and I hope you will write to me again. Next time you are in the States you must stop in and see me. Hope your mother is better.



FASHION NOTE

Latest style "cubist" motor-coat, a shrieking, screaming substitute for the autoist's honk-horn, especially designed for the silent drama.

MARIETTA.—I do not know the age of the breakfast jacket, but it came into vogue during the famous shirt-waist strike in Woonsocket, R. I., in 1832, where it was first worn by the strikers. Margaret Gibson is playing in "Honeymooners" for Christie, released thru Mutual.

SALOCIN.—I enjoyed your printing. Fishing is one of the pastime sports enjoyed by Dustin Farnum. J. Warren Kerrigan, Harold Lockwood, Crane Wilbur and many of the little ladies in Filmland are also skillful anglers. Ichthyology, pronounced ik-the-ol-o-je, is the science of fishes, but, remarked Farnum, "What a deuce of a way to spell fish."

C. F. W.—Your questions were all right. The average annual paper production of the United States amounts to the neat little figure of $260,428,115.04—keep the odd pennies. Let me hear from you again.

F. C. S.—Glad to hear from you again. Thanks for the cards. Sure, I like salmon. Was very glad to meet Miss Smith.

M. J. K.—Very few studios allow visitors. Yes, Gladden James has blond hair. Red, the ruby signifies fire, divine love, heat of the creative power and royalty. White and red roses express love and wisdom. The red color of the blood has its origin in the action of the heart, which corresponds to or symbolizes love. In a bad sense, red corresponds to the infernal love of evil, hatred, etc.

ILONA H.—Let me know when to expect you. Your naive observation that you enjoy the screen pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, because "They never seem to be making hard work of fun," made a hit with me. Thought I was the only one who did that. Sidney Drew is a brother of John Drew.

CHARLOTTE.—Why, "Somewhere in France" is an expression first used by the English Board of Censors in deleting exact location in referring to English troops.

MARGARET E. S., MISS.—So you are from Down where the Cotton Blossoms Grow. Yes, Alma Rubens was Dina in "Lorelei Madonna." It was a Western Vitagraph.

BERTIE S.—Please put your question first. By cancellation and subtraction of the numerators I succeeded in finding your questions. Never heard of the company you refer to. Hughie Mack is playing for Universal in L-Ko comedies. Billie Burke in "The Mysterious Miss Terry."

KATHERINE G.—Marshall Neilan in "Madame Butterfly" and House Peters in "The Bishop's Carriage." I thank your mother and father for their kind appreciation. You're right, but dont forget that you cant tell the truth to some folks without insulting them.

NINA.—Constance Talmadge and Tom Moore in "The Lesson." Montagu Love played opposite June Elvidge in "The Guardian." I dont know. God sends meat, but the devil sometimes sends the cook. Sure, I do some of my own cooking. Dont believe all you read in the papers.

VIOLETTE B.—Patience is sorrow's slave. Tom Forman was Sato in "Sato Finds the Way." Yes, write again. Of course, I expect to go to Heaven. My idea of hell is that hell is truth seen too late.

MILDRED E.—Eugene Ormonde was Marcus in "The Morals of Marcus." Joseph Singleton in "Brewster's Millions." The villain in a play is the character who represents the vile tendencies of human nature and seeks to frustrate the purposes of the nobler characters. He may be either a heavy or a comedian. Sometimes he affects a touch of satirical comedy.

CHRISTINE G.—Thanks for your kind letter. It was right. Of course, I drink coffee, but I prefer buttermilk. You say the consumption of coffee in France has about doubled in the last fifty years.

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MARGARET E. S.—You ask if Milton Sills is married. S—h! Most of us who attempt to wear the mantle of greatness are entitled to several fittings. Are you a nurse? You can write to Kenneth McGaffey at this address.

RACHELE.—Marie La Vare was Kate in "The Crimson Dove." Mae Gaston opposite Crane Wilbur. The day of affinities was yesterday.

BUBBLES.—Well, I must admit that it was pretty warm in my two-by-four this summer. Thought something of chopping off my whiskers, but thought that might mar my beauty. No, I never send out pictures of myself. Sessue Hayakawa is about thirty years of age, but that's only my guess.



SUSPENDED ANIMATION—The natural law of gravitation counteracted by a hot-air balloon. Just now the H. C. of Living has no terrors for this involuntary aviator.

M. D. C., KANSAS CITY.—Melbourne McDowell was Black Joe in "The Flame." A recent announcement says "Helen Holmes coming in 'The Lost Express'." You can expect Helen F. O. B. or C. O. D. Yes, Alice Brady left World. Howard Estabrook directs Eva Tanguay in "The Wild Girl."

FRANK AURORA 657.—Kittens Reichert was the child in "Her Secret." Address her at Vitagraph studio.

PHILOSOPHER, BOSTON.—No, I am not insane, thank you. Pascal, Socrates, Schopenhauer, Auguste Compte, Descartes, Liebnitz, Tolstoy, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Edgar Allan Poe, Shakespeare, Goethe, DeQuincey, Byron, Coleridge, Cowper, Dante, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Darwin and Sir Isaac Newton have all been put down by the learned brain specialists as insane, unsane or semi-insane, and have been declared by the holy order of science to be demifous clinically, psychopathic morally, paralytic or physiologically deformed, and to have been afflicted with "veritable disease of the ego," the maniacal phase of circular insanity, chronic neurasthenia, paranoia, or some other form of psychic disorder bordering on madness. In other words, anybody who accomplishes something worth while is insane.

EDNA H.—Mae Marsh and Robert Harron in "The Wharf Rat." Mae Murray and Tom Forman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Irving Cummings and June Elvidge in "The Whip." Certainly I am a well-dressed man, but I am having a lot of trouble keeping my trousers from bagging at the knees these days. No, not more prayerful; it's only the hot weather.

CLIFF CARTER.—George Probert is playing for Pathé. Where are all those questions you were going to ask?

FRONT.—No, Flora Finch did not die. She hasn't been playing much lately. John Smiley was Stevens in "The Millionaire's Double." Well, widows are all right. A widow knows when a man is in love with her long before he knows it himself.

FRISCO.—"There's no cloud without a silver lining." Friday may be an unlucky day, but, thank goodness, Saturday is pay-day, and that's something to look forward to. Thanks for your encouraging words. Tom Moore was married to Alice Joyce, but I dont think he is now.

LUELLA 16.—Look up March, 1916. M. W. Rale was the grand master in "Mysteries of Myra." I dont know much about the heat in the tropics, but a friend of mine has been offered a job in Honolulu, where it is 100 in the shade. But he says he isn't going to work in the shade.

THE GIRL GLORY.—You refer to Thomas Meighan in "Common Ground." Your letter is fine, but a bit wordy. The next time I go to the opera I wish you were in my box. I'd like to hear you converse against "La Tosca."

YVONNE.—William Sherwood and Madge Evans in "The Beloved Adventures."

PATRIA D.—Walt Whitman was Jed in that play. Lady Godiva, wife of Leofric, Earl of Mercia, who offered to remit certain exactions to his tenants if she would ride naked thru the streets of Coventry. She did so, all the people closing their doors and keeping within except one, "Peeping Tom," who was struck blind for peeping at her. Vitagraph produced this film with Julia Swayne Gordon playing the part of Godiva. Peeping Tom isn't cast. Perhaps he was ashamed of himself.

VERA NUTTI.—Dustin Farnum is with Fox. He played in "The Conqueror." Think what Christmas presents would have cost Solomon with his seven hundred wives had he not been wise enough to live at a period B. C., when no Christmas was known.



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Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
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175 Duffield Street **BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

LITTLE MOUSE.—So this is your first letter, and you think I am only 32. I thank you, most gracious lady.

FRITZ.—Forrest Stanley is with Kalem. You had better hurry. Send for a list of manufacturers. You want to know who masqueraded as the doll and jester in Episode four of "The Great Secret." See it again and wait until they unmask. I will tell you this much, Francis X. Bushman was the admiral and Beverly Bayne's costume was a sort of fish-net tunic studded with pearls. Enjoyed your confidence, congratulations! Write again after the honeymoon.

LAURA D.—Denman Moley was Happy Jack in "The Old Homestead."

IDA M. F.—Mahlon Hamilton was Lord Randal in "Bridges Burned." You will find a picture of him very soon. Thanks for the compliment. "Tell me not, sweet, I am not kind," that I dont answer your questions. There are many things we know about the players' private lives that dont belong to the public any more than your private life belongs to them.

VIRGINIA C.—So you have met Bryant Washburn. Hooray! No, he has never been in here. We should like to see him. The Editor says he is just as clever as Douglas Fairbanks. Tho once a villain, he is now a hero.

NICK E.—You want a biography of Lou-Tellegen. Soon.

HAZEL J.—Mrs. Castle is with Pathé. Your letter was interesting, but you dont ask many questions. I am not a laundress and dont hang out the actors' wash. Read Jim Jam Jems.

EUGENIA P.—Nothing is swifter than rumor. Gretchen Lederer was Mrs. Morgan in "A Kentucky Cinderella." I did not go on the trip of artists and editors to E. K. Lincoln's estate last month, but our Mr. La Roche did, and we will have a special story about it in the Magazine soon. He says E. K. is a superb host.

CONTRARY MARY.—You refer to double exposures, which has been explained a number of times. You say you would like to write to Tom Forman and ask him for one of his socks to hang up in your room. Well, if this dont beat all. What are you girls coming to? Wouldn't you like to have one of my nightcaps?

BROWN-EYED LOU.—Ethel Gray Terry in "Apartment 29." Clifford Bruce in "The Sin Woman." Irene Fenwick was Grace. You give good advice.

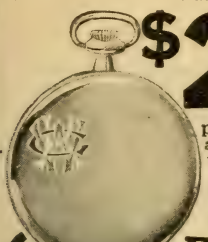
H. K. S.—That clipping was from a 1902 paper, so I guess it was Lottie Briscoe of Lubin fame. No, Lubin are doing absolutely nothing. They had a sale this week.



WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

ANSWER MAN—Gee, World! You're looking fine. How ya feelin'?

THE WORLD—Fine, old man, with but one exception, and that, as I suppose you have noticed for some time, is the large-sized bump on my upper story. But I feel that it will be removed soon, as I am trying "Uncle Sam's Sure Cure."



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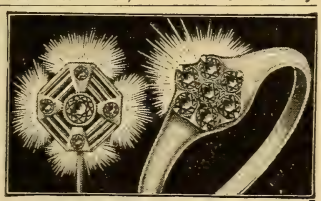
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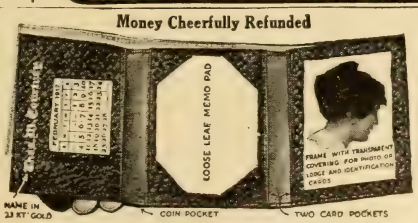
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street **Brooklyn, N. Y.**

THE ANSWER MAN

IRENE H.—That's true, lots of us make acquaintances on our vacations that we wouldn't make at home. Erbograph are released thru Art Dramas. Gertrude McCoy played in "Madam Sherry." Evelyn Vadito in "The Masque of Life."

SILVER SPURS.—Your letter was very fine, one that speaks from the heart. Here is my hand—shake.

EUNICE P.—Yes, I liked your writing. Somebody asked Benjamin Franklin what was the use of his crude electric experiments, and the old philosopher replied, "What's the use of a baby?" In the early days the makers of Motion Pictures felt very much the same way. But they let the critics run to and fro and kept right on making the pictures better.

EDWARD K.—We did run a "How to Get In" by Norma Talmadge. You can reach her at Selznick's studio, New York. Curiosity is to blame for lots of improvements in this world, and for lots of sin, too. Glad you aren't a woman!

EILEEN N.—Earle Williams played on the stage before going in pictures. He is not married, and he lives in Brooklyn.

ZIP.—The reason you were not answered is because you didn't give your name. Go ahead and tell me just what you think of me. I am used to it. Well, you can send along that fudge and we will call it square—yes, square fudge.

BOBBY M.—You certainly ought to change that opinion you have of women. 'Tis true that women dress less to be clothed than to be adorned. When alone, before their mirrors they think more of men than of themselves. You make very funny dots for your "i's".

KELLARD ADMIRER.—Please have a heart and dont ask the loads of questions at once. Winifred Allen played in "The Man Hater." Jack Mulhall played in "The Midnight Man."

HAZEL R. D.—Ha, ha! but Gelett Burgess says a "wowze" is to cavort hopelessly. A literary lady trying to look 'artistic." An elderly maiden being kittenish. A fat woman in swimming. An overgrown girl in short skirts. No, I know you are not a wowze. You say you dont want Valeska Suratt to stop vamping. Patsy de Forest was in to see us today and she is very pretty. She introduced us to her Scripp's Booth.

IDA K.—You refer to Pearl White. I'm surprised. So you think July was the best issue yet. How about November? When Francis Bushman gets very excited he will say he wants to say something dirty—and he immediately exclaims "Pittsburg!" Since he is raising a fund to send tobacco to the soldiers, I will forgive him for his profanity.

ROSE H., KEARNEY, O.—Thanks for the verse. It was very funny, and I wish I could use it in this department. Let me hear from you again.

THE ANSWER MAN

PEGGY AND BUNCH.—As I have many times said, it is better to boil within than boil over. So you think Donald Cameron the best thing in pictures. He is still with Vitagraph. Dont be selfish; remember there are others on this earth besides you. I believe I am the oldest Answer Man in captivity, both in years and in service.

HAZEL HUNT.—We are informed that Edna Payne is married and on her honeymoon. Thank you. Gladys Hulette was Roma in "Miss Nobody." I dont know by what women are known, but birds are known by their songs and men by their tongues. Bessie Learn is with Famous in "Mysterious Miss Terry."

DWIGHT.—But you must not complain to me when you dont get your magazines—write to Mr. Harrington; he is the one to go after. Paragon produced "The Whip" and Signet "The Mask of Life." You say "Life is short, so I must close." Well, dont waste your young life on me.

GREENHORN.—You can reach Douglas Fairbanks at the Artcraft Studio, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, whence your letter will be forwarded to him. That is the Godfrey Building, and it is mostly composed of Motion Picture people.

GLADYS J.—Tyrone Power and Marie Walcamp in "John Needham's Double." The Bastile was a French prison and fortress. People were incarcerated there by *lettre de cachet*, without notice or trial. It was destroyed by a mob in 1789.

LEONE F.; ISABELL; PINK PAJAMAS; S. H., BERKELEY; SKINNY M.; SOS; M. C. H.; H. E. M.; HELEN EDDY ADMIRER; NAZIMOVA FAN; DOROTHY T.; JAETT C.; RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER; MILDRED M.; JEAN D. AND A. B., 15; HAPPIE; VIRGINIA; THELMA; J. Q. ASHTON; Y. Z.; and KATE L.—Sorry to disappoint you, but you had better look around on other pages. Thanks and greetings to you all.

PEACEMAKER.—You can reach the Screen Club at 163 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City. George Larkin is playing in New York. Creighton Hale is with Pathé and Violet Mersereau is with Universal in New York.

VERA NUTTI.—You here again? You must have it bad. *De mal en pis.* Edith Storey is with Metro. You say you would like to see her play opposite Wallace Reid. I doubt if you will. Two big stars seldom flock together, but flock all alone by themselves.

WILLIAM FARNUM FAN.—No, I didn't see "Pay Me." You say, "to make a long story short"—the Editor's blue pencil. We have never interviewed Florence Vidar. Editor, please note. I enjoyed your letter muchly. Of course, I would like to go to war, only my whiskers would be in the way.

L. B. SQUIRREL.—Thanks again. So Marguerite Clark is your favorite. She is very popular. I am a fine singer and have a fine range. Use it to get my breakfast on.

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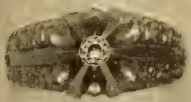
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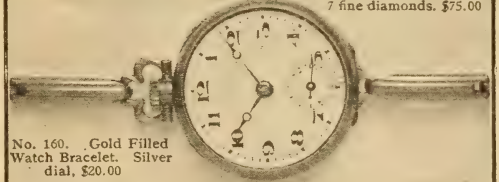

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THE ANSWER MAN

KITTY CARLYLE.—Are Mollie and Anita King related? You forgot Henry. Nay, child, nay.

M. B., TOPEKA.—Yes, I believe all the players will answer in time. "September Morn" died. The widely stared-at "September Morn" may be a work of art, but not original; it was a complete take-off.

L. B. SQUIRREL.—You have elegant stationery. Thanks for the fee. I'll promise to be nice to you. "An Old Soldier's Romance" was released in January, 1917. Let me hear from you again.

LAURA P.—The pen is mightier than the sword because the sword cuts no such figures as you can write on a check with a pen, and it's money that counts, even in war. Gertrude McCoy played in "The Silent Witness."

BELL, ATLANTIC CITY.—The only address I have of Maurice Costello is at Bayside, N. Y., where he lives.

ELOISE O.—Paul Revere was an American engraver and revolutionary patriot. Carried the news of Gage's impending attack to Concord. Jack Holt is with Artcraft. Ina Claire is now on the stage.

IMAGINATION.—That's some name, but you must sign your own name somewhere. Send for a list of film manufacturers, and then you have to get in touch with them directly. Sorry I cant help you.

MRS. W. T. H.—You say you have thirty-two photos of players and five of them autographed. You are quite an auto-graft collector, but why not mail the other twenty-seven? Guy Coombs was Jim in "Jim Bludso." Thanks for the fee.

FRANCES E. O'B.—It has been estimated that there are over 3,000 languages in the world, so you have a lot to learn. Ruth Findlay was Dore in "The Salamander." Your votes were well selected. Glad you are interested in the Kings and Queens contest now running in the Classic. You say Earle Williams ought to lead in Charm. Vote early and often, but no electioneering within 200 feet of the polls.

CYRIL E. M.—No, no pictures of me for sale. No autographed photos, either. Beware of the dog! Bessie Eyton and Charles Clary in "The Sole Survivor." Well, political principle is one thing and political interest another, but in Germany the men of principle are not the principal men. Francis Ford in "Who Was the Other Man?" is being released thru Universal.

BABBIE, 101.—Peggy Hyland was born in England. Of course, I like to answer questions; why not? I have them for breakfast and I sleep with them. Claire Whitney has left Fox. Valda Valkyrien, the Danish beauty, takes a dip every morning and does ballet exercises on the sands before the seven o'clock whistle blows, so no wonder she keeps young and pretty.

MR. Z.—I advise you to get in touch with Lasky. They might have the information.

THE ANSWER MAN

EILEEN H.—Haven't you always found that the less a man knows about it the louder he has to talk? Glen White was Quasimodo in "The Darling of Paris."

AUGUST W.—Thanks for the cigars. You show good taste. I like a good smoke, and I like a good piece of chocolate, or fudge.

FLOSSIE.—Mollie King's hair is blond. Not married, and you can reach her at Pathé's, 25 West Forty-fifth street. She is 19 years old. Alfred Vosburgh and Mary Anderson are playing opposite for Western Vitagraph.

WANDA.—Sure thing, I do gymnasium work. That's what keeps me young and healthy. Lon Chaney was Russell in "Fires of Rebellion." Address Wallace Reid at Lasky.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Greetings: Praise the sea, but keep on land! You have your "U" warning. Sorry to hear of your illness. You can send your coupons all at one time. Frances Burnham is with Marine Company. Perhaps it was by another company.

LILY R.—The "Honest Grapefruit and Berry Basket Bill," prescribing dimensions for standard baskets for interstate shipments, was passed by the United States House of Representatives August 2, 1916. Yes, we shall have a picture of Eddie Polo soon, if we can ever get hold of a good one. Will some kind lady please clip this paragraph and send it to him?

BUNNY.—Did your sixth sense tell you that? It is no secret, but you are among a few of the discerning ones to guess it. It is true that the Motion Picture players do get tired of a steady diet of sugar plums, and so for variety's sake we hand them a few lemon drops once in a while. So you have seen a great many of the players.

MENTHULU C.—De Wolf Hopper was born in New York City in 1862. John Mason was born in Orange, N. J., in 1857. Violet Horning is with Ivan. Beatrice Van is still with Triangle. I enjoyed your letter.

POPPY, ROCHESTER.—I thank you. One of the bells in a Paris cathedral weighs twenty tons and its accessories add another ten tons, but I think they will do just as much good where they are as they would if scattered among the Germans in the shape of shells. I didn't say Belle. See the story of "The Compact" for Bushman and Bayne. Regards to the club.

ETTA E. S., SOUTH PARIS.—The hour was divided into sixty minutes because the number sixty can be evenly divided by two, three, four, five, six, ten, twelve, fifteen, twenty and thirty. You say the following boys would like to correspond with American girls: R. L. Johnson, No. 268082, Canadians, Fourth Division, B. E. F., France, and Leo M. Evans, No. 53617, Fifteenth Field, Ambulance, C. A. M. C., Army Post Office, London, England. We are always glad to hear from or about the soldier boys.



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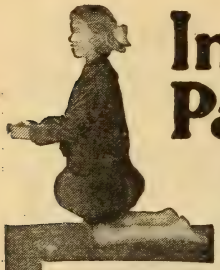
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THE ANSWER MAN

MARGARETTA K. T.—You just write to Wallace Reid, and I am sure he will answer you. Where's that recipe? Well, first impressions rule the mind, but sometimes our first snapshots are poor likenesses.

THOMAS O'C.—Get the June, 1917, issue for a chat with Pearl White, and the July, 1917, for a photo of her; January, 1917, for a chat with Creighton Hale, and June, 1917, for a picture of him.

CECILLE-DODO.—Well, the way to success in any calling is not paved with roses. Those who have arrived have sweltered at the forge of sacrifice. If you expected me to answer your thirty questions at one time, you have another guess coming. And it's all about William Farnum. No, I am no relation to George Washington or any other ton. The only difference between G. W. and me is that he couldn't tell a lie, while I can but wont. How many of you are there?



BESSIE BARRISCALE AS JINNIE IN "ROSE O' PARADISE," A PARALTA PRODUCTION OF GRACE MILLER WHITE'S ROMANTIC LOVE STORY

THE ANSWER MAN

JENKIE.—"The Last Man" was a Vitagraph film, and Jack Mower was the Lieutenant. So you think Olga loves me. Well, she doesn't write to me any more. Thanks for sending me the criticisms.

C. K. Y. ADMIRER.—Robert Vaughn was Jim in "The Fear of Poverty." Avocation and vocation are entirely different. A vocation is one's calling or profession; an avocation is one's hobby or side-show—something that calls one aside from one's vocation.

GABY L.—Dont believe all you read. Catherine Kirkham was Helen in "The Masked Heart." You think Fannie Ward and Francelia Billington dont comb their hair often enough. Charles Ray's last picture was "The Son of His Father."

LENA L.—A lie in time saves nine, and it usually gets you into a peck of trouble in the end. Yes, it must keep you girls busy cleaning white gloves and white shoes in the summertime. Glad I'm not afflicted with such household duties. Why, yes, join any one of the correspondence clubs—The Pansy Motion Picture Correspondence Club, Box 227, Corning, N. Y., care of Queena Kaliba; The Scroll Club, care of Mrs. Grace Kramer, 3009 North Vandeventer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., and the Reel Club, 416 East Eleventh Street, care of John Chase, Los Angeles.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By HARRY HARDING

Henry Walthall and his leading-woman, Mary Charleson, have arrived in Los Angeles to start work with the Paralta Company at the Clune studios. Both are looking very well, indeed, and were accorded quite a reception by the photoplay colony.

David Kirkland, who has been directing comedies for the Sunshine Fox release, has left the Fox studios on Western Avenue and gone up to the Officers' Training Camp at San Francisco, where he will be in training for three months. The members of the studio presented him with a handsome Swiss watch before he left.

Gypsy Abbott, the popular little actress, and wife of Director Henry King, is once more getting about after being confined to the hospital for several weeks following a serious operation.

Charles Ray has finished his first picture for Thomas H. Ince's Paramount release, and has commenced work on his second already. "The Son of His Father" is the title of the picture just completed. It will be published as a novel in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore, otherwise Mary Pickford and Owen Moore, have been playing a great deal of golf at the Country Club of late, and have enjoyed the new course immensely.

Harold Lockwood, the popular leading-man, and his director, Fred Balshofer, have left the Coast flat and gone to New York to do one or two pictures.



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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

Edward Sloman, the American director, is now producing a story with his star, William Russell, that he wrote himself. He is very much pleased with the way it has gone so far, and expects it to be one of his best pictures since joining the Santa Barbara plant.

Sixty per cent. of the 17th Company, Coast Artillery, are Motion Picture actors. Walter Long is first lieutenant, Ernest Shields a sergeant, and Tom Forman a corporal. It is considered one of the crack companies of the regiment. They are now encamped at Fort McArthur in San Pedro. They will be missed in the films by their many admirers.

Julian Eltinge likes his first feature for the Lasky Company very much, and has started work on his second Motion Picture.

It looked for a time as if Ben Deely, the famous vaudeville comedian, was going to become a dramatic screen star, but the stage evidently could not part with him, as he opens up on the Orpheum circuit at Salt Lake City in a week. He did one feature for the Fox and one for Paralta, but could not resist the golden coins that were strewn in his path for a tour of the Orpheum theaters, so the movie game will lose one of its most promising performers for the time being.

The new Helen Holmes serial, "The Mystery of the Lost Express," has all the members of the company, with the exception of Director MacGowan and the star, Helen Holmes, guessing. The express disappears in the first episode of the story and doesn't turn up until the last. So far none of the company has been able to solve the problem, which tickles MacGowan immensely.

Herbert Rawlinson's feature, "Come Thru," which was written by George Bronson Howard, has been brought back to the Superba Theater in Los Angeles for a return engagement of two weeks. This will make four weeks this feature has shown to crowded houses at this theater.

Ora Carew, former Keystone star, is still in New York making new arrangements. A letter from the fair Ora says that she hopes to be back in Los Angeles within a week or two.

Myrtle Stedman is nearing New York on her trip through the States, visiting the various picture theaters and giving a song recital as well as a short speech. She is meeting with tremendous success.

Margarita Fischer has just signed a contract with the American Film Company for two years, at one of the largest salaries ever paid a star. Her features will continue to be released on the Mutual program.

The "Cinderella Man" continues to run at the Morosco Theater, so Billy Garwood is still working both day and night, day at the Ince studios and night-time at the Morosco. Outside of this, Billy does absolutely nothing.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

Enid Markey, the former Ince star, has just finished a feature for the Fox Film Company with George Walsh, called "Yankee Ways."

There is a rumor that Corinne Griffith, the Vitagraph star, may soon pay Los Angeles a visit during her vacation. It will seem like old times to have Corinne with us again. Here's hoping.

Reginald Barker is now directing Bessie Barriscale at the Paralta studios in one of Harold McGrath's novels, "Madam Who?" It is the story of a woman spy, and sounds very exciting.

KINGS AND QUEENS PUZZLE

Here are two dozen queer sentences, each containing the full name of an actor and actress who are competing in the "Kings and Queens Contest" now running in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. For the ten best answers we offer $10 in cash and five yearly subscriptions, to be divided according to the merits of the answers received. Address all answers to Editor Kings and Queens Puzzle, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 1—What kills big warrior Cline?

No. 2—Leggo! Rink Mike for a dry carp!

No. 3—Our crowky hall-room lad fled!

No. 4—Hurry in, Mr. Hop! Roast an ally!

No. 5—Heat films can burn hair pews!

No. 6—A narrow king lived near Ara!

No. 7—A German coconut rode an iron!

No. 8—A hurried lilac pinch a Jerry!

No. 9—"Can a raw pie fill Finkel?" I murmured.

No. 10—So, go, Ala; we reserve the mule-rig!

No. 11—Will a cat's warrent die a tea?

No. 12—A radiant babe sold a fraks hug!

No. 13—Funny summer maids rent a tim-ril!

No. 14—Will a real beany silver my bee?

No. 15—Man! why kill the serious spalet?

No. 16—I, an Irish prince, gave a chill apron!

No. 17—Mr. Killer charged Raker at a pull!

No. 18—Do terrible man calm a war gun?

No. 19—Why rather lam an alley rum?

No. 20—You shall sugar lame rice!

No. 21—Why tell a colley black can teller?

No. 22—A poor shot dog bet Rover a treel!

No. 23—All blemish I vote as wiser!

No. 24—Dock Farr ticketed joy-ship!



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DEPT. 41 AUBURN, N. Y.

Petrova's Bungalow Kitchen Strategy

The Famous Star Caught and Made to Confess the Toothsome Secrets of Her Own Making

By LILLIAN MAY

"I'M not a gregarious animal," said Mme. Petrova, the Famous Players' star, at her cozy Long Island home. "It's not because I dont like people—I do. But my work is hard and trying, and I find that I must live quietly between working hours. From ten until five every day I am at the studio. Then I retreat to the country. I have no desire for an elaborate country home; it takes too much time and trouble to keep it up. But this little place, not even pretentious enough to be photographed, is a veritable haven of rest. I live here all winter, too, tho I spend a month or so in the South during the winter, working on a picture.

"Lonely? No. During the winter I go frequently to the theater. Sometimes I have friends with me, but for the most part my evenings are spent quietly at home with my books and music. In summer I find there is no tonic like a garden for a tired mind and body. I put out hundreds of bulbs in the fall, and in the early spring I have the intense pleasure of seeing them develop. When summer comes I spend many long evenings working in my garden. Before the war made food so scarce I did it because I liked to. Now I do it because I like to—and to do my bit toward really producing food. Another tonic that I heartily recommend is cooking, and I often find rest and new zest in life by putting my mind on my cook-book for a little while. And my friends are good enough to say that I am a natural-born cook."

Came the thought, "One never can tell," for surely the thousands of admirers of the queenly Petrova of the screen, bearing herself so royally and so appropriately gowned in trailing robes of velvet and satin, with plumed hats, costly furs and priceless jewels, would never think of her in connection with anything so every-day as a kitchen. However, the

proof of the pudding is in the eating. Petrova of the screen is alluringly beautiful; Petrova of the kitchen is charming! And her cooking is perfect. If the readers of this magazine can cook and serve this luncheon as daintily as did Petrova, they may be ranked with the artists, for it takes an artist to be a perfect cook as well as to be a star in Stage- and Screenland.

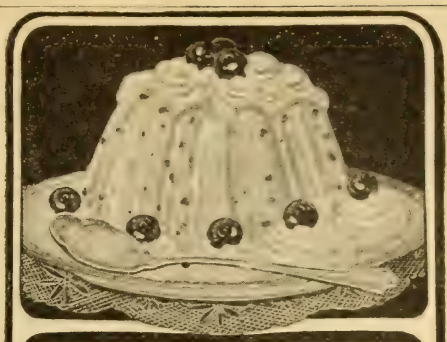
LUNCHEON MENU

Fruit cocktails
Creamed asparagus on toast
Baking powder biscuits
Olives Salted nuts
Tomato jelly salad with French dressing
or eggless mayonnaise
Frozen pudding Chocolate cake
Coffee



OLGA PETROVA

Fruit Cocktails—Cut two oranges and two slices of pineapple into bits, add juice of one lemon, one-fourth cup sugar



Fruited Rice Fluff

Wash ½ cup rice and cook until tender in a double boiler with 2 cups of scalded milk and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ¼ cup cold water 5 minutes and dissolve in ¼ cup boiling milk. Add 1 cup sugar. Strain into the cooked rice, chop fine ¼ cup maraschino cherries and add 1 teaspoonful vanilla to the mixture. Whip one pint of cream until stiff and when mixture is cold, fold in half of cream. Turn into mold. Remove from mold and garnish with remaining whipped cream sweetened and ¼ cupful of whole cherries.

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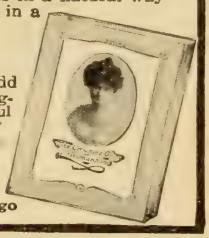
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and one cup water. Serve very cold in sherbet-glasses. This will serve six people.

Creamed Asparagus on Toast—Fresh or canned asparagus may be used. For the white sauce melt two tablespoonfuls butter in saucepan or use the same amount of cooking-oil, add one tablespoonful flour, and stir until well blended. Pour in very gradually one-half cup of fresh milk or one-fourth cup canned milk with one-fourth cup water. Add salt and pepper and cook until thick and creamy. Mix this sauce with the cooked asparagus and serve on slices of hot, buttered toast.

Tomato Jelly Salad—Soak one envelope gelatine in one-half cup cold water five minutes. To one can tomato soup add one cup of water and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Bring to boiling point and add to the dissolved gelatine, and strain. Pour into a large mold or into individual molds and place in ice-box. Serve on lettuce-leaves with French or eggless mayonnaise dressing.

French Dressing—To one tablespoonful oil add three of mild vinegar. Add salt, pepper, a dash of paprika, and mix well.

Eggless Mayonnaise—Put one-half teaspoonful salt and one-eighth teaspoonful paprika in a bowl and add two tablespoonfuls cream or two of evaporated milk. Mix thoroly and add slowly one-half cup oil, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoonful vinegar or lemon juice. If too thick, thin with more milk.

Baking-powder Biscuit—Mix and sift two cups flour, one teaspoonful salt and two teaspoonfuls baking-powder. Work in two tablespoonfuls lard or cooking-oil with finger-tips, and add milk enough to soften. Mix lightly and handle as little as possible. Roll to half-inch thickness and shape with biscuit-cutter. Bake in hot oven ten minutes.

Frozen Pudding—This is excellent and comparatively inexpensive if made from evaporated milk. For this recipe use two cans of milk, or one quart of fresh milk and one pint of cream, if fresh milk is preferred. Heat one can of milk and two cups of water in double boiler. Beat two eggs, two cups sugar, and pour into heated milk; mix well and cook until the

mixture thickens on a spoon like cream. Remove from fire, add two cups of prepared fruit—maraschino cherries, orange pulp, sliced pineapple and any fruit preferred. Add the other can of milk and flavor with brandy, maraschino, vanilla or any preferred flavoring. Put into freezer and freeze. This will make about two quarts.

Chocolate Cake—Put one-half cup cocoa in saucepan, add one-fourth cup brown sugar, one-half cup water, mix well and cook until thick. Take from fire and add one-fourth cup butter or cooking-oil, one cup brown sugar, one egg and beat well. Add one-half cup milk or water and two cups of flour. Beat again. Then add one-half teaspoonful soda dissolved in one-fourth cup boiling water. Bake in moderate oven about half an hour.

Icing—To one cup of powdered sugar add two tablespoonfuls canned milk, or two tablespoonfuls cream, and two tablespoonfuls cocoa. Mix and spread on cake when cold. If the mixture runs too much or seems too soft, add a little more sugar.

OVERHEARD IN THE SMALL-TOWN MOVIE

By JEAN DALE

"My goodness, Willie! Cant you *read?*
I never seen your beat!
An' do set still. You've 'most wore all
The varnish off the seat."
"Huh! *I* dont think she's such a 'beaut.'
Our Joe, he says *I'm* just as cute."

"Say, missus, kindly stow that lid;
My little boy cant see."
"An' Bill jus' up an' told him
We was steadies, him 'n' me."
"She says, 'Now, dont you dare to tell,
But since it's you, I guess—oh, well!"

"The pitchers here aint one-two-three
With them what's at the Strand."
"That's him! That's him! Oh, aint he great?
And aint her dresses grand?"
"Well, did you ever hear such gall?
I never winked at him at all!"

"Last night that stuck-up Mabel Brown
She had a swell new fella.
Say, kid, he danced so much with me
It simply turned her yella."
"If you was me, would you wear pink?"
"Gee! Let's light out and get a drink!"



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The following letter from Crane Wilbur is self-explanatory, and somebody apparently owes him an apology:

DEAR MR. BREWSTER—Was surprised to read the letter published in your last issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, from Mary Byers, 802 Fulton Street, San Francisco, Cal. The lady states that she read in a current issue of the *Picture-Play Magazine* that I do not wish the public to know that I am married. I cannot understand why any magazine should make such an absurd claim, but I wish to assure Miss Byers and the public at large that the statement is absolutely untrue and without foundation, no matter what the source.

I am very happily married to a wonderful woman, and I am more than proud to have the whole world know it. True, I consider my private life should be kept private. Home life should be just as sacred to a screen star as it is to any other man.

If Miss Byers did not receive a reply to her letter nor the photo she requested, for that I am truly sorry, but I sincerely assure you that if I have ever failed to answer any letter addressed to me it has been thru accident and not wilful neglect.

Every star who receives a salary large enough to engage a secretary does so. Of course, replies are dictated personally to those letters that require such a reply, but many fans simply request the sending of a photo and let it go at that.

I have an alphabetically arranged mailing list, and I find there the name of Mary Byers, with the correct address. Opposite her name is the notation, "Photo and letter mailed." Perhaps that photo and letter were mailed and went astray, but that seems hardly possible—perhaps they were never mailed, but that is not my fault, and I shall not fire my secretary, for it is only human to err. As for Miss Byers, a letter of apology goes to her today, and if she still wants a photo she can have a dozen.

I do not agree with Miss Byers that the stars should accept money for their photos. That's too much like being engaged in the retail souvenir business. Those I send I give gladly, and I consider myself highly honored when a fan writes me from across the continent or over the seas and requests a photo of my humble self.

Thru you I would say this to the fans: If you do not receive a reply from the star to whom you have written and if the photo is not forthcoming, do not become impatient; have some consideration; accidents happen, letters are lost, wrong addresses carry photos all over the country. You yourself make mistakes, so why not others? Write again, even a third time, and finally the letter of apology and explanation will come, together with the photograph you request.

I recently made the statement, thru the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, that I had ordered thousands (not *a thousand*, as Miss Byers states) of eight by ten original photos to be mailed to those who requested them. Your

(*Continued on page* 165)

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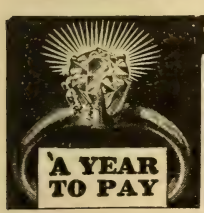
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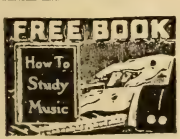
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(*Continued from page 162*)

Magazine surely reaches every corner of the earth, for since you published my offer I have been distributing an average of a thousand photos a week, never receiving less than a hundred requests a day. If I have neglected any one it has been thru accident, and I beg those who have not received a reply to write again.

Very sincerely yours,

CRANE WILBUR.

Miss E. S. Cask, 225 S. Jackson St., Montgomery, Ala., lays a complaint before us for which there is apparently no remedy. Stars require plots made to order for them. Whether this is justifiable or not time alone will tell:

Please send me your latest list of the film manufacturers as soon as possible.

I have it in "black and white," from scenario readers from big companies, that they use only what is written by their paid writers or members of their staff, accepting no outside material at all.

Dont they realize their plays put on are not so interesting? There is entirely too much sameness, and plots are bodily "lifted" from one company to another. I went with a friend to attend the performance of "Golden Lotus," by Brady. There were the explorer, the sister, the French girl, the same kind of plot—and the man with me was bored to death; said he had seen the same play before. So had I, but not the same play, tho so similar—the explorer, the sister, the French girl, the same plot—evidently written by the same writer.

Several houses in Montgomery, with good plays, yet there is not a single one entertaining enough to go to see this entire week. Too much dreary repetition of plot, character and appeal.

So why do they turn down good stories with fresh ideas in them?

M. L. Risher, writing on the letter-head of The Army Service Schools, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, reopens a much discussed abuse. Every soldier cant be an actor, nor every actor a soldier:

I have never written a letter before, but I think it is time that I do and call your attention to the military side of the Motion Pictures. In nearly every picture I have seen that has anything at all military in it there is always some glaring mistake. For instance, Antonio Moreno, in "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop," was the worst-looking officer I have ever seen. In Mary Pickford's "Less Than the Dust," the British troops drilled. I have seen British troops drill, but never that way. In the picture "The Last Man," the doctor took command of the forces. A doctor is a doctor, and never takes command of anything except a medical unit. Please, if you are going to have military pictures, get some one who knows something about it to direct.



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Further announcements will be made later.

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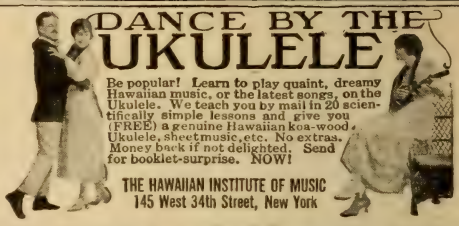


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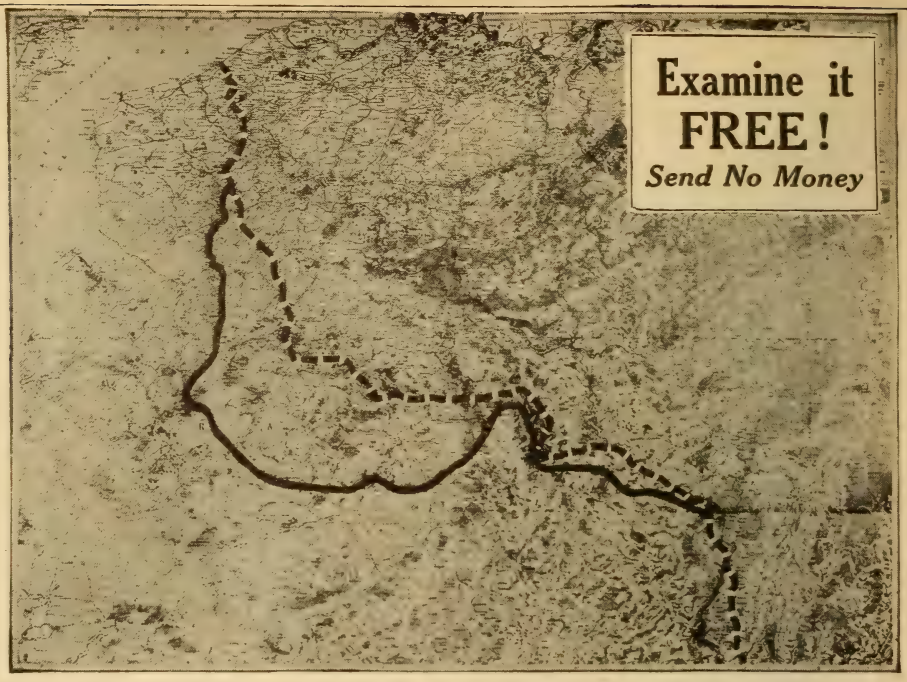
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DECEMBER

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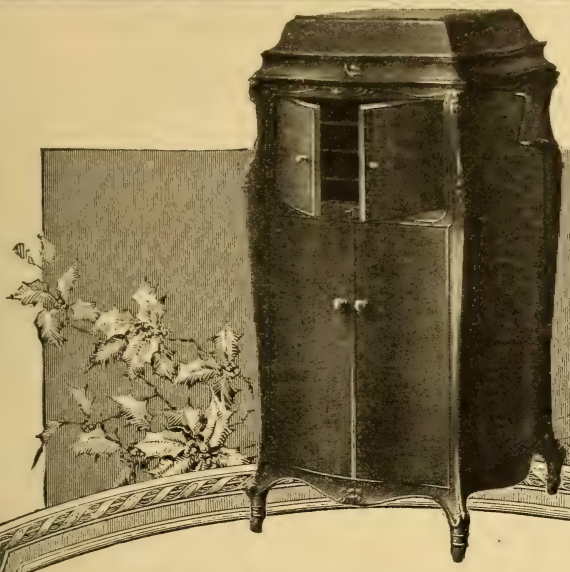


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"THE MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME"

A LASTING MEMORIAL TO THE TWELVE GREATEST PLAYERS IN PICTUREDOM. MOST EXTRAORDINARY CONTEST STARTS IN THE JANUARY "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE."

On the picturesque wooded heights belted by the Harlem River and overlooking New York is a majestic building dedicated to the men of America who have made this country the Home of the Free and the embodiment of brain, brawn and success. It is the world-famous Hall of Fame. For many years, due to the generosity of Helen Gould, distinguished architects labored at rearing this great building. It was to be a monument, a tribute to America's greatest and best-beloved sons. For many years, too, the hetmen of our greatest living scholars met in the unroofed rotunda to decide who were worthy of a niche in the Hall of Fame. Thousands of names passed in review and in counter-review. The Hall of Fame became a table topic for every thinking and country-loving American. And at last the great building on the heights overlooking the hub of Western humanity completed its sky-blue dome and the names of America's greatest sons were writ in imperishable marble on its walls.

THE GREATEST ART OF THE AGES.

When Motion Pictures were created some few years ago a new and wonder-laden vehicle of human expression was placed beside its world-old sisters—Music, Drama, Painting and Sculpture. The records of these, thru brush, chisel and baton, in temple fane and amphitheater, have been imperishably recorded by man's genius. They will last forever and aye. The brush of Titian will never fade from his pigment, nor the face and form of Booth from his "Hamlet," nor will the pages of Shakespeare ever cease to be turned. There remains then no permanent abiding place for Motion Pictures, the Cinderella of the Arts.

"THE MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME."

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, beginning with the January number, is about to undertake a most ambitious adventure. We crave the support of the 30,000,000 Motion Picture lovers in the United States, and of those beyond the seas, in nominating the twelve worthiest players who will constitute the beginning of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." A council of distinguished Americans—artists, inventors, playwrights, critics and educators—will help us all decide this great question by acting as a committee of judges. At the completion of the great contest, a set of beautiful, life-like, hand-painted portraits of the twelve winning players will be presented by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" and will be exhibited at the leading picture theaters thruout the country.

A PERMANENT EXHIBITION IN WASHINGTON, D. C.

At the completion of this exhibition these portraits will be taken to Washington, formally presented to the Government and hung in a gallery in one of our public buildings, to be designated by the United States Government. They will constitute a permanent memorial to Motion Pictures and its greatest interpreters, the players.

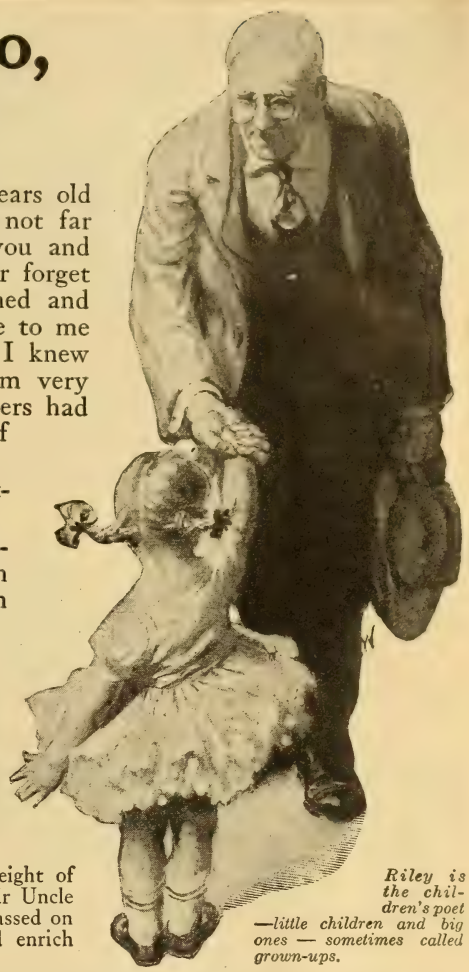
Unfortunately, we cannot divulge the full scope of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" Contest in this scant announcement. Full details will be published in the January issue, when the contest begins. It far outshadows all the collective attempts to pay a lasting tribute to the greatest of the arts and its artists. It is a contest, big with a big idea, timely, dignified, praiseworthy and lasting—so big, all in all, that it is going to take the country by storm. Be prepared for full details in the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"How Do You Do, Mr. Riley?"

"Onct when I was ist a little girl—only four years old—mother and I were down town and I saw you not far away. I broke away from mother, ran up to you and said, 'How do you do, Mr. Riley?' I shall never forget the wonderful smile on your face when you turned and saw me, a tiny little tot. You bowed and spoke to me as though I were a queen, and when I told you I knew 'most all of your child rhymes and enjoyed them very much, you were as pleased as if some man-of-letters had complimented you. That, Mr. Riley, is one of my finest memories."

So wrote a grown-up little girl to James Whitcomb Riley.

Are you giving your children the precious memories of the beautiful poems? Will your children be able to say—"My mother read me Riley when I was a child—and 'The Raggedy Man' and 'Little Orphant Annie' have rejoiced and comforted me all the days of my life."



Riley is the children's poet —little children and big ones — sometimes called grown-ups.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

has passed on—and the grown-up world mourns. In the hearts of the little children is a void that cannot be filled—but that can be forgotten by the reading and re-reading of these simple and childlike poems.

No more does Uncle Sam's postman stagger under the weight of 10,000 letters—the tribute of the children of the world to their Uncle Sidney (James Whitcomb Riley) on his birthday. Riley has passed on but his work lives. You can read it to your children—and enrich their lives and yours for all time.

Those of us who have missed things in childhood—missed learning to ride or to swim—feel that there is a lack that can never be made up. Even more is this so with things of the spirit. The child whose imagination has been enriched by the beauty and charm of Riley, carries a treasure to old age—a treasure hard to get later on.

From the little girl who said she felt all alone without him to the President of the United States, who pays him tribute, Riley is in all hearts—big and little.

HIS HEIRS DESIRE ONLY A SMALL ROYALTY

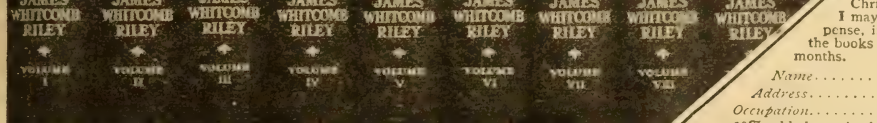
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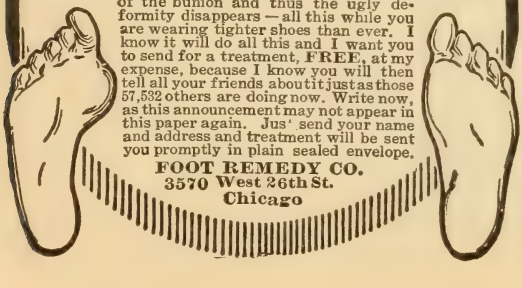
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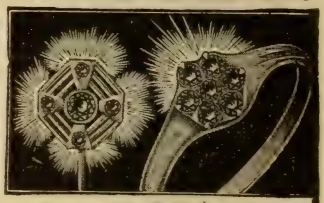
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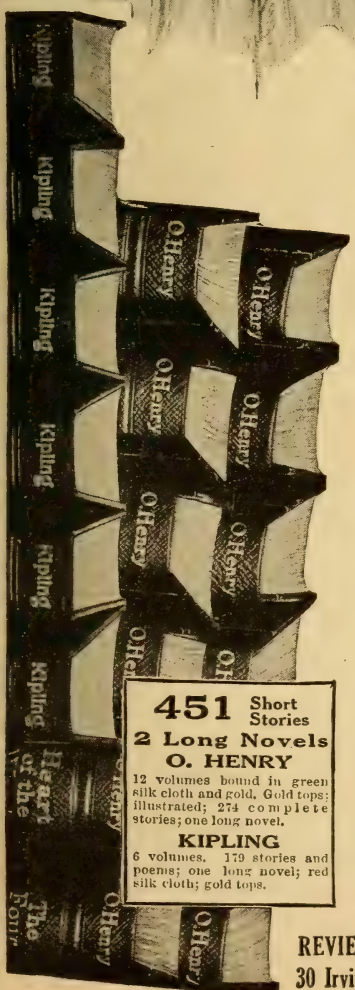
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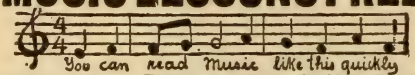
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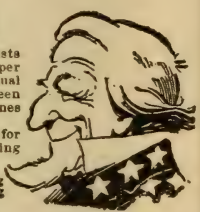


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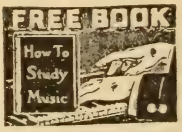
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COMMENTS ON THE FILMS

"Music Hath Charms" (Drew-Metro).—An extraordinarily clever domestic comedy in the long line of successful ones done by the Sidney Drews. Mr. Newlywed is informed of an odd superstition by several of his married friends. Each of their wives sang a favorite air when they were married and according to the number in the title of the piece their children were born, twins, triplets, quartets, etc. When Mr. Newlywed is reminded that his wife's favorite song was the "Sextet from Lucia"—well, there's where the comedy comes in. H. S. N.

"Soldiers of Chance" (Vitagraph).—A thrilling melodrama of adventure, revolutions and love. Miriam Fouche makes a heroine well worth while saving, and Evart Overton is convincing in a saved-at-the-last-moment plot. P. A. K.

"The Ten of Diamonds" (Triangle).—A wonderfully dramatic picture, superbly set and acted. In order to gain revenge on the man who helped his fiancée to elope with another, a young society man takes a primitive, passionate girl from the dance-hall she dances in, educates her and establishes her in New York as a rich society bud and sets her to marry the offender, thinking to gain his revenge by disclosing the girl's identity after the wedding. All goes well, even the wedding is planned—but Dame Nature takes a hand. The girl has fallen in love with her benefactor and will not go thru with the wedding. As the fashionable guests are assembled she clutches a wine-bottle and, pretending to be intoxicated, stumbles down the staircase, her bridal finery awry, into the very arms of her proudly waiting bridegroom. Of course she is deserted, and the man she loves comes back. He has learnt he loves the girl better than he does revenge. Too much praise cannot be showered upon Dorothy Dalton for the truly remarkable "drunken scene," and Jack Livingston is especially good as the warped young man. H. S. N.

"Double Crossed" (Famous Players).—We expect great things of Pauline Frederick, therefore what would be excellent for another actress seems commonplace for her to "pull off." "Double Crossed" is the tale of a wife who gets herself into all kinds of trouble trying to save the good name of her husband. It is magnificently presented and well acted, but not up to the usual strength of the Frederick plays. Crawford Kent is a decidedly polished actor. P. A. K.

"Flying Colors" (Triangle).—In spite of the fact that "Flying Colors" has all the threadbare accoutrements of worked-to-death melodrama, including a poor but honest hero with a crabby rich uncle and a rich friend who accuses him of stealing the wife's jewels, when he is really playing detective, and lands the thief in the end. And—oh, yes, of course there is a girl who wont marry on less than forty thousand a year, and crabby uncle conveniently dies and leaves



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COMMENTS ON THE FILMS

young hero all his money. In spite of all these old-timers, "Flying Colors" is interesting in every inch of its multiple reels. Whether this is due to the vim, dash or smile of William Desmond, or the excellent direction, who can tell? At any rate, "Flying Colors" is a cocktail for a dry evening.
H. S. N.

"A Bedroom Blunder" (Mack Sennett).—For a beautiful exposé of lovely femininity, this has the "Follies" beaten. Mary Thurman is exquisite to look upon, and Charles Murray gets a laugh with every gesture.
P. A. K.

"Dab's Diary" (Famous Players).—Marguerite Clark, elfish, school-girlishly dances thru this play with a zest very similar to that of her part in "Miss George Washington." Many a laugh is called forth at the expense of the little sub-déb, who takes her own affairs so seriously. The story by Mary Roberts Rinehart has been well adapted to the screen. We have only one thing to quarrel with—the actor who took the part of Harold Valentine. In the words of a gallery youth, "Say, who let that simp in?"
H. S. N.

"Baby Mine" (Goldwyn).—The screen début of Madge Kennedy, a distinct hit. In point of production this could not be excelled. Madge Kennedy screens well, dresses well, acts well, and brings out all the drollery of this scintillating farce about the little butterfly wife who just couldn't help fibbing.
P. A. K.

"The Countess Charming" (Paramount).—The first Julian Eltinge picture scores a big entertainment. It is a farce-comedy, and Mr. Eltinge, the clever female impersonator, registers as tho he was a regular Shadowland player. There are many laughs and peculiar and interesting situations. E. M. H.

"The Sane Tenderfoot" (Fox).—This is more or less a copy of "Wild and Woolly," but superior in many ways. Tom Mix is just as dexterous and daring as Douglas Fairbanks, and even more so, and he makes this farce go over with a bang. It is one of the best plays of the kind that has ever been done. J.

"The Girl Who Wouldn't Grow Up" (American).—A charming comedy with Margarita Fischer the star. An old plot, in which a lord's valet impersonates his master, but there is enough variation in the old theme to make this play interesting and worth while. J.

"The Man from Painted Post" (Artcraft).—Douglas Fairbanks is at it again, his stunts becoming more and more perilous. A caterpillar climb up the side of a building and a fifteen-foot leap into his saddle are two of them. This time Douglas goes in for out-and-out melodrama, the real ride-to-the-rescue Western variety. There are touches of comedy business just to keep "Doug" in practice. Eileen Percy makes a pretty loved one, with very little to do. The love-scenes

COMMENTS ON THE FILMS

are just a bit forced and flat. The play isn't. It runs and rears like a locoed bronc—the kind that brings real gasps from the audience. E. M. L.

"Barbary Sheep" (Artcraft)—In the film adaptation of Robert Hichens' colorful novel, Elsie Ferguson, as Lady Kitty, wife of an English lord who loves the hunt, is a delectable delight. When at the end of the hunting season she persuades her husband to take her to Algiers, the picturesque street-scenes charm and the fascination of the desert country lures them on to El Kantara. While Lord Wyverne is busy hunting Barbary sheep, Belchaalal, a courteous, handsome Arab, invites Lady Kitty to see the surrounding country. The tall "son of the desert" weaves a net about Lady Kitty and her husband, and the situation works up to a startling climax. Miss Ferguson is beautiful, always in character—Hichens' character, "vibrant with life." Lumsden Hare as Lord Wyverne and Pedro de Cordoba as Belchaalal are admirable actors, better known to the speaking stage than in the films. In every way the highest Broadway standards were represented in the presentation of "Barbary Sheep." L. M.

"Polly of the Circus" (Famous Players).—The screen version, also by Margaret Mayo, follows along the lines of the delightful stage play with elaborations here and there that add an element of thrills to the charming story of the little circus waif. When Polly (Mae Marsh) meets with an almost fatal accident in the same town in which her mother met her death, the Rev. John Douglas gives Polly shelter and care in his house—in spite of the indignation of the deacons and the ladies' sewing circle. Polly and the young minister develop a fondness for each other, but their happiness is not assured until many obstacles have been overcome. A feature of this delightful film is an entire circus in action. Mae Marsh has never appeared in a better rôle. Charles Eldridge does a fine bit of acting in the rôle of Toby, the lovable circus clown, and Vernon Steele as the young minister is splendid. A charming play for all ages and a triumph for its producers. L. M.

"Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" (Fox).—When William Fox undertook to produce on the screen the Arabian Nights tale of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," he undoubtedly recognized the fact that the idea was stupendous. Almost any spectacular picture costs money, but "Aladdin" calls for such a wealth of setting, costuming and casting that hitherto producers have fought shy of it as quite prohibitive. However, Messrs. C. M. and S. A. Franklin, the same gentlemen who directed "Jack and the Beanstalk," have evolved a picture that has turned fairyland and its sprites into a living reality. And the company of kiddies that enact the rôles! Why, they are simply astonishing in their cleverness. Little Francis Carpenter



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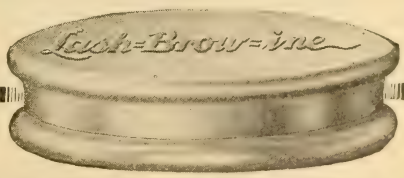
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COMMENTS ON THE FILMS

as Aladdin, and Virginia Corbin as Princess Badr al-Budur, are beautiful children, and as clever and talented as they are beautiful. The performance of Gertrude Messinger as Yasmini, lady-in-waiting to the princess, was so full of naïveté and an inherent keen sense of humor that she keeps the audience in a merry mood. But all the kiddies have done exceedingly well, the quaintness of the tale seeming to have appealed to them. Both interior and exterior scenes are faithfully and adequately shown, one of the most wonderful of the latter being the sandstorm in the desert. T. H. C.

"Under False Colors" (Thanhouser).—A story of Russian intrigue in America, with Frederick Warde in the lead. One of the strongest and most gripping plays of the year. Powerful story, beautifully worked out by an unusually capable cast and director. Jeanne Eagles and Robert Vaughn share the honors with Mr. Warde, and the work of Miss Eagles entitles her to rank with the best leading-women of the screen. J.

"The Fall of the Romanoffs" (Herbert Brenon).—This is a story of Russia, with all her troubles. It shows the origin of Rasputin, wonderfully portrayed by Edward Donnelly, the Russian moujik who later was known as the Mad Monk. His prediction to the Czar that Russia would have a male heir illustrated how he got his first hold on a mighty people. The gradual corruption of all with whom he came in contact and the mad orgies that were based on this creed gave wonderful opportunity for big scenes. The introduction of Iliodor, the priest who first exposed Rasputin, only to be banished, gave big opportunity for counterplot just as it was played in the royal palace of Europe. The photography is marvelous and the recreation of the historic characters is artistic and convincing. L. M.

"Fighting Odds" (Goldwyn).—Maxine Elliott, the widely advertised stage beauty, makes her initial step into the silent fold. So far as beauty of face, form and costumes is concerned, the lovely Maxine is as attractive as ever, but the play itself drags. Playing the part of a woman whose husband is sent to prison for another's crime, Miss Elliott attempts vampiring in order to gain the facts in the case from the real culprit. She is caught in her own trap when a friend recognizes her and gives away her identity. There is a real thrill where the villain incarcerates our heroine in the vault in his home, but, fortunately, friend butler was planted and saves the day and, incidentally, Maxine's beauty, to fill another film program. For the first time Goldwyn makes use of settings that are obviously stagey. H. S. N.

"The Whip" (Paragon).—Excellent. A beautiful play with a dozen thrills. The train-wreck makes you hold your breath. Intensely interesting thruout. J.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Lyric.—"The Masquerader." See this play. One of the best that has hit the big town in years. Guy Bates Post in the title (double) rôle is great, and so is the whole show.

39th St.—"Mary's Ankle." A charming light comedy on the order of "The Boomerang," "Turn to the Right," and "A Successful Calamity" and quite as good as these "long runners." Irene Fenwick is the star, but she does not have much chance to shine.

Empire.—"Rambler Rose." A pleasing musical-comedy in which Julia Sanderson appears at her best and Joseph Cawthorn his funniest. Ada Meade, soubrette, also scores a decided hit. Stage scenery and costumes unusually attractive. The play, however, lacks sufficient snap to make it a big winner.

New Amsterdam.—"The Riviera Girl." A fascinating musical-comedy, with tuneful music—one of the best of recent years.

Broadhurst.—"Misalliance." Bernard Shaw and Maclyn Arbuckle at their best. An intellectual treat and a winner from every angle. Dont let this play get by.

Plymouth.—"A Successful Calamity." One of last season's big hits. William Gillette, in the lead, is simply immense, and so are the entire company. A charming play that leaves a delicious flavor in the mouth.

Bijou.—"Saturday to Monday." William Hurlbut's new comedy. Very amusing and full of laughs. Should be a winner.

Globe.—"Out There." Laurette Taylor's last season's hit. It is a play of characterization rather than of plot and story, of which it has practically none. A preachment on recruiting and interesting to all who like scenes in military hospitals.

Harris.—"Daybreak." A tragedy in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Class A thriller, beautifully worked out and wonderfully played by Blanche Yurka, Frederick Truesdell and a strong cast. One of the comedy lines is "As fond of cocktails as schoolgirls are of Francis Bushman."

Cohan & Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and then hires the latter to work for him.

44th St.—"Hitchy-Koo." Raymond Hitchcock and Leon Errol cause gales of laughter in their inimitable revue in two acts. William Rock, Frances White and Grace LaRue share the honors.

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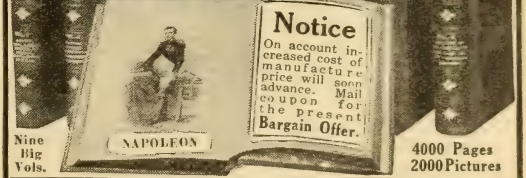
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Elsie Ferguson
The screen "find" of the year, in the Artcraft play, "Barbary Sheep," from the novel by Robert Hichens.



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NILES WELCH

From the student's lamp and college theatricals at Columbia to the arc-light and the movie stage is the brief career of Niles Welch, but he has crowded an awful lot of know-how into a few years. Vitagraph, Kalem, Metro, World, Universal, Pathé, Famous Players, Technicolor and States Rights is the record of Niles Welch. As leading-man to Zena Keefe in "Shame," Niles Welch expects to make a long and lasting run.



VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"Jack and the Beanstalk" made little Virginia famous—or to be just right, Virginia made Jack and his overgrown vegetable an immortal Motion Picture story. 'T[illegible]st tale that as yet has gladdened the eyes of both the kiddies and the grown-up[illegible]g with her "leading-man," Francis Carpenter, Virginia announces "Aladdin and [illegible]l Lamp." The day of the child picture star has come. Just looking cute won[illegible]. Little Virginia can emote or put across a dramatic thought as artistically as a[illegible]f the camera.



© Ira Hill. SHIRLEY MASON © White

It was no doubt owing to her gymnastic ability that hippity-skippity little Shirley Mason escaped from the clutches of the "Seven Deadly Sins," in which she played Miss Innocent to seven famous stars. Shirley is now getting her hustling ability in practice by dividing her breathless time between the Edison and the McClure studios, and we will first see her winsome face and agile form again this fall in Conquest-Edison features.



MARY PICKFORD

© Hartsook

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary," is the nursery rhyme that Little Mary is humming to herself. With one breath she announces her ambition to play only grown-up, emotional parts, and in the next little gasp she claims herself wedded forevermore to "awkward age" impersonations. In "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," Mary refused to grow up any farther than seventeen years, and in her latest, "The Little Princess," she counts only twelve candles on her birthday-cake.



© Hartsook

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

An unusual honor has sought out Kathleen Clifford, the feather-weight star. She is about to be featured in a thrilling mystery story, "Who Is 'Number One'?" by the greatest of all American detective novelists, Anna Katherine Green. We may expect a variety of action from gingery Kathleen, as she can sing, dance, paint, compose songs, ride horseback, play golf, billiards and polo, swim, skate—and giggle.



© Witzel

SYLVIA BREMER

"The Narrow Trail" introduces Sylvia Bremer as leading-lady to William S. Hart in his new Artcraft picture. The narrow trail is no stranger to Sylvia, as she grew up in an Australian bush settlement with a mouthful of an unheard name, "Baggadella," and ran away from home to go on the stage in Sydney. Several years of stage successes determined her to come to America, where she made a hit with Grace George in "Major Barbara."



© Hartsook

EDDIE POLO

Universal's villain-in-chief comes from fighting stock. His father was an Italian and his mother an Austrian. Of course they didn't carry the present disagreement into family affairs. In "The Broken Coin" and "Liberty" Eddie had such long-drawn-out-spasms of villainy that he kept his audiences fighting for breath. No player in pictures has so perfect command of an air-craft's steering-wheel as Eddie Polo—he is a daredevil bird-man of the most exaggerated type. And, as for fights and falls, if he were commanded to fight on the summit of Monte Gabriele single-handed, and to plunge sheerly into an Austrian camp, he would proceed to do the deed instanter.



© Hartsook

WILLIAM DUNCAN

Willie Duncan, pack-muscled Scot, who first broke into fame as a writer on strenuous subjects, and later in "The Chalice of Courage" toted Nell Shipman as gracefully as an opera-hat, is performing miracles of valor in his rugged Vitagraph serial, "The Fighting Trail." Big Willie insists on working outdoors—stage scenery is too brittle for his manner o' work.

"Miss Mazeppa" of Starland



© Hartsook

MARIN SAIS

VERSATILE should not be relegated to the rank of middle name for Marin Sais—it should come first. She has posed all thru the "grand chain" of Filmiana. Her first work was in Western dramas and in comedies; she then graduated into the dainty society butterfly rôle, and now she is back to the dashing heroine of the West. In her riding-habit she is exceedingly chic; but the hair underneath the brim of her hat, breaking forth into riotous curls, promises a bewitching vision of a débutante. The alluring dare in her eyes and the curve of her lip tell us that it doesn't matter about the rôle—she is adorable in any guise.

Extras at the Front

The first of a series of stirring movie war poems. Mr. Mair is a young writer with a future—inspired by the present great conflict.

By WALTER EDMAND MAIR



WE'RE on a big location,
And we've got a steady job—
The Glory of a Nation is the play—
We'll register damnation
Till we make the Kaiser sob,
And we'll spring a few surprises on
"The Day."

Come on, you camera-chasers!
You Cooper-Hewitt facers!
There may be lots of static when the
grinder starts the gun;
But the light is right for shooting,
And the Yankee bugle's tooting.
(O, Boy! Your girl is waiting for you
to get the Hun.)

We've got a Big Director,
And the script has all the stuff
To make us fill the lens as full as
h—ll;
We've got the props, by Hector!
Now to bust the German bluff
With something more than smoke-
pots and a yell.

Line up, you three-a-dayers!
And never mind your prayers!
This isn't trick—it's battle-stuff, the kind
that has to win!
(Your girl back in the bungalow
Chokes back her tears—Hold! Cut
it, slow—
She's whispering "God grant they tag
the last reel 'In Berlin,'")

ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER

by

Roberta Courtland

IT is quite true that all the world loves a lover; but when Mr. Youngman a-wooing would go, it behooves him to be very careful, for no girl appreciates a clumsy or awkward lover. Altho clumsiness may bespeak a most laudable spirit of "You are the first girl I ever loved!" I'm afraid that the majority of girls dont appreciate this. It is the smooth-tongued young man, who stammers beautifully over his first statement, "I love you," but winds up with a gloriously firm voice, and a tender light in his eyes, with the words. "Will you marry me?" registering good and strong. And in these days of strong-armed movie heroes, whose wooing is always a model of airy grace and *sang froid,* only the most unobservant and stupid of men need go a-wooing unprepared. First of all, take a course in the great school of Movie-Land. Watch Jack Pickford, as a youth of seventeen, "on bended knees, with uplifted eyes, beseeching dainty little Louise Huff, in airy fairy spangles and lace, to marry him. "Of course, I know I'm not worthy of you," pleads tender-eyed, husky-voiced Seventeen. "But no *man* could be. You are the only girl I have ever loved—you are the only girl I will *ever* love; and if you dont marry me, you



LOUISE HUFF

JACK PICKFORD



MARY M. MINTER

will ruin my life forever. Say you will marry me—say that you do love me!"

And before the lovely young being of his adoration can answer, her partner for the next fox-trot claims her. But it's a mark of the efficiency of Seventeen's love-making that little Miss Pratt returns and promises to elope with him!

Then there's the Mary Miles Minter type and the man who loves her. Mary and her director, James Kirkwood, posed this for us in Mary's rose-garden in Santa Barbara.

First of all, says Mr. Kirkwood, get her where she cant run away from you. Mr. Kirkwood has practiced his preaching by "shooing" Mary up a great big ladder, and has followed her. There's nowhere in the world that Mary can run to — except to *his* arms! And that's exactly what he intends her to do! You must not laugh



WILLIAM RUSSELL

with her, no matter how hearty her mirth seems to be! Be very serious, even stern, until she stops giggling. Then

remember all the pretty speeches you ever heard, read, or wrote, and recite them all, for, says Mr. Kirkwood, you can depend upon it that there wont be too many! You'll be lucky if you can think of enough pretty things to tell her, for a girl like that

MARIE DORO



ELLIOTT DEXTER



demands an awful lot of love-making before

JACKIE SAUNDERS



ANITA STEWART

"RUDDY" CAMERON



EMMY WEHLEN

she is ready for the final "Will you marry me?"

The love-making of an Indian! It's modern cave-man stuff — and not so dreadfully modern, at that. First of all, the hero is an Indian, college-educated and madly in love with a white girl—one of the girls who has been very sweet to Lone Star, the best full-back the college football team has ever had. But when Lone Star (as played by William Russell) proposes to the girl, he finds a gulf, heart-high and soul-wide, between them.

"I love you!" he says. "Heart of the Desert Wind, I want you for my mate!"

Then, as the girl withdraws in startled surprise, he says, fiercely, "You are not surprised! Dont pretend with me! You knew how it was with me, and you have meant this to happen! Dont deny it! Now you are going to marry me!"

And, being a wise young woman (as played by Charlotte Burton), she attempts to reason with him, as is the way of the modern girl when her heart beats high and she realizes that she has come to love a man of whom her friends would never approve.

"Dont talk to me like that!" she says, haughtily. "You are an Indian but once removed from savagery! Your education has formed merely a veneer over your ancestral tendencies! I could never think of marrying a red man!"

But cave-man stuff is just as acceptable to the modern maiden as it was to our ancestors some thousands of years ago. And the Indian wins!

From slightly modernized cave-man stuff to the super-civilization of "our best society," we find Elliott Dexter

madly in love with Marie Doro, and he woos her after this fashion:

"Our tastes are congenial—we like the same sports, we are both fond of grapefruit for breakfast, and we dance well together. Then, too, our families would approve of it very much. What do you say?"

But no matter how super-civilized a girl may be she yearns for a bit of romance, and when she looks at him shyly he realizes this, and, with a little air of boyishness, he says, quickly:

"Of course, love-making and that devoted stuff is terribly mid-Victorian, but——" and, encouraged by her shy smile, he proceeds to become "terribly mid-Victorian," after which there is an announcement in all the papers, and society smiles complacently at a "very creditable alliance, my dear!"

Love-making beneath the soft radiance of a June moon, among the flowers, with the mocking-bird pouring golden melody thru the soft gloom—well, as the modern young man would say, "*That's* a cinch! *Any* fellow could get as romantic as you like under such circumstances!" But there's just as much fun among the snow and ice of a New England winter—bob-sleds, sleigh-rides, and the like. Jackie Saunders rewards Arthur Shirley's efforts in the good old-fashioned way! And a few months later there'll be a beautiful "home wedding" during lilac-time in the Old Homestead, at Shore Acres, 'Way Down East.

Clover's on the fence! No, not an agricultural phenomenon—just a scene from Anita Stewart's recent play, "Clover's Rebellion." Young Dr. Billy proposes in this fashion:

"Of course, I know I'm not worthy of you, dear—no fellow could be, you're so sweet and fine!—but I love you, dear, with all my heart and soul, and I'd try so hard to make you happy!"

But what the decision is to be we must leave a secret. Clover's heart leans to Dr. Billy ("Ruddy" Cameron), but Clover knows her mother's aspirations and—well, Clover is "on the fence" in more ways than one!

In "The Duchess of Doubt," Emmy Wehlen has to allow the man she really loves to go away with another girl while she (poor little duchess) has to listen to the love-making of the middle-aged, impecunious gentleman shown here, who desires her jewels and supposed wealth as much as he does the young sweetness of the little duchess. It isn't necessary to tell you what this gentleman said. Suffice it to say that he was unsuccessful—and I, for one, am glad of it!

Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne have, for years, been famous for the beauty of their love-scenes, as well as for their splendid "team-work" in other sorts of scenes. But love-scenes appeal to the masses—since all the world loves a clever lover—and the one shown here is from the concluding scenes of "The Great Secret." It upholds their reputation, and this scene has been called, appropriately enough, "The Great Lovers." If you saw the concluding chapters of "The Great Secret" you know what he said—and if you didn't your imagination can easily supply the most appropriate words for the scene.

And the same goes for May Allison and Harold Lockwood—beyond a doubt the most popular movie-lovers the screen has known in a long, long time. The picture published herewith—which is being published for the first time, by the way—might be entitled "Lovers Once, But Strangers Now," or something along such Bertha M. Clay-ish lines, for Miss Allison has deserted Mr. Lockwood in favor of a lone-starring venture, and we are reliably informed that Mr. Lockwood is inconsolable. So are lots of movie writers and newspaper people, for the team of Allison and Lockwood was always good for a two- or three-page story, and they were the most accommodating people going about special and most attractive pictures.

Anyway, you have here a touch of the last love-scene they acted together, and it will, no doubt, be a long, long time before they play another together.

There is no doubt that theatric love-making is hard on the heart. Many marriages between studio Romeos and Juliets have been engendered by their "team-work" in the studios. There is the recent romantic marriage of "Polly" Frederick and Willard Mack—once they played opposite each other professionally.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD



MAY ALLISON



FRANCIS BUSHMAN

BEVERLY BAYNE

And I leave your imagination to supply the words!

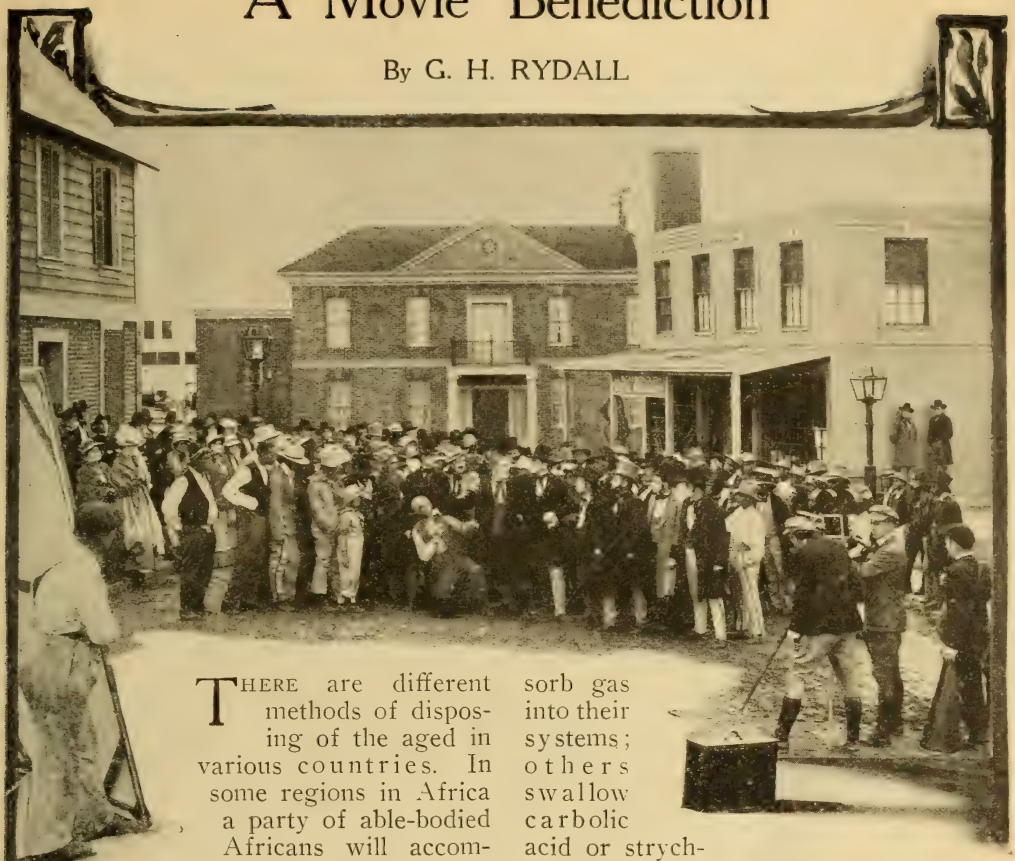
"Does all this ardent screen love-making harden the participant to the real thing?" queries the observant film-lover, "or does it make them more so?" Judging from recent developments, more so, decidedly. When Charlotte Burton began playing opposite William Russell a charming romance developed. It had a happy ending too; but we're not going to talk about it—that's their story.

And there's Anita Stewart, whose exquisite impersonations of love's young dream are so captivating. When Rudolph Cameron walked into the arena as "opposite," the pretty love-scenes became very real—and their engagement has been announced.

Edna Purviance said (not so long ago) that she would not marry for years and years. But she is most charming—and Charlie Chaplin usually gets what he wants. So Edna has taken advantage of being a woman and has changed her mind.

A Movie Benediction

By G. H. RYDALL



THERE are different methods of disposing of the aged in various countries. In some regions in Africa a party of able-bodied Africans will accompany an old person into the forest and suddenly smite him or her on the head with a bolus—a club with a stone tied to the end of it. Formerly in the Far North the Esquimaux seated the aged in canoes without paddles and gently placed them on the outgoing tide. They never returned, which was the object of the ceremony. In civilized countries like the United States family pride prevents the aged genteel from accepting alms, the result of which is voluntary entrance into Nirvana. In California the recent registration of able-bodied men for the army revealed the fact that many thousands of the aged exist here waiting for the Angel Gabriel to blow his horn from one of those precipitous eminences that so variegate and decorate the Golden State. The suicides of these aged are most frequent in this land of the magnolia and the mocking-bird; daily the public press records the forcible exit of age. Some absorb gas into their systems; others swallow carbolic acid or strychnine; the revolver frequently furnishes convenient means for the happy dispatch, while many go to the ends of the piers in the ocean, and while the vesper bells of the local mission burden the ambient atmosphere with their intermittent chimes, and the golden orb of day sinks peacefully beneath the ever placid bosom of the mighty Pacific, they slide into the restless surface of the sea. Occasionally a body will be observed falling from the twelfth story of some office-building into the street, horrifying the pedestrians and causing women to faint; this is a vulgar but rapid method of entering eternity, quite distressing to the feelings of the surviving public.

Failure in investments after a life of success—financial success—is the cause of most of this destruction of human life.

Employment they cannot get on account of their gray hair. Many vainly try to act as advertising agents, book-peddlers, jurors, or night watchmen; failing



THE BARBARIAN HORDE IN "INTOLERANCE"

these, the alternative is charity, or the County Poor Farm, both of which are abhorrent to their high-strung and sensitive natures; then remains dissolution, which is performed daily by the aged in California in the ways indicated.

The Motion Picture manufacturers have stepped into this disgraceful "civilized" state of affairs, and furnish many thousand aged men with occasional employment. They act as characters not only, but in that everlasting demand for large crowds of people necessary for some of the Movie Picture productions. The climate is equable, the work easy, and the pay from two to five dollars a day, according to the position in the drama occupied by the aged candidate. With the aid of this money so acquired they linger longer in this sunkist paradise, and often acquire sufficient to pay the authorities for keeping their graves wet long after they have begun to sleep the last sleep.

In England they are now pensioning the aged; this pensioning may take away the sting that charity inflicts, as far as I know. I should judge it would be better for the nation to supply some form of occupation to the aged which would be beneficial by keeping their minds engaged, instead of wandering about as idle pensioners. The deleterious effects of idleness may be observed in the Soldiers' Homes of this country, where thousands of veterans are waiting for the last roll-call. The aspect of these idle venerable is lamentable.

The point desired to be indicated in this screed is that the Motion Picture people are a godsend to California, because of their ability to furnish employment to this grand army of aged genteel who are too proud to beg and too honest to steal. They have reached a time in life when a competence is peculiarly useful, when employment cannot be obtained, and when hunger is as distressing as in the halcyon days of youth.



"FOUR THINGS GREATER THAN ALL THINGS ARE: WOMEN AND HORSES AND LOVE AND WAR."—*Kipling.* HERE ARE THREE OF THEM — A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, A SPLENDID HORSE, A LOVING DOG. GLADYS BROCKWELL (FOX) AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD, AND HER PETS

CRANE WILBUR'S



Photo by Hartsook

'Tis a well-known fact that picture folk, like the rest of their artistic and temperamental brethren, are prone to superstition, but until of late, as far as we can learn, Crane Wilbur has been singularly exempt from the ravages of this psychological disorder. He frankly admits now that his one-time boast is no more, for he *is* superstitious, altho on one count only.

Here is the truth of it all. He is the proud possessor of a silver dollar—not one of the numerous ones that he reaps weekly for playing handsome hero parts, but one that he regards as a talisman.

There is quite a curious history concerning this dollar. One evening recently (an evening that was particularly wet and disagreeable) he was standing outside his club cogitating whether he should phone for his car or take a jitney, for he had an appointment in Hollywood.

While he was turning the matter over in his mind a dilapidated Ford passed and indulged in one of those famous Keystone comedy skids as it turned the corner, and from under the wheels of the skidding car merrily rolled a circular metallic disc which comfortably settled itself for a bath in the dirty gutter right at his feet.

Whether it was some psychic power impelling him, or whether it

TALISMAN

by HARRY A. POPPE

was a fragrant retrospection of his boyhood days that momentarily took him from his usual dignified self, he does not say, but, with the dexterity of an experienced gutter-snipe, Wilbur fished out that disc from the flowing, dirty stream and, after carefully wiping it with a perfectly good handkerchief, made an interesting discovery. It was an "honest-to-goodness" dollar of 1900 vintage—or, rather, mintage.

With a whimsical smile, he gazed at it as he slowly turned it over in his hand, as one is wont to do (perchance to see if the other side is made of gold), and then he made another startling discovery. It was indeed a night of surprises! Oh no, the other side was not gold—just plain, ordinary silver—but graven across the head of Liberty were four lines placed in such a position that they formed a perfect "W".

"Aha!" quoth Crane. "'Tis an omen, forsooth!" And realizing that it was quite the proper style to affect some personal individuality or idiosyncrasy befitting a celluloid star, and not wishing to wear a wrist-watch, a "'rah-'rah" hat or fur on the cuffs of his pants, he decided that, in an unobtrusive way, he would attach that dollar to himself and hereafter regard it as a talisman, a decision he has strictly adhered to ever since; that is,



except once—and here comes the story. Recently, while on a fishing trip for a few days, he had good reason to put the efficacy of his talisman to the acid test.

It was up at Little Bear Lake in California, and the fishing had been particularly good for some time, wonderful catches having been made by every fisherman who had visited the lake.

There must have been eight or nine boats anchored within a few boat-lengths of each other. The sport was fast and furious, and every fisherman was catching many fish—that is, excluding Wilbur. His companion, Harrish Ingraham, had caught a dozen or so and was just landing a beauty that weighed about four pounds, but nary a strike or a nibble could Crane negotiate.

He enviously watched his companion land his fish, and as his eyes wandered round to the other boats whose occupants were having equally good luck, he began to wonder whether he was a Jonah or a stepchild or something of the kind. "Perhaps," he wistfully thought, "the durned fish dont like the touch of the movie actor on that bait. Maybe the salmon-eggs I use have lost their 'come hither' savor, and in their place is substituted a warning, 'Watch Your Fin, This Is Bait.'" However, whatever it was, he was very gloomy, and, in the language of the movie classics, he registered "dejection," until, all of a sudden, he remembered. With a cry that startled his companion so much that he almost fell out of the boat, he yelled, "Pull for the shore, lad; I have left my talisman in the camp!"

To the shore they rowed, and hardly had the boat grounded when Wilbur jumped out and rushed toward the tent-cabin. A few moments afterwards he returned, smiling, with his talisman, and laughingly explained that, in his eagerness to get to the fishing-grounds, he had forgotten his vest and the talisman was comfortably ensconced in one of the pockets thereof.

Back to the fishing-grounds they rowed and once again commenced to fish. Well, that's all there is to it. In less than twenty minutes Crane had landed seven trout, including a 4½-lb. Rainbow. In all, the spoils for that day were over seventy fish—the limit in weight.

And just to prove that this isn't a fish-story, Wilbur had a picture taken on the ground. We reproduce it here.

"Ye Movie Gossip"

By MICHAEL GROSS

(With Apologies to K. C. B.)

SOME FOLKS.
GET AWFUL riled.
WHEN THEY'RE at a movie.
AND SOME kid.
A LITTLE in front.
OR RIGHT next to them.
OR IN the seat behind.
STARTS READING the titles.
AND THE leaders.
AND THE slides.
AND EVERYTHING else.
WAY OUT loud.
BUT SHUCKS.
I KNOW a guy.
THAT EVERY time he goes.
TO THE movies.
HE PICKS his seat.
BY EAR.
HE JUST listens.
FOR ONE of those kids.
THAT EVERYBODY else.
CALLS A darn pest.
AND TRIES hard.
TO GET a seat.
RIGHT NEXT to him.
OR HER.
AS THE case may be.
BUT MOSTLY.
IT'S A her.
OTHERWISE HE wouldn't know.
WHAT THE show.
WAS ALL about.
YOU SEE.
HE WAS brought up.
ON A farm.
AND HE never learnt.
HOW TO read.

I THANK YOU.

A FILM FAN'S FAVORITES

By EMMA STEWART CARD





When Jimmie, my office boy, dons overcoat and hat,
Removes his office chewing-gum and kicks the office cat;
And Miss La Rue, the typist, puts her note-book out of sight,
Gathers up the evening mail and calls a curt "Goodnight"—

I know it's six—the day is done—the clouds of gloom hang low.
I 'phone Friend Wife that I'll be late, I'm going to the show.
That doesn't sound mysterious, like "I gotta meet a man."
She never gets suspicious; I'm a "Moving Picture Fan."

I like to get away from work and watch the little queens
That flit in airy, fairy ways across the movie screens.
Which is my choice? I hardly know. They all are stars to me.
The heroes look about the same. The ladies? Lemme see—

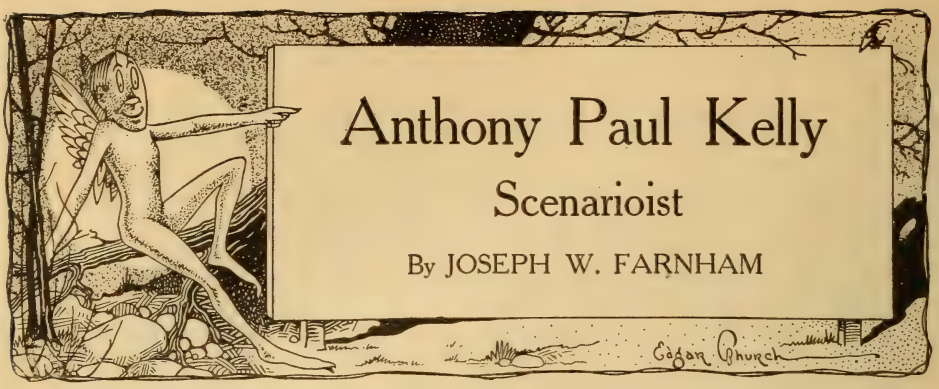
In snowy ruffles, crinoline, hoop-skirt and pantalet,
Miss Lillian Gish is all the rage—one great big hit, and yet
This winsome belle of "Sixty-one," appealing and demure,
Stirs old romantic feelings that I thought were dead for sure.

Mae Murray in "To Have and Hold"—such fetching, childlike ways!
I kept a-wishing I had lived in Indian-fighting days.
Then sealskin coats and Easter hats were not a crying need,
When every settler for Friend Wife paid pounds of the "vile weed."

The gude folk of the Auld Licht Kirk held Bab in much alarm;
She bewitched their "Little Minister" with captivating charm.
Bonnie Clara Kimball Young, sae wistful, sae carefree,
Was great as naughty gypsy Bab, sweet maid of Romany.

Anita Stewart, Fannie Ward, Blanche Sweet, I much admire,
And of Mary Pickford, Alice Joyce, Pearl White, I never tire.
In the eerie realm of filmdom, all are witching little queens,
And I love to see 'em chasing hearts across the magic screens.

For when I watch the movies I forget 'most all my ills—
The wear and tear, the grind of life, and all those unpaid bills;
The gray has left my temples, and I feel my heart aglow—
Gee! I aint had such emotions since I first read Ivanhoe!



Anthony Paul Kelly

Scenarioist

By JOSEPH W. FARNHAM

To see Tony Kelly is a debt you owe yourself, for seeing Tony is knowing him, and, knowing Tony, you are better for it. Rarely have the gods gifted mortal with more smiling countenance and radiant personality than they have bestowed upon this selfsame Irish-American phenomenon among Motion Picture playwrights.

Twenty-four years old and yet earning more money each year than the President of the United States—it reads like a tale from the Arabian Nights; still, that's the story in compact form of one Tony Kelly, master mind of the scenario.

"Daddy" Kelly maintains that with the first lusty yell from the kid he seemed to know Anthony would become a writer, because the baby added some new twists and climaxes to crying such as had never before been demonstrated by a child of the Kelly or any other clan.

When two years old the boy's favorite pastime was pushing a lead-pencil from one end of the house to the other and emptying inkwells on the most prominent spots of the family parlor-rug, where, with the end of his finger, he would draw what looked like scene-plots, etc. At six he had written under, over, on the sides and top and bottom of every desk in nearly every private school in Chicago.

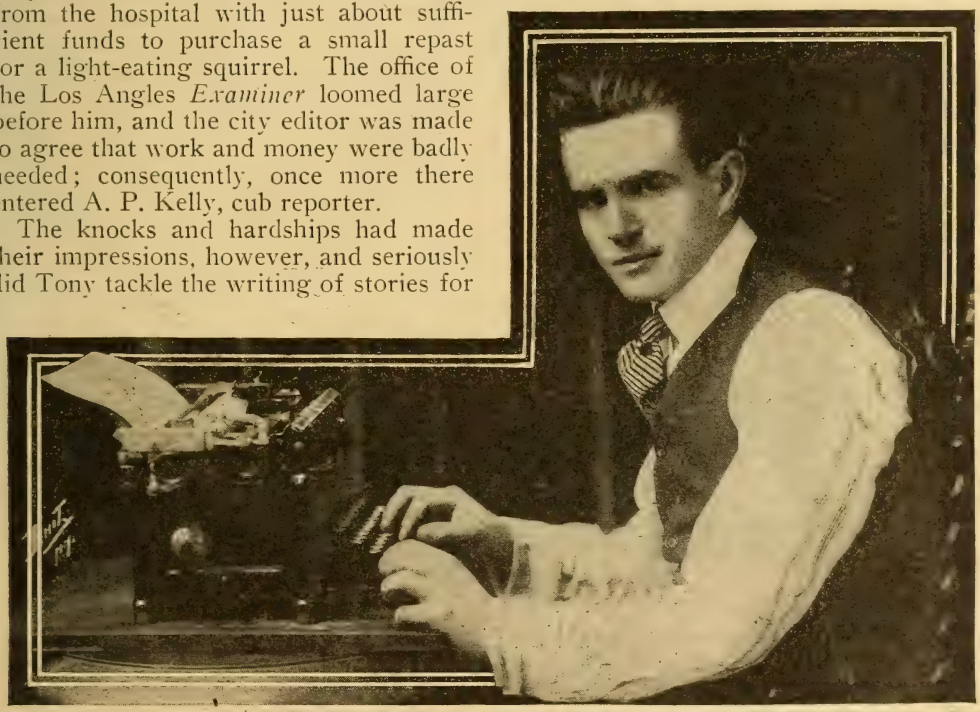
When fourteen years had been spent flitting from public school to private institution or prep school and back again, Anthony Kelly one day reported at De Pau Academy. It had now come time when boyish pranks were due for father's investigation, and just so "Daddy" Kelly decreed without hesitation. Persuaded by Dad's kind words and Dad's strong arm which wielded a generous cat-o'-nine-tails, Tony agreed to accept more serious views for his future, and he primed himself and pointed his nose toward the gates of Loyola University. For some unexplainable reason Loyola decided post-haste that Kelly was better for another university, and straightway Purdue gained what Loyola dispensed with. An armistice must have been declared about this time in the young student's life, for four years pass on without particular happening, and we find a serious Mr. Anthony Paul Kelly climbing to the pulpit in Purdue Chapel and accepting a pretentious-looking roll of sheepskin tied with an Alice-blue ribbon. The world looked more infinite than it ever did, for "Dad" Kelly had made it plain to his offspring that with his graduation "his duty was did." The hoe was thrust in Tony's hands, to upturn diamonds and gold or to upset glasses and pewter, just as the firm of Ambition, Kelly & Fortune might elect. The call toward fame was not long in making itself heard, however, and soon after the good-byes to Purdue the Chicago *American* had the honor of being the first institution to hand a check for services to A. P. Kelly, cub reporter. The way of Kelly, cub reporter, was hard, mighty hard and rough; filled with discouragement, "call-downs" from the night editor and laughs from those people whom he admitted into his confidence as he proudly exhibited those squibs and news items which came from his pen (and the blue pencil of his editor). Soon the little gnomes and elves of Wanderlustville began to tug at our hero's coat-tails and beckon him toward the West—the great, big West, where, he had heard, people accepted the efforts of the ambitious with greater regard and less discouragement.

California's call was answered by Tony Kelly. Within a few days he had accepted

a position with a civil engineering corps of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

Soon after the beginning of this engineer's career, fate and chance stepped in again—there came a transfer of the crew to the desert, where six weeks' hard work brought on the demon, fever. The blank walls of a Los Angeles hospital became his whole abode for many days and weeks in which he hovered 'twixt life and death, but the Irish and the spunk won out, and one balmy day in early May, 1911, A. P. Kelly was discharged from the hospital with just about sufficient funds to purchase a small repast for a light-eating squirrel. The office of the Los Angles *Examiner* loomed large before him, and the city editor was made to agree that work and money were badly needed; consequently, once more there entered A. P. Kelly, cub reporter.

The knocks and hardships had made their impressions, however, and seriously did Tony tackle the writing of stories for the Los Angeles *Examiner* and filling in spare time writing Motion Picture plays. He began with the one-reel drama, and his first and second efforts came back with the time-worn slip reading "Not suited to our needs. Thank you." The third try made a hit, and "The Light on Hayden's Bay" brought a great big check for $25 from the Vitagraph Company, and $25 was no mean price for a single reel in those days. It meant just the encouragement for which Kelly had long waited, and scenarios flew thick and fast from his pen from that moment. Soon many $25 checks began to float Kellyward, until, with a soul filled with ambition and hope, he quitted the *Examiner* to accept a proffered position with the Balboa Company on its scenario staff. The first work to be done by Kelly which was to attract the attention of other film-producers was an adaptation to the screen of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf." Essanay made him a proposition, and the heart of Kelly was gladdened by the prospect of a return to Chicago.



ANTHONY P. KELLY AT WORK WRITING A SCENARIO

During the time of his association with Essanay, Kelly devoted much of his time to reconstruction of the work of many aspiring scenario writers whose ideas were there but whose execution was bad, but still, with this weighty position, he found time to turn out one, two and three dramatic subjects of original nature regularly each week. This series of Kelly-written photoplays soon attracted attention, and were in no small measure responsible for the building of Essanay success.

One morning, about three years ago,

the genial postman laid upon the desk of the scenario editor of the Essanay Company a letter which bore the imprint of the Famous Players Film Company. Almost the next train from Chicago to New York numbered among its passengers a smiling-faced young Chicago lad who had never seen New York before, but who had the confidence of a victorious general in his heart.

The Famous Players people greeted him warmly and he wondered at his importance. They gave him a story to read and asked him to report to them his opinion—and he wondered further at his importance. With the morrow he returned, and soon was contracted to make an adaptation of the five-reel subject, "The Ring and the Man," at a price which he has since said "was more money than I thought they had ever minted." Within four days the script was delivered complete to the film company, and there followed immediately the offer to join the Famous Players' staff, where Kelly remained to write the adaptation of "The Little Gray Lady," "The Redemption of David Carson" and "The Butterfly." A deluge of offers from a number of New York producing companies followed the appearance of these Kelly-made scenarios on the screen, but Kelly decided to decline them all and to cast his fortune as a free-lance writer. Soon the name of Anthony P. Kelly, scenarioist, appeared, attached to such picture successes as "The Man of the Hour," "The Wishing Ring," "The Pit," "The Face in the Moonlight," for the World Film Corporation; "The Bridge," "When a Woman Loves," for Metro Pictures; "The Builder of Bridges," "Body and Soul," "What Happened at 22" and "Jaffrey."

With this almost continuous burning of midnight oil in the adaptation of stage successes and fiction masterpieces for the screen, Tony Kelly also found time to further develop his marvelous ability as a writer of original material. There came "'Sorrows of Happiness" for the Lubin Company, "The Soul of a Woman" for Metro, "The Recoil" and "Shadows in the East," which were produced by Pathé as super-features, and "The Accomplice," released under the trade-mark of the Frohman Company. With his latest work, the adaptation of "The Witching Hour" for the screen, and the powerful, original stories "The Bar Sinister," "The Patriot," "The Gulf Between" and "The Sign Invisible," he has undeniably placed himself in the position where he may be honestly termed "The Master Mind of the Scenario."

November

By L. M. THORNTON



wearied of summer, the blue of its heavens,
The balm of its breezes that fluttered along,
The crimson of roses, the buttercups golden,
The robin's salute and the whip-poor-will's song.
The dewdrops that diamond the leaves of the maple
Are fair, but one tires of their beauty, 'tis clear;
But now I am happy that frost's on the meadow
And cloudy the heavens—November is here.

I wearied of summer, the clover-green vistas,
The dust of the highway, the heat of the plain,
The weakness that bound me in body and purpose,
The dreams that I dreamt and each one all in vain.
I'm glad to breathe deep of the tempest's wild fury,
To gird on my armor, disdaining all fear;
'Tis good to be buffeted, good to be living
When summer is past and November is here.

I wearied of summer, the sport of the seashore,
The climb up the mountain that wearied me quite,
The tennis, the tea-things, the golf-links, grown sated,
I longed for a surcease of out door delight.
So now I am back in my seat at the movies,
My dear picture actress again I can cheer;
'Tis good on the film to see Mary and Theda
When summer is past and November is here.

The Ambulance Fund of the Motion Picture Players

How the Players Are "Doing Their Bit"—and a Bit More

By LILLIAN MAY



THE world-wide war is upon us. Women in all walks of life are "doing their bit," and the women of the screen will not be found wanting. A few months ago, at the suggestion of Miss Rachel Crothers, president of the Stage Women's War Relief, a Motion Picture Players' Division was organized with the purpose of sending Comfort Kits and Red Cross supplies to our soldiers at the front. The initial effort of a small band of loyal workers met with so much encouragement that they at once organized (as an official branch of the Stage Women's Relief) for the undertaking of a greater task, realizing that by organization, or by working together with the single purpose of rendering service, much more could be accomplished than by individual effort. Mrs. Paula Blackton is the organizer of the fund and is the official chairman of the Motion Picture Division of the Stage Women's War Relief. Miss Meredyth represents the Western picture players, and will make a trip to California in the interest of the fund.

They realize that, because of the demands upon the time of the picture players and the arduous nature of their daily work, their co-operation must be largely limited to cash contributions. So, in order to maintain ambulances in France, plans were formulated for raising money to be known as "The Movie Ambulance Fund." This is being done by issuing "books," sent to any one upon application to the headquarters of the fund. These books contain twenty shares, to be sold at $5 each. The promoters of the fund earnestly request every woman player each to sell at least

one book. Each one who buys personally, or disposes of one book, will be honored by having her name engraved on a metal plate in each ambulance.

Surely every woman player has twenty friends who will give her $5 for so worthy a cause. The excuse "too busy" doesn't hold at a time like this. Each one must do her share, and as work with the hands is impossible, that share must be the contribution of as much money as possible.

All women of the screen do not have husbands, sons, brothers or sweethearts "over there," but they must realize that every American fighting in France has a claim on them. The word "movie" is part of a universal language. The movie fans at the front (and their name is legion) who love these women for their work on the screen will honor and revere them for contributing to their comfort and relief—perhaps their very lives.

Every woman player is asked to enroll in this organization of loyal women who are in a sane, systematic way putting their sympathy and their realization of the world's need into practical effect.

There are two kinds of heroism. One is the heroism with which men go forth to die under the flag of their country. The other is the unselfish service of those who make it possible that some of the horror and sufferings of war may be alleviated. That is what the Ambulance Fund of the Motion Picture Players is asking. It is truly a campaign for humanity. For the benefit of our readers—perhaps for the benefit of our boys at the front—we publish the list of the fund's officers and enrolled players:

AMBULANCE FUND OF THE MOTION PICTURE PLAYERS

1 67th St., New York City

Paula Blackton, Chairman	Bess Meredyth, Vice-Pres.	Nancy Palmer, Secretary	Anne Scott, Treasurer

These Helped Make the Comfort Kit Ball a Success:

Anita Stewart	Theda Bara	Roshanara
Alice Brady	Madge Kennedy	Edna Hunter
Alice Joyce	Dorothy Gish	Gertrude Douglas
Mae Murray	Mabel Normand	Hazel Isham
Ruth Roland	Jeanne Eagles	Nancy Palmer
Molly King	Dorothy Bernard	Donna Bain
Anna Q. Nilsson	Winifred Allen	Bessie Barriscale
Alice Wilson	Vivian Cabanne	Hazel N. Smith
Jane Gail	Mary Alden	Virginia Pearson
Doris Kenyon	Madeline Delmar	Blanche Sweet
Irene Castle	Florence LaBadie	Anne Scott
	Beatrice Ditson	

FINANCE COMMITTEE:

J. Stuart Blackton	Edgar Relwyn	Eugene V. Brewster
Daniel Frohman	Samuel Rothappel	William A. Brady
Jesse Lasky	George Kleine	

Players Who Have Contributed to the Ambulance Fund:

Mrs. Sidney Drew	$100	Bessie Barriscale	$100	Antonio Moreno	$10
Ruth Roland	100	Jackie Saunders	100	Conway Tearle	10
Violet Virginia Blackton	100	Florence Turner	100	Wilfred Lucas	10
Louise Huff	100	Winifred Allen	50	Chas. Richman	5
Evelyn Greeley	100	Edna Hunter	20	Charles Kent	5

Others have not finished selling shares yet. Next issue will give names.

The Law of the Movies

How Rising Young Authors Dally with Absurd Legal Questions

Illustrated with scenes from "On Trial" (Essanay)

By SEABURY GRANDIN QUINN



SCENE FROM "ON TRIAL" (ESSANAY)

THE other afternoon I sat in one of those shadowy vestibules of fairyland, a Moving Picture theater, and from the vantage point of an orchestra chair passed a couple of pleasant hours watching two young people bruise their tender and inexperienced feet against the sharp flints of true love's uneven course.

And they were having a deuce of a time of it, too. You see, the young man had been the pupil and assistant of a scientific old curmudgeon—a sort of latter-day Dr. Faustus—who was engaged in searching and researching for that illusive twentieth century equivalent of the philosopher's stone—a serum which would nullify the ravages of old age. With a degree of zeal seldom encountered in one so young, the hero had toiled early and late among his master's smelly old test-tubes and retorts, had stayed away from class banquets and afternoon receptions, and even forborne to raise a beard, notwithstanding the fact that he was a full-fledged M.D. But even in a chemical laboratory youth and love are as inseparable as boiled beef and mustard, so the hero proceeded to become engaged to the daughter of the worldly minded rector of a fashionable church.

When old Dr. Faustus the Second heard of the engagement he flew into a terrible rage, broke up a lot of expensive laboratory apparatus, and, worst of all, made a codicil to his will declaring that the hero shouldn't have a cent of his money unless he signed an agreement not to marry until he had discovered the serum.

An old servant signed the codicil as witness, and the miserly old doctor, having attended to what he considered the legal necessaries of the occasion, stretched himself out on the couch and died.

Then the young folks' troubles commenced in earnest. He wanted to marry her and she wanted to marry him, but her papa insisted upon her marrying a man who could support her in the station in life to which it had pleased society to call her; young hero had been so busy hunting for the serum that he hadn't had a chance to establish a practice, and if he married he would lose the fat legacy

which would otherwise be his under his late preceptor's will. What a Gordian knot for inexperienced fingers to unlace!

But this young lady had attended a finishing school where they substituted Ibsen and the ukelele for Shakespeare and the musical glasses, so she knew just how to handle the delicate situation—she took up permanent quarters at our hero's apartment, losing her reputation and her father's job overnight.

Well, of course it all came out right in the end, and the last dissolve showed them, now fully equipped with a marriage certificate and wedding-ring, gazing into the open fire and preparing to live happily ever after. But what a lot of trouble and scandal the scenario-writer would have saved his long-suffering principals if he'd only been thoughtful enough to add a lawyer to the *dramatis personae*.



SCENE FROM "ON TRIAL" (ESSANAY)

Seriously, more good picture-plays are ruined by reason of being founded upon legal absurdities than can be redeemed by the highest quality of acting; and the worst of it is that directors permit uninformed writers to perpetrate the same errors over and over again, apparently with no thought of the very serious consequences which such misrepresentations of the law may cause.

It is axiomatic that the Moving Picture is here to stay and that it is a tremendous force for good or evil, according to whether it is rightly used or outrageously abused; and, like most axioms, we have heard it so much that we repeat it again and again—just as we do our prayers—and never think how true it is.

In the plot reviewed in the opening paragraphs there were two glaring legal errors. First, no will or codicil may be admitted to probate unless signed by at least two witnesses; second, any will, deed, contract or agreement made in restraint of marriage is a legal nullity, unenforceable in any court of law or equity. So, as far as exercising any check upon the young man's matrimonial intentions, the codicil upon which the whole play was made to turn was the veriest "scrap of paper."

However, such a misconception of the law is of no great importance; beyond making the plot impossible, it could do no great harm; but the same cannot be said of many other legal mistakes shown to the public as the law of the land.

If a director were to allow the Red Indians in a Wild West picture to ride forth on a raid attired in Bond Street riding-breeches, he would instantly be howled down by a thousand audiences, and have to hunt himself a new job besides; yet in picture after picture trial justices are represented as shaking their fists at the accused while instructing the jury, and prosecuting attorneys are shown interrupting the course of examination of witnesses in order to comment

The Morality of the Motion Picture World

By WILLIAM G. HARRINGTON

EDITORIAL NOTE—The Portland (Oregon) Chamber of Commerce and the Portland newspapers decided that life in and about the Los Angeles studios was immoral. It became the subject of heated argument in the press and in community meetings. They decided to investigate. William G. Harrington, formerly head of the Department of English and Public Speaking, Pacific University, was chosen. He was clothed with police power, backed by every good influence in Oregon, and went to Los Angeles with a corps of investigators. At first they worked "in the dark" unknown to the studios, and later every picture plant was thrown "wide open" to them. What Mr. Harrington learnt from dance-hall proprietors, car-conductors, chauffeurs, waiters, telephone operators, hotel clerks, the police, and, finally, from the players themselves, is herewith set forth in a most unusual continued article which began in the October number and which is concluded in this number.

THE climax of the writer's survey of the inner life of filmdom came with an introduction to Geraldine Farrar. Mr. Samuel Goldfish, chairman of the board of directors of the Lasky Feature Play Company, said: "She does not ordinarily grant interviews. In fact, she has not been interviewed for publication so far this year, but I want you to know what Miss Farrar thinks of moral conditions here. I am sure the public will believe what she says.

She made a picture that would have delighted a Romney or Gainsborough. Seated in a camp-chair out under the bright blue Southern California sky, dressed in some simple yet rich white material that draped her lithe form in voluminous folds, and with the warmth of her radiant smile and the flash of her deep brown eyes half hidden by the drooping effect of the stunning leghorn hat, she personified the perfection of grace and beauty. One was inclined to be concerned solely at first with her sweetness and charm of appearance and manner; but when she spoke, the rich, vibrant tones, the scholarly diction, the clear-cut enunciation, the wealth of ideas concentrated one's attention on the intellect, the personality, the soul, the real Farrar.

Immediately one recognized that she spoke "as one having authority"; that her wonderful experiences in this world, of which she has seen more in the short space of her life than does the average man with his three-score years and ten, had developed a maturity of intellect, a keenness of judgment, a breadth of vision, that has been a paramount factor in her phenomenal success, both in grand opera and in the photodrama.

When the matter of certain rumors concerning filmdom was mentioned, her eyebrows arched in surprise, while underneath them the dark eyes widened as if endeavoring to grasp the full significance of what had been said. Then, with an expressive shrug of her shoulders, she settled back in her chair, as a smile, in which scorn and a tolerant "forgive-them-for-they-know-not-what-they-say" expression was blended, flickered across her mobile features.

Then she said, as if philosophizing: "So the people think that our studios engender lax morals. Well, I suppose that is to be expected. It is a burden that dramatic art in all its phases has always had to bear. The speaking stage, grand opera, vaudeville—all are subjected to stories utterly untrue, or half true, and you know the half-truth is worse than a lie. It seems as if the world finds it difficult to believe that one can be talented and attractive to the eye, and devoted to an art that brings him or her before the public, and at the same time live respectably. I'm tempted to say, 'Evil to him who evil thinketh,' but that would be too trite. I will say, however, that it ought to be as easy for people to believe in innate goodness as innate badness—that would be a great deal pleasanter for all of us." Then, as if she had determined to crush the lie once and for all, she said, firmly and deliberately: "I will be charitable and say it is a—mistake—to say that the photodrama has fostered immorality. People who make such statements are misinformed. The

public is not admitted to this studio or to other leading studios. How, then, can it know the facts as to conditions here? We would admit everybody if we could—throw the studios wide open to all—but it would be impossible to do good work with sightseers constantly passing to and fro and making all sorts of comment. I think, perhaps, the necessary seclusion of the photoplay studios has developed an atmosphere of mystery that breeds all sorts of wild suppositions. At least," she said, soberly, "I like to excuse those who circulate evil stories in some such way as this." Then, as the suggestion was made that the author was seeking the truth in order to inform the public correctly, she said, with eager animation: "Good! Let me tell you that moral standards in dramatic art have been raised, not lowered, by photoplays. Life in the studios is clean and wholesome. Our work is permanent, not a thing of the moment, and so makes for home-life—for morality. Thus its influence is quite different from that of the legitimate stage and grand opera, where there is a constant moving from one city to another that tends to develop a Bohemian atmosphere and an inclination towards the *laissez faire* in personal deportment.

"Why, most of our people who come from Eastern cities are so captivated by Los Angeles that they sign contracts for a year or more, send for their families, establish permanent homes here and settle down to a quiet, happy, contented life, in which they enter the social and intellectual activities of the city and become typical Angeleños. Those who enter the Moving Picture profession from hereabouts are already home people who are respected by their neighbors. Personally, I have traveled in many lands, as you know, and I can say from wide experience that those whose occupations do not require them to travel a great deal cannot realize what a joy it is to have the privilege of spending quiet evenings at home. The same is true, I am sure, of every actor and actress in Los Angeles. All of us get so many thrills and so much excitement out of the stress of the day's work that there is absolutely no inclination to spend our evenings in commonplace frivolity. Indeed, nature would not permit such an added strain even if we were inclined to seek it. Our work is so arduous that we simply must rest at night—must conserve our energy to the fullest extent if we would satisfy the camera. You know, the camera is an all-seeing eye. It is pitiless in revealing every sign of physical debility. No matter how clever and artistic one is in the use of 'make-up,' it is impossible to put a flash into the dull and heavy eye or lift the drooping or tired mouth. One may by sheer will-power put a semblance of animation into facial expression when nervous energy has been exhausted, but the effort is always obvious to the experienced director; and you may be sure he will not tolerate anything forced or artificial.

"The minute that an examination of film in the projecting-room reveals lack of 'condition' on the part of anybody, dismissal is likely to follow, unless, of course, one's appearance may be excused on the ground of unavoidable illness. One cannot live what people call a gay life and retain employment with the best film companies.

"So, you see, one's work before the camera is so hard and our employers are so strict, that we've just got to behave, even tho some of the dear public would tempt us to do otherwise," and Miss Farrar flashed a smile that reminded one of her fascinating Carmen.

"I know," she continued, musingly, "that many people think life in the studios is one of luxurious ease; that accounts, in a measure, for some of the stories in circulation. But"—and Miss Farrar became forceful in her expression—"I'm sure you have seen enough yourself to demonstrate the falsity of it, without relying upon what I or anybody may say."

The writer admitted the truth of this conclusion, and ventured to ask: "Would you mind telling me if you have ever known of any instances of questionable conduct here—anything that necessitated dismissals?"

"I'm glad to answer that question," she replied with vigor, "for I can say that never has anything of that sort come to my knowledge. I will say, further, that it is almost inconceivable that anything



LOU-TELLEGEN
AND GERALDINE FARRAR

like that should happen here. Isn't it clear—oh, it must be clear to one who thinks for a moment—that we who have achieved some measure of success have reputations to uphold? You know what Shakespeare said, that 'He who steals my purse steals trash, while he who filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed.' While those in this art who are as yet unknown to the public have reputations to make, isn't it reasonable to believe that, under such circumstances, all of us are jealous of our good names—that we value character above all else?"

The writer nodded his assent and ventured to inquire about the girls who seek employment in Motion Pictures and, failing to obtain it, drift into the life of the underworld, despite all that is done to protect them.

"Ah, that is another matter," said Miss Farrar, sadly. "It makes me sick at heart to think of those poor girls. I wish"—and a note of tenderness thrilled in her voice—"I could help every one of them. Many of them, no doubt, do not deserve assistance, but I would overlook their weakness and help every case that came to my attention if my work would permit. You must understand that my time is so occupied that I very seldom hear anything that relates to such girls. Miss King is officially in charge of such cases, and she is doing noble work; she has rescued many of these poor unfortunates. But altho she gives her time freely and accomplishes wonders, I suppose there are those whom she fails to reach.

"You say the public is inclined to attribute the downfall of these girls to the evil influence of Motion Picture concerns? Well, it ought to be clearly understood that they do not contribute in any way to the moral delinquency of such girls. We do not advertise for girls. We do not induce them to come here. Rather do we use our influence to prevent their coming. Every day our publicity directors send to the press of the world stories of the hundreds who are daily turned away from the studios because it is not possible to employ them. It is made plain that no girl should leave a distant home and come here, hoping to obtain a position in pictures, unless she has had such dramatic training and experience that her application will be approved. It is also emphasized that under no circumstances should she come here unless she is financially able to take care of herself no matter what happens. How, then, can the Motion Picture world be blamed if girls, despite all warnings, persist in coming here absolutely without previous experience, without credentials and without funds? I think that the warnings that are sent out by our publicity directors would be more effective if girls who might be inclined to heed them were not frequently led to sacrifice everything and come to Los Angeles thru the flattery of misguided friends, who, with the best intentions in the world, assure them that they have but to show their beautiful faces at a studio in order to win fame and fortune, or thru what is a thousand times worse, the false advertisements of so-called Moving Picture schools that promise for a consideration (usually all that a girl has got) to obtain a place for her with some prominent photoplay company."

At this juncture Miss Farrar was called to assume the rôle of Jeanne d'Arc in a thrilling scene.

In parting, she said, with roguish simplicity, "I'm sure you will not feel sorry that you have met us."

The writer's response may be imagined.

Conversations with photoplay directors of national reputation—Smalley of Universal, Barker and Edwards of Ince, Woods of Griffith's, and Young of Lasky—elicited corroborative evidence to the effect that there is absolutely no known immorality among the regular employees of the leading studios, and that every effort is made to maintain the highest standard of personal conduct.

After concluding his investigation of Motion Picture studios, the writer concluded to check conditions as he found them, and particularly the vital work carried on by Miss Anita King, by obtaining a statement from Judge Thomas P. White, of the Woman's Court. His opinion as a disinterested third party, who, by virtue of his official position, is thoroly informed concerning the morality of the Motion Picture world, is undoubtedly of great value.

At the writer's request, Mr. Kenneth McGaffey, publicity director of the Lasky Company, obtained the following statement from Judge White:

"Ever since the recent charges were made in regard to the immorality of the Motion Picture studios, I have felt that the Motion Picture people had their side of the story, and that there must be some reason for these charges, and if so, there must be some remedy.

"Not being familiar with the Motion Picture studios, and wishing to get into communication with somebody who was, I reviewed the field carefully until I heard of Miss Anita King, and learnt that she had visited many of the leading cities and talked with thousands of stage-struck girls. I met Miss King, and we

have gone over the matter a number of times. Miss King and my own inquiries have assured me that the immorality does not lie *in* the studios. Nor does it lie with the thousands of Los Angeles people who work as 'extras,' but, rather, the cause of the whole charge of immorality is based on the statements and actions of the hundreds of young girls who run away from home and come to Los Angeles to secure work in the Motion Pictures. They picture themselves as becoming great stars, and believe that all they have to do is to appear at the studios to be offered permanent employment at enormous salaries. The majority of these girls have insufficient funds to maintain them until they gain recognition. Many of them are without the natural gifts that would entitle them to become Motion Picture actresses.



A BALL-ROOM SCENE —THE EXTRA GIRL'S DELIGHT

"The funds of these girls soon become exhausted, and then they fall into evil ways. They will do anything to secure enough money upon which to live. When these girls come before the court, altho they may have appeared only in one or two scenes in their lives, they give their occupation as 'Motion Picture actresses,' and their conduct brands the entire profession.

"Miss King and I, with the assistance of Mrs. Gilbert of the Women's Welfare Association, have worked out the following plan upon which to remove this stigma from the profession, and to protect the hundreds of young girls who come to Los Angeles to seek employment. We are going to request the employment heads of each studio to notify Mrs. Gilbert of any girls who come to them from out of town seeking employment, and request that these employment heads obtain the addresses and as much information about them as they can. If the employment heads believe that these girls have not sufficient funds, or are about to fall into evil ways, Mrs. Gilbert will be advised, and one of her assistants will investigate the girl's condition."

This statement corroborates the evidence obtained by the writer from Miss Anita King and others and is in accordance with his own personal conclusions.

It seems fair to conclude, therefore, that—

Current rumors concerning immoral conditions in the photoplay studios are without foundation in fact and should be discredited.

The Motion Picture industry is not built upon the sands of moral weakness. Its moral standards are high, and rigid precautions are taken to insure their maintenance.

The "stars" and "extras" are of high intellectual and moral types.

Their work, therefore, is uplifting—not a source of moral contamination to the film-loving public.

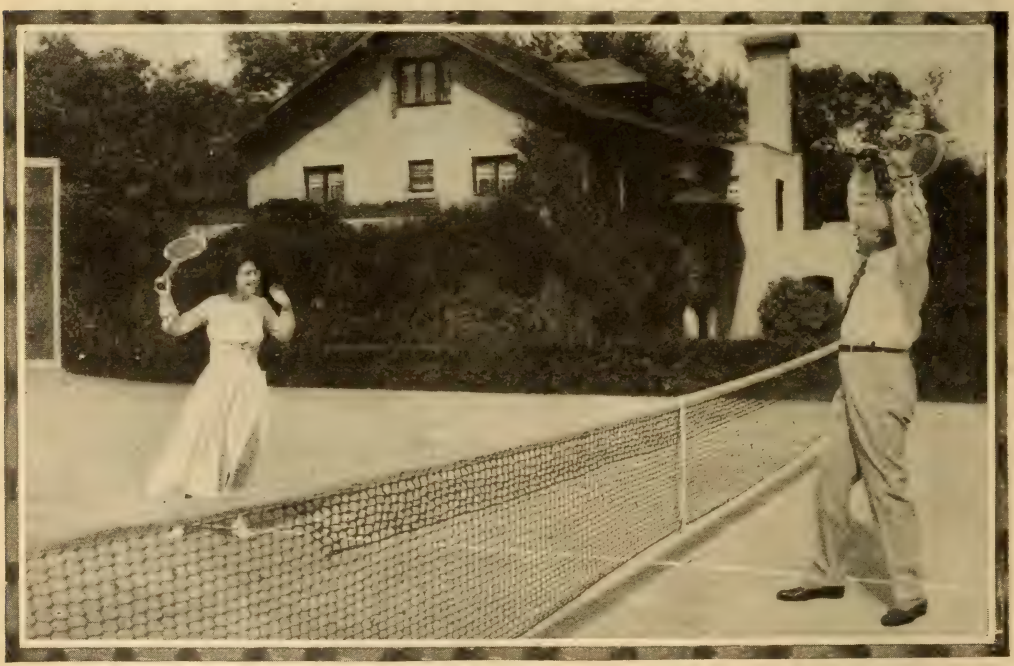
The money spent in patronizing photoplays is accordingly not diverted to the support of dens of iniquity.

The screen does attract innocent girls from their homes to Los Angeles, but every effort is made by the photoplay companies to prevent girls from yielding to the fascination of the screen. Their work, however, is nullified to a great extent by the flattery of friends and the pernicious methods of "movie schools."

As far as the leading studios are concerned, girls who are determined to go to Los Angeles seeking a career in Motion Pictures need have no fear of the consequences when making applications for employment or after obtaining the same. They should, however, shun so-called "movie schools," and have funds with which to purchase a return-ticket in the event of failure to secure employment.

Such moral delinquency as exists in Los Angeles cannot be directly attributed to the influence of the photodramatic profession.

The photoplay companies, thru Miss Anita King, the "city mother," are voluntarily co-operating with the civic authorities in an effort to maintain a high standard of civic morality.



CAUGHT IN ACTION; OR, THE CAMERA MAKES THE EVIDENCE.—HERE ARE NORMA TALMADGE AND HER DIRECTOR, EDWARD JOSE, PLAYING A SET OF TENNIS AT HER COUNTRY HOME AT BEECHWOOD, LONG ISLAND, N. Y. "OUR NORMA" IS HOLDING HER RACKET WITH THE PROPER GRIP FOR AN OVERHEAD RETURN, BUT, OH, YE SHADES OF TENNIS EXPERTS! LOOK AT "PAPA" JOSE'S PATENT-LEATHER SHOES, THE SHORTENED GRIP ON HIS RACKET, AND HIS DELICATE GRASP OF THE BALL. HE MAY BE GOOD AT "STAGING" TENNIS, BUT HE IS PLAYING IT—NOT

Lovey May, of the Red Cross

By PEARL GADDIS



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"Go over to this address and interview May Allison," instructed the Editor.

"May Allison? Oh, I dont *want* to interview May Allison!" I wailed.

"You dont?" snapped the Editor, in surprise. "Did you try doing what you were told to do, instead of what you dont want to do?"

"Lots of times," I returned, intrepidly, "but I really dont want to interview May Allison."

"And why dont you? I thought you liked her!" he asked, consenting to be curious, for once.

"That's exactly the reason I dont want to interview her—I like her too much. When I dont like people, it's easy to write nice things about them; but when I do like people, it's so hard to keep from raving over them, that I hate to do such stories," I answered, honestly enough.

And then I left the office. For the Editor had said that he wanted an interview with May Allison, and I was destined to get it.

She opened the door of her apartment to me, and smiled gaily.

"Hello!" she cried. "Come on in. I'm awfully busy and I'm lonesome."

"Busy? And lonesome? There aint no sich animal," I returned, grouchily, as I followed her into a rose-and-cream chintz sitting-room.

"What's the matter? Who's ruffled your feelings?" she laughed, with unimpaired good cheer.

"The Editor," I snapped. "He has sent me over here to interview you. And you know how I hate interviewing people I know and like."



© De Gaston

"Thanks for the implied compliment," she chuckled. "But cheer up—it could be worse."

"It could *not!*" I returned, succinctly.

"Oh, yes, it could. Suppose he had sent you to Oyster Bay to interview Colonel Teddy R."

At that I consented to come a little way out of my depths of gloom.

"What's that you are doing?" I demanded, for I was just becoming conscious of an unwonted bit of thin white material in her hands, and a huge pile of it on the table.

"I'm making bandages for the Red Cross," she answered, almost defiantly.

"Well, of all things —*you* to be doing such things! I didn't even know that you realized there were



such things in the world as wounds to be bandaged."

"None of you have ever given me credit for anything halfway worthwhile," she returned, with unexpected spirit. "I am rolling bandages, knitting socks and other warm things for the



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Navy League; I have invested every penny of money I can possibly spare in Liberty Bonds, and as soon as mother is better, I'm going to enroll in the Volunteers of the Red Cross Corps, if I have to work with them in daytime and at the studio nights!"

Now, I have known May Allison since we two were kiddies together, down South in Georgia. Many's the wild race

we have had to school, on horses that few men would care to ride! We've gone berry-picking together; we've had mud-pie parties, and "played dolls" since we were three years old.

In fact, my very first memory of May Allison is of a tiny, blue-eyed mite of a girl, with long flaxen curls, in a blue linen pinafore, a smudge of dried mud on one rose-leaf cheek, her dimpled arms muddy to the elbows, offering, shyly, a half-baked mud-pie to another little girl with black curls, plenty of freckles, and a nose that was (and is) slightly retroussé—only the boys didn't call it that—they called it a "pug nose" and thereby almost broke my heart. Our fathers sat on the big, wide porch of the Allison home, while May and I swore eternal friendship by exchanging our tiny "birthday rings." Ah, the happy halcyon days of childhood! But I truly never expected to see May turn Red Cross nurse. She is serious enough at times—tho she has earned and wears proudly the nickname of "Sunny." But the idea of her as a Red Cross nurse seems incongruous, because of her beauty, of her sweet, clean fun—because she is the sort of a girl who looks as if she needed to be protected and shielded from all life's sordid bitterness; but if she says that she's going to be a Red Cross nurse, that settles it. So I might as well get used to her in that rôle.



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"Where's the chafing-dish?" I demanded. "I need a stimulant."

"Oh, you dear!" she cried, gleefully. "I've been half-starving for a rarebit, but no one can make it quite like you can."

"Gwan wid yer blarney!" I cried, sounding not the least bit Irish. "Tell me where you keep your supplies."

And while I concocted a rarebit that would be smooth and creamy and succulent, my hostess and childhood friend busily rolled bandages, and we chattered away like magpies. When the rarebit was ready, on the little serving-tray, beside the window where the breeze could come in, I stopped suddenly, with a plate of toast in my hand.

"Good heavens!" I cried, like the heroine who has just discovered that the "pipers" are lost. "I've forgotten that I came over here for an interview."

"Oh, keep on forgetting it, and come on quick, before everything is spoiled," begged May, not at all like a screen favorite, but like the sixteen-year-old girl in a black frock, who came to me in the dusk of a Southern twilight to tell me that she was going to New York to be an actress.

"It's got to be done," I assured her, and hunted up my note-book.

"Where were you born?" I demanded, seating myself at the table, and serving the rarebit and delicately browned toast.

"Georgia," she answered, briefly, tasting her rarebit and smiling ecstatically.

"Go on," I demanded. "Tell me about your Southern ancestors, and how you happened to go on the stage and all about it."

"I will not," she rebelled. "You know it much better than I do, and I absolutely decline to go over it again. Let's just have a nice, comfy visit over this, and then I'll walk back to the office with you, and when you've turned in your story we'll go over to the Republic and see Jane Cowl in 'Lilac Time' again. I love that name!"

"I really believe it's the name you go to see instead of the play," I teased.

"Doesn't it remind you of home, in spring—the great bushes of white lilac down near the gate, and the big cluster of purple ones, at the corner of the house?" she mused, dreamily.

"Doesn't it remind you of that evening, down by the white lilac-trees, where Jim Larkin proposed to you?" I mimicked.

"It does *not!*" she retorted, promptly. The proposal of one of her father's "hired men," a day or two after her fifteenth birthday, has always been a rather sore subject with her. A "hired man" on the "home acres" of a Southern plantation has a little cottage of his own, and his sense of independence makes him feel the equal of the best in the land. So, when Jim Larkin, resplendent in his Sunday best, encountered May at the big gate, beside the lilac-trees in full bloom, he thought nothing of proposing to her, but was highly incensed at her refusal of his proposal. And I, coming over in the twilight with Dad, happened to hear a part of Jim's by no means halting proposal. It was her first proposal, and she absolutely declines to consider it a subject for light conversation.

While May dressed for our trip to the theater, I sat down at the typewriter and figured out a brief biography of her, something after this fashion:

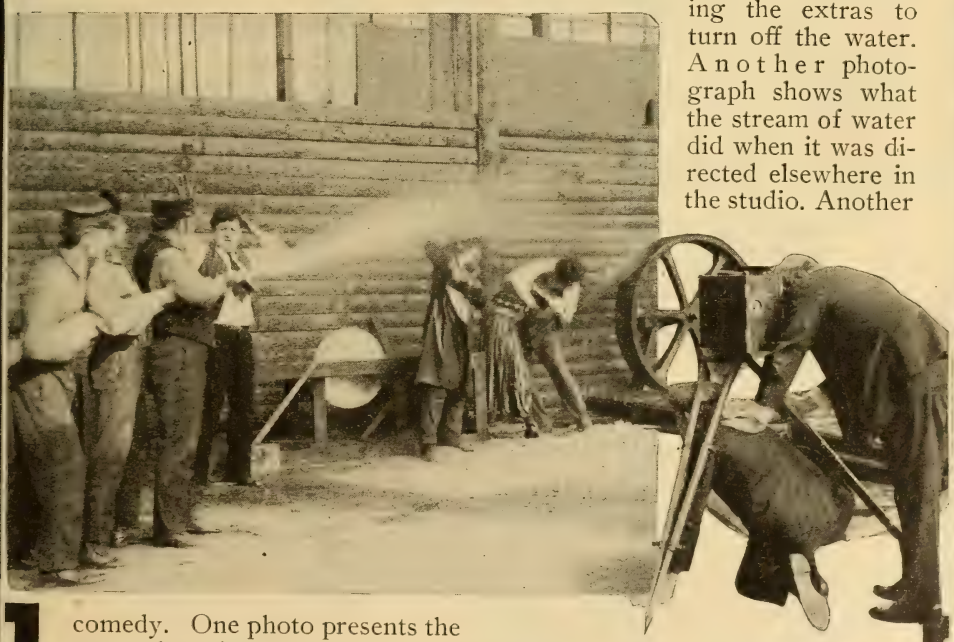
"Born in North Georgia, Miss Allison was educated at a Southern seminary for girls. At her sixteenth birthday, following the death of her father, she decided to go to New York and go on the stage. She played Beauty in 'Everywoman,' and was on the stage several years. Following this, she went into the movies, and has been in pictures with Fox, Famous Players, American, and Yorke-Metro. She is about five feet four inches tall, and has blue eyes and golden hair. Her hobby is gardening, and her favorite sport is horseback riding and fishing. She hasn't an automobile, because she much prefers a horse. She keeps a fine saddle-horse, and her days always begin with an invigorating gallop thru the Park, when she's in New York. She's absolutely and utterly charming——" (I knew I would do it!)

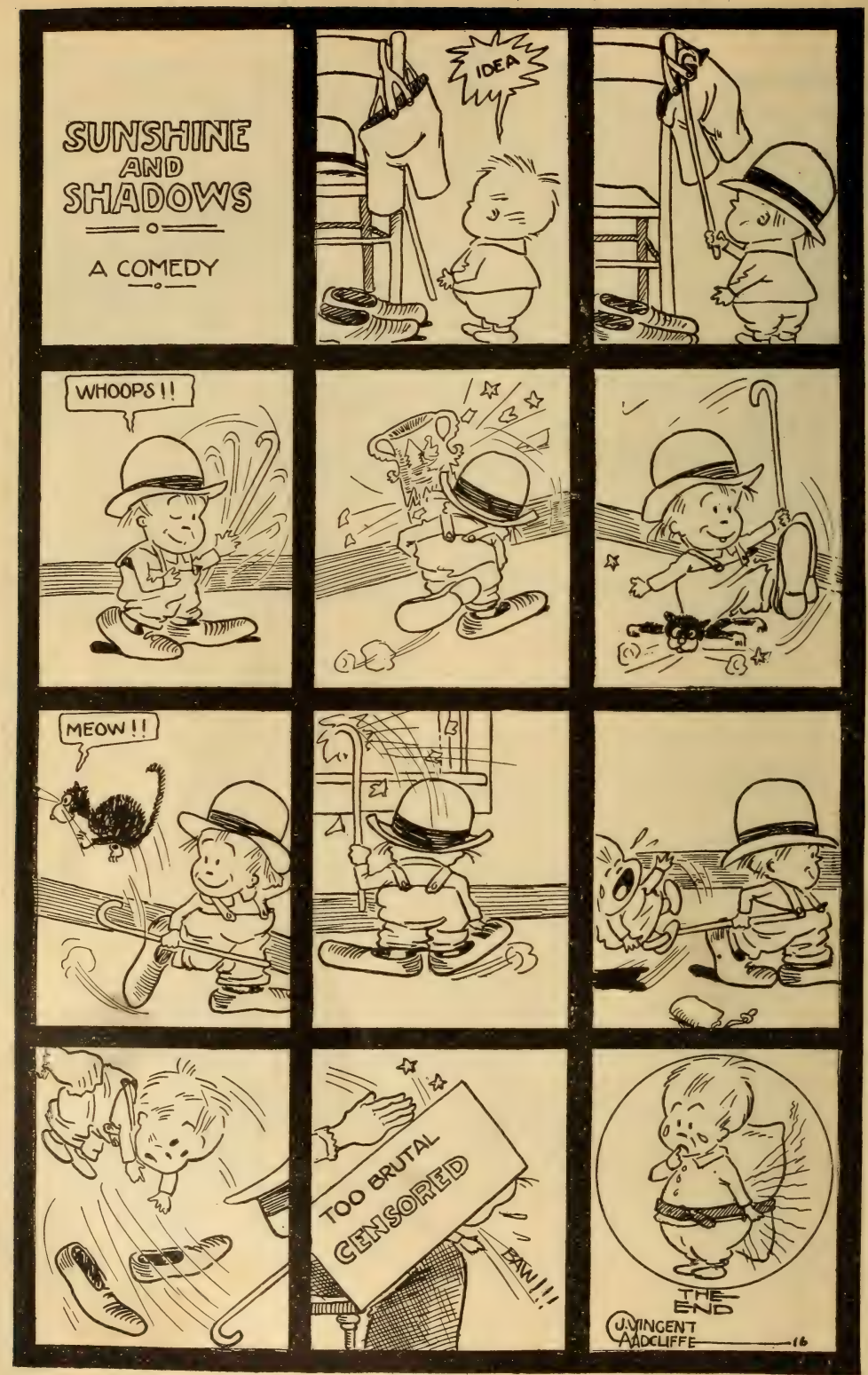
At this moment she came out, in a dull blue frock, with a filmy hat to match. And we went off down to the [illegible] I handed my story to the off[illegible] Whereupon May and I, light o[illegible] set out for the Republic and Jan[illegible] beautiful war-time play.

Help! Turn Off the Hose, Hector!



Here are some unusual "off-scene" pictures which prove the trials and tribulations often coincident with the making of movie farce-comedy. One photo presents the cast rehearsing a scene. The firemen are to arrive and direct a stream of water on the principals. The hose was turned on full force during rehearsal, something the director did not order. See him coatless, frantically ordering the extras to turn off the water. Another photograph shows what the stream of water did when it was directed elsewhere in the studio. Another director and his players were rudely interrupted. This havoc was created at the Selig studios.




SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS
A COMEDY
IDEA
WHOOPS!!
MEOW!!
TOO BRUTAL CENSORED
BAW!!!
THE END
J. VINCENT ADDCLIFFE
16

Photodrama in the Making



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

HANDING OUT LEMONS TO THE 'AUTHOR

(*Continued from the November Classic*)

FOR more than five years I have given unremitting and conscientious study to the principles that underlie the Photodrama.

I have found the construction of the Photodrama to be as difficult as that of Drama and Literature.

I have unremittingly contended that those attempting to write Photoplays, with any hope of ultimate success, *must first be endowed with the GIFT* of dramatic creation.

Of equal importance is the second step, namely, that the gifted writer must then make a study of the technical requisites for giving effective, dramatic and artistic EXPRESSION to his gift or inspiration.

As a teacher and director of students toward this goal of effective expression, I have repeatedly told aspirants that the field is rich in possibilities.

I therefore owe a deep obligation to all those who have honored me with their attention, since I have shown them a goal for their talent.

Most aspirants, no matter how talented, seem to have come against a stone wall.

Yet, I still contend that the field is rich in possibilities, and should be equally so in rewards.

With your help I am going to get at the bottom of the trouble.

For it seems that those with talents have not been discouraged by having their work unsolicited, or unwelcome, or unread.

On the contrary, we have been invited to send manuscripts, which have been returned with a note of encouragement and a further invitation to *keep on sending in our ideas.*

Now, there is something rotten in Denmark, and the earnest author has been constantly accused of being the guilty piece of cheese.

Maybe he is and—again—maybe he isn't.

BREAD AND BUTTER—AND CHEESE

All this printed plaint is going to be dubbed "the wail of the inefficient" by producers, and they will put on the shoe long before we have determined whether or not it fits them.

Strange to say, we have the real "bread-and-butter" squad with us from the start—that is, both the professional hack-writer and the successful writer in other literary and dramatic lines.

They, too, have been handed a piece of cheese—but no bread and butter.

Ask two-thirds of the most famous writers belonging to the Authors' League of America concerning their experience with Motion Picture producers, and the result would prove not fit to print.

There has been a sort of crude belligerence on the part of producers that is hard to explain.

My plan is designed to give the producers a chance to tell us the Truth.

LET US HOLD AN EXPERIENCE MEETING

I shall need the co-operation of every photoplaywright who has submitted material to producers.

But I shall want to hear from only those who have

(1) Sold an Idea, Synopsis or Scenario of any description;

(2) Received extraordinarily courteous treatment;

(3) Been treated with discourtesy, dishonesty or unfairness.

All others will kindly listen in.

Bear in mind that this is not to be a Knocker's Gambol.

This is an honest effort to corral the facts with which to form an honest opinion of the Photoplay Game as it is.

Therefore intern your personal opinion until our little scenario war is over.

We are just as anxious to shear Sheep as we are to goad Goats; therefore please help us to separate them.

And these are the conditions governing the submission and use of "experience data":

(I) In every case the *original correspondence* from the Motion Picture Company must be submitted for corroboration and publication. Letters will be returned complete and in good condition to the senders.

(II) All letters must be signed with the full name and address. The name will be withheld if the sender so desires, as the facts and the name of the company are what we want.

(III) In every case we want the title of the manuscript or Play given, together with the price paid and the date of release if possible. The price received will be omitted on request, tho we would prefer to publish it.

(IV) Letters requesting in vain the return of manuscripts or those containing misinformation or false cues, also

(V) Encouraging letters, helpful hints, favorable comment, etc.

(VI) All inclosures should be accompanied with a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure return.

Remember that this Experience Meeting offers an opportunity to both Producer and Writer to get together on a ground of common understanding.

Send in your letters, then.

And no matter how little any writer or producer has proved himself to be, the Photodrama is still and will continue to be the biggest practical art in our midst today!

REEL NEWS OF REAL VALUE

Harry Raver has resigned as president of The Art Dramas, to take up importations of foreign films. This will leave the Apollo Pictures Corporation, which he heads, also a doubtful market.

The Artcraft Company has added Elsie Ferguson to their list of stars.

Mae Murray is now a Bluebird star.

Essanay Film Mfg. Co. is now starring Taylor Holmes.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton has resigned from the Vitagraph Company, and now heads his own company, which is screening the works of Sir Gilbert Parker.

The Sanger Picture Corporation has failed. Cross it off the list.

The World Film Corporation now has a nine-year-old star—Madge Evans.

The Goldwyn Company is trying to make a female Fairbanks of Mae Marsh.

Edith Storey is now with the Metro Pictures and in need of plays.

Madame Petrova is now her own Company at 25 West 44th St., New York.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

Miss C., New York.—It is advisable to indicate a "close-up" (or Close-View) even in the Synopsis if it is going to play a very important part in the play.

J. P., Davenport.—Camera will register a red glare in a night scene if you will request that it be tinted red; producers will welcome no colored scenes; red seems to be the conventional tint for hell; a study of photography will soon reveal to you the "limitations of the camera"; 1,000 feet are figured to the reel of film.

W. F. R., New York.—I cannot give you the exact date at this moment of the reopening of my Lecture Classes—probably early in November; they will be held in the rooms of The Playwrights' Club, 1440 Broadway; the three Courses will include Photoplay Writing, Drama, Fiction.

E. E.—Ardsley Art Films, Bernstein Film Productions, Popular Plays and Players, McClure, Empire All-Star, Paragon, Selznick, Signal and the International have never been in the general market; California Motion Picture Co., Mabel Normand, Frank Powell, Rothacker are either entirely out of business or do not want plays; see the list recently published in this Department and follow the corrections from month to month; both "The Feature Photoplay" and "The Photodrama" are $2, Caldron Co., Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. W., Keene.—"Synopsis only" means just what it says and does not mean to include working scenario, which is not wanted at all today; the scene-length of the Synopsis is determined by the number of dramatic actions of the characters, which should be about thirty to the reel.

SPECIAL NOTE

As a practical supplement to Mr. Phillips' series of articles on the Photodrama, it will greatly aid our readers to read "The Photoplaywrights' Primer," by L. Case Russell. This little book goes right to the roots of photoplay requirements, and is the slow-gathered experience of a very successful photoplay writer. We will supply the Primer for 50c. postpaid.—*The Editors.*

Favorites of the Screen

$20.00 in Cash for Our Readers' Opinions

In the July issue appeared the following:

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will pay $10.00 for the best appreciation of your favorite player; $5.00 for the next, and $1.00 each for the five next best. You are to select your favorite players and write a little article, or verses, or a prose poem about him or her, and mail it to us.

Each contribution must be clearly written (typewriting preferred); must contain not more than seventy-five words, and your name and address. Write only on one side of the paper.

We will publish several of the contributions each month, sometimes illustrated with photographs of your favorites. We reserve the right to publish any articles submitted, whether a prize-winner or not.

Address all communications to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AFTERGLOW IN A PAINTED SKY.

Did you ever go a-wand'ring down a quiet, woodland path,
Seeking peace and restfulness from the busy aftermath?
Did you feel that you were walking in the place where angels trod,
And you were so very near Him you could almost talk with God?

There is a lovely being in the world of shadow play
Who, as you sit and watch her, makes you feel this very way;
She's not a daring vampire, nor yet a serial queen—
She's our dear Mary Maurice, sweet "Mother of the Screen."

California, Pa. GLADYS ROBINSON.

THE HEART OF "BIG BILL."

To me the best actor
Abroad in the land
Is he of the ranches,
"The square-deal man."
He lacks grace and polish
Of society's scion,
But he knows the bravery
Of the gaunt mountain-lion.
His eye is as keen,
His aim is as true
As a star—earthward bound
From its set in the blue.
He that plays clean
From finish to start;
A Prince of the West-lands
Is William S. Hart.

MISS MARGARET LIPFORD.
Macon, Ga.

PEARL "SERIAL" WHITE.

Crashing down thru falling floors,
Shooting men and looting stores,
Are the things she loves to do;
She's more brave than any two,
Is peerless, fearless Pearl.

In burning houses, auto smashes,
Taking falls and stinging lashes,
Always there; she never shrinks,
Of the danger never thinks,
Does peerless, fearless Pearl.

Climbing over, creeping in,
Never minding dust or din,
Taming tigers, facing death,
While we wait and hold our breath
For peerless, fearless Pearl.

ISABELLA CRANE.
1165 Blackstone Av., St. Louis, Mo.

WALLACE—GOD OF THE ARC-LIGHTS.

Apollo, fair god of the sun, was loved in olden days
By all his humbler worshipers, and subject to the praise
Of poets thru the ages since—until the movies came
And on the bright horizon engraved another name.

'Tis Wallace Reid, the handsome tho stalwart, manly man,
Sole rival to the god of old, whose features now we scan
On every screen with great delight; and praise we gladly yield
To him, our modern sun-god of the Motion Picture field.

ROBERT J. LILLEY.
200 W. 23d St., Wilmington, Del.

"DOUG!"

(From Tony's Newsstand.)

Who walk right out onto da screen
An' look aroun' from eyes so keen,
An' show his teet' in one big gr-r-r-een?
'Tis Teddy Rosenfelt, ye mean?
No—Doug!

Who disa guy, he t'row da rope,
Catcha da bool, all disa dope,
He jump da pony on da lope?
Teddy, me b'y, 'tis him, I hope!
No—Doug!

Who mak' da fight for jus' for fun,
Who slap da guy an' take hees gun,
An' smile so bright, jus' like da sun?
Thayodore Rosenfelt's th' one!
No—Doug!

Who mak' da bes' for President,
Who lick da Kaiser for two cent,
Who disa guy? You know da gent?
Teddy, begob! *av he'd have went!*
No—Doug!

FORD WILDERS.
130 Lysander St., Detroit, Mich.

How I Got In

Department in Which Leading Players Tell of Their Beginnings and First Ventures on the Screen

This series of articles began in the August issue of this magazine and contained articles by Marguerite Clark, Alice Joyce and Earle Foxe. Our readers will hear from many other distinguished players in following issues of the magazine. Those who are interested in knowing how these famous people got in the pictures should read every article. They not only tell how they got in, but they tell of their first impressions of the camera. They suggest improvements in Motion Pictures and they give valuable advice to photoplay aspirants. Each experience is different and each one is told in a different way. Individuality is the keynote of these articles. As a rule they do not encourage nor discourage. They simply give dependable information that applies to his or her individual case and leave the readers to study it out for themselves.



CRANE WILBUR

CRANE WILBUR

How I got in! A hundred different versions of how I got in have been written by various press-agents with fancy imaginations, but this time I will take you into my confidence and tell the plain, unvarnished truth.

To begin with, I got in mainly because of my sincerity and perseverance. Of course, I had the advantage of many years of stage experience, but I was not at all well known. Then, I had youth on my side and the confidence it brings. (I have the youth yet, thank you, for I've been in the game only five years, and the critics have not yet quite dissipated the confidence.) I also had some excellent photographs, which are most essential.

I had just finished a more or less successful vaudeville tour, and was determined to have a try at the pictures. My first experience before the camera was as an unknown extra at two-fifty for half a day, under the direction of Mr. Van Dyke Brooke, at the Vitagraph studio. And Mr. Brooke stuck me about half-a-mile in the background at that! The scene was a garden-party, and Maurice Costello was the featured player. I was introduced to Costello by a friend, and 'Cos' fixed it for me with the director. Said director, however, seemed to pass lightly over my talents and discover me not. Luckily it was the experience I was seeking, not the two-fifty. I secured an interview with Mr. Rolin Sturgeon, whom the Vitagraph were sending with a company to California. I evidently made no impression on Mr. Sturgeon, for I never heard from him again. But those two days in the big studio opened up a new world to me, and I felt that it was my world, and as I wandered about it, unknown, I kept

out of the way, but my eyes and ears were open, and I learnt a lot of things.

Later I sent a photograph to every company I knew of, and upon each photo I pasted a strip of paper upon which I had written a personal description—my height, weight, color of eyes and hair, wardrobe, etc. I also stated that I could ride, swim, drive a car, and gave my theatrical experience. No attention was paid to my applications, so, after waiting several days, I went to Athens, N. Y.—my mother's home—for a vacation.

One day I received a telegram from the Pathé Company asking me to report to their studios at once. I hurried to Jersey City, expecting to find the Pathé manager waiting with a contract in his hand; but he wasn't—he just wanted to take a look at me, and he took his time about that. Finally he offered me the lead in a one-reel Western drama. The salary was to be five dollars a day while the picture lasted, which would be about five days. I had to ride a bucking broncho and be thrown from the horse's back when he ran away. I resolved to go thru with it, and I did, and when that first picture was completed I was engaged at a good salary. The enchanted door had opened.



ANTONIO MORENO

That's how I got in. But I wont guarantee that the same scheme will work nowadays. The art of the photoplay has advanced since then, and now you have to undergo an acid-test before you are accepted. Dont be discouraged by rebuffs. Look at the big men who passed me up! Dont let any one but good, old Common Sense tell you that you are a failure, and dont listen to him the first time he speaks.

ANTONIO MORENO

Astra Films

At the time of my entrance into filmdom the screen was still held in contempt by most of the stage-folk, but it offered fairly good money and a permanent booking, so I smothered my distaste for so humble a profession, and entered the employ of the Biograph. Little did any of us dream in those days of the rise of our profession!

After weeks of persistent application to the directors, of careful study of those already in—their actions and make-up—I was given a small part, which I strove to "put over" to the best of my ability. It won me recognition, led to better rôles, and so on up the ladder of success.

At first I was extremely nervous before the camera. I missed the friendly



WILLIAM S. HART

audience. I sensed a cold, critical eye watching me more closely than any audience, criticizing my work with no feeling of kindness. It was impossible to forget the lens and its utter lack of sympathy and understanding. It was there to watch for flaws and mercilessly tell them to the world. But now the camera is an inspiration, because the thought is always before me that my work will be viewed not only by the few thousands that can afford theater prices, but by hundreds of thousands of people in every part of the civilized world. It thrills me to think that my audience is so vast and cosmopolitan. That is the big reason that I have come to place the silent drama above the stage; other reasons are the matter of steady occupation and a permanent home.

In the course of a few years—perhaps less than that—we will see an artistic improvement in all pictures. Artists who are artists will supervise the construction of the sets; camera-men who are photographers, and not merely crank-turners, will turn out marvels of effective photography; men of dramatic genius will supervise the productions. Many of the companies have already headed in that direction, but their numbers will increase as efficiency comes into the studios and the film magnates spend more effort toward the improvement of pictures and less toward the downfall of their competitors.

We will have colored pictures with the natural hues shown without blur or effort; we will have the inevitable perfection of "talking movies" by the proper synchronization of picture and talking-machine records. Clean pictures will survive. Others must go down to an ignominious oblivion. The war will help pictures, too. People will be amused, and the movies furnish entertainment to all classes at an economical figure.

WILLIAM S. HART

SOME people were good enough to say that I was the best exponent of Western rôles on the speaking stage. I knew that Western rôles were especially liked and well adapted for the screen, so I decided to try pictures. I was so anxious to try it that I paid my own railroad fare to California during my vacation, and arranged to do one picture with Thomas H. Ince of the N. Y. Motion Picture Corporation.

At first I was very conscious of the camera. The mechanics of the thing bothered me. I had to keep within certain lines to keep in the picture. The necessity for repose with the necessity

for expressiveness in gesture made facial play a serious problem. I had to learn simplicity, the elimination of all inessentials. I had to develop technique as one has to on the stage. And there was still the camera chilling and frightening the temperament. But little by little the inch of glass in the camera-lens grew, like something mystical, into the eye of the world, and I began to see and feel the audience of the future waiting in a thousand cities to see my work. The living audience was there with its direct response. The thrill had come back.

The stage is a delight, but so is the photoplay. I love them—not like them—both. I think the screen is going to influence the stage for the better in many ways. Some of the more thoughtful actors say that it takes as much, if not more, brains to play for the screen as it takes for the footlights. And the use of brains means art.



MARY ANDERSON

The way to better both stage and screen is to put more honest business and endeavor into it. Honest endeavor will make anything better if patiently persisted in; the sincere actor is just bound to convince.

As to advice to would-be photoplayers, I always say: "Study as many things as possible—boxing, fencing, dancing—one never knows what they will be called upon to do. Study the best in art and literature, and, above all, study the art of acting. Make yourself *fit*. Then, if you have the right kind of talent, which means talent plus perseverance, get a start some way and stick to it until you have tried it out. I am mighty glad I "got in," and am more than grateful to the speaking-stage public and the Motion Picture public for what they have done for me.

MARY ANDERSON

Vitagraph

I ALWAYS loved to dance and act, even tho it was only in front of the mirror. My little sisters said it was conceit, but it wasn't, because I didn't look nice at all!

Then I met my little friend, Anita Stewart, who was climbing right up to fame. She took me to the studio, and I liked it so well that I stayed all summer doing extra work. It was lots of fun; Anita made me up, and sometimes I wore a nice, long dress, tho I was wearing my dresses up to my knees then.

I have never been on the stage, so do not know what stage-fright is, and I dont know what camera-fright is either, for, while I expected to be scared to death, I disappointed myself. It seemed perfectly natural to face the camera.

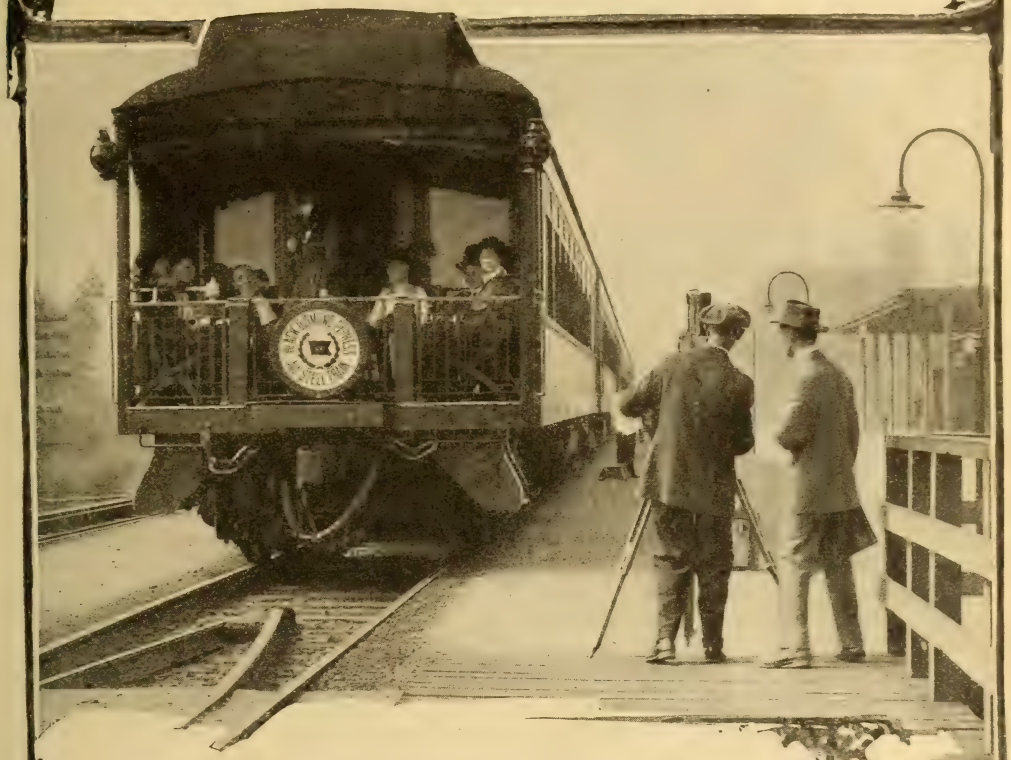
There are lots of chances for improvement in pictures, of course. First of all, a producing company needs stars and directors who can work together—who can figure out the whole story and the details and then go at it *together*, heart and soul. In that way they take pleasure in the work, and the fact shows on the screen. If there is contention among the players, there is always something displeasing about the picture.

About encouraging persons who want to become photoplayers—it depends on the person. I do not believe in encouraging people who are entirely unfit for the profession. Often I can suggest something that suits their personality and capabilities much better. But when I meet some one who I think has a chance to make good, I say "Go ahead and take a chance." Do that with anything!

Our Picture Cruise Round the World

The First Adventure of Our Round-the-World Reporter Starts with His Trip Across the Continent

By H. H. VAN LOAN



Herein begins the personal narrative of Mr. Van Loan, the well-known novelist and studio expert, who is making a trip round the world to write what he sees exclusively for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. His travels will take him into far countries—Hawaii, Japan, Australasia, and perhaps onto the battlefields of Europe. What the rest of the world think about Motion Pictures and how they see them and enjoy them will be delightfully told by Mr. Van Loan in a series of narratives written from close range.

IF I was to date this little thing I would make it about twenty miles west of the vicinity where "Doug" Fairbanks stood on his hands and posed for that poster which revealed him in the rather perpendicular line in "Down to Earth," or, to be exact, midway between Laramie and Cheyenne.

We are on an iron serpent-like creature which is making its way towards San Francisco, and which just at present is doing a downward stroke, giving us the sensation of a big bob-coaster sliding down hill.

At times the thing seems to give every evidence of having had an acrobatic training from its youth, for it bends over until it almost kisses the "Black-eyed Susans" which skirt its path, and then comes back to normal just as we are about to make a hurried dash for our trousers. The dash is about as far as we get that instant, for our foot, which can never be thoroly relied on during such occasions, lands midway between the electric fan and the wash-basin, while our trousers drop limp and discouraged on the other side of the room.

We strive to continue our toilet, but find ourselves handicapped at every turn. The wash-basin is absolutely useless, and would have served its purpose much better as a barber-shop, cigar-store or dress-making establishment. It's like a Newport bathing-suit — it never gets wet. And if you attempt to challenge it by turning on the water, everything in the apartment gets wet but you! We cant get a wash with it, in the basin or out of it. So we eulogize it, grab a bunch of clothes and start in search of the shower.

A train shower is one of the most gigantic problems to him who decides to undertake one. You enter smilingly, in great anticipation, and, after you have divested yourself of all your earthly goods, and stand just as Nature introduced you to the world, you pull the canvas about you, turn on the shower, and wait for developments. You haven't long to wait, either, for at that moment the train gives a sudden twitch, and everything within a radius of ten feet gets wet but you! The porter snickers, and, with one piercing glance, and a lot of extraordinary thoughts, you transport him back to Africa, or some other place of super-tropical heat!

But you are not to be deceived, and that grim American tenacity of purpose inspires you to attempt the trick again. You grab the soap and return to your canvas retreat, where you proceed to get right down to business. But somebody out front seems to have it in for you, and you suddenly realize how unreliable are your feet. The movements you execute would win you a fortune in the side-show of a circus or as a classic dancer.

The most exciting part of the whole thing usually comes after we have thoroly lathered ourselves. In an unguarded moment the soap leaps from our hand and starts out for itself along the floor. Without it our expedition is incomplete, so we prepare to go after it. Our friend out front decides at that instant to slam on the brakes, and we go on an excursion around the floor of the car, always missing the soap by an inch or so in our travels. That journey snatches from us every evidence of dignity we have ever possessed, for we make the trip, as a rule, on our stomach. In fact, I have yet to meet the man who has ever made that trip in a manner becoming his name and station.

I think one of the most interesting things that enter the life of an adventurer, every now and then, is a Limited train. They call it Limited because its speed is so limited. It hasn't a chance with a first-class fruit-growers' freight or an intermediate tramp steamer that flirts with every bunch of sage-brush along the way. You are compelled to pay excess just because it's excess. The extra fare is launched just to make you pay extra for something which is only regular. Even the newspapers, which always arrive a day late, are extras, and they soak you an extra four cents just because you are riding on a train which is supposed to be extra fast.

In addition to all the other extras, a Limited train usually picks out the States that are extra dry. Even the passengers seem to be extraordinary people. Of all the extraordinary passengers I have ever mingled with, the ones aboard this tank steamer are the most extra extraordinary. It is a train of great weight, and, with the exception of the young stenographer, who admitted to me in an unguarded moment that he had succeeded, after a severe struggle, in reducing the dial on a standard scale to convey to the world that he was only two hundred pounds big, I'm the smallest thing headed towards Frisco!

This can be explained in various ways. There's the wife of a major-general, who is bound for the Presidio, sitting around getting fat as she knits woolen wristlets for Western soldiers. She's doing herself, her husband and the country an injustice in doing so, too! No officer's wife should ring the bell at three hundred during such strenuous times, when perfectly good cattle are dying outside the car-window. But she seems to be unconscious of all these things, as she knits her way thru the train and across the continent.

The major-general is a strong, robust, rugged fellow, who has just returned from Russia, where he went as a member of the Root Commission. He is in

charge of all troops west of Cheyenne, and admits that, next to his uniform and his wife, he loves Moving Pictures. He admitted to me that he had been caught so many times before the camera that he began to think he would make a good Moving Picture actor.

There's an awfully nice girl in Compartment B, who has every one aboard trying to open doors for her and trailing her in the hopes that she will drop something and they can pick it up. She's Gertrude Cameron, and either fate or a shrewd conductor put her opposite me at the table the second day out. She's a movie actress, and is on her way to Japan, where a camera-man and a company of actors are awaiting her arrival to start a series of American pictures with Japanese atmosphere. She has nothing on her mind but two trunks, which she trusts, with tears in her eyes, will be in Frisco when her steamer sails, twenty-four hours after this train arrives.

She's a wonderful creature, and has got all the scenery between Chicago and the Pacific Coast looking like a worn-out painted "back-drop." When she's in the diner she eats peaches and cream, charlotte russes, chocolate eclairs and all that sort of stuff, and one of her greatest cares is whether the tropical sun is going to penetrate the rouge which frescoes her cheeks and make her resemble the porter who nurses her compartment.

When the train arrived at Ogden I received a pleasant surprise in the form of the best bit of color I've seen thus far west-bound. It was composed of Lawrence D'Orsay—who gave us that five-reel feature, "The Earl of Pawtucket"—seated on the observation platform of the Pacific Coast Limited, with a wonderful coat of deep tan; and the members of the French Mission, who came down from Salt Lake City, where they had been given a glorious reception the day before, and boarded our train for Frisco, where they were to dedicate a "Lafayette Room" in the public library. They consisted of Monsieur Edouard de Billy, accompanied by Colonel James Martin, Captain E. J. P. Rouvier and Lieutenant Henri de Courtivron, and presented a very attractive spectacle in their light-blue uniforms. Captain Rouvier loomed up big on the horizon with a very effective monocle which he clutched in his left eye. He claimed to be a veteran of trench warfare, and I didn't doubt it, for the mere fact that his monocle seemed to have been undisturbed proved to me conclusively the faultiness of the German fire.

From the moment Captain E. J. P.



THE TRAIN MUST HAVE HAD AN ACROBATIC TRAINING FROM ITS YOUTH

Rouvier entered this temporary hotel I was anxious to corral him in some corner and learn just what the movies think of France today and what France thinks of the movies. After considerable reconnoitering I managed to force back his monocle, his uniform and what was behind it in a corner of the diner, where, over his fricassee of prairie-chicken, he declared himself on the topic which is dearer to you fans than who will be in the Presidential chair four years hence.

"The Moving Picture has been a wonderful aid to the French army since the great war began," he started off, as he readjusted his left-handed monocle, and shoved about thirteen cents' worth of the chicken into the cavity beneath "the cutest little mustache you ever saw!"



GERTRUDE CAMERON

"We have had several camera-men near the front at all times, and no battle has been fought without several of them right on the firing-line. We have lost many of them, they having been caught under the heavy German fire. Of course, all of them were government employees. No independent Moving Picture company has been allowed to have one of their men nearer than a mile or two to the rear of the front-line trenches.

"This has been as it should be, for the government realizes, as probably our allied governments realize, that the real vivid pictures of actual warfare do not act as a stimulant for recruiting. If we showed you and the rest of the world what really happened at the Marne, Verdun, Ypres and other important points, it would not have a very encouraging effect on the loved ones we have left at home, or on those who contemplate joining the colors.

"We must remember that this is a terrible war; that thousands—yes, hundreds of thousands—of the real backbone of our nations are being sacrificed for a principle, and that principle is the perpetuation of democracy for all future time. What we have done has been recorded on hundreds of feet of film, and will be stored away in the archives of our nation, your nation and every other nation which has suffered and seen its loved ones bleed and die for this most noble of all noble causes.

"Without the Moving Picture camera we would be unable to show them what we have passed thru, for their sakes, and there would be no permanent pictorial record of this great struggle which is divesting the world of its choicest manhood. Can you imagine of what benefit it would be to the nations of the world today if we could see the great battles of the past flashed before us on the screen? It would, undoubtedly, prove invaluable to our modern fighters for freedom. If we could see the great campaigns of Bonaparte pictured to us, can you not imagine the value it would be to every French general who is now on the western front?

"We treat the Moving Picture as a very serious aid in this war. In France we have every battle recorded on the film, and, after every big battle, the film is sent back to the War Department and there shown to those who direct the reins of warfare for the government. In this way we have an opportunity of learning just what mistakes we have made, and what movements we have made which have resulted in our gains. It serves nothing more nor less than a military school for those officers who will soon take their places at the front. The history of France will record glowingly the great battle of the Marne, but the Moving Picture camera has made it possible for us to show those who come after what was accomplished by Marshal Joffre when he said on the eve of the greatest battle of history: 'They must not pass!'

"You, in America, have seen many fine pictures which were purported to be official films, but let me tell you right now that the real official films will never find their way to theater audiences until



the war is over, if they do then. People do not want to see unpleasant things.

"The Moving Picture will always remain with us. It is here to stay. In Paris, since the war began, as thruout all of France, it has been the one amusement for the poor man. We have been compelled to reduce our mode of living until today it is but a grim vision of the days before the war. But during the entire struggle the poor people of France have not been denied this amusement of which they are so passionately fond. However, the approaching winter brings ominous forebodings, as the scarcity and exorbitant prices now being asked for coal indicate that we will have to curb even our amusements, and it looks as tho we will have to close the Moving Picture theaters for the winter. Before I left I was informed that we were going to reduce the performances to nine a week. Of course you realize we are not making any pictures in France today. We depend almost wholly on America for our films. The people like your Charlie Chaplin, Miss Pickford and other American stars. We are like you Americans — hero-worshipers."



THE FASCINATION FOR A UNIFORM

Yes, we are hero-worshipers. The one big stimulant for recruiting, if I know anything about warfare at all, is to promenade all the men we can spare up and down our thorofares where they are liable to collide with married couples. For, if there is one thing a woman loves today, it is a "swagger" officer, with all his equipment. I know, because I'm married, and the only thing that saves me from making a dash for the nearest recruiting station is the fact that I've got a stateroom reserved for a steamer which has its bow headed towards Honolulu!



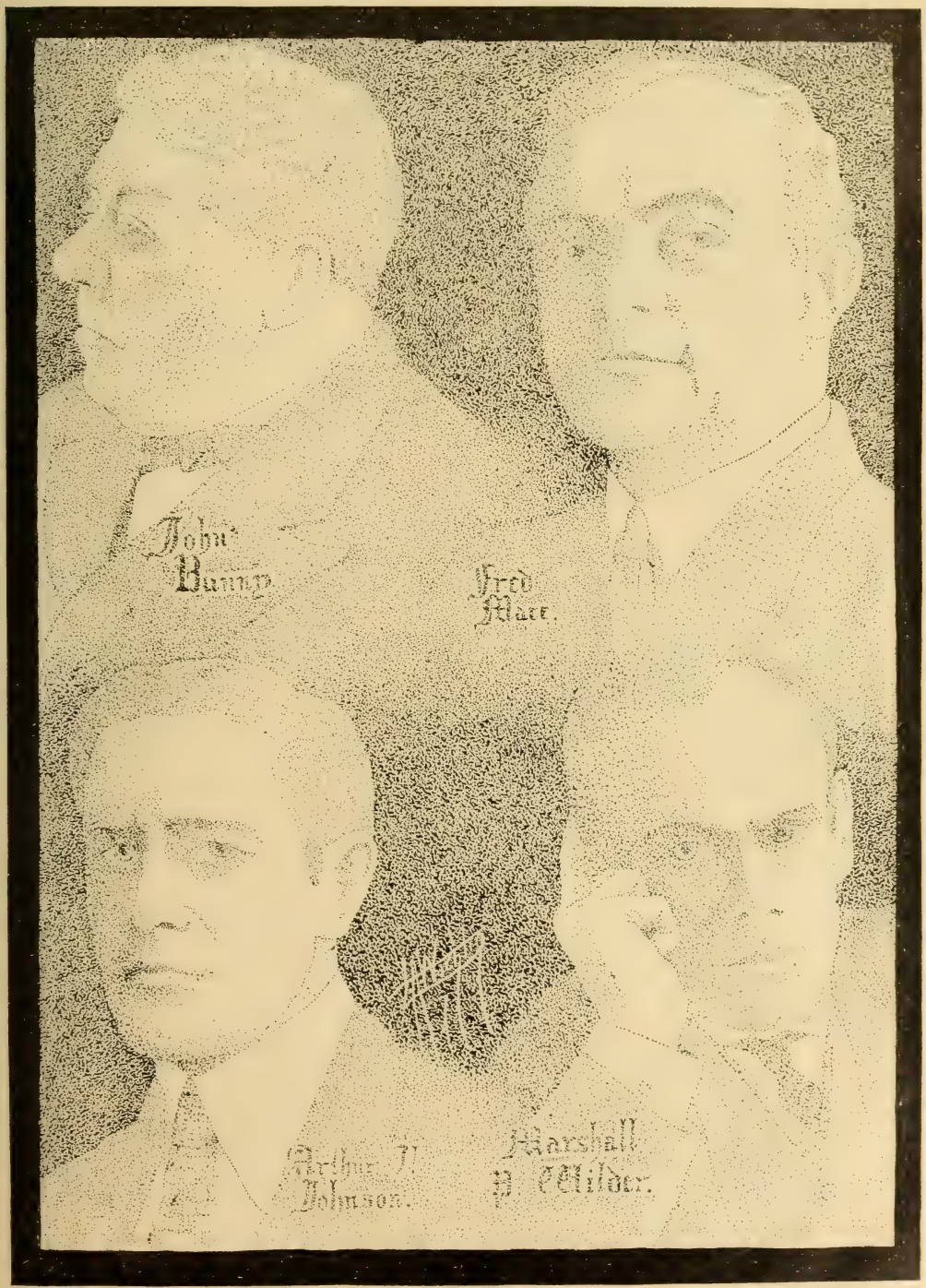
Cut-outs of Popular Players
for the Kiddies

Jno. Argens–

SIDNEY DREW

If the whole is mounted on light cardboard before the figures are cut out, the different parts will last longer and the tabs will not tear so easily. Color, if desired; then cut dotted line in hats and slip over the head. Fold base on dotted line to make figure stand.

Lest We Forget



How Players Got Their Names

By PETER WADE



At the Lasky studios, one day, Geraldine Farrar saw a slim, brown-eyed extra girl who expressed in her acting a grasp of dramatic work far beyond her fourteen years. Miss Farrar made it possible for the little girl to have her first important rôle before the camera. Now the big-hearted prima donna is seeing to it that the young girl has the education and training to fit her for an important place in theatrical work. Isn't Marjorie Daw a fortunate girl? And isn't that a darling name? Tho, of course, it isn't her real name. Her honest-to-goodness name is Margaret House. But when Mr. Lasky, thru Miss Farrar, became interested in the charming youngster, he promptly named her Marjorie Daw. Why? Oh, just because. No, we forget. That's a woman's reason. He named her that because he liked the name.

Hazel Dawn is a dancer, a singer and a violin player of note, but she hushed her voice and boxed her violin (theoretically) to join the ranks of the silent drama. She was born in Ogden, Utah. What a place to be born in! Which reminds us. Her real name is Hazel La Tout. She adopted Dawn for a stage name because—well, her favorite color is rose (perhaps that's why she scored such a success in "The Pink Lady"), and she adores the early morning and the rosy dawn that comes just before sunrise—and Dawn sounds hopeful, promising to an ambitious young person. So Dawn it is, and it has reached out and enveloped the whole family — father, mother, five sisters and a brother. We hope it becomes them as it does the lovely Hazel.

In Los Angeles there is a well-known physician who hailed from Texas a few years ago, bringing with him his wife and small daughter. The young girl became busy with her books and her music, having a voice of unusual quality. "I'm going to be a grand-opera singer," she informed her father. "All right, little girl," said Dr. Horton, "but stick to your books a while longer, and run away now—I'm busy." Fancy his sur-



prise a few months later when told that the ambitious little lady had gone to one of the studios, had a tryout before the camera and had changed her mind about grand opera, for the present, at least. She was going to be a "leading-lady," and with dazzling rapidity she has attained stardom. You never could guess! It's Bessie Love. She chose that name because—most likely because she *is* such a Bessie-love.

Just why one should want to discard a perfectly good name like Mary Brooks, we dont know. To be sure, it doesn't sound at all like an Indian name, but neither does Anna Little, best known as "The Darling Daughter of the Plains" and for her singularly sympathetic interpretation of Indian rôles. Just now she is co-starring with Harold Lockwood, and Little goes with Lockwood very nicely—not only the name, but the personality.

The late Sir Herbert Tree had his troubles too, when in his early youth he wanted to take up theatrical work as his profession. His family objected, but he persisted, and when he began his career he annexed the name of Tree to the family name of Beerbohm, thus conceding to the wishes of his family, who did not want the family name "paraded" before the world. Little did they know how proud they were to become of the man who became one of the best exponents of Shakespearean characters on the stage, worshiped in England and universally loved and mourned.

Nearly every one knows of the "strange case of Mary MacLaren," the young girl who was "discovered" by Lois Weber, well-known woman director, and given the leading rôle in "Shoes." Miss Weber gave Mary the name Mary MacDonald. Then Bluebird took legal possession of the name Mary MacLaren and gave it to the little star in exchange for her own name.

Once upon a time a pretty little schoolgirl was in training for a teacher. She wanted to give it up and go on the stage, but her parents would not listen to her entreaties. So one day this naughty little girl played hookey and managed to get a very small part in a picture with Mme. Petrova, "The Heart of a Painted Woman." She screened very well, and that settled it. She was given a better rôle, and after that she was put under contract. From now on Betty Riggs, charming little Metro ingénue, will put aside that perfectly good but homespun name for the more euphonious name of Evelyn Brent.

Nance O'Neil is a tragédienne to whom the word distinguished may be justly applied. The whole world knows the Nance O'Neil of the stage. It has followed her all over the globe. She brought her tremendous emotional power to the screen, and everywhere as the "American Bernhardt of the Screen" she is known and loved. The family name is Lamson. But as Nance O'Neil our hearts know and go out to her.

G. M. Anderson, better known as "Broncho Billy," the cowboy hero, needs no introduction, it would seem, and yet the secret is out. He has been deceiving us all these years. He was born Aronson—not Anderson at all—and his first name is Max. That accounts for the "M," but why "G" and why Anderson? We give it up.

Jackie Saunders is of French and German descent, so she was christened by the quaint, dignified appellation of Jacqueline. But it didn't take long to change it to "Jackie," which is much more pronounceable and suits the

piquant, girlish personality of the popular Balboa star.

In Johnstown, Pa., there is an eminently respectable family who watch the screen of the local picture theaters, also the daily news, for the latest doings of one E. K. Lincoln. "Dont seem as tho it could be our Eddie," they say, "but it is." For, be it known, the well-known screen idol is a native of Johnstown, and his real name (pity, 'tis, 'tis true) is Eddie Klink. "It cant be!" we hear the fair worshipers of handsome, debonair E. K. declare. But why not? What's in a name, anyhow?

A few years ago a charming young Hawaiian girl toured the vaudeville circuit with Ruth St. Denis. Her name was Lehua Waipahua, which was all very well for an exponent of Hawaiian dances, but when she made her screen début in "The Bottle Imp," she thought it was time to make it possible for the American people to discuss her without imperiling their tongues, so she changed her name to plain Margaret Loomis.

We wonder what the first governor of Kentucky would think of a movie show. And what would he think if he knew that his little descendant, Juliet Shelby, was a real star of Filmland and that she was known to her devoted admirers all over the world as Mary Miles Minter? "The child is a charming actress," he would be forced to admit, "and she has a perfect right to the name, as it belonged to her maternal grandmother."

When June Caprice came to New York and entered upon her screen career, her name was Betty Lawson. William Fox, the man who made her famous, wanted another name. The month was June. That would do for one name, but what about the other? A scrap of conversation, overheard in Betty's dressing-room, decided it. "But, Betty," protested Mamma Lawson, "what do you want of clothes from Lucile's, when you are playing the part of a ragged little mountain girl? You are so capricious!" That settled it. She was June Caprice.

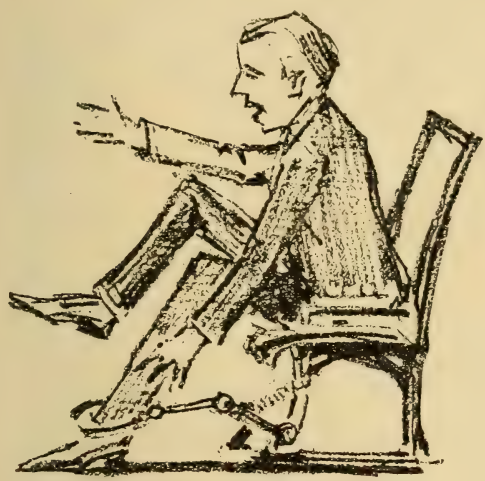


BESSIE LOVE TEACHING DIFFICULT DANCE-STEPS TO TRIANGLE GIRLS

The Newest in Movie Paraphernalia

By MICHAEL GROSS

THE following inventions, patents covering which have recently been granted by the Government, will no doubt cause every true movie fan's heart to beat with increased joy. If your favorite theater has not adopted these

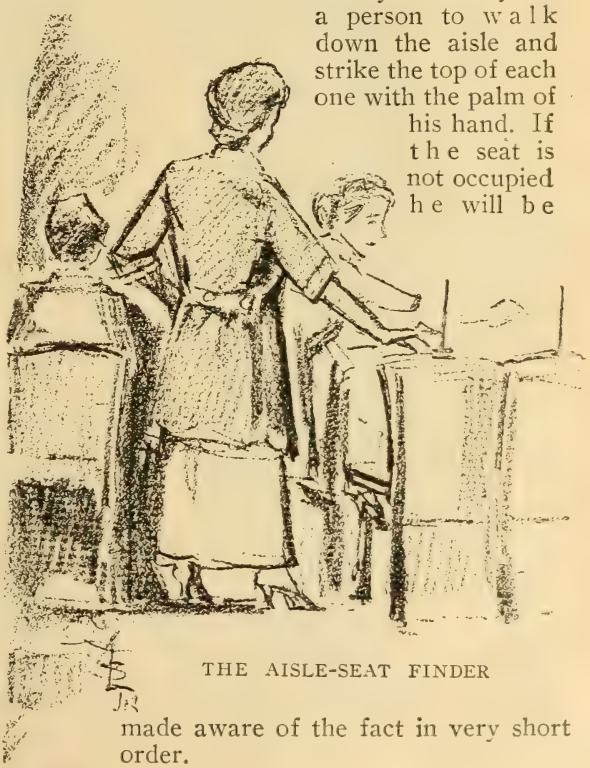


THE PEDAL-PUNISHER

"artful aids to peace and comfort" as yet, insist on their being installed immediately.

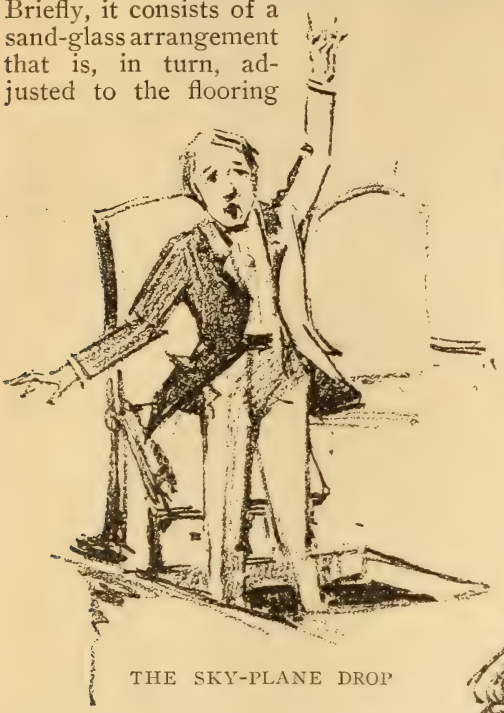
THE PEDAL-PUNISHER.—This inexpensive little apparatus should be attached to each seat in every Motion Picture theater in the country. It consists of an iron arm, terminating in a vise-like clutch. The arrangement is fastened to the leg of a seat and is then wired to the floor directly under it. This wiring is so contrived that when the floor is vibrated to any extent, it causes the arm to shoot forward, the clutch closing with a snap. By means of this attachment, those pests who have hitherto made things miserable for people seated near them, by stamping their feet in time to the music, are held in check. No sooner do they start their devilish work than the Pedal-Punisher, released by the vibrating of the floor, shoots forward and clutches the offending foot in a death-like grip. This invention can also be used to restrain the end-seat hog, who persists in sticking his "brogans" out into the aisle, to the danger and discomfort of people going in or out. As soon as this pest's foot hits the part of the flooring to which the apparatus is wired, the arm shoots out and pulls the hoof back to where it belongs.

THE AISLE-SEAT FINDER. — For those who crave the comfort and convenience of an aisle-seat, but are prevented from easily finding a vacant one by the semi-darkness that prevails in a Moving Picture theater, this little invention will fill a long-felt want. It consists of an eight-inch sharpened steel pin, which is set in the top of each aisle-seat. When the seat is occupied, the weight of the person sitting in it forces the pin down flush with the top. As soon as the person rises and leaves, however, the pin is released and protrudes the full eight inches. To find a seat that is vacant it is only necessary for a person to walk down the aisle and strike the top of each one with the palm of his hand. If the seat is not occupied he will be made aware of the fact in very short order.



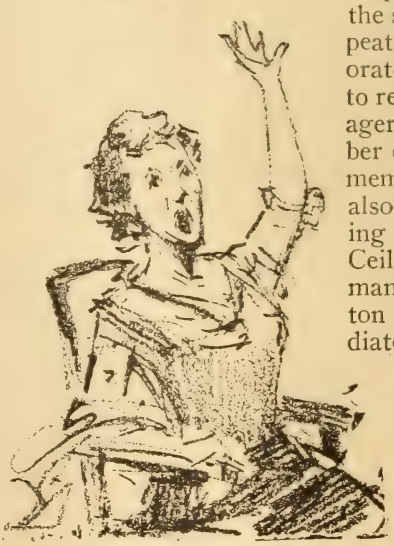
THE AISLE-SEAT FINDER

THE SKY-PLANE DROP. — So simple is this invention that, at first glance, the observer invariably reproaches himself for not having thought of it first. Briefly, it consists of a sand-glass arrangement that is, in turn, adjusted to the flooring under each seat. No sooner is a seat occupied than the sand starts flowing. If the occupant goes out after seeing a complete show, the seat snaps up and drives the sand back into the top half of the glass, where it starts registering again for the next person. If, however, the seat is taken by one of the "dog-in-the-manger" species of movie fan, who always stays to see the show four times for his nickel, while crowds of people are waiting to be seated, the sand continues to flow. When, at the end of three performances, it has all flowed to the bottom glass, the weight of the sand throws back a bolt and releases a trap-door underneath the seat, precipitating the selfish individual into the cellar, where the night-watchman releases him before going home. In those localities where abound the pests who read the titles out loud, tell what is coming next, describe how the scenes are faked, or hum the tune the pianist is playing, the Sky-Plane Drop is an invaluable arrangement. In such cases it is usually operated by a button, attached to the seat in back of the one which the pest occupies. By pushing this button when matters get beyond human endurance, the trap-door opens and the cellar receives another victim.



THE SKY-PLANE DROP

THE CEILING-COAXER.—Let those ladies who have hitherto stood as adamant in the face of heart-rending appeals to remove their hats, so that the people in the rear might, at least, have an occasional glimpse of what is being shown on the screen, now beware. The Ceiling-Coaxer was invented just to thwart this vicious habit. It consists of a five-fingered iron claw hung directly over every seat. These claws are operated from the rear of the theater, usually by the manager, thru a series of buttons numbered to correspond to the numbers on the seats. When, after repeated bursts of persuasive oratory, a lady still refuses to remove her hat, the manager is notified, the number of the seat held by the member of the "unfair sex" also being given. Locating this number on the Ceiling-Coaxer board, the manager presses the button that bears it. Immediately the claw suspended above the seat shoots down, the five fingers close over the lady's hat, and the claw shoots upward to the ceiling again. Here it remains until the show is over, when the lady may get her hat back by promising to be more considerate in the future.



THE CEILING-COAXER

Off and On

A Close-up of the *Real* Louise Fazenda

By DELIGHT EVANS



A FLICKERING screen; fast-flung pies; long-mustached villain; pursuing policeman. Mary Ann, of Keystone's Rubeville, enters, sprawling, with the impetus of a comedy-kick; tousled tresses, woebegone features, ludicrous make-up. Howls of laughter; unanimous declaration, "Isn't she the *limit!*"—Louise Fazenda.

A velvety lawn, somewhere in Hollywood; a charming bungalow, surrounded by rose-bushes and all the necessary "local color." A girl—pretty, smiling, self-possessed, and smartly frocked—strolls on of her own free will; seeks a quiet spot with her book, which is perhaps a volume of some French author's expressions, and composes herself for a much-valued "afternoon off." Any one fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of her would doubtless exclaim, "Isn't she perfectly *charming!*"—Louise Fazenda.

She is, indeed! Not that she is troubled with a "dual personality," or anything like that.

HER LATEST FALL SUIT



She's just a charming girl, blessed with a well-developed sense of humor, and exercising it daily in character portrayals for the comedy-screen. She is the star comédienne of Mack Sennett's aggregation, and perhaps the most popular "slap-stick" actress in the hearts of the fans today. She is always funny, always original. She has a way of transforming herself into a stupidly awkward country maid which invariably insures the success of any film in which she appears. Indeed, she has made amusing many "comedies" which otherwise would have been only two reels of tiresome "stunts."

When I was bidden to the Bungalow of the Velvety Lawn and the Pretty Lady, I proceeded with alacrity. I have seen bungalows and lawns and rose-bushes before, but never a lady quite so pretty. She is as lovely as the fairest maiden who ever brightened a small boy's favorite dream; a dark-eyed blonde, with hair you unconciously associate with sunshine. Her smile has a "golden" quality, also; and

LOUISE FAZENDA, THE WOMAN

© Witzel

LOUISE FAZENDA, THE ACTRESS

when you experience it you have an instant inclination to jump and dance and shout joyful praises from the house-tops. And if you happen to mention that you are a Hoosier, she smiles the new, bright, and particular smile she reserves for those who come from the State that sponsored Riley, George Ade, Tarkington, and Louise Fazenda.

"Any one who comes from Indiana looks good to *me!*" she beamed.

"Fine State, Indiana," I agreed.

"*The* finest! I'm from Lafayette——"

It was some time before I could persuade her to abandon Indiana and return to California. At no time does she consider herself an interesting topic for conversation, and particularly when she is forced to drop the delights of Hoosierdom for it.

"About my work?" she began. "Well, I love it! It is hard work, and sometimes hazardous work, but always fascinating. And I use 'hazardous' advisedly," she emphasized. "During the filming of 'His Feathered Nest,' in which I played with Charles Murray (who is, strangely enough, a Hoosier also), we had many difficulties.

"It seemed to be a 'jinx' for everybody in it. We were all hurt. The hansom cab ran over Mr. Murray's foot; Wayland Trask fell from the bicycle and wrenched his shoulder; the rowboat tipped over and knocked me unconscious (I was in bed for a week), and, to cap the climax, we were all so badly burned we could hardly move. But, just the same"—and she laughed—"it was *lots of fun!*" And therein lies Louise Fazenda's philosophy: work and play alike are "lots of fun," because she makes them so.

"I love the movies," she told me, enthusiastically. "I am just as much of a movie fan as anybody; and whenever I get thru work early I hurry down-town and sneak into the first 'picture-show' I come to. Even tho I know all the 'inside workings' of the studio, it never loses its fascination for me." (She looked no more than a sparkling schoolgirl as she spoke, and I had hard work resisting an impulse to call her "Louise.")

"Once," I said, "I had a gloomy uncle. He thought 'picture-shows' were impossible, until I dragged him into one which was showing a Fazenda-Keystone. It was one of your Mary Ann rôles, and even funnier than usual. He sat in obstinate silence for awhile—until you entered. Then he gave one chuckle—the rest were rude *laughs!*"

She echoed those laughs whole-heartedly. "I'm awfully glad I pleased him," she said. "And I would *love* to have heard him laugh!"

Louise Fazenda is most appreciative of the letters she receives—for she, quite as much as the ingénues, comes in for her share of the general adulation.

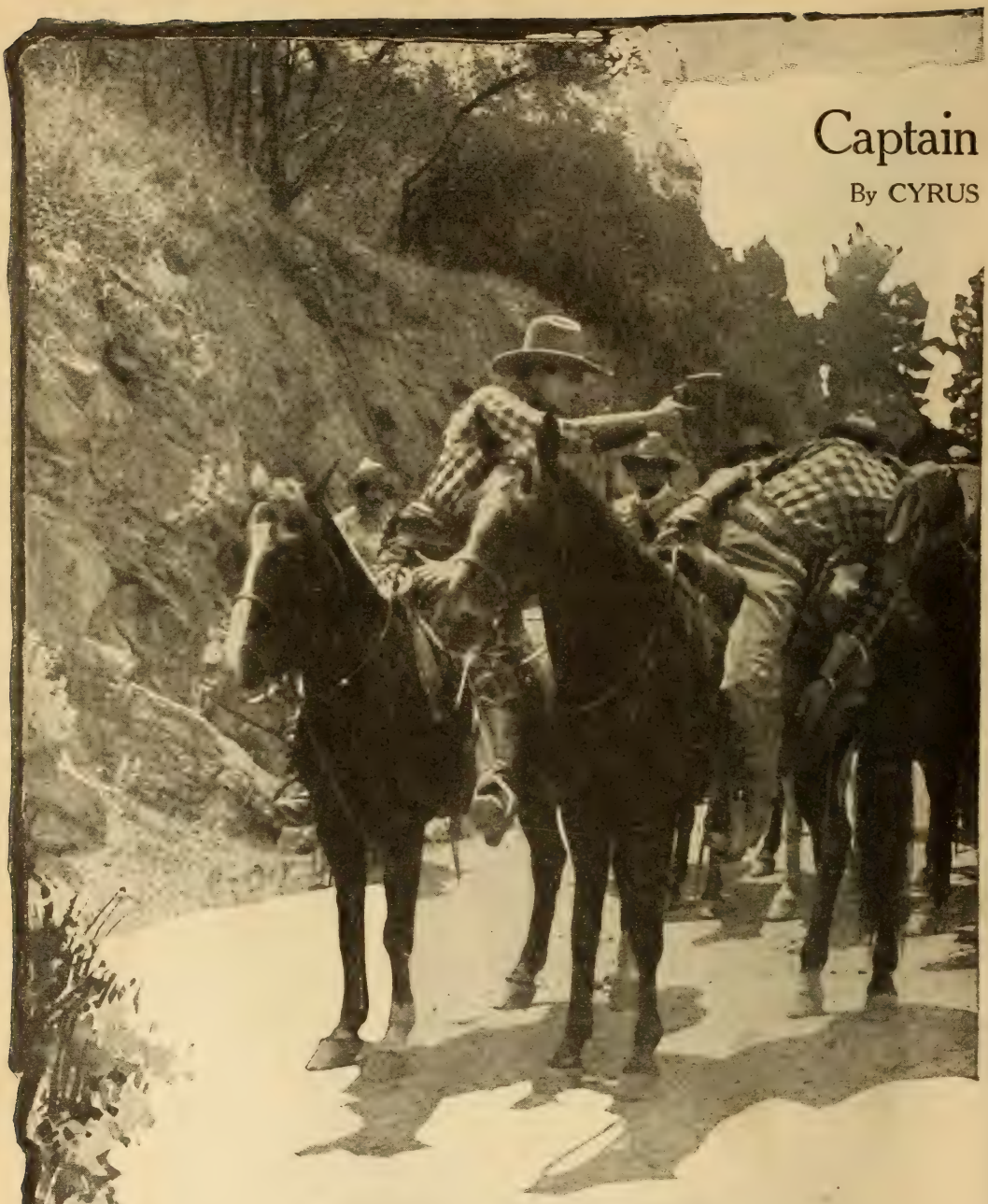
"I wish you might be with me some evening as I look over my day's mail," she remarked. "The notes are written on anything from wrapping-paper to the finest stationery, but I always look for the comments which show a real 'heart-interest,' and then I thank the writers with all my heart."

It was not until I was far away from the bungalow that I remembered I hadn't asked her her stage experience, birth date, and the usual queries. Perhaps it was because Louise Fazenda's wholesome originality forbids trite conversation in her presence; perhaps she enchanted me and made me forget all else but spun-gold hair, rose-bushes, and laughing eyes.

I have two pictures of her. One is a character pose, by a famous photographer, taken in the ridiculous costume she wore in "His Feathered Nest." She wears an ancient straw hat, pulled over on one ear; a suit of the mode affected in 1900; and a several-sizes-too-large pair of shoes, with half the buttons missing. She clutches two kittens and a dilapidated valise. Her expression is one of pained surprise at the world in general, at once laughable and a bit pathetic. It is her favorite "character-picture." And the other is a study in soft sepia of the *real* Louise: a charming young woman in the *dernier cri* of evening-gowns. Her golden hair is piled high; she is as *chic* and self-possessed as a second-season society girl, but the inevitable twinkle in her dark eyes betrays her genius for comedy. There are two Louise Fazendas —Actress and Woman.

Captain

By CYRUS



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EPISODES

"Captain Sunlight," who claims no country or no creed, is a notorious bandit whose raids from Old Mexico into Texas made him the terror of the border counties. Bill Warned, a wealthy ranchman, is his bitterest opponent. Captain Sunlight decides to teach him a lesson, crosses the border and abducts Janet Warned, Bill's young and beautiful sister. The bandit's horses go astray, and Janet is left in charge of two Mexicans. With a pocket-mirror she flashes signals for help, which are seen by Jack Conway, a neighboring rancher, who rides to the rescue and puts her abductor to rout.

A month later Janet is held up on a lonely road by a masked rider whom she recognizes as Captain Sunlight by his shock of curly blond hair. He insists on escorting her, and they take a short-cut along a precipitous trail. While his back is turned to her, Janet succeeds in getting the drop on Captain Sunlight and in disarming him. A rattlesnake suddenly appears on the narrow trail, and her terrified horse almost backs into the chasm below. Captain Sunlight succeeds in shooting the snake and in rescuing Janet from a terrible death by pulling her from her saddle the moment before her horse goes over the cliff. Janet refuses any longer to consider Captain Sunlight her prisoner. He asks her if she is heart-free, and without waiting for a definite answer tells her that he intends to marry her. Janet is torn between gratitude as well as admiration for the bandit's skill, and her terror of his evil deeds. She advises him to leave the country and to reform. Before Captain Sunlight can answer they are interrupted by the appearance of a body of horsemen.

Sunlight's Last Raid

TOWNSEND BRADY

Cast of characters in the play as produced by the Vitagraph Company:
Capt. Sunlight—Alfred Vosburgh
Janet Warned — Mary Anderson

The Third Episode

The Desperado That Was Not



He sprang up the steep cliff which overlooked the trail and, throwing himself down on his face, stared down the long descent at the figures some miles away. Then, bethinking himself, he descended to the trail, took a pair of small three-power glasses from the saddle-bag, and once more sought his vantage-point. One look satisfied him. He ran back to the girl.

"Miss Warned," he said, gravely, "it's all a mistake. I'm no more Captain Sunlight than you are."

"You'll be telling me there is no such person," laughed the girl, incredulously.

"On the contrary, there is, and he is coming up the trail."

"I've heard a great deal about the quick wit of Captain Sunlight, and again reputation has not belied him. Those people are honest men and my chance of rescue, I am sure. It is impossible that you should not be Captain Sunlight. You have admitted it half-a-dozen times."

"But listen. You accused me of being he, and for a jest I did not deny it."

"You expect me to believe that? Stand out of my way."

She gathered the reins up quickly and struck the horse sharply, but the stranger was ahead of her.

"You must allow me to decide this matter. A quarter of a mile down the trail there is a group of trees on a shelf of rock where the cañon wall bends inward. You will give me your word to hide in that clump of trees until those men have passed——"

"And give up my one chance of safety? Never!"

"You must not say that, because if you dont——"

"If I dont what?" "I shall have to rope you and gag you." "You wouldn't dare." "We are wasting time. They are coming up the trail. I tell you again I'm not that half-breed hound. It's your life and honor I'm working for now. Will you do as I say?"

"No."

She had no weapon but her riding-whip. Beside herself with indignation at what she believed his duplicity, she lifted that suddenly and struck him across the face, at the same time urging her horse forward. She was crazy to escape from him now that rescue was at hand. All her old fears had returned at his words, not one of which she believed for a moment. Between the blow and the leap of the horse he almost lost her.

"Enough of this," he said, roughly.

He reached up, caught her wrist, jerked the riding-whip from her, and then dragged her from the saddle. She screamed and struck at him furiously, but to no avail. He picked her up in his arms—she was not a large woman—and carried her struggling down the trail, calling for help until the walls of the cañon resounded with her shouts. "It is useless," he said, when fatigue compelled her to pause; "they haven't begun to get within sound of your voice. You're just wasting it for nothing. Will you give me your word to remain quiet where I put you until they have passed?"

"No," said the girl, resolutely. "If I would before, I wouldn't now. I dont care if you did save my life, after this insult I'll give you up to the first honest man I meet, and if you hadn't taken the whip from me I'd add another mark to that one."

She looked meaningly at the long, livid mark where the whip had fallen. He was not smiling now. His face looked very grim and stern and resolved. He was furiously angry, too, but he controlled himself well.

"You're a fool," he said, roughly. "I'm trying to save your life and your honor, and you act like this."

"Even if I believed you, I shouldn't allow you to treat me this way."

By this time they had reached the shelf in the cañon. The horse, well trained, had followed. He had set her down, still retaining an iron grasp upon her arm. He lifted his coiled lariat from the saddle-bow.

"You dont really mean to tie me up?"

"I certainly do," he answered, as he proceeded scientifically to rope her hand and foot so that she could not stir.

"And if I promise now," faltered the girl.

"I wouldn't believe you now. We've got to carry this thing thru my way."

"Well, I wouldn't promise, and if I did I wouldn't keep it."

"I didn't suppose you would under the circumstances," said the man, completing the scientific binding—"hog-tying" was the term he would have used had he been roping anything but so charming a lady.

"And if you put me back there in the bushes, when they come by I'll scream."

"I'll see to that," was the surprising answer.

He took her handkerchief from the pocket of her jacket.

"Open your mouth," he said.

For answer she shut it as tightly as she could lock her jaws together. The man stared at her, a flicker of amusement in his face again.

"If you dont unclose your jaws, I'll kiss you right now."

"You coward!" exclaimed the woman.

She had time for no other words, for he thrust the handkerchief in her mouth, effectively and completely gagging her.

"You'll thank me for this when you find out the truth," he said, in answer to her look of hate and indignation.

Then he picked her up very carefully and carried her far in toward the wall of the cañon and laid her down as comfortably as he could against the rocks behind a growth of trees and thick underbrush which completely hid her from every passer-by. Next he tethered his horse to one of the trees behind him and sat down on a huge boulder which commanded the trail both up and down. He took his Winchester from the saddle and laid it across his knee. He loosened his gun in its holster and waited. To the woman lying bound and helpless, mad with rage and consumed with fear, the wait seemed an hour. Even to the man himself it was a long time before a horse's head was poked around the jutting rock at the lower end of the trail. An instant later four men on horses appeared in plain view. The first one wore a mask.

The stranger, seated on the rock, raised his Winchester to the level of his hip, his hand on the trigger. He might have shot the first one, but if he had been killed in turn the bound girl would have died. He had to hold his fire.

"Gentlemen," he cried, before they saw him, "if you want to pass up the trail I have no objections, but if one of you makes a move for his gun, that will be his last move. You see I've got the drop on you."

The four men stopped. They made no effort to draw their revolvers which hung at their holsters or to lift their Winchesters from the saddle-flaps.

"You've got the drop on us right

enough, señor," said the foremost horseman, "and if you're as good a shot as you look to be you can kill one of us before the others get you."

"Your reasoning is absolutely flawless," said the stranger, pleasantly.

"Therefore," said the spokesman of the newcomers, "I propose a truce. We ride along the trail unharmed and unharming. In other words, you dont shoot us and we dont shoot you."

"I agree to that," said the man; "pass on."

"How do we know you wont shoot us in the back as soon as we pass you?"

"You'll have to take my word, gentlemen. I dont aim to shoot people in the back. I prefer to tackle them face to face. Of course, if you cant take my word, I'll open the ball now." He moved his rifle.

"When one gentleman meets another," said the first horseman, grandly, "it's a pleasure to pass the time of day with him. We take your word, señor."

"You do well."

"We'll ask you one question more. Are you a scout for any bunch of your friends up the trail?"

"I am not. So far as I know, I'm the only man on the trail."

"Well and good. We bid you good-morning and wish you happy days," said the horseman. "Meanwhile you may count it lucky for yourself that you got the drop on us, or if you hadn't"—he pointed over the cliff—"you'd have been down there by now."

"I saw you coming," said the man, "and made ready for you."

"Well, as we're in something of a hurry, we'll stop this interesting conversation and pass on."

"Which same is agreeable to me," said the stranger.

The horseman now cantered by the man, closely followed by his three companions. His movements were carefully followed by the stranger, who shifted his position slowly so that his Winchester constantly bore on the trio. The leader of the band, with carelessness real or affected, with courage natural or well simulated, did not look back, but the three Mexicans who followed him rode with their heads over their shoulders until they rounded the trail. Just before they passed out of sight the stranger called out:

"You'd better make tracks up the trail just as fast as your horses can go, for if you dont I'll fill you with lead from the top of the bluff yonder."

It was easy to ascend to the top of the bluff around which the horsemen disappeared, from the place where the stranger sat. He had marked that the other side was inaccessible from the trail. He listened to the footfalls of the horses. Assured that they had gone up the trail, he climbed up to the top of the bluff and, lying concealed on his face, discovered that the horsemen had stopped and were consulting together. He sent a bullet after them—a random shot to warn them, whereat they stood not on the order of their going, but galloped out of sight.

Satisfying himself that there was nothing to be apprehended from the fleeing survivors, the stranger scrambled down from the bluff, ran to the side of his captive, pulled out the gag, took off the lashings, smoothed the lady's dress and lifted her to her feet.

"I'll have you killed for this," cried the girl in passionate indignation as soon as she could speak.

"I could ask no better death than in defense of a woman's honor. But we must hurry."

"Do you still mean to go with me to the station?"

"I do. I said I would, and I always keep my word."

"If you think because you laid me under some indebtedness up yonder on the pass I wont keep mine, which is to give you up to the first man I meet, you're mistaken."

"I shall have to stand the consequences of my action."

"You've treated me abominably. I might have been free of your presence by now. You tied me like an animal and gagged me. You—you threatened to kiss me."

"When I think of my opportunities, I am amazed at my moderation."

"I'm glad I marked you. You'll carry that red mark many a day."

"You've made a deeper mark in my heart," was the quick reply. "But let us press on."

"The faster the better," said the woman, urging the horse recklessly down the trail.

The worst of the descent had been accomplished. The way grew better. Turning suddenly around a group of trees, the valley came into view. Half a mile away a body of horsemen, forty or fifty in number, was rapidly cantering toward the mouth of the pass. The woman stopped.

"You can scarcely hide me from these," she said, triumphantly.

"No," said the man, gravely, "not from these."

"You'll admit the game is up, then?"

"I guess it is."

"No harm has come to me from the adventure," said Miss Warned, suddenly, as she swung herself from the saddle, "and you did save my life at the risk of your own. I cant give you up. Go while there is time."

The man shook his head.

"I swore I would see you to the station, and I shall do it if those men will let me. You see, I'm so in love with you I cant bear to leave you. I was a fool not to take that kiss."

"You are doubly a fool to remind me of it now," said the girl, her face flaming. "You deserve all the punishment you get. I was weak to think for a moment of letting you escape." She lifted her voice and cried loudly, "Help, help!"

"You needn't do that," said the man; "they'll be here just about as soon as if you hadn't done that."

But it did have some effect, for the riders quickened their pace, and presently the foremost drew rein in front of the pair. He stopped and stared, too surprised for words apparently, and in the next few seconds the whole posse gathered about. Addressing herself to the oldest man, who rode to the front, the woman burst out:

"I am Janet Warned, Mr. William Warned's sister."

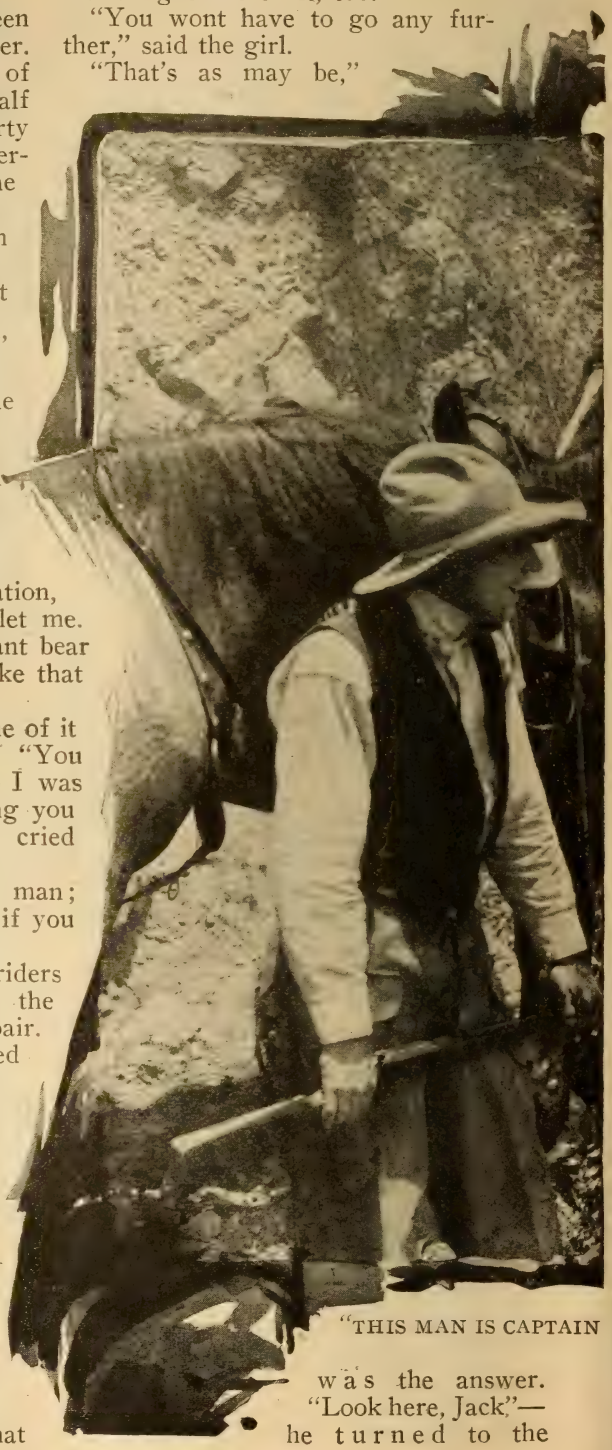
"Pleased to meet you, miss."

"This man"—she pointed to the stranger—"is Captain Sunlight. He captured me and grievously insulted me up the pass. I leave him in your hands."

"Well, we're out on the trail of that same Cap'n Sunlight," said the old man, who was indeed leader of the posse, "an' we're right hot on it, too."

"You wont have to go any further," said the girl.

"That's as may be,"



"THIS MAN IS CAPTAIN

was the answer. "Look here, Jack,"—he turned to the



SUNLIGHT—I LEAVE HIM IN YOUR HANDS"

stranger—"it aint like you, I'll admit, but Miss Warned's charge comes pretty straight. She says you've been insultin' her. We cant allow no friendship for you to excuse that sort of treatment. Of course we all knows you aint Cap'n Sunlight. Tell us jest what he done to you, miss, an' we'll see that he's punished good an' proper."

"Not Captain Sunlight!" exclaimed the girl, a red wave of surprise and shame spreading over her. "Who are you, then?"

"Why, he's Jack Conway, the owner of the 'Dot-Arrow' ranch jinin' onto your brother's. He's been away for the last month up in Montana. He may have larnt some bad habits there, but afore he went away he was as clean a man as ranges the border. What you been a-doin' to this gal, Conway?" asked the old man, sternly.

"You must ask her," answered the man, imperturbably.

"And you are not Captain Sunlight?" repeated the girl.

"I haven't that honor."

"Are you my brother William's friend?"

"He and I were classmates at the State University."

"Miss, if you'd please formulate your accusation agin Mr. Conway we'd be obliged to you. We've got pressin' business on our hands. It's know'd that Cap'n Sunlight rode up this trail an' we've got to git him."

"It's all a mistake," faltered the girl, her crimson flush leaving her quite pale. "Mr. Conway saved my life on the trail, and for the second time he saved me from falling into the hands of—was that Captain Sunlight?"

"Have you seed him?" cried the man.

"Yes," answered Conway; "he's got about an hour's start on you."

"How many men did he have with him?"

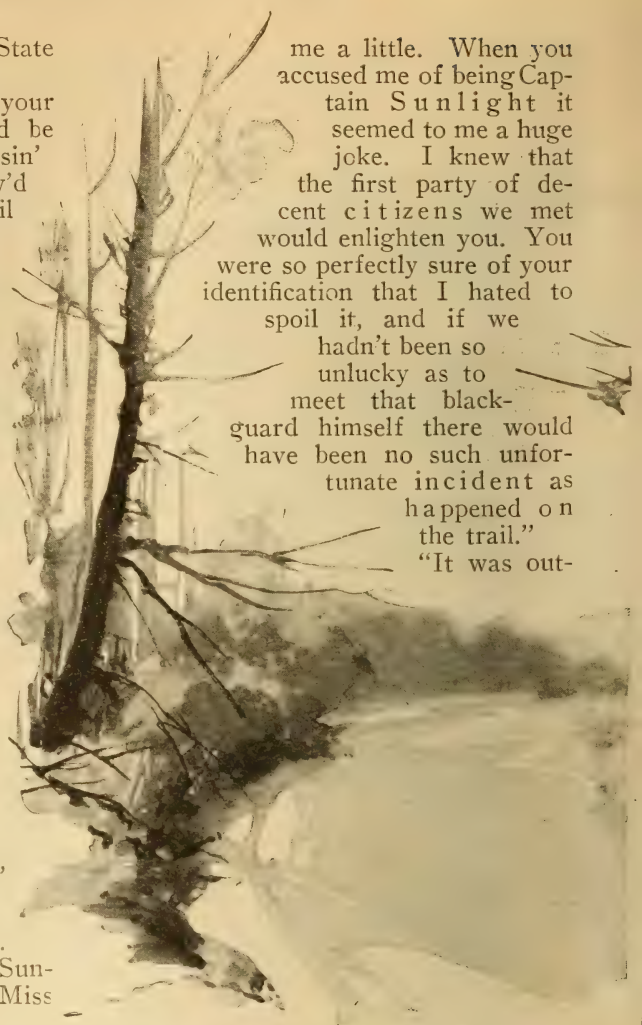
"Three."

"We'll hear the rest of the story after we gits him. Come on, men. Give Jack one of our spare ponies. Wont you join us?"

"I should like to, but I said I would see Miss Warned to the station," answered Conway, gravely. "I'll follow you later."

"Where'd you git that mark, Jack?" asked one of the posse, pointing to the livid red line across his face, as the men rode up the trail.

"I think that's due to Captain Sunlight," answered Conway. "Come, Miss Warned."



They waited a few moments until the posse departed and then remounted the horses.

"Mr. Conway, I suppose it was the loss of your beard that misled me. I never suspected the truth for a moment, and yet I might have done so," said the woman as they rode side by side.

"I never wear a beard except on the ranch," answered the man.

"It was his blond hair like yours. I saw it when you shot his hat off, and I never really had a good look at you. I was so faint that morning. How can you ever forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive, Miss Warned," laughed Conway. "I have never spent such a delightful morning in my life. But my conscience does hurt me a little. When you accused me of being Captain Sunlight it seemed to me a huge joke. I knew that the first party of decent citizens we met would enlighten you. You were so perfectly sure of your identification that I hated to spoil it, and if we hadn't been so unlucky as to meet that blackguard himself there would have been no such unfortunate incident as happened on the trail."

"It was outrageous for you to tie me up in that way. If you had only explained I would have been glad to have kept silent," said Miss Warned, reproachfully. With all a woman's intuition she understood now that at the sight of her Captain Sunlight would never have passed on. "For my life and honor I should have been silent," she added, illogically.

"I did try to explain, but I lost my temper after—after——"

"After I struck you?"

"Yes."

"And you wouldn't take my word, and——"

He was wise enough not to point out the fact that she had flatly refused to give it and that she had also declared her intention of not keeping it if she did, and

she was grateful to him for the consideration.

"Well," she said, at last, "the honors are even. If you tied me I branded you."

"No," said the man, "the advantage is with me. After being untied you were free; I remain branded.

ghost of a smile on her young face, and then looked away.

"I've often heard Bill talk about his little sister," Conway continued. "I have seen your pictures from the time you were in short frocks up to today. I had to go to Montana. Some very important business deals depended on my presence, but I declare if I had known you were to be at the 'Dot-Star' ranch I



"BY THE LAWS OF THE RANGE, I BELONG TO YOU"

By the laws of the range, I belong to you."

The woman looked at him swiftly, the

would have thrown them into the discard, for I had made up my mind to fall in love with you and ask you to be my wife.

I recognized you at once when I met you on the trail, and that made me all the more keen in my purpose. You're going to marry me when we get to the station, aren't you?"

"Certainly not. Didn't I tell you I was going to meet my fiancé, who is passing on the train."

"Fiancés often pass in the life of girls, I have heard. You're only partly engaged to him by your own confession, and that isn't much. I'll ride down the platform with you. Size us up and choose between us."

"Of all the assurance!"

"I've got one advantage over him," said Conway.

"What's that—because you saved my life?"

"I'm not thinking about that."

"Well, what then?"

"Your brand. I belong to you. You cant repudiate that."

"Do you mean"—the horses were very close together now; she put her hand out and accidentally touched his cheek—"that?"

"That's the outward and visible evidence of it, perhaps," said Conway, "but your brand goes deeper. It's here."

Audaciously he put his arm around her and drew her close to his heart, and before she could prevent; he kist her fairly on the lips. It was quick, bold wooing, but she found it strangely pleasant.

"We're not at the station yet," she said, swerving her horse away, but softening her words by smiling upon him. The next minute she put the spurs to her horse and galloped ahead. "We shall be late for the train," she cried.

After a mad race across the prairie and thru the streets of the little town, they drew up at the platform just as the train pulled in. It was only a way-station. The train stopped only a moment for the mail and a few passengers. From the platform of the sleeper sprang a vigorous, alert, capable-looking young man. He ran over toward the two, who still sat on their horses.

"Janet," he said, "it's good to see you, if just for a minute. Bend over and kiss me."

"Why, George Twitchell! Before all these people?" said Janet, evasively.

"Oh, well, I suppose not. Who's this?"

"This is the desperado that was not," answered the girl.

"I dont understand," said the man, turning reluctantly away as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

And then, as the unwilling passenger boarded the car and turned for a last look, she cried out to him, quite careless as to who might hear:

"This is the man I'm going to marry!"

Young Twitchell almost fell off the steps at that, for the delighted Conway, equally careless as to who might see, slipped his arm around the girl's waist and with the other hand took off his big Stetson and waved it joyfully after the departing train.

(*To be continued in the January number*)

A Soliloquy

By BURWELL HAMRICK

LET US CONSIDER the movie
ACTOR ON A HOT day.
HE PERSPIRETH much and
EVEN MORE MUCH than that
HIS LABORS ARE twice what
THEY ARE ON A cool day.
THE SUN RISES early and
HEATS UP THE lot.
THE LOCATION bus is ready,
TOO, AND BY 8 A. M. is headed
FOR A STILL hotter place.
BY NOON THE grease paint
THAT WAS, IS no longer.
AND VERILY THE actor ap-
PLIES MORE many times.
THE SCRIPT DOES not call
FOR RECLINING in an easy
CHAIR IN THE shade of an
OAK, BUT INSTEAD we must
ALL DO THE fairbanks stuff
RIGHT OUT IN boiling sun.
NEXT WINTER WE will be
ALLOWED TO JUMP into the
ICY ARROYO AND stay there
UNTIL THE HERO has made up
HIS MIND TO rescue us.
THE QUESTION now is, Who
WILL BE THE hero and make
THE DIRECTOR do winter
STUFF IN THE summer time?
ALAS! WE KNOW it cant be
DONE. SO WE movie actors
MUST SUFFER THAT you may
BE MADE happy.

The Limerick Thrift-Fund—It's Yours!

Put a Limerick in the Bank and Draw on It When the Lilacs on Your Dome Begin to Shed



MYRTLE GONZALEZ

"VENUS" GONZALEZ AT THE BATH.

You cant help but love her, by gollies!
She's full of the "pep" as tamales!
A form à la Venus—
I'll tell you, between us,
There's no one like Myrtle Gonzalez!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

A CLOSE-UP WITH WILLUM!

A GIRLIE once said, "William Hart
Shows no 'pep' when he plays a love part."
But no doubt if she
Were hugged by him—Gee!
She'd think him a "bear" at the art.

FRED ZIEMER.
111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THERE was once a Blue Jay who thought he had discovered a Knothole in a tree where he could store his winter's supply of Acorns. The truth of the matter was that the simple Jay had discovered only a Hole in the roof of a House. After he had flown hither and thither several thousand times, each time depositing a luscious Acorn in the hole, he began to wonder why it didn't fill up. After a while the Jay got mad and swore that he would fill the Hole chock full of Acorns if it took him all summer. He worked desperately, even after all the other Jays had hit the hay. Still the Hole would not fill up. He made over a million trips, and his wings fairly ached. One day another Blue Jay met him on the desolate roof-tree and asked him why he looked so Cussed Mean. And then the Jay explained how he couldn't seem to fill up that Knothole. "Why, you silly *Cyanurus Cristatus,*" remarked his neighbor, "why dont you fly lower? You are trying to fill an Empty House." It is needless to say that the Jay gave up in disgust and starved to Death that winter.

Dont be a Jay! There are Poet Laureates, Poets, Poetasters, Versifiers, Rhymesters and Jinglers. Dont fly too high nor mistake a Huge Empty House for a Cozy Nest. To write a Limerick you need only summon up Old Enthusiasm and turn on your Think-tap. The Words will flow like Water! And should your Limerick reach the Printed Page, in years to come when spectacles and cane are constant reminders of your lost vigor, you will draw the folded clipping from its resting place and read it gleefully to your Children's Children. It's the thrift-fund saved from your then Cobwebby Mental Attic.

For the best jingling nest egg about photoplays or players we award each month a $5 Acorn; for the second best a nice $2 Worm, and three little $1 Blueberries for the next best. Be a careful Jay and get one! This month's prizes go to Hazel M. Hutchinson, Eva Lee Mitchell, Frederick Wallace, Harry J. Smalley, and Fred Ziemer.



CHARLOTTE BURTON

GIVE HER A JURY OF MEN!

A GUY went to see Charlotte Burton,
Who was "vamping" that night on the curton.
Said he, "She is sly,
But I hope I may die
If I dont like her system of flurton!"

FREDERICK WALLACE.
Bristol, Conn.



MARGUERITE CLARK

CRUEL, MARGUERITE CLARK—CRUEL!

A YOUNG fellow once started to write
All the nice words that fitted her quite;
But he died of old age
On the ten-millionth page
After writing for years day and night!

HARRY J. SMALLEY.
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

TOOTHSOME MAE MARSH-MALLOW.

MAE MARSH is so cute and so quaint,
In the wide land of Filmdom there aint
A "creetur" that's sweeter
Or neater or fleeter
Than this bad little, glad little saint!

EVA LEE MITCHELL.
Heber Springs, Ark.

A LOUISE HUFF(Y) PUFF.

SHE's sweeter than sweet-apple duff
(Yet nobody gives her a puff);
'Tis nothing but treason
When "There's *Such* a Reason"
For puffs for adorable Huff!

HAZEL M. HUTCHINSON.
Old Orchard, Maine.



HARRY CAREY

SHESA THEDA BARA, BOYS!

NOW, why should the women blame Theda
For every homebreaking deed-a?
The men, when all's said,
Fairly ached to be led
From the very first moment they seed-a!

FREDERICK WALLACE.
Bristol, Conn.

HARRY CAREY.

SAID Carey, "It's proper, I ween,
To err when you're tender and green;
But, as women and wine
Are quite out of my line,
I sow my wild oats on the screen."

FREDERICK WALLACE.
Bristol, Conn.





LARRY SEMON, COMEDY DIRECTOR, WRITER AND STAR, RECOMMENDS GARLIC AS AN ANTIDOTE TO THE H. C. OF L. TO CORINNE GRIFFITH. BUT CORINNE SAYS THAT THE FLAVORY "FRUIT" IS ALSO AN ANTIDOTE TO POPULARITY, AND BESIDES, THERE IS NO SENSE IN EATING GARLIC WHEN DISINFECTANTS ARE SO HIGH

Married Three Hundred Times

GRACE DARMOND, the young leading film star, boasts in her brief twenty years of having been a bride on three hundred different occasions and still doesn't like the sensation of walking to the altar. True, Miss Darmond's three hundred experiences have been in front of a Motion Picture camera, and at present there is a prospect that she will continue on her way as a blushing bride, at least in the movies, for a little time to come. She has confessed, however, that if the real big moment did arrive for her to walk to the altar in reality, she would experience the worst form of stage-fright in spite of her numerous rehearsals.

At present she is the star of a seven-reel photodrama in the making, which is entitled "When Duty Calls," and in it she is a heart-stricken young bride and mother, whose husband has answered the call of his country. The production is under the direction of Capt. Harry Lambart, one of the heroes of the Boer war, whose brother, Ernest Lambart, one of the former lights of the Broadway stage, has won the utmost distinction with the British army in France.

"When Duty Calls" is not a war picture in the sense that the audience is thrilled by the sight of marching soldiers and the usual scenes which accompany





© Smith Gardner

By
E. M. HEINEMANN

Miss Darmond, who is a Canadian by birth, is greatly interested in Red Cross work, and "When Duty Calls" gives her ample opportunities in which to make telling appeals to her audiences by her fine acting in favor of the great and humane movement.

This young star, probably the youngest leading-woman in the film firmament, occupied the stellar rôle in Pathé's thrilling serial, "The Shielding Shadow," which is shortly to be seen in New York at one of the leading Broadway theaters. It was Miss Darmond's brilliant work in this picture, after it had been seen at a private view, which caused Sanger & Jordan to immediately offer her a contract as leading-woman in "When Duty Calls" and several other pictures they contemplate producing.

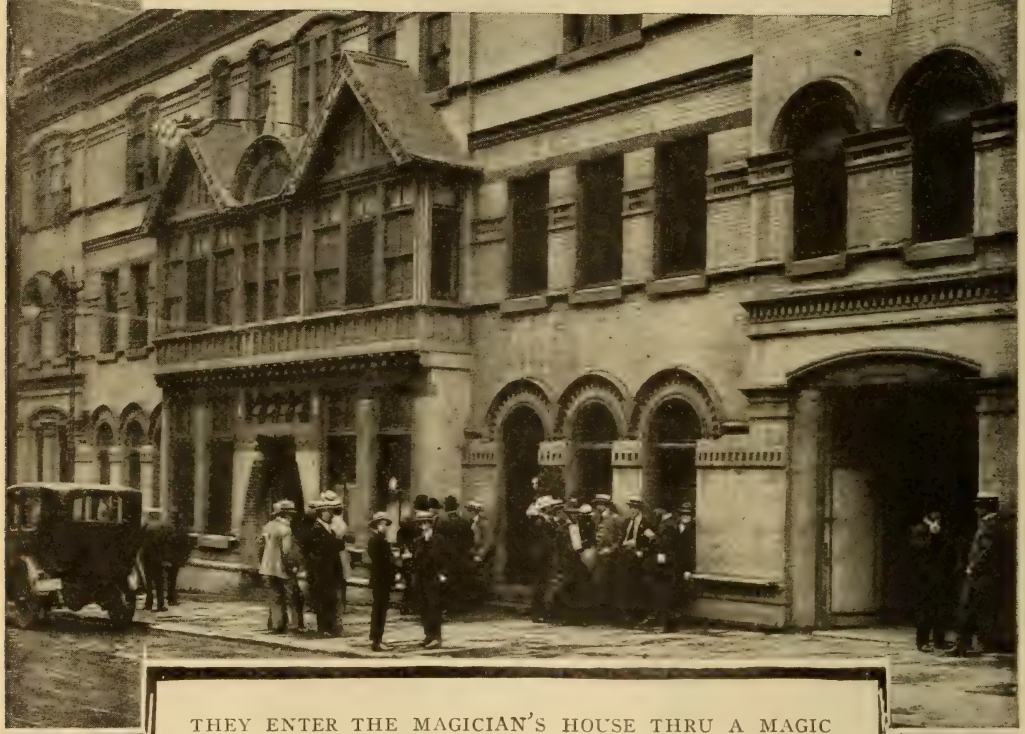
Tho so very young, this young favorite can boast of ten years' experience on the stage, making her début as a child in the title rôle of "Editha's Burglar"—a play that was very popular with both children and grown-ups. After a year she settled down to "grow up" in stock, playing every variety of rôle, receiving training that has been invaluable to her in her picture work. She is most enthusiastic about pictures, and confesses that in all points—physical, mental and histrionic—they appeal to her much more than the work of the theatrical stage.

a film of this class, but it is a photodrama which will appeal to every mother in the country who has a son of draft age and is willing to send him to the front with a mother's blessing.

GRACE DARMOND IN "WHEN DUTY CALLS"

The Enchanted Threshold

By ELEANOR BREWSTER



THEY ENTER THE MAGICIAN'S HOUSE THRU A MAGIC DOORWAY THAT TURNS TOPSY-TURVY ALL THE VERITIES OF LIFE (FAMOUS PLAYERS STUDIO, NEW YORK)

ONCE upon a time there lived a great magician. His house was built upon the hill where the sun shone brightest and the clouds were fewest. He was a good magician, whose greatest aim in life was to make people happy. To this end he worked all day long in the bright sunshine and late into the night under the superheated lights supplied by his vassals, Klieg and Cooper.

The door to the magician's house is an enchanted threshold. Thru its portals the wizard's children pass—beautiful women in ermine and sable, careworn women in shawls and worn shoes, pretty kiddies in dainty dimity, pinch-faced kiddies with holes in stockings, stalwart men like fashion-plates, wan-faced men with unshaved beards—children of the magician, summoned by him for the pleasure of the world.

Out of its gateway they come forth again—care-worn women in ermine and sable, beautiful women in shawls and worn shoes, pinch-faced kiddies in dainty dimity, pretty kiddies with holes in stockings, wan-faced men like fashion-plates, stalwart men with unshaved beards. What magic is here? The wizard has been at work.

The magician of once upon a time is at work today, harder than ever. He has built his wonder-houses on the hills of the Hudson and in the sun of the golden West, in the streets of busy cities and wherever the fancy takes him. One of his magic thresholds is near the corner of Vine and Selma streets, in Hollywood, California. Here may be seen some of the strange metamorphoses of those who pass within its shadows.

If you stand on Selma Street and watch the working of the magic doorway, you must take your station early in the morning. A big red limousine



THE TINSELED EXTRA PEOPLE SNEER AT THE POOR SLAVE, PAULINE FREDERICK, IN "THE SLAVE-MARKET"



JULIAN ELTINGE

speeds down Vine Street, turns and stops in front of the doorway. A liveried footman steps down and swings open the limousine door. A maid alights, laden down with bags and wraps. Then a beautifully gowned young woman steps forth and passes thru the magic threshold as the limousine rolls away.

A touring-car appears in its place with another maid, more bags and wraps, and a beautiful girl in white duck skirt, black velvet coat, velvet tam, ermine fur-piece and sport shoes, glances back at you with a smile as she passes the wizard's gateway. The touring-car is not out of sight before a little red runabout dashes up. Out jumps a natty youth, in well-fitting clothes, the last word in masculine fashions. Another car and another man, tall, handsome, smiling, dressed in white flannels and Norfolk golf-coat. And so thru the morning they pass into the wonder doorway, followed by men and women on foot, who arrive from time to time, most of them shabbily dressed, none with furs or wrist-watches or walking-sticks—the "extra" men and women, coming from all walks of life, from their one-room flats and their boarding-houses, called by the magician to make a movie holiday.

And as you continue to stand with your eyes on the magic threshold, you see the legerdemain the wizard has wrought. This slave-girl with flowing veil and downcast eyes is our lady of the limousine. She is followed by the man

who wore the face of that big bruiser in overalls whom we saw enter the magic threshold only a few minutes ago. But what a change! He who came from the dingy street is now resplendent in feathered cap, a brace of pistols, gorgeous sashes and tasseled ribbons, while in his hand he carries a whip to make the slave-girl quail. Our lady of the limousine who entered the doorway from her splendrous apartment in the city now appears before us a slave under the lash of the big extra man. Movie characters know only "cast," not "caste."

And our little girl of the sport-coat and ermine! Can this be she stepping from the doorway in overalls, sneakers and a ragged shirt? Our natty youth with the well-fitting clothes we now see with tousled hair, clumpy shoes, dirty coat and trousers too short, ready to look with awe on the gorgeous officers in uniform who only a moment before went into the magician's doorway a motley crew of unkempt extras.

It is a life of strange contrasts, this Motion Picture game. While the stars in their beautifully decorated dressing-rooms have transformed themselves into women of the slums, jail-birds or ragamuffins, the extra men and women in their huge, bare dressing-room have been donning raiment a thousand times as costly. As Vivian Martin puts on overalls in her chintz-hung boudoir, the extra girl who is to snub her is donning a beautiful evening-gown. Vivian entered the enchanted threshold from the step of a touring-car and the extra girl came on foot from her boarding-house, but, oh! what a difference in the Motion Pictures!

More contrasts: while the extra people are slowly arraying themselves in their finery the stars are hard at work on the stage, under the lash of a director anxious to get to the scenes where the extras may be used.

So the stars who came in limousines are whipped and badgered and beaten and cuffed and jeered at and jibed all day by the folk who hoofed it from their boarding-houses.

The tam-o'-shanter Vivian may be thrown out of her movie tenement by



VIVIAN MARTIN

FANNIE WARD



JACK PICKFORD AND FRANK LOSEE WERE DAPPER MEN OF THE WORLD WHEN THEY PASSED THE MAGIC THRESHOLD. LOOK AT THEM NOW UNDER THE DOMINEERING INFLUENCE OF THE GORGEOUS EXTRA MEN. LOSEE IS THE CONVICT AND PICKFORD IS PIP IN "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"

the deep-dyed villains of Wall Street, who have crossed the enchanted threshold with only a "sinker" and a cup of coffee for breakfast. The pirates bold may bid thousands of doubloons for the poor slave, Pauline Frederick, at the post, as they earn their few dollars a day. The huskies from the tough quarter may pursue, in gold braid and helmets, the unfortunate convict, Frank Losee, and his protégé, Jack Pickford, who, before they entered the enchanted doorway, amounted to something in the world.

Almost every day a long, low, rakish-looking automobile stops at one of the magic thresholds in Hollywood, Cal. From it steps a tall, well-built young man, surely one whom the gods love, so handsome, assured and full of the joy of living is he.

When the film wizard waves his magic wand is he always kind to Wallace Reid, one of the best-known and best-loved leading-men before the camera today? Is he always seen in evening-dress which so well becomes him and in rôles which speak well for his athletic prowess in college days?

LOUISE HUFF

Not always. In "The Hos-



WALLACE REID IN "THE HOSTAGE" (PARAMOUNT)

tage," a vibrant, pulsing story of "over there," we see him in a most exacting rôle—shamed, tortured, beaten—but his good looks, physical prowess and innate manliness stand him in good stead; the great magician is kind, and the story ends in a blaze of glory that makes the grim profession of war take on a sunnier sky.

He does a wondrous magic work, this wizard, "Moving Pictures," and at turning lives topsy-turvy he has no equal in the world.

Elegy Written in a Moving Picture House

(With congratulations to Thomas Gray)

By ELTON JOHNSON

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The crowds do haste the Picture Play to see;
The lights go out, on screen there shines the ray,
And leaves the house to darkness and to me.
Now shine the flick'ring pictures on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the organ peals to lofty height,
And calloused hand o'er dainty fingers folds.
The tears of poverty, the pomp of pow'r,
And all the joy 'twixt maid and lover brave,
Despite the growing lateness of the hour,
Delight us still and e'en for more we crave.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
We sit entranced and never wish to stray—
For on the flick'ring silver sheet is life:
We fain would stay and gaze till break of day.
But who to pleasure can be left alway?
The picture o'er, we part with look resigned,
And lacking car-fare, plod our weary way,
While casting longing, ling'ring looks behind.



By "THE STROLLER"

THE writer recently had several talks with Elsie Ferguson in her Fort Lee studio while she was working on her first two pictures, "Barbary Sheep" and "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." A salary of about $5,000 a week was necessary to lure her into Motion Picture work.

Miss Ferguson says she likes any kind of dramatic work except "vampiring." She admits that love and passion are essential to the drama, but thinks that the lure of those feelings should be subtle and unobtrusive. The men must not know they are being worked, nor should it be done so boldly as heretofore.

Miss Ferguson is brilliant in conversation and charming in every way. She was married in June, 1916, to a New York banker, Thomas B. Clarke. While she is a "settled" and contented married woman, she does not expect to give up her art. Her only religious creed is the Golden Rule. She says she is an ardent suffragist, but not a militant, as she hates war and cruelty of all kinds. She often stops her car to protect some poor horse that is being beaten. She is fond of animals and has a fine Persian cat that is *persona non grata* to Friend Husband. She resides on Park Avenue, New York City.

Talking to Pauline Frederick in her studio at 128 West Fifty-sixth Street was a real treat. Fifty million fans know her wondrous beauty of face and figure. The real girl is more lovely than her screen shadow. As she was wearing a huge diamond solitaire, I charged her with being engaged. She blushingly pleaded guilty, and said it would be her last offense. The lucky man is Willard Mack. She said they would be married in Washington on September 24th.

Miss Frederick does not like so many serious stories. She wants to play in comedy. She considers character work more difficult than straight acting. She is very jolly. She loves babies and dogs, and has several of them (dogs, not babies!).

I asked her whether she actually *felt* the emotions shown in her face on the screen, and whether the tears were real, or only glycerine put on by the director. She said the feeling and the tears were always genuine. Some say they must think of something sad in their own lives before they can shed tears.

Miss Frederick has a secretary, a maid and a chauffeur in attendance. Her salary is considered to be about $3,000 a week. Her home is on Park Avenue, New York, but she has just bought a ten-acre country place. Her mother is her business manager. Mother and daughter are equally beautiful.

Miss Frederick does not object to woman suffrage, but has not had time to think much about it.

Height, 5 feet 4 inches; weight, 135 pounds; brown hair and blue eyes that you can never forget.

Billie Burke was found in the Famous Players studio while working on the picture "Arms and the Woman." Her real name is Ethel Burke, and she is married to Florenz Ziegfeld. She says her baby "Patricia" has six teeth. The baby might have been named Florence or Billie after either papa or mamma without indicating whether it was a boy or a girl!

Miss Burke was born in 1886 at 1012 Twelfth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

She says she did not like "Gloria's Romance." She says it was nothing but opening doors and going in and out. But she admits it was that serial that made her so widely known.

Miss Burke can wear beautiful clothes

to as much advantage as any one. Thomas Meighan is her leading-man at present.

Having been introduced to Marguerite Clark by her director, Mr. Dawley, I found her to be the same dainty, smiling, childlike elf that she is on the screen. She is popular in the studio, for every hot day she treats everybody to ice-cream. As there are very many people working in a studio, this makes a little dent in her $2,000 weekly salary. She says she loves dogs and other animals.

She says she is well satisfied with screen work, and there is little chance for her to return to the stage any time soon.

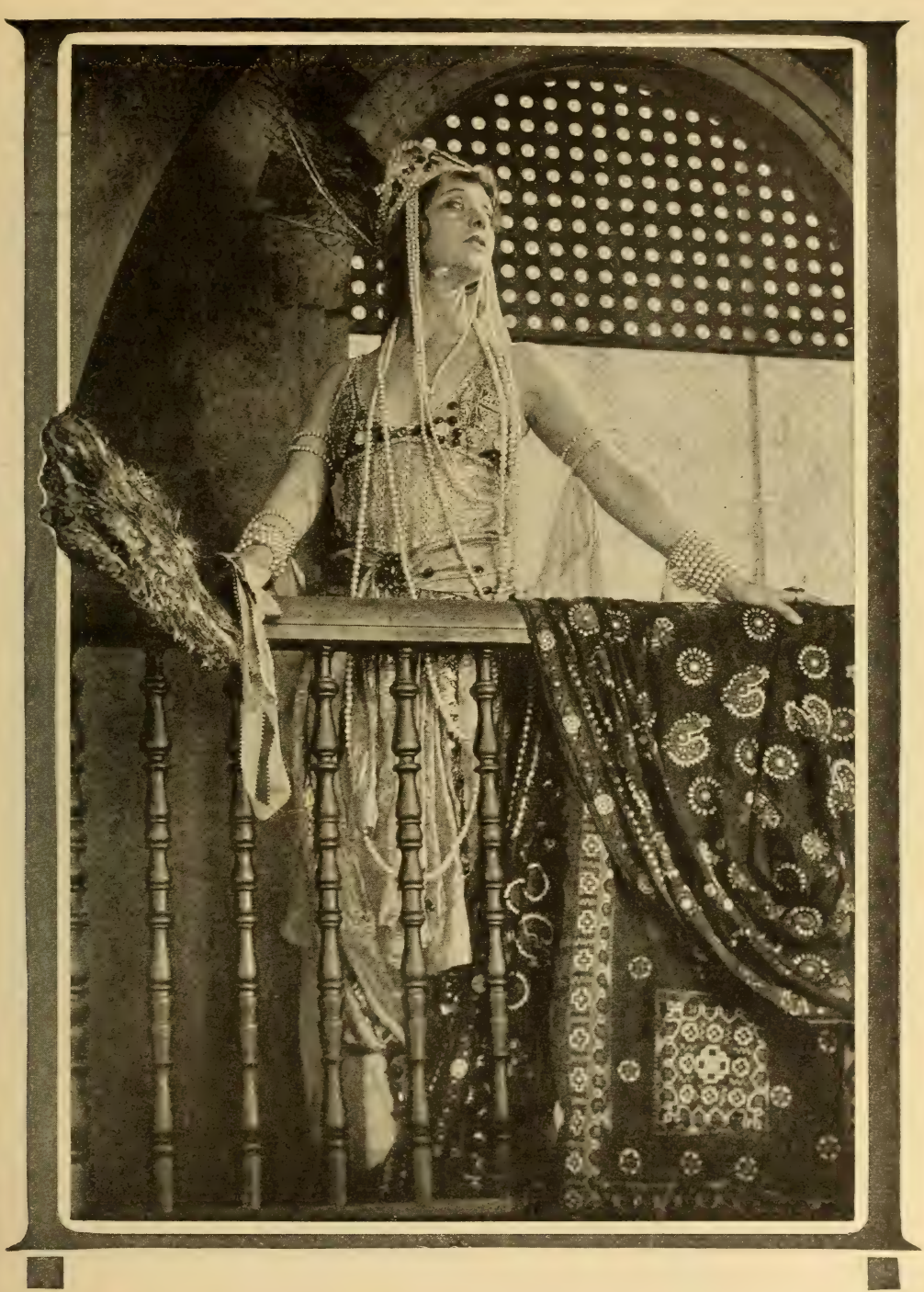
Harry Lee (whose family put the Lee into Fort Lee) assisted Mr. Dawley in arranging the scenes for "Snow White," near Savannah, Georgia. The forest scenes were the real thing; but the interiors were done in New York.

Miss Clark has never been married. She was well named "Miss George Washington" in a recent play, for she was born on Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 1887, in Cincinnati. Height, 4 feet 10 inches; weight, 91 pounds; reddish-brown hair, hazel eyes. Residence, 50 Central Park West.



ELSIE FERGUSON, ARTCRAFT'S NEWEST RECRUIT, GETS HER INITIAL LESSONS IN FILM TECHNIQUE FROM GEORGE M. COHAN, WHO IS AT PRESENT APPEARING IN HIS SECOND MOTION PICTURE, "SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE." MISS FERGUSON WILL SHORTLY FINISH ACTIVITIES ON HER SECOND PHOTOPLAY, "THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING"

I learnt at the Fox studio that June Caprice was working in the Dutch picture-village near Coytesville. The management sent me there in an automobile. It was near here that I first met Griffith and Mary Pickford in 1912. I spent most of the day with June Caprice and Harry Hilliard, her leading-man. June is an unaffected child recently out of



ELSIE FERGUSON, THE LATEST OF THE SPEAKING-STAGE'S NOTABLES TO HEED THE CALL OF THE CINEMA, AS SHE APPEARED WHEN SHE MADE HER APPEAL IN "BARBARY SHEEP," FROM THE PEN OF ROBERT HICHENS

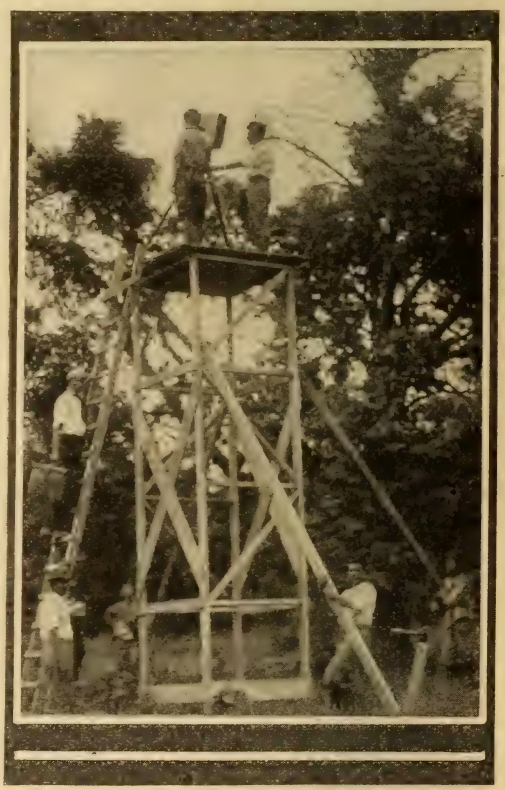


GEORGE WALSH AND THE REAR HALF OF HIS ST. BERNARD. WHEN GEORGE HASN'T ANYTHING TO DO AROUND THE STUDIO HE SLIPS AWAY FROM HIS DIRECTOR AND TAKES PLEASURE IN WASHING HIS BIG ST. BERNARD DOG, BUT ONLY THE REAR HALF IS SHOWN IN THE PICTURE

school. Many think her very much like Mary Pickford. She has never been married, nor engaged, nor even in love, so she says. She has never been on the professional stage, tho erroneously so reported. In the Dutch picture a very intelligent collie-dog appears in many of the scenes.

June was arrested on the false charge of stealing the mortgage that the wicked old gentleman (Dan Mason) was misusing to her disadvantage. The dog was trying to rescue her. This scene, with many extra people and much excitement, had to be done many times to get it exactly right. Harry Millarde, directing and shouting to the people, and H. S. Gatchell (owner of the smart dog) shouting orders to the dog, made a most lively scene, occupying nearly an hour in the taking. This dog understands several hundred words—knows them better than the "extra" people. June, as the little Dutch girl with wooden shoes and without any stockings, was very sweet-looking. She really does lead the simple life—plenty of sleep and no cigarets, cabarets, wine, etc. Her real name is Betty Lawson. She is from Boston, but does not look at all like a typical bean-eater. She was born in 1899; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 110 pounds; brown hair and blue eyes. She wore a blonde wig in the Dutch picture.

At the World studio June Elvidge is the opposite of the other June (Caprice).



WESLEY RUGGLES DIRECTING A BATTLE SCENE WHICH IS INCIDENTAL TO GREATER VITAGRAPH'S BLUE RIBBON FEATURE, "FOR FRANCE," STARRING EDWARD EARLE AND BETTY HOWE

Tall and imperious-looking, she says she is not suitable for ingénue work. She wants to be bad (in the play only) because her talent runs that way. Height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 140 pounds; not married.

Alice Brady tells me she is leaving World—not enough salary, anyhow. She prefers the stage and her music. You can hear her singing all over the studio. Miss Brady's dimples and smiles are as expansive and pleasant as ever. Not married. Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 130 pounds; hair and eyes dark; born 1892.

Jane Cowl, at the Goldwyn studio in Fort Lee, was found to be the busiest woman in picturedom. She was not only doing a big picture as the star, but was



PITY POOR LARRY SEMON, DIRECTOR OF VITAGRAPH'S "BIG V" COMEDIES:—HERE ARE ALICE JOYCE AND CORINNE GRIFFITH (WEARING A MUSTACHE TO DECEIVE YOU) MAKING HIS LIFE MISERABLE BY DEMANDING THAT THEY BE PERMITTED TO PLAY LEADING-LADIES IN HIS SLAPSTICK COMEDIES. BOTH THESE YOUNG LADIES ARE KNOWN AS SWEET HEROINES, BUT THE HEAT OR SOMETHING GOT TO THEM, AND THEY DECIDED TO ABANDON THEMSELVES TO ROUGH STUFF

working on a stage play written and managed by herself. This is her second picture, the first having been produced two years ago. She is married, and is an ardent suffragist. She says she would give every dollar she has to bring the world war to an end.

Marie Dressler was seen at the Goldwyn studio, where she is directing her



J. WARREN KERRIGAN AND THE KANGAROO SHOWN IN A FLASH IN HIS FIRST PARALTA PRODUCTION, "A MAN'S MAN"

own comedy company in her own original way. She told me that Keystone had made a satisfactory settlement with her. She says that Charlie Chaplin got his real start with her in 1914 in "Tillie's Punctured Romance." She was born in Canada on Nov. 9, 1871, and is married.

At the Edison studio (2826 Decatur Avenue) I found Shirley Mason, whose real name is Leonie Flugrath, one of three brilliant and charming sisters. The sisters are Edna Flugrath (Mrs. Shaw) and Viola Dana (Flugrath), who is Mrs. Collins. Shirley is not married yet. She was born in 1901. Height, 5 feet; weight, 95 pounds; brown hair, bluish-gray eyes.

Metro (3 W. 61st and 645 W. 43d St.) has a queer contract with Bushman and Bayne. They pay them so much for each picture as a partnership. The partners divide the money to suit themselves.

Emily Stevens is to be paid $75,000 for three pictures. One of these pictures is "The Slacker," in which Walter Miller is her leading-man. In real life Miller is no slacker. He told me his number, and says he will ask for no exemption if drawn, altho he is married.

Creating a Thrill for the Movie Fans

By ALBERT MARPLE

"WHAT next?"

This is what we instinctively ask when we see some unprecedented, thrilling or wonderful feat pictured upon the Motion Picture screen, and this is just what we said with regard to the thirty-five foot leap made recently by several Motion Picture actors in an automobile, out near Santa Barbara, California. It seems as tho almost anything is possible in Motion Pictures, for practically everything that is undertaken is accomplished. This "leap-the-gap stunt" was nothing so very wonderful for these movie actors, but was simply a part of the general run of "jobs" for the "thrill producers" of this particular company. These fellows get so used to taking chances that they seldom think of the danger, the thrill being the big and only thing.

During the past year the storm season in Southern California was unusually heavy, and, as a result, many of the bridges and trestles, along with many other fixtures, were washed out by the storm-water. This particular trestle was among those damaged in this manner. Shortly after this fixture was washed out, the movie company realized that right there was an excellent chance for a few "thrills," and it at once conceived the idea of sending a machine across the gap. The Motion Picture fellows generally get what they start out after, so, consequently, a date for the "performance" was set.

On the day set for the trial or test, the car, with its three occupants, was started along the roadway leading to the bridge, several hundred yards from it, and when once under way the machine gained momentum at every yard. By the time it had reached the rise located near the broken end of the bridge, the "'bus" was traveling at a speed of about fifty miles an hour and "singing nicely." After leaving the rise, the car soared thru the air like a bird, landing safely several feet beyond the embankment at the opposite side of the chasm. The jump made by



the machine was actually forty-seven feet. The trestle at this point is about forty feet in height. The car making this leap was a stock machine, and previous to the time of the jump had been driven three thousand miles in a passenger service.

The movie company was after realism, and, needless to say, it got just what it went out for.

The Great Portrayer

By VIRGIL O. JORDAN

A thousand poets sing to sunsets rare
That tinge the western gateway of the skies;
A thousand poets sing to golden hair
And wondrous beauty of a woman's eyes;
A thousand sing of woodland's luxurious charm,
Of emerald hues and organ-piping tunes;
Another thousand sing to the storm's alarm,
And thousands sing to flower-crested June.
But only few have thrummed the harp's fine strings
To chant the mellow depths of human cries;
Only few have touched the very heart of things
That mirror back the themes men idolize.
And who has set the prisoned soul so free
As Motion Pictures, revealed to you and me?

Good Things A-Coming for 1918

And the People Who Will Contribute Them



EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

MANY of the readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE have expressed a natural curiosity to know more about the writers and artists who have entertained them so admirably in past years, and we have concluded that, since the same talented people will continue to contribute for the year 1918, it is no more than right that our readers should at least have a glimpse of some of our famous writers and artists. Space forbids our giving a biography or even a sketch of each contributor, but their work speaks for itself. First comes the managing editor, Mr. Brewster. It was he who first designed and



EUGENE V. BREWSTER, MANAGING EDITOR

started the MAGAZINE, in co-operation with President J. Stuart Blackton, and his has been the guiding hand in selecting his staff and shaping the policy of the MAGAZINE from the very beginning. Elizabeth M. Heinemann was his first employee, and Lillian Conlon the second, altho these two have more to do with the business and administration part of the organization than with the



DOROTHY DONNELL

editorial, but both are writers as well as executives, being regular contributors, under various *noms de plume.* It must be admitted right here that several of our writers do not always use their own names, notably our famous Answer Man, and our readers will doubtless enjoy scanning these photos in search of our famous



LILLIAN MONTANYE



GLADYS HALL



MARTHA GROVES MC KELVIE



ROBERTA COURTLAND



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

old philosopher. Whether his picture is here or not we shall not say, because he is very modest and wishes to conceal his identity a while longer. Edwin M. La Roche is Mr. Brewster's first assistant editor and right-hand man. His work is well known to all our readers, but much of his writing is not always credited to him. The same may be said of Dorothy Donnell, Gladys Hall, and Robert J. Shores, because, you see, we have the Greenroom



FRITZI REMONT

Jottings, the Movie Gossip-Shop, Limericks, puzzles, photoplay reviews, verses, and various other departments, with no accredited authors. It takes a lot of people to make up a magazine. We might confess right here that Lillian Montanye and Lillian May are one and the same, that Roberta Courtland and Pearl Gaddis wear the same bonnets, and that Mr. La Roche and Peter Wade always



ROBERT J. SHORES



HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR



H. H. VAN LOAN



E. M. HEINEMANN

sleep in the same berth. Guy L. Harrington is, and always has been, the sales manager, as you all know, and Frank G. Barry is the advertising manager, while Mr. Edwards is one of our numerous artists. Speaking of artists, we would like to have included pictures of Argens, Meins, Watkins, and lots of other artists, particularly one of Frank Merritt, who is responsible for many of our most artistic designs, but there is not room for all, nor for many of our regular scribes. We, of course, found a place for Leo Sielke, Jr., whose wonderful cover paintings and other designs are known everywhere.

We are naturally very proud of our staff from top to bottom—nay, there is no bottom, because we are all one big, happy family and all on a level—and we believe that no other magazine can excel it in efficiency. These talented people will continue to entertain you, dear readers, for another year, and they will try their best to beat their record of past years. Most of these writers have been with us for over six years, and they certainly should be authorities by this time—and they certainly are. This magazine was the first in the field, and we are tempted to quote the hackneyed phrase, "We lead, others follow." We confidently promise great things to our readers for the year 1918, for we know that your magazine will be a veritable treasure-house of good things. And please dont forget that our staff promises a lot of pleasant surprises as well.



GUY L. HARRINGTON



FRANK G. BARRY



LILLIAN CONLON



GEORGE EDWARDS



LEO SIELKE, JR.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

WALLACE REID will cross the continent to do "The Source," a *Saturday Evening Post* story. The reason for his transference to Eastern studios and locations is because so much of "The Source" has its locale in the Maine woods.

When Director Harry Millarde was supervising the filming of "Miss U. S. A." he sought permission to include an entire battalion of United States troopers encamped near-by. Permission was readily granted, and when that regiment goes to Europe each man in it will have an autographed photograph of June Caprice, who appears in the film as Miss U. S. A.

"Over There," the France of the nineteenth century, has come to Fort Lee, N. J., where William Fox is filming Hugo's immortal "Les Miserables." William Farnum portrays Jean Valjean.



ALICE BRADY

Alice Brady, the popular World star and daughter of William A. Brady, has severed her connection with the World Company and is already at work in the Paragon studio at Fort Lee, N. J., for Select pictures. Her first presentation will be "Her Silent Sacrifice," from the stage play "The Red Mouse," by Henry W. J. Dam.

Viola Dana will soon be in California, where she will continue to appear in Metro plays under the double director system. Her first picture at the Pacific Coast studios will be "The Winding Trail," under William C. Dowlan. When the picture is completed he will cut and assemble it, and Miss Dana will at once begin work on "A Weaver of Dreams," under John H. Collins.

"Magda," "Shirley Kaye" and "The Marionettes" will be the only three pictures Clara Kimball Young will do in the East. Immediately after the holidays Miss Young will take her entire company to Porto Rico to film what, in her estimation, is to be her masterpiece—"The Savage Woman." After that, the company will proceed to California.

In "The Little Princess," a Frances Hodgson Burnett story, Mary Pickford will play a rôle remindful of the adventures of Oliver Twist in the famous Dickens story. Sara Crewe will be one of the most intimately human rôles which "America's Sweetheart" has yet portrayed for the screen.

Geraldine Farrar is working on a new picture. The nature of this play is not disclosed, but the title of the new production is "The Devil Stone."

When Julian Eltinge finishes a picture he throws his blond wig in a corner, chucks his luxurious feminine apparel in a closet and goes on a vacation. Keeping up with the styles is something of a strain, but the fair Julian wears his clothes mighty well.

Besides going to school every morning and working in pictures every afternoon, Bobby Connelly is taking the war situation very seriously. When the United States first declared war, Bobby hastened to join the Boy Scouts and later was active in the Liberty Bond campaign. His military liability has weighed heavily on his mind ever since.

Billie Burke will appear on Broadway in a new stage play, "The Recording Angel." Just one week previous she will appear on Broadway in a screen production of "The Arms and the Girl," a story of the German invasion of Belgium.

Cards have been received at the Essanay studio announcing the safe arrival "over there" of Max Linder, the famous French comedian.

Expansive "Fatty" Arbuckle, tho necessarily prodigal in matters of wardrobe, is the most economical of men in at least one respect—he never wears a waistcoat. Mr. Arbuckle has completed "Coney Island" and will make his next picture on the Coast.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and it will also bring the temperamental to terms. When the final love-scenes between Charles Ray and Vola Vale, in "The Son of His Father," were being filmed, Miss Vale tried, but could not put the proper amount of emphasis into her work. Director Schertzinger knew just what to do. He called for a violin and proceeded to play "Hearts and Flowers," putting all the sobs in it of which he was capable. The scenes were finished in a manner that left nothing to be desired.

Robert McKim has been assigned an important rôle in William S. Hart's production following "The Narrow Trail." Mr. McKim's first notable success was in "The Disciple."

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

The exteriors of "A Rosebush of a Thousand Years," Madame Nazimova's first Metro photo-drama, are being staged in Louisiana. The old sections of New Orleans are ideal locations for the scenes that transpire in the Latin Quarter of Paris, the scene of the story.

When Douglas Fairbanks was staging "The Man from Painted Post" he discovered a youthful wonder in the person of Frank Clark, expert cowpuncher and rider of bronchos. Upon completion of the film the Artcraft star took his find to California for further use.

The Ambulance Fund, a war relief work of film players, is ready for its first purchase. They aim to send at least nine machines to France. Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton is chairman of this most worthy undertaking.

Pauline Frederick and Willard Mack have at last gone and done it—married to each other in Washington during the last week of September, whither they had gone to attend the opening of the bridegroom's latest play, "Tiger Rose." The marriage of these famous stars is the culmination of both a long romance and a series of matrimonial entanglements. Miss Frederick was married to Frank M. Andrews in 1909, seven days after his first wife divorced him; four years later it was announced that Miss Frederick had secured a divorce. Willard Mack's first wife was Marjorie Rambeau, who also recently divorced him. Change cars for Gretna Green and Reno!



PAULINE FREDERICK

Joe Moore, husband of Grace Cunard; Joe Roach, husband of Ruth Stonehouse; William Franey and Milton Sims, Joker comedy leads, are in the selective draft and will spend the winter in training camp. Norman Kerry has joined an aviation corps, Richard Travers of Essanay has joined the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan, Ill., and Earle Metcalfe is lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps of the U. S. A.

The gossip emanating from ushers and box-office cashiers is generally both silly and harmful. A good example of a recent widespread bit of gossip was to the effect that Bessie Barriscale had recently married Norman Kaiser, her leading-man in "Rose o' Paradise." Be it known that the charming Bessie is happily married to Howard Hickman, and has been in a state of conjugal felicity for over four years. The rumor has hurt their feelings considerably.

During a recent automobile tour across the almost impassable trails of our Northwestern Indian reservations, Martha Groves McKelvie, our talented writer, spent a few lively days at a Sioux encampment, where she received the most unusual honor of being made an adopted daughter of the tribe. Chief Kills-a-Hundred, the grandson of Red Cloud, of bloody battle fame, is now the dusky Martha's foster-father.

Of unusual merit will be "I Will Repay," an adaptation of O. Henry's "A Municipal Report," featuring Corinne Griffith; also Alice Joyce in "The Fettered Woman," from Robert W. Chambers' novel, "Anne's Bridge." Ann Pennington will charm in "The Antics of Ann," as will Mary Miles Minter in "Peggy Leads the Way," Edna Goodrich in "A Daughter of Maryland," and June Caprice in the spectacular drama, "Miss U. S. A."

Other changes are as follows: Gail Kane has left American, destination unknown; Wilfred Lucas is with J. Stuart Blackton; Harry Hilliard has left Fox for parts unknown; Colleen Moore of Triangle, Mae Gaston of Mutual, Frank Borzage of Triangle, and Juanita Hansen of Horsley are with Universal; Earle Foxe is with Triangle, Tom Terriss with Vitagraph, and Pedro de Cordoba, Matt Moore and Ormi Hawley are with Ardsley Film Company.

Here is a little batch of news, "good, bad and indifferent": Mr. and Mrs. Shirley are the proud parents of a baby boy; Leo Delaney is also a proud father, and Jackie Saunders (Mrs. E. D. Horkheimer) is the happy possessor of a baby girl; Gypsy Abbott, wife of Henry King, is ill in a Los Angeles hospital; Ella Hall and Emory Johnson were married recently, and Mabel Vann has been granted a decree of divorce from her husband, Romaine Fielding.

Many little war orphans in France will be made happy as the result of Mary Pickford's Christmas-tree party in the staging of "The Little Princess. When the scene was completed, candles, tinsel decorations and hundreds of toys, together with generous contributions from the little star's fellow players, were made ready to send "Over There."

Thomas Holding, well-known on stage and screen, will become leading-man for Madame Olga Petrova in at least four of the eight pictures to be made by the Petrova Picture Company this year.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Mother Mary Maurice suffered a severe attack of eye-burn while working under the lights in "I Will Repay," adapted from the O. Henry story, "A Municipal Report." She was compelled to quit work for a day, and it was a tragedy for Mother Maurice, as this was the first time in all her fifty years' experience on the stage and before the camera that she ever had to lose a day on account of illness.

The clever star "team," Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, will be seen in a new play called "Jack and Jill." The Mother Goose title is not to be taken literally, according to report. The story is most "plotful," having Western drama, cow-punchers, Mexican bandit troubles—and everything.

It will be welcome news to the admirers of Thomas Meighan to know that he will continue with Famous Players-Lasky for at least another year, having just signed a contract to that effect. Popular Thomas' latest appearance was in support of Billie Burke in "Arms and the Girl." His previous enviable record includes leading-man to Pauline Frederick, Laura Hope Crews, Charlotte Walker, Edna Goodrich, Blanche Sweet, Anita King, Valeska Suratt and Marie Doro.



THOMAS MEIGHAN

Lee Moran, Nestor comedian, has created a character new to the screen. It is that of a star Japanese comedy valet, in "Too Much Women."

Elliott Dexter will play opposite Elsie Ferguson in her new Artcraft picture, "The Rise of Jennie Cushing." Mr. Dexter's last work under this trade-mark in "A Romance of the Redwoods," opposite Mary Pickford, is well remembered.

Marguerite Clayton enacts the leading feminine rôle in Taylor Holmes' third Essanay comedy-drama, "Two-Bit Seats." Miss Clayton plays the part of a girl who refuses to let her beau buy her expensive theater tickets.

Bryant Washburn is shortly to be seen in "The Fibbers," a five-part comedy-drama, said to be as amusing as "Skinner's Dress-Suit."

William Hart is no longer the crack shot of the Ince studios. With the opening of the hunting season in California, Thomas Ince bagged the limit of doves in exactly half an hour of hunting. "Bill" Hart says he will have to shoot the legs off a centipede one by one to retrieve his lost laurels.

Marie Walcamp, star of the Universal serial, "The Red Ace," broke her wrist awhile ago—and she cant stand on her hands any more. Rather disappointing to a girl who prided herself on being able to do any athletic stunt that any male member of the company could do.

Violet Heming, well known on stage and screen, has been engaged by Commodore J. Stuart Blackton to star in his adaptation of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Judgment House."

A few of the good things to come are as follows: Pauline Frederick will be seen in the screen version of David Graham Phillips' novel of domestic life, "The Hungry Heart"; Gladys Brockwell will star in a vivid drama, "Conscience"; Alice Brady will be seen in "The Maid of Belgium," and Mae Murray in "Princess Virtue."

Mabel Taliaferro will receive the appellation "The Little Recruiter" when Metro's patriotic production, "Draft 258," is shown. The influence of her "Mary Alden" is sure to bring many recruits to the forces of Uncle Sam.

Emily Stevens is working on a screen version of "Alias Mrs. Jessop," in which she will be called upon to act the parts of a "good girl" and a "bad girl" and in which she will be obliged to build up two entirely different sets of mannerisms for the two characters in playing up to herself.

Bessie Love is no longer a hidden mystery. It is authoritatively stated that she will be featured in Pathé plays. Fannie Ward, Bryant Washburn and Frank Keenan will find an abiding place in the same company, which has determined upon a new feature policy for the coming season.

The basis of George Beban's next Paramount picture will be a playlet, entitled "The Land of the Free." Mr. Beban will interpret the character of Luigi Ricardo, a typical New York Italian.

Madame Olga Petrova is planning to make a brief appearance on the legitimate stage this season. She will probably present some of the big moments from big plays, several impersonations and improvisations, new songs which she has written for herself—and other things to come as a surprise.

The Movie Gossip-Shop

Pictured News Sauced with Tittle-Tattle from Screenland

"I speak the truth—not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and the older I grow—the more I dare."—MONTAIGNE.



CORINNE GRIFFITH

IN these bleak days, with the easters sweeping down the coast clear from Labrador and spitting their final spat of temper right in the Vitagraph yard, you might well say that the dog-days are over. They are, and they are not, for Corinne Griffith. These are still dog-days, because Vitagraph's latest star has the habit of mothering all the stray dogs that sun and growl and look desolate in Vitagraph's big heterogeneous lot. Whenever a canine favorite picks an argument with a strange dog, Miss Griffith rushes up with the olive-branch (or perhaps it's a bone) of peace. This little snapshot, which caught her unawares, tells a charming story. Miss Griffith is trying to quell the tears of a very much frightened baby at the same time she dictates peace terms to a pair of belligerent bow-wows. It is a fateful moment for every one concerned.

It was less than four months ago that Ruth Roland made a flying trip to our den and, among other bits of intimate gossip, told us that she had big picture plans in store upon the completion of "The Neglected Wife." The charming Ruth also whispered that she was a bride, which, of course, made her title rôle in the weepy serial a rank and libelous misnomer. Soon thereafter Ruth started her honeymoon in the little prickly-pear desert called New Mexico, and she sent us a series of cosy snaps proving that her honeymoon had nowhere reached its eclipse. The accompanying one wherein she is en famille with a dusky daughter of the Navajos is quite a study in brown and white—mostly brown, as Ruth has annexed the squaw's papoose for snap-shot purposes. And now Ruth's plans as well as her honeymoon are completely in eclipse. The last we heard of her were some vaudeville press-notices to the effect that this Princess Charming of the serials was doing "small time" on the Western circuit. We feel sure that this is only a temporary eclipse—the cap is on the camera, and as soon as it is removed Ruthie will come back gloriously to her own again.

A few years ago Lina Cavalieri took up more newspaper space than the world war does now. It all related to "Bob" Chanler's romantic pursuit of the famous prima donna across two continents, their wooing and mating and subsequent flight, each from a separate door of the matrimonial cage. Lina Cavalieri is now most happily married, as evidenced by the fond expression of her second husband, M. Muratore, who, in the accompanying snap, is guarding his fair



RUTH ROLAND

(*Continued on page* 128)



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$1.00 A Room Full of Furniture

Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.00 per month, or only $18.90 in all. A positively staggering value, and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at this massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. This magnificent library set is just one of the many extraordinary bargains shown in our giant catalog and bargain list which we will send you free. No obligations. Send today sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich, dull wax, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19 x 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire set of six pieces, subject to your approval. **No C. O. D.** Sent knocked down. Easy to set up. Shipping weight, about 150 pounds. Money back if you are not pleased. **Order by No. B4349WA. Send $1.00 with order; $2.00 monthly. Price, only** $18.90.

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(*Continued from page* 126)

songbird's charms from behind the bonnet of her limousine. It is the beginning of an eventful day—both for Lina Cavalieri and for Motion Pictures. She is shown just arriving in the "Latin Quarter" of the Famous Players-Lasky studio at Fort Lee, N. J., where she is about to transform to the whirring ribbon her beautiful form and features in "The Eternal Temptress."



LINA CAVALIERI

During the filming of "The Hungry Heart" at Lake George, N. Y., husband-soon-to-be Willard Mack trailed along to add a bit of realism to Polly Frederick's hungry heart. How well he succeeded their wedding-bells have recently chimed forth. Bob Vignola directed the picture part of "The Hungry Heart" and discreetly dove overboard between scenes. His birthday—which one, we dont know—happened to come around during the pre-nuptial trip, and here we have a picture of the generous Willard presenting a yacht to Bob, commemorating the great day.



WILLARD MACK AND BOB VIGNOLA



WALLACE MAC DONALD

Young Wallace MacDonald is considerable of a knight-errant—perhaps that is the reason we see him riding into Vitagraph's siding on a freight-car. He received his film baptism in the old Keystone days with Roscoe Arbuckle, Mabel Normand and Charles Chaplin. Then he took all his savings from the bank and plunged into the producing game. Just because Navajo is a perfectly good Indian and a perfectly lovely blanket is no reason why it should be a money-getting film. The poor Navajo Film Company went up in a wonderful burst of celluloid smoke and flame, and Wallace MacDonald, very much chastened, soon thereafter played the part of Youth in "Purity," with Audrey Munson. The callowness of youth still stuck to him in "Youth's Endearing

(*Continued on page* 130)



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In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wipe off the dead surplus skin. Carefully rinse the fingers in clear water.

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Finish with Cutex Nail Polish. Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails gives them a delightful, lasting polish.

Until you have used Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even the first Cutex manicure will make in your nails.

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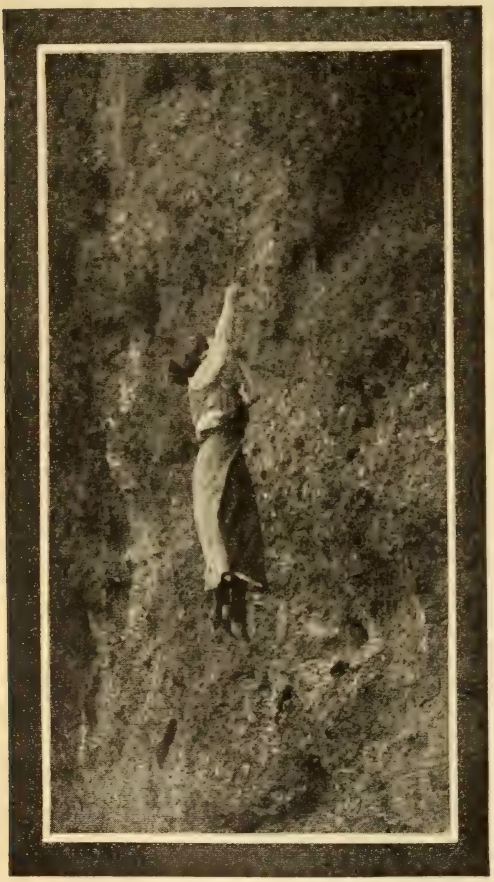
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(*Continued from page* 128)

Charm," with Mary Miles Minter. Becoming bolder, friend Wallace supported Polly Frederick in "Nanette of the Wilds," shot in the heart of Hackensack, N. J. This brought him around by easy stages and one freight-car to the Vitagraph yard, where he has starred with considerable shine in O. Henry pictures.

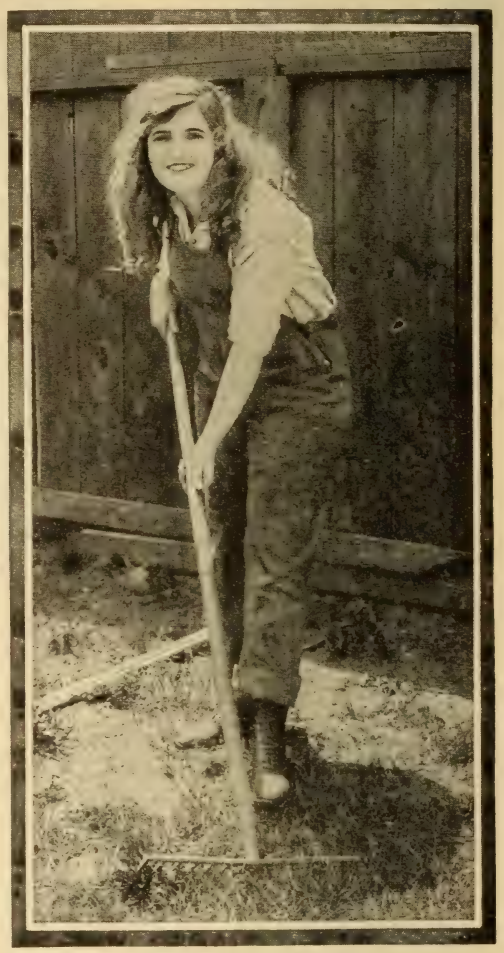
Carol Halloway, the fighting little Vitagraph star, who leaped into sudden fame by her daring work in "The Fighting Trail," seems to have been born under a lucky star. If she lives up to the initials of her name, she is going to have rings on her fingers and bells on her toes. She is blessed with the full name of Carolyn Anthea Skellie Halloway, which, reduced to initial letters, spells "CASH." Our Graflex Fiend took his life in his hands trying to get a snap of



CAROL HALLOWAY

Carol in action; but, at any rate, here she is, midway between earth and sky, in deadly peril — of course Willie Duncan will soon come to the rescue.

Violet De Biccari is in what you might call "violet" mourning—she deserted Fox and The Great White Way for Selig and the



VIOLET DE BICCARI

primness of a suburban kitchen-garden. Violet is not in violet mourning because her art has departed this mundane stage—she is still closely wedded to it. This sensible little player is an ardent Hooverite and has figured it out that two beets that grow as one are more nutritious than two hearts that beat as one. Dont misunderstand us — Violet's heart-beats and art beets are getting along famously together.

The movie house was crowded to capacity. One of the screen's most popular heroes was dashing thru five reels of fascinating adventure.

"Step back, please, step back," urged one of the ushers, placing a heavy chain across the aisle.

Suddenly a tiny tot in the rear, gazing into her mother's face, asked anxiously:

"We're all right, aren't we, mother? We cant get any backer."



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This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

IMOGENE P. — You probably see Madge Evans mornings. Edith Storey has gone West, also Viola Dana, to play in Metro pictures. Your toast is splendid—"To Woman: The fairest work of the Great Author; the edition is large, and no man should be without a copy."

EMILE B., SHERBROOKE.—Tom Moore and Anna Nilsson in "Who's Guilty?" Irving Cummings in "A Man's Law" (Overland). Claire MacDowell, Ruth Stonehouse, Margery Wilson, are all with Triangle.

O. D. G., 14.—Thanks for the snap. I received lots of snaps this summer, and they are very cheering. Sorry you have been ill, but cheer up. A light supper, a good night's sleep and a brisk walk before breakfast on a fine morning make a hero out of anybody.

PINKEY.—No, I'm really and truly old—that is, only in age, not in feeling. If a woman is as old as she looks and a man is as old as he feels, I'm about sixteen. Creighton Hale is with Pathé. You just bet I'll be nice to you. It is more blessed to give than to receive, but more expensive.

L. G. G., SCHENECTADY. — At this writing Robert Warwick is training at Plattsburg. Camouflage means a humbugging disguise, or faking; its main principle is the destruction of outline by paint or other devices. Make-up might be called camouflage.

PINK & GRAY, 1918.—Yes, Louise Vale is playing. It becomes a youth to be modest. Martha Sanger was Anne in "Blind Justice." Your questions were all right. Napoleon said that God is always on the side that has the heaviest artillery. That cant be, because the Kaiser says that God is on his side.

MARTIN T. T.—As I said before, if there is anything in this department that you dont like, dont cuss, but just put your foot on the soft pedal and play a Chopin nocturne with your vocal chords. Miriam Fouche will be known as Miriam Miles, Alice Rodier will be Alice Terry and Agnes Eyre will be Agnes Ayres. These are only stage names and not real, legal names. Their real names are too hard to pronounce and remember.

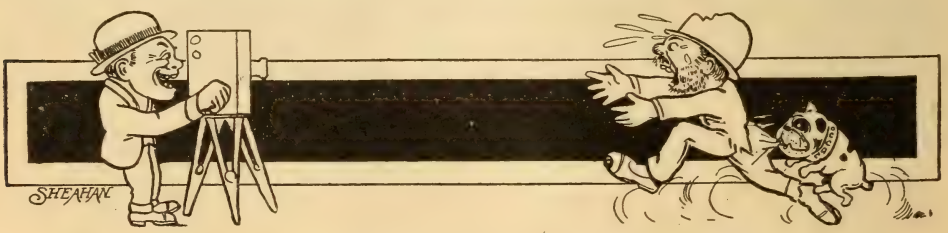
MYRTLE C. P.—Thanks for your card. Glad you have a new house. I dont know much about the Egyptian pyramids, but historians tell us that it took two hundred years to build them. It must have been a government job done by contractors. Tom Forman was born on a Texas ranch in 1893. He loves all outdoor sports.

FRANCIS W.—I cant give you any advice whatever about getting into pictures. Sending photos and writing is generally a waste of time, for where one succeeds hundreds fail.

MAE G.—Yes, you are quite a stranger. I cant explain here how that scene was taken in "Womanhood." You think my department a book of proverbs? The Old Testament says: "And Solomon spake three thousand proverbs." With all due respect to the Holy Book, it is hard to believe that any man with as many wives and sweethearts would have any earthly chance to speak so much. Considering that I have no wife and no sweetheart, I ought to deliver myself of three times three thousand.

DOROTHY H.—You ask what would I do if I had a million dollars? Nothing. A juvenile is an actor who performs youthful rôles ranging from fifteen to thirty years. The suspense of watching for prices of bread, coal and buttermilk to fall is getting to be quite thrilling.

CARL A. H.—Olga Petrova and Mahlon Hamilton in "The Soul of a Magdalen" (Metro). Viola Dana and James Harris in "Rosie O'Grady" (Art Dramas).



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ANNA O. C.—You say if the State goes prohibition, wont it hurt the pictures, because William Hart does a lot of drinking? That's only make-believe drinking, for the fluid is only sarsaparilla. Besides, it's done in another State. Most folks put too much water in the milk of human kindness, and not enough in their drinks.

WALTHALL ADMIRER.—Doris Grey is with Thanhouser. Your verses were splendid, but I am sorry I cant use them. I rarely find room for a poet's corner. In Siam the first wife may be divorced, but not sold as the others may be. She may claim the first child. The others belong to the husband.

PHILIPPA FROM MAINE.—Fritzi Brunette was Beth and Mabel Van Buren was Marie in "Jaguar's Claw." Mary Anderson is still with Vitagraph. Yes, William Farnum in "The Conqueror." D. W. Griffith is directing abroad for Artcraft. Dont sympathize with a young widow unless you mean business.

LOCKWOOD ADMIRER.—The greatest care must be taken in selecting a place for the storage of raw film and of finished pictures before shipment, also of storage of film negatives—the most valuable of all, particularly during the period between preliminary approval and release of pictures. The storage room must be so situated and constructed that the film will be kept cool and safe from flames. When warm, celluloid gives off explosive gases rapidly. King Baggot is touring.

JEANNETTE.—Yes, in "Seven Pearls." Herbert Hayes is with Fox. So you are personally acquainted with Lily Branscombe. The skull and head continue to grow after the age of eight, but the brain remains the same in weight and size. Some skulls are only one-eighth of an inch thick and some are a full inch in thickness. Were you ever told you were thick? Perhaps some people wonder how ideas get into your skull, and then perhaps after they are once in they never come out.

HUGH G., N. J.—Carl Von Schiller is with Essanay. William Hart played in "The Narrow Trail." Well, a rum blossom is the measliest form of floriculture I know of. Yes, a poor digestion is harder to live with than a bad conscience. "Peace without victory" is the kind Germany can have. She needs to be taught the difference between diplomacy and duplicity.



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DIRECTOR HENRY OTTO PLANNING SCENES IN THE MARINE FEATURE, "LORELEI OF THE SEA," BY RICHARD WILLIS, STARRING TYRONE POWER

ETHEL, 14.—I am glad to welcome a newcomer every time. You want more pictures in the Gallery. Pearl White played in "The Fatal Ring" and also in "Mayblossom." Russia may be sound at the core, as Elihu Root says, but she seems to be quite rotten around the edges.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—I have passed your effusion along to the Editor, but I cant tell what he may do with it—he gets so many. Thanks for your sympathy. Let me hear from you soon again.

MARGIE.—Douglas Fairbanks is out on the Coast at this writing. Maxine Hicks was Susie in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Dont worry. Worry is always fine rust on the blade. There's nothing in it. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers.

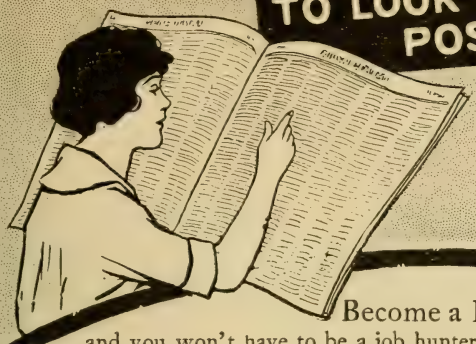
ELOISE C., LOUISVILLE.—So you are lonesome. It's a terrible disease. I get it sometimes too. Why dont you join the correspondence clubs? I'm sure you would be happier. You were too late for that issue.

MARION MC.—Thank you, and thanks also for your picture. Your letter was very interesting, and I want to hear from you again. The best way I know of to keep your friend's love is not to return it.

A. W. MOODY, B. S.—Try to get the stills of "Exploits of Elaine" from the Pathé Studio, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. Sorry I cant help you. Fibre board is being made from sugar-cane on one of the islands of Hawaii. Never been to Honolulu.

DOT.—Lillian Lorraine is playing on the stage now. Rita Stanwood was Maria Theresa in "The Ghost Breaker." Married men are good listeners—they have to be.

WILLIAM FARNUM ADMIRER.—Well, I dont exactly prefer it, but, then, sometimes typewritten letters are more illegible. You want an interview with Jewel Carmen. You shall see all their photos soon.



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MADAM APPLE.—Yes, I have had letters from Oil City before. Well, I haven't met all the stars personally, but a great many of them. I'm not sure whether Norma Talmadge plays the piano or not. You would like us to publish a list of stars telling what instruments they play. Sounds good, and we might try it. Alan Forrest opposite Mary M. Minter in "Dulcie's Adventure." Thanks, but I do my own sewing. A stitch in time saves nine—and indecent exposure.

KELLY.—That's some book you wrote to me. Oh, yes; I have seen Edith Storey many times. She is indeed a dandy girl; not pretty, but accomplished. Thanks for your kind letter, but nothing doing on printing my picture. It couldn't be did.

IMA DREAM.—I'm glad you are. What's in a name? If it is a Russian name I should answer—the alphabet. We are using pictures of extras now. Sorry I cant answer you sooner.



HERE IS A PICTURE OF LEW FIELDS AND DIRECTOR J. A. RICHMOND DISCUSSING SOME INTERESTING POINTS IN THE RECENT SELIG DRAMA, "THE BARKER." THE CAMERA-MAN IS AN INTERESTED AUDITOR. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS SNAPPED AT THE SELIG STUDIOS, CHICAGO

A LOVER OF GOOD PLAYS.—So you really think I am sarcastic. Nay, nay; say not so! Agnes Eyre, now known as Agnes Ayres, was Imogene in "Richard the Brazen." And you dont care for Valeska Suratt's acting? Every path hath a puddle, you know, but why is this thus?

JEANNE MARIE.—I'm sorry—very! I weep; will that help any? Of course, you are not a stepchild. I wouldn't have it that way. Yes, there is a Mrs. Julia R. Hurley with Kalem. No, I never saw Harry Thaw. What's happened to him? There are three classes of men: the retrograde, the stationary and the progressive.

G. J. G.—Clara Williams was the wife in "The Corner." Why didn't you sign your full name? It isn't difficult to retain your friends if you do not put them to the gold test.

ELISA.—That was Jean Hathaway in "The Purple Mask." Try Universal. No, I dont know what Norma Talmadge whispered to her sweetheart in "The Social Secretary." Perhaps it was "Be careful and not rub off the paint from my lips, you brute!"

WILLIAM S. K.—Molly Malone is with Universal. Yes, G. M. Anderson is still in New York in the theatrical business. That's not a nice toast: "To Our Fat Friends—May Their Shadows Never Grow Less."

Thrills Will Take Care of the January Creeps

WITH "HITCHY-KOO" the JANUARY MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE STARTS BIG at the END and GETS BIGGER at the BEGINNING

COMMENCING "THE MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME" CONTEST

We were asked to start something big during Christmas month, and here it is a-coming. You may find it at the back of the Magazine, in the front, or somewhere in the middle, but it will be written as large as it deserves, and that is BIG! The January number starts the most original, worthy, dignified, appealing, biggest and timeliest contest that has ever happened in picture literature. Think of twelve life-size, hand-painted portraits of your favorite players on permanent exhibition in a Government building in Washington! Think of them on exhibition in the lobbies of the leading Motion Picture theaters thruout the United States! These are only details; wait for the full announcement of "The Moving Picture Hall of Fame" Contest in the January number.

TWENTY-FOUR PAGES OF BEAUTIFUL ROTOGRAVURE

Have you noticed the wonderful new rotogravure Gallery of Players in recent issues? Of course, and you're as pleased as we are. Here's a big surprise—a regular Xmas stocking. *The January number will print twenty-four pages of this beautiful process*—a Gallery, and sixteen jewel-like pages in the body of the book.

"CAPTAIN SUNLIGHT'S LAST RAID"

We are all so worked up by now over the devilish ingenuity of Captain Sunlight and the loving prankishness of Jack Conway, as well as the perils of Janet, that we can hardly wait for the next installment. Keep a fine grip on the reins! January's gallop will be a glorious, blood-tingling race of the adventurous three.

"THE GENII OF THE PEARLY STONE"

The richest little Arabian tale in modern dress since O. Henry discovered New York. Illustrated with charming pen-and-inks by Leo Sielke, Jr.

"JACKIE'S STOLEN DAY"

The tingle and sparkle of snow-stuff is supposed to be here even if it isn't. So let's suppose. Jackie Saunders takes us on a day's outing with Old King Snowball and makes kids of us again in a fascinating little location story.

"HOW I WILL SPEND MY CHRISTMAS"

Yuletide is coming fast, and with it players pack their trunks and turn to home—mayhap the little farmhouse where the old folks still live. As a Christmas offering the January Magazine will tell you how a lot of the famous stars will spend their Christmas, and many of them will delight you with photographs of themselves at home ready for the happy holidays.

"THE GIRL AND THE HABIT"

Every girl wants to be a-horseback. Some are, some aren't. There's a fascination in the blood-tingling run thru the forest and something awfully uppish in the riding-togs that go with it. Roberta Courtland tells us all about the horsey equipment of Betty Compton, Anna Nilsson, Seena Owen, Ann Murdock, Beverly Bayne and Anna Little, and takes us on an appetizing little canter with them.

"DOWN IN FRONT"

If you are looking for a clever bit of fun-poking satire, here it is. Kenneth MacNichol, with his "Merely Maledictions at the Movies," will start a smile across a double row of aching teeth.

INTRODUCING HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

Some of you have read those delicious tête-à-tête Chats by Miss Naylor. Others haven't —more's the pity! Miss Naylor has recently joined our staff and promises a series of interviews that will lead you most delightfully "up and down and all around and in My Lady Star's chamber."

But that isn't all. After Sis quits reading the January number, she'll pass it along to Bud, who is hanging over her shoulder. We know there are some gripping stories and some "man stuff" about the big players that will make a regular bookworm out of Bud. But Mom is on the alert for a peep at her favorites—her dear children of the shadow world—and is almost rude, the way she keeps the book from Dad's yearning eyes. A big Friend of the Family is the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, with smiles and sighs and thrills a-plenty for all. Order your copy from the newsdealer now. December is the big reading month.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PATTY, KAZOO.—Miriam Cooper is playing for Fox. Of course, I like F. X. Bushman. Anything is a fee, even a penny stamp or a collar button. Girls never think that the fellow who makes love easily probably has had a lot of practice.

HAPPIE.—Thanks for the clipping. Sometimes those things are crowded out, but they will appear sooner or later. Glad you are happy. There are a lot of folks in this world who would be confirmed invalids if they could afford it.

PATRIOTIC NUT.—I dont know what has happened to Olga and Vyrgynya. They have forgotten all about poor, lonesome me. You say there are four people who make the movies a success—Theda Bara, Clara K. Young, Douglas Fairbanks and Chawlie Chaplin. Every one to his choice. How did you like last month's cover? Vernon Steele was in "Silks and Satins."

ARIEL, NORTH BATTLEFORD.—The best portion of a good man's life are his little nameless unremembered acts of kindness and of love. Stop in and see me some time.

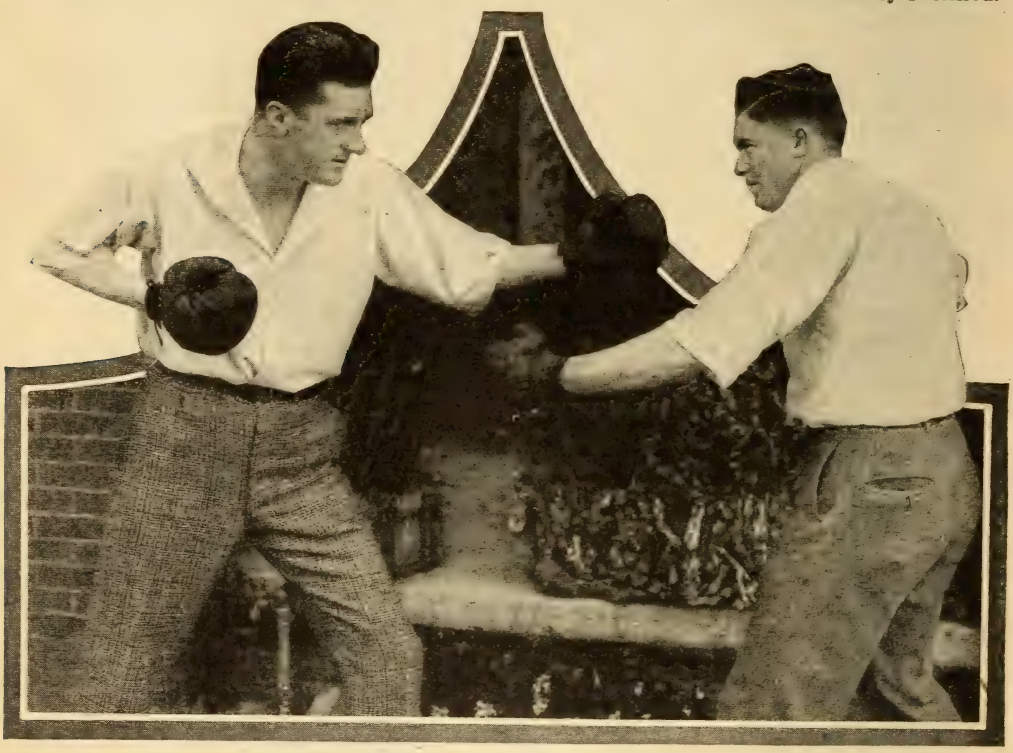
ETHEL L. N., LOUISVILLE.—No, Lillian Gish is not tongue-tied. Norma Talmadge is only a young girl. Wood can be hardened and waterproofed by boiling for a few minutes in olive oil.

BERTHA S.; MAUDE W.; V. F. R.; ANTONIO MORENO ADMIRER; FLORENCE Q.; PEARL WHITE ADMIRER; TRUTH; JACK C.; PUCK; MAYMIE B.; LOUIS D.; JANE B.; M. A. D.; L. M.; OLIA A. G.; POLLY MAY; CAROLYN D.; HERBERT N.; VERONA S.; MARION D.; MAY C.; GEORGIA H.; HARRIET B.; LUIDA W.; OLIVE, 11; SYBYL; J. M. E.; CASTLE LOVER; F. B. L.; J. HENKEL; BABE; HECTOR MACK.; CH. J.; MARY F. S.; K. B. B., and CON D.—Your questions have been answered elsewhere. Better luck to you next time. I'm starting a fund to supply comfort kits for slackers. Any of you want to help? Or do you think it should be a coat of tar and feathers?

ELEANOR F.—I never drew the door-mat in and locked myself up. You are always welcome, and I want to hear from you regularly. We have not yet used a picture of Emory Johnson, because we haven't found a good one. Herbert Delmore is with World. Rather be suspected and not deserve it, than be bad and not suspected. I didn't mean it, tho.

VERA NUTTI.—You cant be Vera. Cleo Ridgely is very ill. Leo Delaney is with Metro, Billy Quirk with Black Diamond and Wally Van has his own company.

D. J. L.—Stand by Masten; I know it well. Your verse is very good, but I'm sorry I cant use it. You appear to be literarily inclined.



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ELKA.—Yes, I think you have your wires crossed. Stuart Holmes played in "The Derelict." But trouble is the only thing we borrow and want to pay back in a hurry.

U. S. A. BARRACKS, JEFFERSON.—Salute! Glad to hear from you, boys, and I wish I were with you. So you want to see Mrs. Lannigan and Mrs. Brannigan back again? Well, they were in the November number. Thanks for all you say. Hope you get some of Bushman's tobacco.

DAISY M. H.—To be witty at the expense of somebody else is sometimes positive cruelty. Montagu Love is with World. See picture in last issue.

BENNY F.—Yes, honorable death is better than base life, but since I never tried either I cant say for sure. Not unless you sent it with a price marked on it, and I would send it to the Artcraft Studio, New York.

MOVIE STRUCK.—Yes, Charlie Chaplin was good in "The Cure." So you are a regular reader now. Glad to hear it. Elmer Clifton is with Universal. Allan Holubar was the doctor in "Heartstrings."

EARLE KING.—Yes, no; silence gives consent. Mae Murray and Elliott Dexter in "The Plow Girl." Earle Foxe played in "Blind Man's Luck" (Pathé). I dont keep track of the plays that go to Australia. America is quite enough for me to keep my lamps on.

CARMENCITA.—You say you have naturally curly dark brown hair, big brown eyes, white even teeth and have always been considered a good amateur actress. And you want me to tell you whether you can act. If you will come in and perform for me I will try to answer your question, but even if you can act you will find it a difficult matter to get in the pictures.

POLLY ANNA, 15.—You cant tread on my toes. I keep them under cover. Marguerite Clark is playing in "Bab's Diary." I know the Norman children.

THE VAGABOND.—Oh, yes; they forgot the Hart-burn in that list of ailments. Hope you are not troubled with it. Some sort of camera effects. You say you like the Magazine size 100 per cent better than the Classic. I have sent your Hartiest wishes to Mr. Hart.

BESSIE W.—I have said so much about love, but, really, love is a thing to a large extent in its beginnings voluntary and controllable and at last quite involuntary. At least, that's the way the disease affected me.

L. H. H. BALFOUR.—It would be better if you wrote to each department on a separate sheet of paper. William Hart had a narrow escape while filming "The Narrow Trail." Both he and his horse fell to the bottom of a chasm, but recovered with slight bruises. Dont know when Edmund Breese will go back to pictures. Get in touch with our Circulation Department.

EVA H.—Of course, I will answer you *avec plaisir*. So you dont like that picture of me. Well, I cant change my looks when I'm 76, can I? No drug store will do it, either. Yes, Ella Hall was married to Emory Johnson in California.

PHILISLE.—I take it from whence it comes. Well, it strikes me that we have published a lot about Grace Cunard. See July, 1917; August, 1917, and September, 1917. I'll have to think up a definition of a vampire.



GENE GAUNTIER, ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF FILM FAVORITES, IS RETURNING TO THE SCREEN

WALTER M.—You need a little more practice. Nothing done in a hurry, nothing done under strain, is really well done.

MISS MELBOURNE.—Arthur Shirley was Dick in "The Pine's Revenge." Glad to hear from you; write again. Mabel Normand says she will do no more slapsticking.

LOUISE S.—Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco Aug. 21, 1893. It sounds good to me.



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J. FALLON.—Marie Walcamp is with Universal. Oh, I think Mary Fuller looks much better since she is thin. Yes, she did wear some pretty togs in that picture.

WABLE, SYDNEY.—Write to me any time; I dont mind your chatting. S. Rankin Drew is "somewhere in France" now. His father receives a letter from him every week. So you think he is conceited. Well, conceit may puff a man up, but never prop him up.

MRS. D. S.—Well, well; shake it off next time. You say you dont like Mary Pickford, you cant stand Marguerite Clark, and you ask who said Olga Petrova could act. Your liver is completely out of order.

DORIS G. J.—The answers to the Charade Puzzle were in the August 1917 Classic. Mary MacLaren is with Horsley and Neva Gerber with Universal. See February, 1916. Yes, do write again.

JULIA D.—If there was only some way in which to make the players have photos taken often. The reason we have no picture of Owen and Tom Moore in the Gallery is that they haven't had any pictures taken. Cant you get after them? Sure thing, I can enjoy a good smoke. Cant read character from letters. I'm afraid if I could some would have terrible characters.

CUPID.—So the boys at the front can join the Pansy Correspondence Club free of charge. That's rather a clever idea to entertain the boys. Our Magazine has absolutely nothing to do with Vitagraph or any other company.

D. B.'s GIRL.—Oh, scandalous! she supports him in the pictures—he doesn't support her? Harry Hilliard is no longer with Fox. Earle Foxe will play opposite Winifred Allen in Triangle productions from now on.

GLADYS F. LAMAR.—Well, it is said that one can always find something new in the Bible, the Constitution of the United States and Stephen Girard's will. You must send a stamped, addressed envelope if you expect a letter by mail. Stamp isn't sufficient.

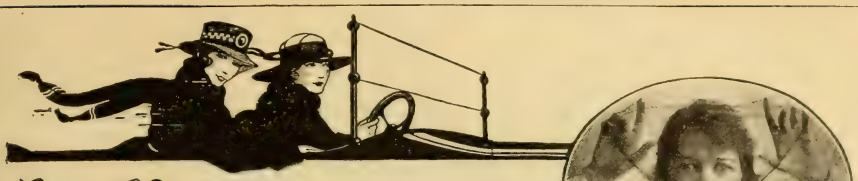
HAZEL D.—Oh, my, yes; lots of the stars have been drafted. Verna Mersereau is not a sister to Violet Mersereau.

MAUDE, 18.—Marie Walcamp was Mrs. Brandt in "Where Are My Children?" Rena Rogers was the daughter. You want us to extend the closing dates on our contests so you New Zealanders can enter. That's no more than right.

MAE MARSH ADMIRER.—Your letter was very interesting, but it was all about Mae Marsh, and you never asked any questions. How do you like her on our cover? Isn't she just too utterly too too?



"Now, unhand her!" the director cried.
The villain clenched his fist;
"You know I cant do that," he snapped,
"For they're fastened to her wrist!"



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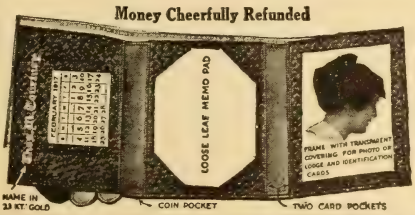


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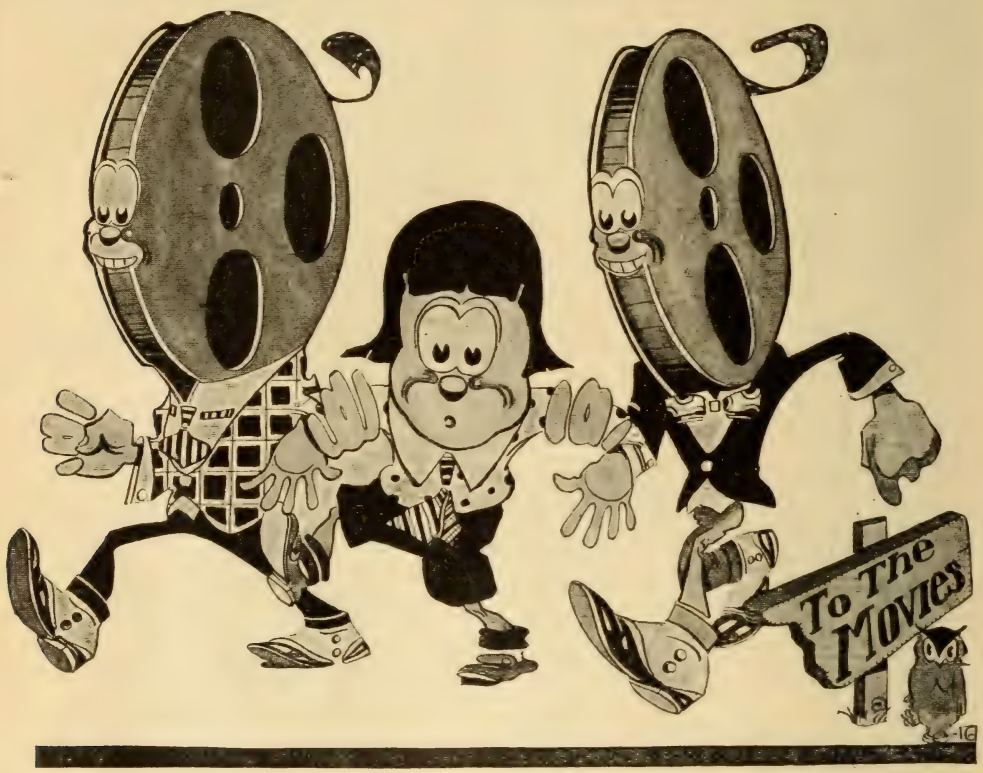
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JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—So you are here again. You ask where were the soldiers put when the castle was bombarded in "The Little American." Ask Cecil De Mille. No; Juanita Hansen was not in "The Secrets of a Beauty Parlor." It's awfully hard to please in this world.

L. ROGERS, ADELAIDE.—Man has tamed, subdued and conquered the animals, the elements and the world, but woman has done more—she has tamed, subdued and conquered man. So you want to come to America. Perhaps you will when you get older.



A WILLING CAPTIVE

SOPHIE.—Well, no; I dont know where you can get a photo of Eleanora Duse. Oh, but life is difficult! When you loosen the tangle in one place you tie a knot in another. The way of the world—always doing and undoing things.

KENNETH, M. D.—I believe that title was changed when the picture came here. Constance Talmadge is playing in "Scandal" for Select pictures released thru Selznick.

NOVA SUE.—Thanks for the fee. No, I am no dashing young man of 20. Wallace McDonald is with Vitagraph, and you can reach him at the studio. Irving Cummings is now on the stage in vaudeville.

CLEARY D. S. A.—Yes, Dorothy Kelly had the lead in "The Law Decides." No, no; my picture isn't among the stars on the cards we have for sale. They say there are spots on the sun. Not for me. It warms me, and it lights me, and fills my world with flowers. Why should I peep at it thru smoked glass to see things that dont affect me?

KENNEDY.—Holbrook Blinn isn't playing now.

BESSY NOZE W.—We sell some of the stills for 25 cents each. Yes, we have used pictures of Enid Markey in the Gallery. The Editor had the coupons in the Art Gallery announcement tabulated, and he is giving you Gallery pictures accordingly.

GERALDINE M.—You should put your pen name at the top of your letter and your real name and address at the end. Bessie Barriscale is with Paralta. Where you been? The real danger of modern war lies not in the disciplined power of the fighting machine, but in the undisciplined forces in the collective mind that may set that machine in motion. Roscoe Arbuckle is with Paramount, but his pictures are being released thru the Selznick exchange.

MAE G.—Come, cheer up; dont get discouraged. You are afraid you will either become an old maid or an old man's darling, but you must expect to be old some time; so take your choice. Winter Hall was Jim Lawrence in "Romance of the Redwoods." No, I'll never tell you who I am.

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DEMOSTHENES DUSTYDOME.—The first sentence of answer to "Geraldine M." applies to you also. You say the worst picture you ever saw was "The Easiest Way" and the best picture was "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

HAYAKAWA.—Yes, the picture you enclose looks very much like Sessue Hayakawa. But there are gold and clay and sunlight and savagery in every love-story. Do come again.

MINNIE C. K.—That was just a little trick photography. Charlie Chaplin has not been drafted as yet. Mrs. Vernon Castle was the dancer in "Patricia."

THOMAS MEIGHAN ADMIRER.—Yes, Pauline Frederick and Thomas Meighan in "Sleeping Fires." Paul Willis is with Metro. Mabel Taliaferro and J. W. Johnson in "God's Half Acre."

PEARL D.—But life demands something more from us than acquiescence. Clara K. Young and Montagu Love in "Hearts in Exile." Yes, I usually read Dr. Crane's editorials in the *Globe*.

SCOOP, 17.—Claire Whitney was Venetia in "Under Two Flags." Pedro de Cordoba was Flamant in "Sapho." He laughs most who has fine teeth. Cant say that I care a great deal for Julian Eltinge in pictures. It's the way of the world, my dear. We are born crying, live complaining and die disappointed.

EVELYN T.—No, I dont do the tango or the Argentina. I only waltz, one-step and fox-trot, and I am told that I am very graceful for a middle-aged gentleman. I'm afraid you wont see Earle Williams and Anita Stewart playing opposite.



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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

LEONIE.—Of course there is a difference between Harold Lockwood and Milton Sills. Cant see any resemblance at all. You ought to have your eyes examined. But Mae Murray is with Universal now. You shouldn't have wrinkles. They are the fretwork of the disposition.

E. J. S.—You want to see more of Earle Williams and didn't care for him in "Apartment 29." You liked "The Maelstrom" and "The Hawk." Well, he is elected because he has a majority of one.

JASPER.—You just send a stamped, addressed envelope and you will get that list of manufacturers. Alcohol you may wean a man from, and Barrie says he gave up the Arcadia Mixture and De Quincey conquered opium; but once you are set as a quarreler, you quarrel and quarrel till you die.

GLAD EYES.—Well, I like pretty eyes, and I like to see a girl express emotion and coquetry with her eyes. We had a chat with Clara K. Young in June, 1917. Reliance produced "North of Fifty-three."

L. H. K.—I know of no William Wallace, but there is an Irene Wallace. Probably the first dictionary was produced in China and was said to contain 40,000 characters. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries encyclopædias were published. This encyclopædia of screen and miscellaneous information was first published in August, 1911.

LAVINA S.—Paramount, of course. Every human being is a new thing, exists to do new things. Yes, June Caprice was funny in "A Small-Town Girl." A woman in a hurry is one of the most painful sights in the world, for exertion does not become a woman as it does a man.

J. S.—Why, Nicholas Dunaew is with the Universal. When you ask the height, weight, color of eyes, color of hair, age, birthday, home address, studio address and some pictures a player played in—why not simplify the whole thing and ask for an unabridged biography or chat? I dont chat players.

CARMEN.—Fred Jones was Burton in "The Straight Road." You refer to Willard Brockton. John Davidson went with World last. Edward Earle remains with Vitagraph.

REBBY.—I warn you, once you begin with love, you have to see it thru. Wilfred Lucas in that old Biograph play of "Enoch Arden." Yes, we will always remember the old Biographs. Myrtle Stedman and Kathlyn Williams are very different personages, but a picture of one got in once with the name of the other.

IDA K., PHILADELPHIA.—Charles Gunn is with Triangle. Lillian Walker's first picture for Ogden is being shown now. Hal Cooley is with Keystone. Be satisfied with nothing but your best.

MRS. E. R. B.—Yes, both the Gishes are in France. Miriam Cooper is eighteen. She played in "The Birth of a Nation," "Intolerance" and "The Honor System." Her motto: Restraint, quiet.

ANSWER DEPARTMENT

BROWN-EYED MAY.—Indeed, will is stronger than fact; it can mold and overcome fact. But this world has still to discover its will; it is a world that slumbers inertly, and all this roar and pulsation of life is no more than its heavy breathing. My mind runs on to the thought of an awakening. Thanks, I would appreciate.

PANSY.—Thanks for the postal, also the balsam pillow. Nice of you to think of me when in the Adirondacks.

MARJORIE S.—Why, Eileen Percy was the last leading-lady for Fairbanks. They are in Artcraft pictures.

DEEDELA.—Niles Welch was with Technicolor. Remember that death is something that we are ever flying from, yet always running toward. It isn't good for any one to be alone all the time. You will become stagnant.

HAROLD OLSEN, 490 SCOTT ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS., writes that he is very lonesome and will send a perfumed Anita King blotter to any one who writes to him.

OCEAN SHORES, 13.—Thanks for the picture, also the fee. Was just as glad to hear from you as you were to hear from me. Who said I wasn't a poet? No, I dont get a commission on subscriptions. Thanks just the same. Send your sub in direct. Theda Bara played in "The Tiger Woman," "Her Greatest Love," "Camille," "Heart and Soul," and her latest is "Cleopatra."

F. S.—Thanks for your letter. The wise young man knows a lot of things that aren't so. Charles Murray and Mary Thurman in "A Bedroom Blunder."

ETHEL L. D.—Yes, I see you have all come back. I like your new paper with the guns. Some people object to the American flag being used so commonly as on stationery. It's all a matter of taste. William Shay opposite Florence Reed in "The Eternal Sin." Florence Reed was Lucretia. John Bowers was Fitzhugh in "A Self-made Widow." Mignon Anderson was Selma in "Even as You and I." Good motto: Think before you talk.

CURIOSITY.—I thank you. Earle Williams was born in Sacramento, Cal., February 28, 1880. He is five feet eleven and weighs 173. Black hair and olive complexion and dark blue eyes. Let me hear from you again.

ENID R. G., CLEVELAND.—Everything comes, if you hustle. E. K. Lincoln's estate is at Blandford, Mass., in the Berkshires. His first name is Eddie. We have playing cards, but not with all movie players on the backs, mostly stage stars. You will like them, I'm sure.

ISABEL G., CHICAGO.—You had better write to our Mr. Harrington direct. The friend who takes you at your heart value doesn't worry about your facial appearance.

J. E. D.—You say J. E. Decker, Rio Grande City, Tex., would be glad to get in touch with kodak enthusiasts and would exchange pictures.

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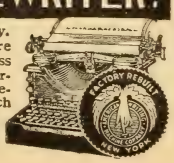
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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

JUDAS.—If you told your troubles to an echo every time, you wouldn't grouch so much.

G. M. W., FRANCE.—You say any one who wishes to get rid of their back numbers can do so by sending them to G. M. Waring, 87th Canadian Infantry Battalion, B. E. F., France. I advise you not to try to get rich writing scenarios. Thanks for the verse. It was very interesting.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—You in again? Cecile Arnold was the wife in "Her Nature's Dance" (Keystone). Frank Currier was Major in "Sowers and Reapers." I can smoke any kind of tobacco.

SERIAL QUEEN ADMIRER.—I say unto you, swear not at all, but let your communications be aye, aye and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than this cometh of evil. You want a list of leading-ladies capable of acting strong rôles such as Cleopatra, Nana, Salome, vampirish types. Some order, this! Fox Company can supply three—Valeska Suratt, Theda Bara and Virginia Pearson. Then there are Pauline Frederick, Louise Glaum, Nance O'Neil and Nazimova, all of whom are eligible. Milton Sills is with International. Your letter was very interesting.

HELEN MCQ.—But you must not ask such a question. Mary Garden was born in Scotland in 1876. Fritzi Scheff was born in Vienna in 1879. When gazing at the fashionably dressed young creatures, we are reminded of the fact that undressed kids are not all on the glove counters.

VELMA C.—Of course I want to be called your friend. Frank Mayo was Thornton in "Sunny Jane." Well, my brain sometimes tires. Yes, things were different *ante bellum.*

MARGARETTE K. T.—Thanks muchly. Joseph Kaufman did direct "Broadway Jones." You send along the snap. Will be glad to get it. I never butter my corn on the cob on account of my whiskers.

ONTARIO GIRL.—Personality counts for a great deal, and the woman or man with a grouch cannot hope to create the favorable impression that is accorded to good nature. You refer to Olga Grey in "The Girl at Home." Sorry I didn't see you there. I was up at Portland also.

SOLDIER BOY, MANILA.—So you think I am some chicken. Far from it, boy. I'm afraid you have the wrong title on that Selig picture. We have no cast for it. I am always glad to hear from you. Do write again.

JUST ME.—Jack Mulhall in "Love Aflame." He and Grace McLean in "The Terror." Edna Flugrath in "Me and My Pal." Anita Stewart and S. Rankin Drew in "The Girl Philippa." Evart Overton in "The Glory of Yolanda." Jackie Saunders and Frank Mayo in "Sunny Jane." Harry Pollard in "The Pearl of Paradise."

FRIEND W. H. O.—Thank you. Mae Gaston and Lucy Payton in "The Love Liar." You say you live forty-five miles from a movie show.

ANSWER DEPARTMENT

KENNETH H. C.—Why, Frances Burnham was Clare in "The Love Thief." I cant give you the address of that reader. Sorry. Vaccination was discovered by Saint Vacin in 1111 B.C. During the spread of the prickly heat plague, Saint Vacin accidentally vaccinated himself with a can opener and died of lockjaw.

LENA P.—You want pictures of Roland Bottomley, but he has gone to war. Douglas Fairbanks will be directed by Allan Dwan in California. "Shirley Kaye" is the next Clara K. Young picture.

H. H., HAWTHORNE ROAD.—David Warfield will take the part of John Hancock in the Liberty Bond play. Mabel Taliaferro will be the Continental boy. May the Lord love us, but not call us too soon. You say there are two things you are crazy about—William Hart and the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. No, I wouldn't tell you that. To woman: She needs no eulogy; she speaks for herself.

PICTURITIS JOE.—John Hines was Steve in "The Cub." You want to know whether "fan" is short for fanatic. That's just a little American slang. Juanita Hansen is with Universal now. She is certainly traveling some. Yes, Jackie Saunders is the proud mother of a baby girl. Her husband, yes, Mr. Horkheimer.

ADA O., WINNIPEG.—My advice to you would be to find the thing you want to do most intensely; make sure that's it, and do it with all your might. Thanks for yours; it was very interesting.

ONTARIO GIRL.—J. Park Jones was George in "The Lonesome Chap." I dont know what kind of a stove that was in "Easy Street" which fell on Chaplin's head. It was probably made of rubber. Last we heard of Rose Tapley, she was out West. Antonio Moreno in "The Angel Factory."

ULSTER GIRL.—You see girls from every town write to the old Answer Man. I'm pretty sure that Blanche Sweet and Wilfred Lucas had the leads in "The Massacre." Cant tell you the name of that picture from your description. Sorry. If you send a stamped, addressed envelope, we will look up the colors and eyes for you. Always glad to hear from Ireland.

THELMA H.; HARRY S.; KATHERINE Y.; B. G., TROY; CHARLES A.; A. J.; WARREN KERRIGAN ADMIRER; HELEN J.; RUSSELL B.; ESTHER A.; ANTOINETTE C.; ROCCO M.; KATHLYN W. S.; MARGARET MC.; RED WING; RAY B.; ARTHUR H. M.; ESTHER S.; KATHERINE H.; MILDRED B.; MRS. AMY V.; LILLIAN M.—Your questions have been answered before. Sorry.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—Thanks for the picture. Well, a good secret is to a woman what wine is to a man—too good to keep. Rupert Julian was John in "Mother o' Mine."

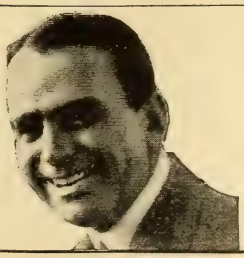
BRAIDS.—Thanks for the drawing. I have just passed it along to the Editor, and you may hear from him. The stars would make a fine lay-out. Margery Wilson was Roxie and Jack Richardson was Milt in "Mountain Dew."





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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

ULSTER GIRL.—You say you are trying to manipulate me for yourself. I dont know what you mean, but have a care! No, none of "The Daughter of the Gods" was taken in Ireland. I cannot inform you on the important subject of husbands, but I can say that there are as many different kinds of husbands as there are married men.

WITLEY C.—You say you get very lonely and would like to hear from some of the American girls. Any one of you who cares to write and cheer Witley C. may write to Private L. E. Evens, No. 536171, Fifteenth Field Ambulance Corps, C. A. M. C., Army Post Office, London, England. Girls, make the soldier boys happy.

DIMPLES, 13. — Pauline Bush isn't playing now. You refer to Eugene O'Brien in that Artcraft. Yes, Conway Tearle did play in "The Fall of the Romanoffs," by Brady. Dick Rosson was Jimmy in "The Haunted House." Grace George is the wife of William A. Brady and was born in 1880. George M. Cohan was born in Providence, R. I., in 1878.

HERBERT H. D.—Well, there may be a fourth dimension of space, but one gets along quite well by assuming there are just three. Hobart Henley produced "Parentage," and last I heard of Sid Chaplin he was managing Charlie's affairs. Thanks. So Marc MacDermott did play in the first Edison serial, "What Happened to Mary." I remember—you are right.

TWO SYDNEY CORNSTALKS. — You say my head is like a hard-boiled egg, because you cant beat it. But there's no yellow in it. The pictures are all of Norma, with the exception of the one in the upper right-hand corner, and that is Constance.

ELSIE P., NEW ZEALAND. — Yes, it is true that Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are seeking a divorce. Zoe Du Rae was Margery and Gretchen Lederer was Virginia in "The Little Pirate." There is no such thing as absolute beauty. That is the Magna Charta of the world of art.

ETHEL A. R. — Tyrone Power and Winifred Greenwood played in "Lorelei of the Sea." Richard Willis wrote the play. The only place I can suggest for you to get photographs is direct from the manufacturers. Your letters are mighty clever, and I enjoy hearing from you.

SEA SHELL.—You just bet it is getting cold up here. Happy I always try to be, even at seventy-six. Happiness is the ability to recognize it. Rupert Julian was Scrooge in "The Right to Be Happy." Kathleen Coughlin was the child in "Silas Marner." Elsie Ferguson's next play is "The Rise of Jennie Cushing."

TWO HAMILTONS.—I enjoyed your letter very much. Anna Q. Nilsson was Mary Norton and George Cohan was George Washington Magee in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Well, I have always said that to err is human and to forgive unusual. Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a fellow can hardly tell whether he is honest or not.

ANSWER DEPARTMENT

HERBERT H. D., MELBOURNE.—Ann Murdock was Miriam in "Outcast." Yes, isn't it strange that widows always outlive their husbands! Bessie Barriscale played the double part in "The Snarl."

BLOSSOM B.—James Neill was Mr. Brownlow in "Oliver Twist." Rollin Sturgeon is with American. New York Trinity Church is 284 feet high and the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Italy, is 179.

GLADYS B. W. O.—Her real name was Smith. Mary Pickford has no children. The Shuberts bought the Lubin studio, and they will produce Jewel pictures. Lucile Lee Stewart and May Thompson are the stars. Never do things by halves, unless you are opening oysters.

ADA W.—Juliette Day was Mary and Charles Bennett was Amos in "The Rainbow Girl." You say you would like to see the directors' names on the screen. Some companies do use them. Public wants more about the players. Of course I like books, and I have quite a few in my hall-room. Literature, the drama, art—that is the sort of food upon which the young imagination grows stout and tall. Dot Bernard is back with Fox.

A BOSTONIAN.—I never thought you capable of writing such a sarcastic letter, and you a New Englander! Yes, there is a limit to everything, even to my patience.

NEWCOMER.—Always glad to see the newcomers. They are trying to abolish the white lights on Broadway to save the coal expense, but it cant be did. No, you must not get stout—dont say "fat"; it's too plebeian. Essanay and Lubin both produced "Out of the Depths." Velma Whitman and Albert Hayes in the Lubin picture. I dont think Mr. Lubin is doing anything just now, except living in Philadelphia.

FATTY.—Kathlyn Williams and Wheeler Oakman in "The Ne'er-do-well." George Seigmann was the cave-man, Indian and sultan in "Should She Obey?" That's quite a combination to play, isn't it? E. H. Sothern is not an Englishman, for he was born in New Orleans in 1859. His father, E. H. Sothern, was an Englishman. I do not think the world owes me a living. The man who thinks it does will usually find it in the almshouse.

CELIA K.—Well, it is pretty hard to make a woman believe you like her when you dont agree with her. Valdemar Pislander was with the Great Northern Company. I have no record of his playing now. Miriam Fouche is getting to be a Vitagraph star. She played with Evart Overton in "Soldiers of Chance." Marguerite Clayton is leaving the Chicago Essanay and Bryant Washburn changed cars for Pathé's.

LUCY E. K.—Apparently you dont like "Big Timber." You dont need a pass to see Motion Pictures made. You need a "pull," and a mighty strong one. Very few people are allowed in studios now.

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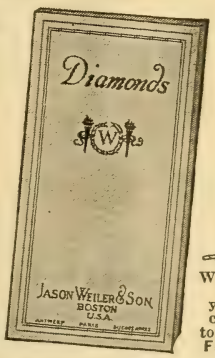
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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

FRANCES W.—You have Jack Pickford right. Violet Mersereau in "Little Miss Nobody." Sidney Mason opposite her. Franklyn Farnum was John Wintom and Brownie Vernon was Mary in "The Storm Knight" (Bluebird). New lists of manufacturers are out. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for one. Woman's silence is like gold—precious and very scarce.

PICKFORD PAL; CAMELA; THELMA B.; BILLIE D.; and GRACE C.—I enjoyed your letters very much, but you didn't ask many questions and none that I could answer without repeating myself, and Shakespeare never repeats.

NELLIE S. O.—Customs are far more enduring than ideas—witness the mistletoe at Christmas, or the old lady turning her money in her pocket at the sight of the new moon. Charles Ray and Enid Markey in "Not of the Flock."

DIXIE D.—So you think I have the public guessing. Well, it is no secret who the Answer Man is and what he looks like. He has been accused of being a Rip Van Winkle, Job, Solomon and a cave-man; but if you ever did come to see him you wouldn't find him a bad-looking fellow, I'm sure, with all his faults.

RUTH L.—Jack Mulhall in "The Hero of the Hour."

GERTRUDE K.—Delia Trombly was Olga in "Anton the Terrible." Niles Welch is with the Norma Talmadge Company. Hazel Daly and Harry Beaumont in "Brown of Harvard," for Selig. Eva Tanguay is a Canadian, born 1878. Mabel Taliaferro is a New Yorker, and 1887 was the year of her beginning.

SCHMITTIE.—George Walsh was Algy and James Marcus was Big Bill in "Blue Blood and Red." Fannie Ward, Bryant Washburn, Frank Keenan and Bessie Love have signed up with Pathé. Seems to me Pathé knows how to pick them right. Theodore Roberts was born in San Francisco in 1861. Clap softly, lest genius become too conscious of her own worth.

POLLYANNA, 15.—I do hope you are glad. Some want more stories and others prefer chats. We try to please the greatest number, but we'll have to take a vote. Alice Joyce was Lydia and Marc MacDermott was Andrew in "The Alabaster Box," and Patsy De Forest was Fanny. It is well to "know thyself," but it is often more useful to know what others think of you.

YOLANDA OF WATERLOO.—Daphne Wayne was Blanche Sweet's name when she was with Biograph, when they didn't reveal the players' names. Could you imagine a company doing that sort of thing nowadays? Baby Marie Osborne was Little Marie in "Tears and Smiles" (Pathé). Dorothy Dalton was Neva and Jack Livingston was Warren in "Ten of Diamonds" (Triangle). If life in the future is going to be anything like what the Futurists paint it, I dont think it will be worth living.

ANSWER DEPARTMENT

HELEN E.—Alla Nazimova is with Metro. I usually work about ten hours a day. To her we drink, for her we pray, our voices silent never; for her we'll fight, come what come may—the Stars and Stripes forever! Hearty applause from the gallery.

HARRIET C.—You say you saw Black Brown smoking a cigaret in "Romance of the Redwoods." That was a decided mistake, for in 1849 we didn't have cigarets. So you go to pictures every night. Good for you!

PEGGY, 14.—Arline Pretty is with Pathé. Wallace Reid is exempt. Indade, an' you loiked swate Mollie McConnell in her old gray bonnet in "The Grip of Evil." She is Balboa's beloved grande dame. Was very popular in musical-comedy some years ago—gave us that old favorite, "Just a Song at Twilight." That's funny you should ask such a question, but here's the answer: Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked the bucket, upset the lantern and set fire to Chicago in 1871.

EDNA, 15.—'Most all of the players will send their photos on request. Ralph Ince was Lincoln in "The Seventh Son" (Vitagraph). That's Mother Maurice's favorite play. Dont be too formal. Form is good, but not formality.

PAT.—I dont know about the Regal Company, but you say they are taking pictures in Jacksonville. Dorothy Phillips and William Stowell in "Triumph." Of course I'm opposed to war. The sword is merely the carving-knife's tall brother. But I really wish I could fight in this war.

DEANER, 15.—No; Mahlon Hamilton did not go with Olga Petrova to her own company. We are trying hard to get good pictures of him. Tom Brooke was John, Florence LaBadie was Ruth and Wayne Arey was John Barker in "War and the Woman." When Greek meets Greek, then comes—a strong odor of garlic.

BILL.—Yes, step right in some time. You say you want a picture of L. C. Shumway. He isn't playing just now. Practice doesn't always make perfect, but it makes some lawyers and doctors wealthy. "The Judgment House" is J. Stuart Blackton's second play with Conway Tearle and Violet Heming.

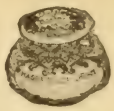
AWAITING GIRLS.—You mean "The Whirl of Life." I am always glad to answer letters. There is lots of space in the Classic, if you like, and you will get answered much quicker there than in this Magazine.

MARGARETTE K. T.—You say you wished I could hold your hand and listen to the music in your theater. Delighted. Nothing would suit me better. Your letter was most enticing.

CH. J.—Doris Grey is with Thanhouser.

THU JAYS.—The New York Stock Exchange is an immense building. A single seat, carrying with it membership in the New York Stock Exchange, has been sold for as much as $96,000, and the lowest price recorded is $49,500. Yes, I like your memory-box and talk of '76. Do it some more.





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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

MARGOT.—Thanks for the pictures of yourself and hubby. Also congratulations. You do look some good in a bathing-suit. I'm not sure about Peggy Hyland doing that dance in "The Sixteenth Wife." Do write to me again.

AM. J., PLYMOUTH.—Thanks for the cards. I was very glad to get them. Love never keeps in cold storage. How do you write such fine letters? Yes, I should like to go to New Zealand, but I fear that may never be. Never speak slightingly of actors, dentists, Jews, Socialists, mothers-in-law, plumbers, Christian Scientists or Progressives. The person you are talking to may be all of them. It is what Gelett Burgess calls a "jip"—a dangerous topic of conversation. Beware!

C. C. J.—Of course I thank you for the fee. I am always glad to get them, because my salary of $8 per hardly keeps me in buttermilk and pays my room rent. You ask what is the difference between a nom-de-plume, a nom-de-guerre and a pseudonym. They all mean the same, but stand for something entirely different from the original. I thought your letter to the Editor was very readable and reasonable, and I thank you for all the good things you say about me.

SHEEZA BARE FRIEND.—You thought Earle Williams was splendid in "Arsene Lupin." Yes, Pauline Frederick and Willard Mack were married last September. Have handed your limerick to the Lim Editor.

ORVAL H.—The most powerful explosives are words. Yes, the Bible says "We should carry one another's burdens." And then there are some folks who spend their entire lives only on the verge of doing something. Help!

SUCKER.—Mabel Van Buren was Mrs. Reynolds in "Hashimura Togo." Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal, and we dont have to die to get it, either. Sorry you have a sore throat. It may be merely local or be a forerunner of diphtheria, or some other horrible thing. Better consult a physician.

POLLY.—There are several correspondence clubs, where you correspond with the different members all over the country. You send on a fee and the secretary will send you a list, and I believe some clubs have some sort of entertaining committee. Hedda Nova was Belle in "The Bar Sinister." Thanks, Polly, for the fee, also for the love.

SPY.—You ask what became of Suzette Booth, and why? Never heard after she finished our articles. Sure there is a Lloyd Hamilton. You are a mighty clever chap, and I want to hear from you again.

BEATRICE DE BARDI.—Yes, quite true, alas! summer is gone. Why, the Rajah was mighty interesting. Have you Eleanor Kirk's? You bet I enjoy hearing from you. You are so very, very clever.

FRANCES O'B.—Dora Matthews was Anita in "Idolaters." Why, THE PLAYERS was held up on account of the rumor of the zone system in postage going into effect. It would have been a stunner—but be patient and it will come along yet.

ANSWER DEPARTMENT

MRS. C. K.—Shirley Mason is with Metro now, in California. Why, Roscoe Arbuckle is in New York now, and he was taking pictures at Coney Island recently.

MARGARETTE K. T.—What, again? I sometimes think that if Adam and Eve had been merely engaged, she would not have talked with the serpent and the world would have been saved an infinity of misery.

MAUDE L.—Mahlon Hamilton in "The Waiting Soul." Pauline Starke was Abigail in "Cheerful Givers."

CLARA F.; AGNES F.; GRADUATE; ELSIE K.; GWENDOLYN; MAE B.; HARRIETT; ALMA; MARIE; HELEN M. R.; GLADYS.—Sorry, but yours have been answered elsewhere and space is scarce.

MARGARET.—Earle Foxe was born in Oxford, O. He is of English-Irish descent, is six feet one inch tall and weighs 183 pounds, dark-brown hair, dark-blue eyes and light complexion. Robert Mantell was Lucius in "When You and I Were Young." Harry Benham was Frank, George Hupp was Henry and Ernie Shields was Jean.

SUSIE E.—Why, I like Chaminade's "Air de Ballet" and also Tittl's "Serenade." Florence Vidor is with Fox. Gail Kane is with American as yet.

ANITA S. ADMIRER.—You must be a stockholder and looking for a free ad. Vaseline was first used by Dr. Philomena Bates, the first president of Vassar College, from whence it took its name. Dr. Bates did not, of course, discover all the uses of vaseline, but popularized it by using it as a lubricant for the famous Daisy-chain. Morosco are in Los Angeles and Fox in Fort Lee. Thanks.

FRITZ.—Butterfly is the Universal brand. Louise Lovely, Molly Malone, Jack Mulhall, Zoe Du Rae and Grace Cunard are all butterflies now.

SWEET CLOVER.—Want my opinion of your scenario title, "Love in a Cottage is H— in a Hut." Thought of substituting "Unloved in a Palace Makes You a Nut." If you buy in haste you must expect to repent at leisure. Mary Miles Minter played in "Charity Castle." That was Marjorie Daw in "The Jaguar's Claws."

JOHN S. C.—Your questions are as old as the hills. Where have you been stopping—Philadelphia? Niles Welch was Trafton in "Miss George Washington."

MORNING GLORY.—No, Chauncey Olcott was not born in Ireland, but Providence, R. I. Edward Peil was Hancock in "The Upper Crust."

DOLPH.—Irene Fenwick was the girl in "A Girl Like That." Maxine Hicks was Susie in "A Poor Little Rich Girl." Yes, Virginia Pearson played a double rôle in "Sister Against Sister." There is nothing that enables a man to recover so rapidly from a bump as egotism.

NELL G. S.—I have looked over both your letters, as you requested. I always forgive—women usually forgive and men forget.

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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

TEXAS GIRL CHOCOLATE.—Oh, I have a very, very soft feeling for chocolates. The butler and Jones were the same in that film. "The Hawk" was a Broadway production a couple of years ago, with William Faversham.

BAINBRIDGE.—You say you have written to Sherman Bainbridge several times, but he doesn't answer. That's hard luck. Haven't heard of the whereabouts of Grace Lewis. *Auf wiedersehen*—perhaps I should say *à rivederci* at this period.

JUNO, JR.—You say you have pictured me as "a darling young man with a George Walsh smile." I dont know about the smile.

SIAMESE TWINS.—Safeguard your own interests as well as you can, because no one is going to help you in the same way as you can help yourself. Be wise! You both are loyal to Dustin Farnum. You say you bought four pictures when it appeared in the Gallery and pasted it on all four sides of your room—that's being loyal on the square.

LUCILLE W.—Great guns! You want a list of all the players! Help! Police! There are directories giving that information, but you dont expect me to sit down and copy five thousand names for you, do you?

BILLIE, 18.—Thanks, Billie; I'm with you or behind you.

FARRAR FAN.—Jane Miller is with Fox. Margaret Landis with Sunset. Well, I should say there are a few shades of green—apple green, pistachio, Nile, mint, brier, Shadow Lawn; darker are fern, hunter, myrtle, moss, mignonette, sage and reseda. Them's all *I* know.

SUNNY SOUTH.—Glad to hear from you. So you have been traveling. Doubt whether they will let you in.

DOLLY OF BEAUMONT.—It's pretty hard to get a picture of Paul Willis. We want to use one if we can lay our hands on a good one.

VERA B.—Write to our sales manager for back numbers. You may enclose it in a letter to me, but you mustn't ask questions on the same letter, please. Thanks.

E. W. P.—Cleo Madison is with her own company now. Marguerite Snow is with Artcraft. Leads in "Young Romance" played by Tom Forman and Edith Taliaferro. Tom is from Texas. Started his career playing the cornet in the band-parade of a strolling "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. The bloodhounds and piccaninnies also paraded.

FRONT.—The colored child wasn't cast in that play. Elliott Dexter is with Pathé now. He played in that Artcraft. In Siberia, if a man is dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife, he tears a cap or veil from her face and that constitutes a divorce. Can you imagine it in New York?

LORENA G. P.—But you must not write to the players and tell them how you love them. They dont want to hear that. Tell them about their work. A real "blue stocking" never exhibits it.

ANSWER DEPARTMENT

GERTRUDE.—You say you couldn't go without reading my department a month. I grovel at your feet in gratitude. Praise was originally a pension, paid by the world.

TEDDY.—Dot Gish is in London now. Hazel Daly was with Essanay. Margaret Watts was the girl in "The Man Who Was Afraid." Well, I dislike to say it, but he is a fool of twenty-four karats or a goose of the first water.

MONTANE.—Vivian Rich is with Universal. Margery Wilson with Kay-Bee. Edward Coxen with the Corona. Paul Willis was Francis, and Carmel Myers was Frances in "The Haunted Pajamas."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Raymond B. Walsh, 615 N. Ninth St., Terre Haute, Ind., does not appreciate the psychology of the dimpled knee and the blowing curl—they are bound to have their effect as long as the red-breasted robin warbles to his mate:

Strange as it may seem to you, I am casting the few votes (in the Classic's Kings and Queens Contest) I have been able to find, after ransacking the house, for one whose name has very little display in the contest, Miss Alice Brady. I am doing this because, after giving all other screen performers the "several times over" and studying each as a big league scout looks over a "busher," I am convinced that she "leads the league."

Movie fans are strange creatures indeed. They refuse to recognize talent and ability, but go wild about an actress who has a set of curls or dimpled cheeks—and shoulders. (Dimpled knees are admired only when said actress is playing such films as "Purity" and "Prudence the Pirate.") The fans rave about female players of the diminutive type, who have nothing in stock save a personality and a lot of kittenish and girlish actions.

Let an actor show rare dramatic ability and, if he isn't handsome, his audience will say that he's "only ordinary." If a "handsome devil" struts around and refuses to give his inferiors (?) "screen room," what then? Why, his audience, especially the ladies (bless 'em!), will say, "Isn't he grand!" Example: A lady had seen E. H. Sothern in "The Chattel." I thought he was great, but the lady said, "I understood that Sothern was a fine actor, but I didn't see anything fine about him. He isn't young or good-looking." Gee, Alex. B. Francis and Tom Commerford must be rotten!

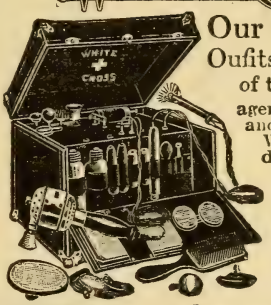
Another example. I dropped into a pharmacy to buy a trio of Pittsburgh stogies and then lingered at the soda-fountain to get an "earful" of the conversation that was being dispensed there. The languid clerk was discussing Motion Pictures with a bevy of maidens and a pair of high-school athletes (weight of each, 109; hair, blond). The clerk was a sort of a mentor, or a "juvenile Answer Man."

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

He announced that Marguerite Clark had joined Ziegfeld's Follies and would receive $3,000 per week (cash); that J. Warren Kerrigan had journeyed back to New Albany, Ind., to thrash his boyhood enemy; that Mary Pickford had obtained a divorce from Owen Moore and had been given custody of the children! This is only a small part of the misinformation he was imparting to his admiring audience. Then he extolled several actresses, all of the dainty type. Then I "horned in."

"What's the matter with Alice Brady?" I asked.

"Too old," he answered.

Shades of Mary Maurice! Too old! But I explained that I meant Alice Brady, whose years numbered few, if any, over a score. I also remarked that Marguerite Clark and Billie Burke should be good when they got out of their 'teens.

"What do you think of Virginia Pearson?" I asked.

"Too fat," he announced.

"And for the same reason you dont like Jewel Carmen, eh?" I said.

But he and the other members of his party recognized me as a low-brow and ignored me thereafter.

Persons like those just described are the cause of contests being most unfair. They do all of the voting, it seems.

Do you know of a better actor than Lionel Barrymore? But poor Lionel isn't cute nor handsome, so he has no votes. Robert Warwick is as good as Barrymore and is no more handsome. He has few votes—very few.

Are "heavies" barred from your contest? No? Harry T. Morey has no votes. Everybody knows that but few players are as good as Harry Morey. But he isn't "cute."

If Miss Brady, Messrs. Barrymore, Warwick or Morey had a chance in the world to "beat out" some of the merely dainty or handsome or "cute" players, I'd gladly sign up for a "long-term" contract for your magazines, but as they are entirely eliminated, I'll just forward my paltry 200 for Miss Brady, for she is not only the greatest player in the "World," but also the greatest player in the world.

Hugh Hampton, Dalton, Ga., is a disciple of Chesterfield with his pen and a just and Christian critic—but he does lambaste poor Curtis Pierce:

If the communication of Miss Curtis Pierce in your August issue is a "sparkling" one, as you indulgently say, then it is a labored sparkle, for with every would-be original phrase the lady shows how hard she is trying to scintillate. However, what could you expect from a reader of Harold Bell Wright and a worshiper of farce-comedy in its most meaningless form? Souls like this have their uses, even as infusoria. Without such unesthetic, materialistic beings the picture houses would not succeed—not now anyway, when we are so far from the grand

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

opera of Motion Picture. The most give-away statement in the brilliant letter of Miss Curtis is her condemnatory assertion in reference to Mr. Bushman. Alas! poor Bushman, I knew him well! How can he survive these strictures? Like a great poet, he will die of a review. But even should he succumb to this intelligent criticism, yet would his critic find the barbed arrow transfixed in her own anatomy. For does she not know that great actors, artists, writers, musicians, have always been mellowed and made exquisite by time, like a violin or an organ or certain paintings? Should Booth, Mansfield or Forbes-Robertson have been banished because they were not juvenile? Now, altho I do not pronounce Mr. Bushman a great actor and most assuredly not an aging one, he *is* a good actor, especially when given good plays and characters, and he is a very handsome, attractive man besides. I have yet to hear of him in another rôle than that of a refined gentleman. I am sure many will agree with me when I say he has displayed no signs of senility, is just as good-looking and prepossessing as ever, quite what Robert Grau called him, "the screen's most ingratiating personality." And no one dreams of calling him a "has been."

This is simply an appreciation of one who has given me some very delightful moments; a gentleman who, I fear, has received much of the faint praise that damns just because he is what he is. Envy is a common ingredient in most human natures.

Just a little space to add my appreciation of the work of Miss Pauline Frederick. I hope to see her yet in higher, finer plays. She is beautiful, capable, sincere—a great actress. I know of no other woman in screenland whose expressions are so natural and charming and thrilling. Like a star at midnight, or a draught of spring water at noontide, or a rose at dawn is Marguerite Clark. I am in love with her and always have been. I like to think that I never see her promiscuously careering over a beach, half-clad, in magazine pictures, nor attired in sensational gowns on their covers. And here are some more of my pets: Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, Marie Doro, Antonio Moreno, Jack Holt, Mae Marsh, Henry Walthall, Charles Kent, Frank Losee, Warren Kerrigan, Lillian Gish, Thomas Meighan and, for a change, Roscoe Arbuckle. More, too, but I refrain, only adding the Motion Picture Magazine as a favorite visitor.

Ethel P. Rodriguez, 937 W. Front St., Plainfield, N. J., has very few bones to pick, so she picks them clean:

I have always been a constant reader of your department, but I have hesitated to voice my humble opinion. However, having attended movie theaters every week for four years, besides buying two photoplay magazines a month, I now consider myself a full-fledged movie fan. Therefore I take unto myself the privilege of taking up my hammer and doing some



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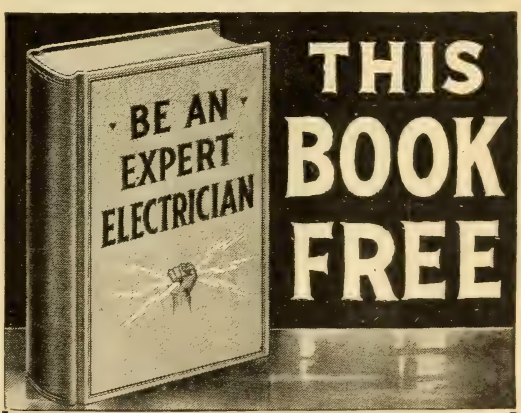
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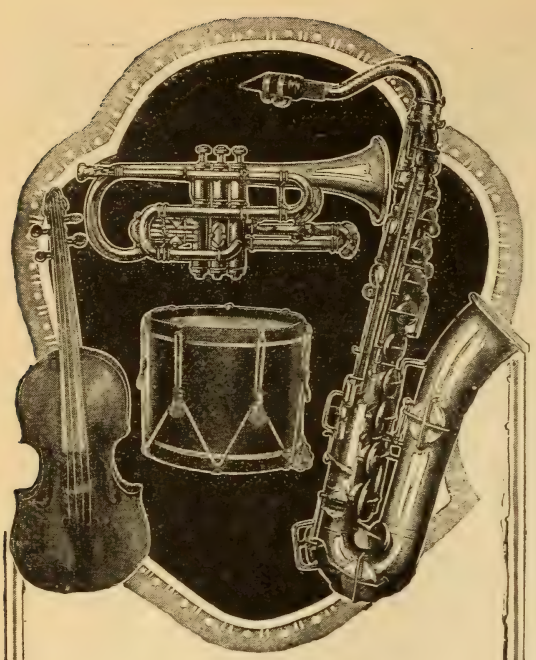
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

knocking, like the knockers that frequently infest your department.

I really cant see anything handsome or wonderful about Francis X. Bushman. He is a good actor, that's true, but, as for his looks, anybody that calls him handsome has a queer idea of beauty.

Our really handsome men of the screen are Wallace Reid and Crane Wilbur. These actors are truly good-looking and seldom are seen with excessive make-up like Mr. Bushman. I think their acting ability also has a greater charm than Bushman's. Mr. Wilbur is certainly one of the finest actors of the younger set, and I regret that we dont see more of him. Also I'd like to say something regarding what Mary Byers said about Crane Wilbur not keeping his promise in the September Magazine. Mr. Wilbur does send his photos to admirers, because a friend of mine has received one, and I also have a beautiful picture of him.

In my estimation, these so-called wonderful Bushmans and Kerrigans cant come anywhere near the *true* actors like Frank Keenan or George Beban. One is held by the spell of their natural, human acting, and I hope the public will soon be better able to select the genuine screen artists from the "matinée girl's idol."

Then there's these little silly shadowlets played by the blonde, curly-locks ingénue. I, for one, dont care much for these films or their players. However, sometimes these plays are really refreshing, and those who care for such types of girls will find great delight in them.

I think some mention should be made of the wonderful acting of Milton Sills in "The Honor System." Also "Hazel Kirke" and "Mayblossoms." No one ever seems to notice clean, interesting films like these and give the star due credit.

Hereafter I wish people would leave off picking on the poor serials. We mustn't expect them to be composed of common-sense plots, for if they were they wouldn't be as exciting as they are. Our own lives are generally dull and unexciting, so we wish to see the unusual, and the serial furnishes it. The serials are just as necessary in the movies as comedies, and I, for one, find them delicious.

In case you will be generous enough to print this, I feel I should acknowledge my favorites: Pearl White, June Caprice, Theda Bara, Creighton Hale, Crane Wilbur and Harry Hilliard are my special ones. Then I admire Vivian Martin, Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks, Antonio Moreno, Harold Lockwood, Sessue Hayakawa, Beverly Bayne, Mary Pickford and Milton Sills, together with Charlie Chaplin.

Before I close I'd like to praise one of the finest little girls on the screen, the world's inimitable "serial queen," Pearl White, a bewitching beauty of daring deeds and vivacious charm, whose entrancing face always seems to light up the screen upon which it appears.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By HARRY HARDING

Theda Bara has changed her Cleopatra robes for a new production at the Fox Company's California studios and is now doing a Russian picture that is expected to be very timely. J. Gordon Edwards is directing the feature.

Helen Holmes and her husband-director, J. P. MacGowan, staged a real railroad head-on collision at the Sacramento State Fair for one of the episodes of her latest serial, "The Lost Express," and gave the crowd of spectators quite a big thrill.

Mack Swain, the "Ambrose" of Keystone comedies, has left the Sennett lot and journeyed over to the L-Ko studios, where he is putting on comedies.

Crane Wilbur is a very busy man these days. He has just completed work on a special feature at San Diego, Cal., and, after a one-night visit in Los Angeles, left to motor to San Rafael, Cal., where he starts work on another special production under Director Chaudet.

Enid Markey, former Triangle star, has been signed up by the Fox Company and is being starred in a specially written feature for her which gives her a great opportunity to display her versatility. Director Dick Stanton is very enthusiastic over his new star's work.

Gail Kane has severed her connections with the American Film Company and is at present visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Pathé have taken over the lease of the Kalem Glendale studio and are making extensive alterations on the plant. It looks as if they contemplate doing big things in the way of getting hold of big stars. It is strongly rumored that Fannie Ward is to leave the Gay White Way to work at this studio.

B. A. Rolfe has taken hold of the Charlie Chaplin Lone Star Studio, where he will make features for the Metro program with Edith Storey, who has arrived in Los Angeles. We didn't expect to see her back with us so soon again, as it was only a few weeks ago that we bade her a fond farewell on her departure for New York.

The Balboa studio is all excited over the arrival of a baby girl to Jackie Saunders. E. D. Horkheimer, the fond father, is all smiles these days.

Little Mary Pickford has been doing a great deal of charity work of late. Her most recent bit was to get up a huge benefit for the Orphans' Home, which proved a huge success. "Doug" Fairbanks offered to give two dollars for every dollar that was collected in the audience, when a few hats were passed around. Four hundred and some odd dollars were collected, so the smiling favorite immediately wrote out his check for some eight hundred dollars. Some little gamble!





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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

Billy Sunday and "Doug" Fairbanks staged a real, honest-to-goodness ball-game the other day for sweet charity and astonished the natives by a real good game. The Fairbanks team were the winners by a score of 1 to 0. "Doug" fanned twice and fouled out once; but it was hot, and nobody seemed to care. Sunday was hit by a pitched ball and given first base. He promptly showed signs of greed by stealing second and third, but the next batter fanned and the game was lost. It was very thrilling for a finish, anyway, so everybody voted it a big day.

Trotted over to the Selig studio the other day and found no one working with the animals. They were eating. Colin Campbell was looking at a screening of his latest feature and getting ready to cut it down to footage. He expects to start work shortly on another big spectacle.

House Peters is contemplating taking a trip to the big city in a few weeks. He certainly will be missed.

Henry Walthall has started work at the Paralta studios under the direction of Rex Ingraham. Walthall declares that he never worked in such pleasant surroundings and is tickled to be back among his friends on the Coast once more.

Anna Little just cant stay away from us out here. She has returned from New York and is now playing opposite Wallace Reid in Frank H. Spearman's famous story, "Nan of Music Mountain."

William S. Hart has shifted his quarters from the Lasky studios to the Mabel Normand studio, and Mabel's name, which used to be seen on a large sign covering all sides of the studio, is now replaced by one reading, "William S. Hart Film Corporation." He has one set up now for his second Artcraft picture that covers the entire floor space of the studio. It is declared to be the largest set ever erected on the Coast.

They just cant seem to keep Charlie Ray out of the rube characters since he did "The Pinch-Hitter" and "The Clodhopper." He has done three pictures since then in which he will be seen as a regular up-to-date hero, but his latest feature, which he has just started work on, casts him as a rube once more, but a real fellow withal.

Polly Moran, who will thrill the screen patrons in the Paramount-Mack Sennett comedy, "Roping Her Romeo," soon to be released, by her wonderful riding, has become a devotee of osteopathy. Her ambition is to get all her joints and muscles back into place before she begins work on her next fun film.

Bessie Barriscale's first Paralta feature, "Madam Who," was given a private running at the studio last week for the heads of Paralta and some special friends. All were very much pleased with the feature and think that it is one of the best things that she has ever done.



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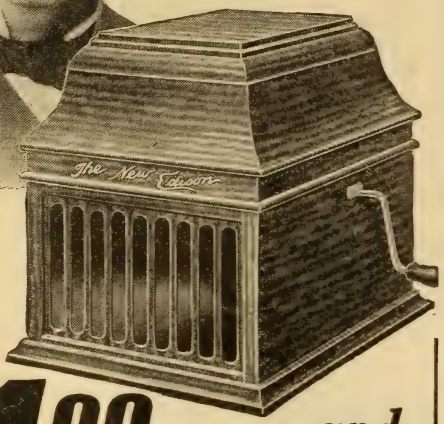
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THE GREAT PLAYS OF 1917

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For our convenience in tabulating and counting, kindly arrange your list alphabetically, and where the title begins with "a" or "the," please omit the article where possible. Kindly help us out in this worthy enterprise and help to make Motion Picture history.

A Sympathetic Colored Gentleman

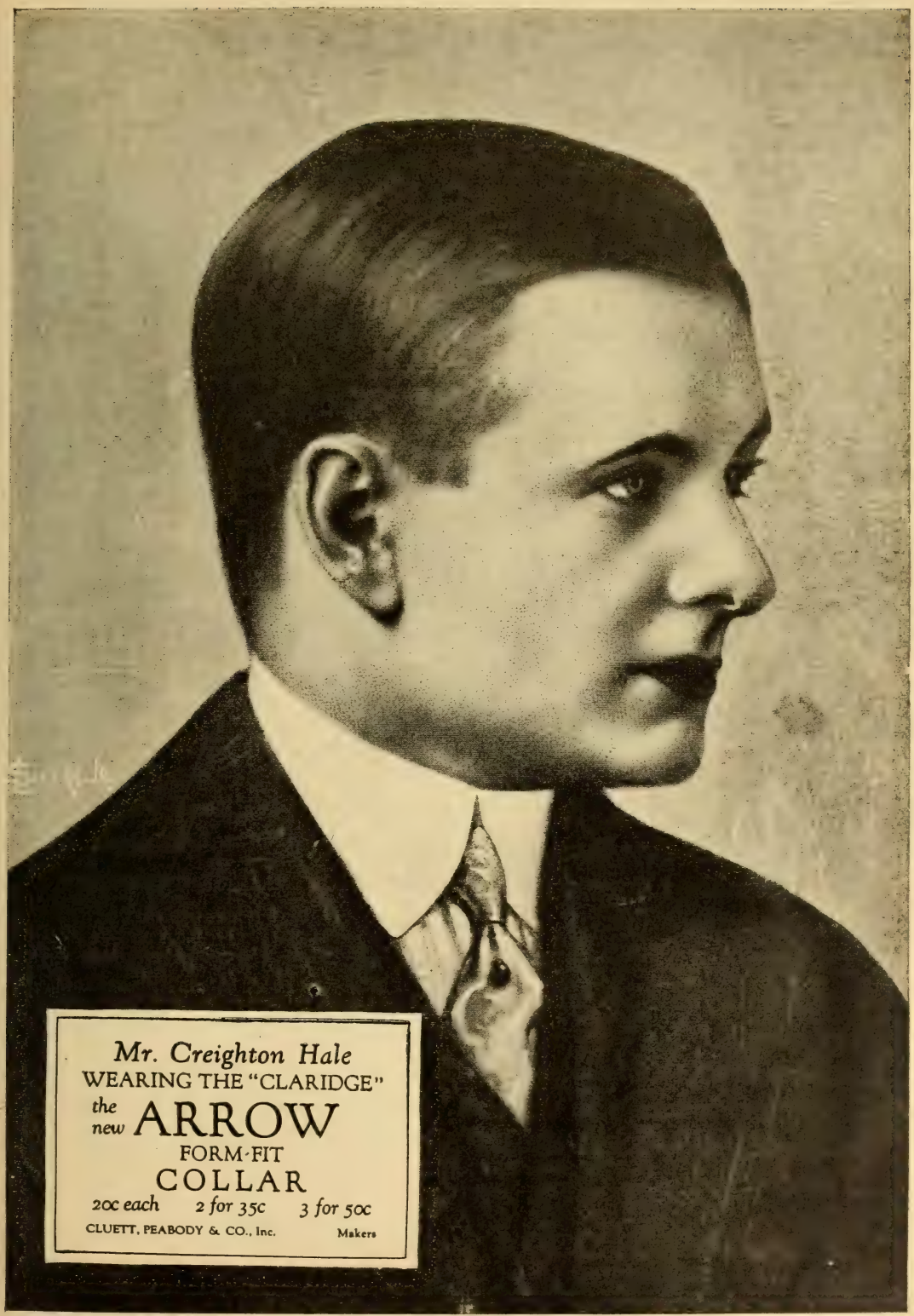
By MARJORIE GLEYRE LACHMUND

A film company was taking some exterior scenes in New Orleans. They wore the customary yellow make-up, but to them it was such a matter of course that they were almost unconscious of having it on.

Anon, an old darky shambled up and joined the crowd of curious onlookers. He studied the actors for some time, shaking his head pityingly. Then he murmured to his neighbors something about being back soon with a remedy and shuffled off.

Later on in the afternoon, when the film company was still at work, the old coon returned. In his hand he had a bunch of herbs. With a somewhat officious air, he pushed his way up to a group of actors and proffered the herbs.

"Dis heah am a mos' excellent remedy. Yo' all use it and it will jus' cure yo' in no time," he explained. Then, shaking his head commiseratingly, he added: "Ah sho hab seen jaundice in mah time, but Ah neber did see so many puhsons wid such tur'ble jaundice once!"


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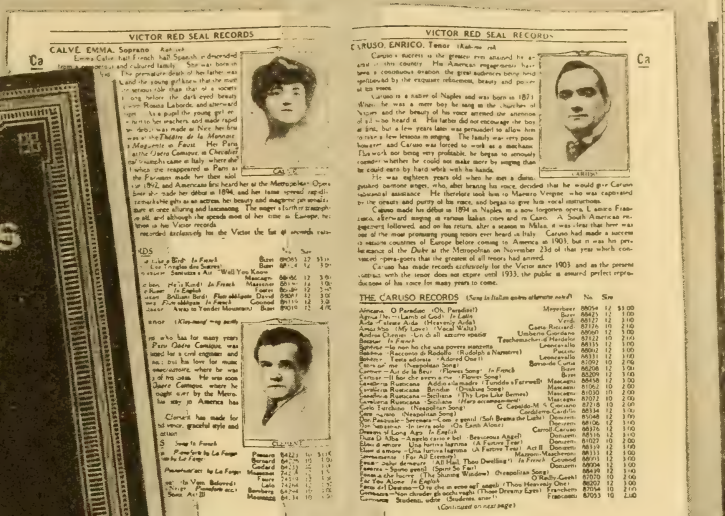
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How a 23 Year Old Boy Earns $15,000 a Year

A Lesson in Fortune Making

By James C. Rhodes

THIS is the remarkable story of a mere boy, who jumped from a salary of $20 a week two years ago, to earnings now of $15,000 a year. There is nothing remarkable about him—he is just an ordinary boy, fond of fun, mild mannered, soft spoken, pleasing in appearance. He had only an ordinary education, no capital to start with and was not presented with an opportunity ready-made. Moreover, he achieved his success in a city of 20,000 people, where most other young men said "I'm going to New York—there's no chance for me in this town."

Two years ago this young man went into business for himself. In six months he lost every penny he had saved and about a thousand dollars which he borrowed. He secured a position at $20 a week and began to think about his failure. As is usual in cases like this, he blamed everything and everybody, except himself.

One day in his new position he was confronted with a proposition that had to be accepted or rejected at once. Deep down in his heart he knew his employer would approve of the decision he was about to make, and since only a small sum of money was involved, there was no great risk. **But he took no action.**

Upon his employer's return, the young man was shown wherein he was wrong in not accepting the responsibility of making the decision he knew was right. "It isn't the money," said his employer, "for it is only a small amount; but I like people around me who can decide things for themselves. I would rather have one man who made mistakes by **trying to help** the company, than to have ten men who never made mistakes, because they **never attempted** anything. The trouble with you is that you have no real **spunk**—you had no will of your own—you depend on others too much."

That was the one thing the young man needed most to know. He realized immediately that he had failed previously in business—that he was being held back now because he was afraid of every business man he met. He **expected** to be turned down whenever he wanted anything—and he **was.** He had no nerve. He was easily swayed by every glib talker.

He realized, for the first time, that his will was not strong enough to smash his ideas across, to give him the power of definite and decisive action. He realized that heretofore he gave up too easily—he had allowed obstacles to turn him from his purpose instead of **overcoming** them. From that time on he became a changed person. He began to assert himself—he began to practice the development of his will power. He commanded and demanded and fought where formerly he had been satisfied to accept what was handed to him.

In a short time he left his position to again go into business for himself. During the first year he earned $10,000. During 1917 his earnings thus far indicate a profit for the year of

at least $15,000. And he is just beginning.

This is but one case where the tremendous power of the human will has proven to be the greatest single force in business and in fortune-building.

Interesting and inspiring are several other cases that have come to my personal attention, because the same methods are open to us all, no matter how young or how old we may be.

One is that of a man who was $6,000 in debt three years ago. Since then he has accumulated $200,000 without speculating and today is earning $1,000 a week. He is only one of many who frankly credit their good fortune to Prof. Frank Channing Haddock and his very remarkable book, "Power of Will." Another is a young man who worked in a big factory. One day he met Mr. W. N. Taylor, the noted efficiency expert, who advised him to read "Power of Will." He did so, applied himself to the training of his will, and in less than one year his salary was increased to more than eight times what he had been earning.

Then there is the case of C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company. After his first examination of Prof. Haddock's methods and lessons in will power development, as published in "Power of Will," he told the author that they would be worth $3,000 to $30,000 to him.

Another man, Dr. H. D. Ferguson, residing in Hot Springs, Ark., increased his earnings from $40 a week to $150 a week in a remarkably short space of time after he began the study of will training. Will power training by Haddock's system has enabled thousands to conquer drink and other vices almost overnight—has helped overcome sickness and nervousness—has transformed unhappy, envious, discontented people into dominating personalities filled with the joy of living.

In this new book Prof. Haddock, whose name ranks with Bergson, James, and Royce in the scientific world, has given to the world for the first time a practical, simple system of rules and exercises for will power training that has completely revolutionized the lives of thousands of people. For the will is just as susceptible to exercise and training as any muscle of the body.

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STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

Fulton.—"Broken Threads." Truly an American drama for red-blooded Americans. Very well presented, and both Cyril Keightley and Phœbe Hunt are excellent. A pleasant surprise in store for those who like a real U. S. A. play.

Plymouth.—"Barbara." An artistic, high-class dream-play, in which Marie Doro lives in an imaginary world with her three children-to-be. She is very charming and acts the part gracefully. John Miltern as Dr. Richard Long is superb.

Hudson.—"The Pipes of Pan." A capital comedy of high order. No big moments or heart-throbs, but engrossingly entertaining thruout. Norman Trevor is excellent, as usual.

Booth.—"The Masquerader." See this play. One of the best that has hit the big town in years. Guy Bates Post in the title (double) rôle is great, and so is the whole show.

New Amsterdam.—"The Riviera Girl" is a refreshing, distinctive musical-comedy. The score by Emmerich Kalman is fascinating and splendidly orchestrated, with a Hungarian tang woven into the melodic structure which undeniably gets into the blood. The major rôles are well sung and well interpreted. Not in many seasons has the scenic artist and costumer scored such a triumph, the effects being strongly suggestive of Maxfield Parish.

Cohan & Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

44th St.—"Hitchy-Koo." Raymond Hitchcock and Leon Errol cause gales of laughter in their inimitable revue in two acts. William Rock, Frances White and Grace LaRue share the honors.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." A musical-comedy adaptation of George Ade's "College Widow." Some first-nighters prophesy that it wont go—too clean, but this is what the better half of New York is looking and hoping for: musical-comedy that our daughters will not blush at, tuneful music, neat and clever college wit, and artistic dancing that is *not* suggestive.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is excellently supported by Grace Valentine and a strong cast. A clever play, but not the thing for Sunday-school people.

Republic (now on the road).—"Peter Ibbetson." One of the most charming and entrancing plays in years. John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Constance Collier and other stars contribute some remarkable acting to an engrossing story.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By HARRY HARDING

Jewel Carmen, who has been with the Fox Company for a long time, playing opposite William Farnum and other stars, has just been promoted to stardom herself by the Fox Company and has already commenced work on her first starring vehicle under the direction of Frank Lloyd.

Dashing Fay Tincher, former Triangle star comédienne, has returned to the Coast once again, after a prolonged visit to New York City. Fay looks fine and expects to start work again shortly.

Goldwyn continues to grab off the film folk in the Coast colony and take them away to New York. Clarence Badger, Keystone director, has just been signed up by the Goldwyn Company and will take the Sunset Limited for New York in a few days.

D. W. Griffith, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Bobby Harron and chief camera-man Billy Bitzer have all returned to Los Angeles, after spending several months in England and France making pictures, the nature of which has not as yet been divulged by them. They had many thrilling experiences while on the other side and while crossing the ocean, which they are kept busy relating again and again to their many friends.

Charles Ray, youthful Ince star, has started work under the direction of Victor Schertzinger on a new story that he declares to be the finest in which he has ever appeared. Charlie declares that if it photographs as well as it reads, it should prove to be the best picture that he has ever done.

Crane Wilbur, the popular star, preached a real sermon at the San José First Methodist Church on October 28th from the pulpit. The text of his sermon was booze, and from all the accounts of the papers one would have thought that Crane was a real minister of the gospel himself, so strongly did he present his sermon.

Following closely on her recent success in "Responsibility," in which she was starred by the Fox Film Corporation, Enid Markey has started work with the National Film Corporation to be featured in the famous novel, "Tarzan of the Apes." Enid has been doing some great work lately and has well established her right to stardom.

Viola Dana and her husband-director, John Collins, have arrived at the Metro studios, where they will produce their forthcoming features. Edith Storey is nearly finished with her first Metro picture and is busy these nights reading over the script for her succeeding film.

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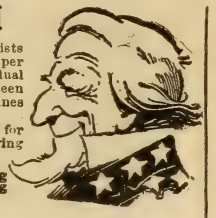
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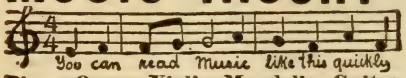
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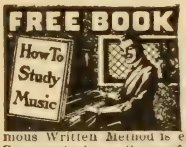


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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

Rollin S. Sturgeon, who has just completed his contract as director at the American studios in Santa Barbara, has signed up with the Lasky Company again and will direct Vivian Martin in Paramount features.

William S. Hart is locationing again. He has taken his company of players 'way up in northern California for some special scenery that he requires for the background of his forthcoming Artcraft release. It is getting so now that we see very little of Bill, because he is always somewhere on location.

Lois Weber, the famous woman producer, has decided to take a vacation of several weeks before starting work on her next production. She has been suffering with headaches lately, and decided to take a good rest before starting another feature, feeling that she could not do justice to her work under such a handicap.

Charles Spencer Chaplin and his brother Sydney have just returned from a vacation in Honolulu, where they have been for the past six weeks. Charlie says that he feels like a new man and is going about his work of getting the plans laid out for his new studio with added vim. Sydney is still the same busy little fellow that he has always been.

Henry Lehrman, producer of the Sunshine Comedies, and Tom Mix, the Fox cowboy star, have gone upon a hunting trip on which they expect to collect the limit in ducks or anything else that happens to be straying about. Billie Ritchie has also gone off after the elusive duck with Lehrman and Mix.

Bessie Barriscale and her husband, Howard Hickman, seem to have tired of flat life, for they have bought a bungalow right near the Paralta studio, with a Jap chef that Bessie says cant be beat.

Jack Pickford is planning to spend his Xmas holidays in New York City. He hopes to be able to finish his present production for the Paramount in time to catch the Limited for the Gay White Way. William D. Taylor, Jack's director, will accompany him, as they intend to mix business with pleasure and grab a few scenes of Jack in and around New York for his next feature.

Lloyd Hamilton, better known to the film fans as Ham, thinks that he has fully qualified for a deep-sea diver. In the making of his last comedy, Ham spent quite a bit of the time under water in the submarine tank at the William Fox Sunshine Comedy studio. He did a great deal of his work under water as well as on land, and now says that he is a full-fledged under-sea actor. (Williamson Brothers, please note.)

The Fox studios on Western Avenue are putting in new improvements every day. They are enlarging the studios and building enough glass stages to accommodate ten companies, which they hope to have in operation in the near future.

PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

Edward Sloman, the American's director, is certainly in love with his new-born daughter and personally sees to it that all the care in the world is taken of her. His latest effort in his tiny daughter's behalf was to sell his touring-car and buy a limousine so the youngster could go riding with her fond parents.

Bryant Washburn, the popular young star, who recently signed up with Pathé, has just arrived on the Coast and has started work on his first picture at the old Kalem Glendale studio. Gertrude Selby has been selected as his leading-woman. The shops are already full of Bryant's smiling countenance.

Prizes for Kings and Queens Puzzlers

The Hidden-Name Players Played Peek-a-boo with Our Readers

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC'S Kings and Queens Contest is such a tidal wave of popular opinion that it was bound to create a back-wash for the Kings and Queens Puzzle published in the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We are afraid that our Puzzle Department will be accused of keeping people at home, but if this is a crime—not a fascinating amusement—we confess that we're going to keep right along in the malefactor class by publishing lots more puzzles for the winter months. In perpetrating the deed in the Kings and Queens Puzzle we were aided and abetted by nearly a thousand puzzle-lovers who sent us their answers.

And now to dish out the plums. There were to be ten dollars in cash and five yearly subscriptions to be divided according to the merits of the answers received. Our Puzzle Editor has tried to be a Solomon. Many of the answers received were exceptionally artistic and beautifully designed. After a most painstaking selection, the Puzzle Editor announces the prizes as follows:

First prize, $4.00—Jennie C. Colvin, 2010 Roscoe St., Chicago, Ill.

Second prize, $3.00—A. Pearl McPhearson, 342 Hope St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Third prize, $1.00—Charlotte Singer, 356 Lincoln Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

Fourth prize, $1.00—Ivan L. Payne, Troop College, Pasadena, Cal.



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Sixth prize—Grace Johnson, 721 North Main St., Tulsa, Okla.

Seventh prize—Herbert H. Schwahn, Box 1575, Milwaukee, Wis.

Eighth prize—Mary Mix, Bowling Green, Mo.

Ninth prize—A. Eleanor Laughlin, 617 Adams St., Vicksburg, Miss.

Tenth prize—Ethel Young, 29 Forest St., Rutland, Vt.

Here are the correct answers: (1) Lillian Gish, Robert Warwick; (2) Mary Pickford, George Larkin; (3) Mary Fuller, Harold Lockwood; (4) May Allison, Harry Northrup; (5) Pearl White, Francis Bushman; (6) Viola Dana, Warren Kerrigan; (7) Grace Cunard, Antonio Moreno; (8) June Caprice, Harry Hilliard; (9) Pauline Frederick, William Farnum; (10) Violet Mersereau, George Walsh; (11) Anita Stewart, Wallace Reid; (12) Theda Bara, Douglas Fairbanks; (13) Mary Miles Minter, Dustin Farnum; (14) Beverly Bayne, Earle Williams; (15) Kathlyn Williams, House Peters; (16) Virginia Pearson, Charlie Chaplin; (17) Marguerite Clark, Ralph Kellard; (18) Norma Talmadge, Crane Wilbur; (19) Mae Murray, Henry Walthall; (20) Louise Glaum, Charles Ray; (21) Ethel Clayton, Carlyle Blackwell; (22) Olga Petrova, Theodore Roberts; (23) Bessie Love, William S. Hart; (24) Edith Storey, Jack Pickford.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK

Charlie Chaplin did not meet Douglas Fairbanks until shortly after Fairbanks made his screen début, and it happened this way:

Chaplin happened to be passing a picture theater and paused to look at the poster of Fairbanks with his supporting cast that adorned the entrance. When Chaplin had looked them all over, he turned to an unobtrusive young man who had been watching him out of the corner of his eye.

"Say, have you seen this show?" he asked.

"Sure," replied the young man.

"Any good?" asked Chaplin.

"Why, say, he's the best in the business. He's a scream! Never laughed so much at any one in all my life."

"Is he as good as Chaplin?" ventured Chaplin, hopefully.

"As good as Chaplin!" The young man's scorn was superb. "Why, this Fairbanks person has got that Chaplin person looking like a gloom. They're not in the same class. Fairbanks is funny. I'm sorry you asked me, I feel so strongly about it."

Chaplin looked at him very sternly, and then he said, "I'm Chaplin."

"I know you are," said the young man cheerfully; "I'm Fairbanks."

Popular Player Puzzle

$10.00 IN PRIZES OFFERED FOR THE BEST SOLUTIONS

DURING the last seven years we have published many puzzles, and the responses from our readers have convinced us that they have been enjoyed. We have paid out several thousand dollars in prizes, and we feel that our readers have well earned it. Besides, we know that those who have not been successful enjoyed the pleasant hours spent in trying to work out these puzzles. It is difficult to find something new in the way of puzzles, and something that is really worth the big and best efforts of our intelligent readers. If you have anything really big in the way of a contest we will gladly pay $10 or more for it, and we will offer as high as $500 in prizes for the best solutions. Until we find such a contest, we offer the following, which, we feel sure, will be found very interesting:

1. Hobo	9. Wide	17. Wish
2. Halo	10. Hope	18. Rake
3. Ware	11. Mane	19. Whoa
4. Vida	12. Rust	20. Lobe
5. Dobe	13. Mine	21. Jade
6. Wake	14. Lest	22. Lust
7. Peon	15. Hoes	23. Rain
8. Mama	16. Kale	24. Roar

Each of these words represents a popular player. The first two letters and the last two letters of each of the twenty-four words above mentioned spell a part of the given name and a part of the surname of a player. Here is an example: Suppose the word was Majo; then the answer would be Mary Jones, or perhaps Margaret Johenning—if there were popular players by those names.

Send all answers to Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and be sure your name and address is on your answer. We will divide $10 among the winners at the close of the contest, which will probably be about February 1st.



February Magazine—A Real Picture Book

Its Beautiful Gallery of Players and New Rotogravure Sections Make a Stunning Party Dress

When we were little twinkle-toes, picture-books held a strange fascination for us. "Oh, see the mooley cow!" "Here's the growly, woolly lion!" As we turned the simple, pictured pages opening the wonder-world to baby eyes, our prattle-prayer was always a song about the booful pictures. The wonder stage is still with us (blessed be the eyes of youth!) and from shop-window, on the silver sheet and in the printed page the eye demands its fill of color, form and life.

"PICTURES, PICTURES EVERYWHERE AND NOT A HOMELY PAGE"

The February Motion Picture Magazine will be a veritable banquet of pictures. Instead of a stingy two or four Gallery portraits, as in other publications, there will be a beautiful Rotogravure Gallery of ten pages, each a highly artistic likeness of a favorite player. The body of the Magazine, besides, will be stunningly dressed in this new, deep-toned and striking printing process. All in all the February Magazine will be a thrice-told tale—you will first thumb thru its maze of beautiful pictures, then read your favorite stories and, finally, play the delightful game of "dreaming the pictures into the text."

"THE SCREEN FACE"

Nearly every girl—and every man, for that matter—thinks that her face will screen well. Perhaps she is entirely right or entirely wrong. We have called to their aid such well-known "face nurses" as Earle Williams, Olga Petrova, Mary Pickford, Pearl White, Marguerite Clark, Antonio Moreno and Clara Kimball Young, who, in an article teeming with first aid to the injured, tell just what is the "properest" kind of a face.

"MY MOST DIFFICULT SCENE"

The art of acting is a marvelous thing, half human, half divine. Often the simplest expression requires the greatest acting, and there is nothing on which a player loves to talk more than the unfolding of his art. The February Magazine introduces a series of talks with famous players in which each one graphically describes his or her most difficult piece of acting and how he or she got it across. At least half a dozen players will tell their story each month, and the articles will be illustrated with the actual scenes they describe. These personal narratives will be highly illuminating to those who want to know the "howness" and "whyness" of screen acting.

"HOOK, LINE AND SINKER"

Wherein our globe-trotting story-teller, H. H. Van Loan, who is making a trip around the world as the Magazine's minstrel of the film, arrives in Honolulu and enchantingly describes the haunt of the hula dancer, the crystal beach of Waikiki and the flower-strewn White Way of this far-off city of Uncle Sam.

"CAPTAIN SUNLIGHT'S LAST RAID"

This month's installment left both Jack Conway and Janet in such perilous positions that we can hardly hold our breath until Captain Sunlight makes his last raid and concludes the story in the February number. Will Janet be taken over the border and be forced to marry him? Will crushed and broken Jack Conway figure in her life again? Such gasping questions Cyrus Townsend Brady will answer in the galloping finish of this great, red-blooded novel of the West.

"DESMOND, THE DESTRUCTIVE"

An intimate pow-wow with "Bill" Desmond, the Big Chief of Triangle's Tepee.

"IT'S GREAT TO BE A STAR"

A Cozy *Entre Nous* Chat with the Shining Stage and Picture Star, Florence Reed, Elaborately Illustrated with Rotogravure Portraits.

The Half of the Book Cannot Be Sung. Here's a promise that not one of your favorite departments will be missing. Each and every one of our staff has caught the winter zest. By way of a sample, here is a surprise: "Where Have They Gone?" We have put our staff detective to work ferreting out the mysterious disappearance of such big players as Edwin August, Maurice Costello, Mary Fuller, Florence Lawrence, Gene Gauntier, Florence Turner, and dozens of others who have suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. The first installment of how and where we rediscovered them will appear in the February issue. Order your copy from your newsdealer now. "Sold Out" is often a sad but true story.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

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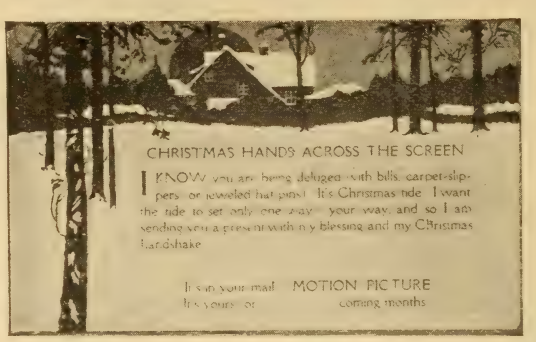
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A Miracle by Santa Claus

By GEORGE WILDEY

I sent dear Santa Claus this year, as I have always done,
A list of toys I'd like to have, from aeroplane to gun.
And then I wrote and told him, in the most impressive way,
That, best of all, I'd like to see my dad on Christmas day.
For dad had crossed the sea to help the allies win the war;
"Somewhere in France" he'd gone to join the aviation corps.

As Santa never yet had failed to grant my least request,
I thought he'd surely grant the one he knew would please me best,
And so when Christmas morning dawned I woke and quickly found
That every toy I wanted he had brought me safe and sound;
But tho I hunted everywhere, nor missed a single chance,
I could not find my daddy—he was still "somewhere in France."

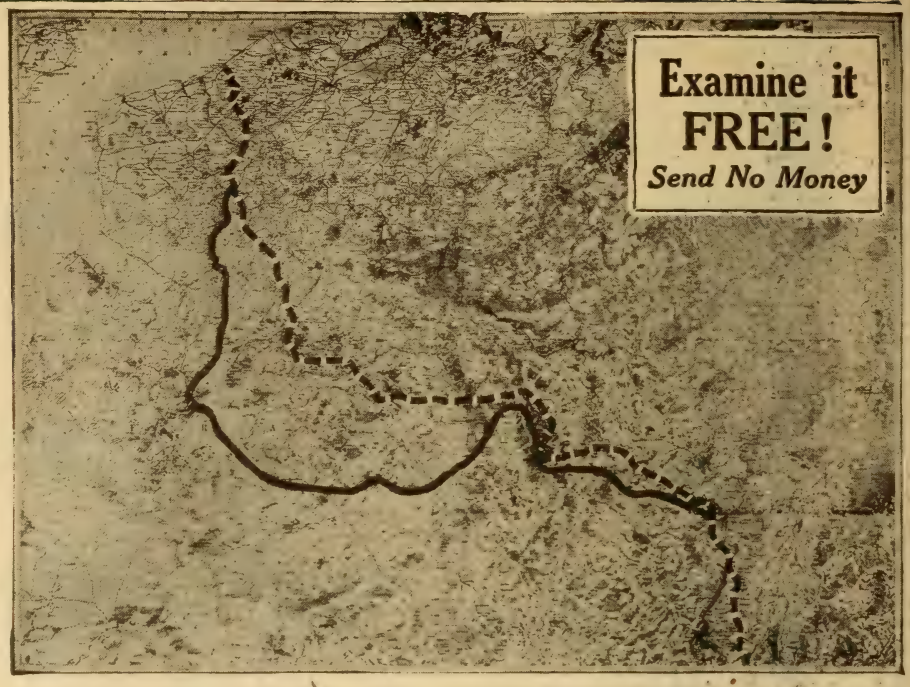
I did not wish to seem ungrateful for my handsome gifts,
And tried to see the sunny spots that shone between the rifts.
But I was very sad at heart, and so was mother dear—
Behind the smile she turned to me I saw the hidden tear;
And tho she gaily romped with me and did her gallant best,
How many times she caught me up and hugged me to her breast!

That afternoon we took a walk, my mother dear and I,
And coming to a picture show, just could not pass it by.
And so we went inside and saw a very charming play,
That sometimes made us laugh right out and drove the blues away.
And there were other pictures, too, that followed thick and fast,
But, oh! the best of all was one that came the very last!

With fluttering of Stars and Stripes, the Sammies, full of "pep,"
Marched straight thru Paris, heads erect, and keeping perfect step.
A joyous welcome greeted them from throngs that lined the street;
So loud the cheers arose they drowned the drummer's rhythmic beat.
And then near by a town that showed the ravages of war
Appeared a group of men whose fame had spread from shore to shore.

High overhead an aeroplane was seen to circle round,
And presently, like some great bird, drop lightly to the ground.
Then one of those great men stepped forth to greet the welcome guest,
And pinned a badge of honor on the blushing airman's breast.
The hero made a gesture with his hand—a way he had—
And instantly I knew that I was looking at my dad.

I jumped and shouted, "daddy, dad!" and true as true can be,
My own dear daddy faced about and looked and smiled at me.
And tho you'd not believe it, I distinctly heard him say,
"Why, hello, son! I hope you've had a merry Christmas day."
'Tis wonderful how Santa Claus such miracles can plan—
I guess he must have fixed it with the Moving Picture man.



Size
28 x 36 inches

This photograph is a reproduction of the most complete single map of the Western Front ever published. It is 28x36 inches in size, but folds into a convenient cover 5½x7½ inches, just right to be carried conveniently in the pocket for frequent consultation. It is printed on excellent paper, and can be had mounted on cloth if desired at slight extra cost.

The Most Complete Single Map of the Western Front

More than 7,000 Villages, Towns, and Hamlets

On this map there are shown more than 7,000 places. The State of Illinois contains about the same number of square miles as shown on this map and in Illinois there are less than 1,700 places of 100 or more inhabitants. In addition to this vast number of places it gives all woods, fortresses, fortified towns, naval arsenals, forts, redoubts, batteries, aircraft depots, wireless stations and railways. The forests and woods are indicated in *green*, giving the map an attractive appearance, and adding a strategical feature of importance. The scale of the map is 10 *miles to the inch.* It extends west to Ashford, England; north to Antwerp, Belgium; east to Frankfort, Germany; and south to Orleans, France. It shows for comparison the *battle* line of 1914, when the Germans were *almost at the gates of Paris. The ground gained by the Allies* therefore, may be plainly seen. It is without exception the most satisfactory map of the Western Front which has been engraved. It has been prepared especially to throw light on movements as they occur. It may be examined with ease, for the type is bold and clean cut.

Follow the American Troops in France

A Complete Index Makes Locating Easy

An index of towns and villages accompanying a map of this kind has been proven *an absolute necessity.* The smaller towns are the ones usually mentioned in the news dispatches. They are not to be found *on ordinary maps,* and the locations of most of them were, and still are, utterly unknown to the general public, but unless their locations are known their strategical importance cannot be grasped.

Nothing is more unsatisfactory than searching all over the map for a small place that may or may not appear upon it. However, this *loss of time and patience is now at an end,* for the index which *accompanies this map* makes it *vastly more useful and valuable.* The index contains more than 7,000 names. An idea of the importance of this statement may be gained from the fact that 90 per cent of the war maps available to-day contain less than 500 names. This index is bound in with the map and enables one to locate *instantly* any one of the 7,000 places mentioned.

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This Is a Picture, Men!

By WALTER EDMAND MAIR



THIS is a picture, men!
See, yonder comes the Light!
Aye, it is Dawn—the ending of the Night.
All the dark ages past have found us here;
And all our children's hopes that we hold dear
Wait on our answer and the thing we do.
This is a picture, men!

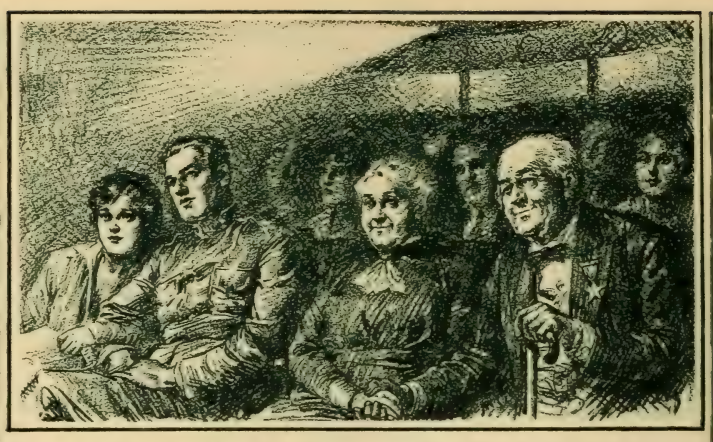
This is a picture, men!
They say our elders slept,
While only Hate and Hell their vigils kept;
Blinded by Greed, we let them march apace,
Till the good God Himself at last must hide His face
From this black hour that bodes the glorious day!
This is a picture, men!

This is a picture, men!
Remember you the cries
Of stricken women? Belgium yonder lies,
And there bleeds France, with soul unyielding still.
Even that far, lone Cross upon the hill
Finds no defense against the sons of Shame.
This is a picture, men!

This is a picture, men!
The story, old as Life,
Is told but once, and God has blest the strife
Wherein we must atone for blindness past.
Register what you will—the die is cast.
The light! The light! Ready there with your guns!
THIS IS A PICTURE, MEN!

With these marks in sight, you go in and take your seat in confidence

And come out well-pleased and satisfied.



And there you will find your old sweetheart again~

The theatre that displays the Paramount and Artcraft marks is *your* kind of theatre.

Come drop that newspaper for to-night!

Maybe she's tired of a paper wall and silence and the width of a lighted table between you.

Maybe she's thinking of those *other* evenings when you sat *next* each other—and there were no lights.

Come—forget the news for once. Take her to a theatre where, any time you go, you'll see a picture worthy of your best and finest moods—clean, well directed, played by foremost stars, and bearing a Paramount or Artcraft Pictures mark.

* * * * *

How long since you sat that way together?

Habit has built a wall of commonplaces. You sit on opposite sides of a table—and read newspapers or pore over bills.

But here . . . there is no table between you. No light to disclose harsh realities. You sit close, side by side, and maybe your hands touch. You are learning how to be lovers again, from fleeting lights and shadows that move across a screen!

And as that unconscious hard crust of life is melted by the kindly warmth of a finer, tender feeling, you glance at each other and see—no, not brows knit with the problems and plans of today and tomorrow—

But the shy young girl and strong, romantic youth of those other, bygone days and their never-forgotten sweetness!

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VIOLET MERSEREAU

If we say "Bluebird for happiness," echo is bound to answer "Violet for daintiness." Violet and Bluebird are indissolubly blended in the eyes of millions of admirers. A bit over a year ago Violet made this promise: "Whoever wins the Universal handsome man contest, I will marry—if he will have me." A deuced good-looking chap won the contest, and we are still waiting to hear if Violet kept her promise.



© Underwood & Underwood

MAXINE ELLIOTT

To have held the center of the American and English stage for years, to be crowned its most beautiful woman, and to have her own playhouse in New York is the quite remarkable record of Maxine Elliott. Her screen début was recently made in "Fighting Odds," a colorful Goldwyn production.



STUART HOLMES

All villains are artists, but not all artists are villains. Stuart "Diavolo" Holmes is the glittering exception. Superstitious, sensitive, highly imaginative, he found it easy to lay down the artist's palette and light the villain's cigaret. His reformation came in "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Derelict," where we find him a full-fledged star. Stuart Holmes' latest adventure is leading-man to that tempestuous comédienne, Eva Tanguay, in "The Wild Girl."



© Apeda

HOUSE PETERS

As a leading-man with a romantic career and a roving disposition, House Peters cant be beat. Starting his "underfoot" days in the wilds of Australia, he began his dramatic adventures on the English stage, transferred them to America and finally took pot luck in practically all of the picture studios. This strolling and popular star has left Lasky, "whereabouts unknown," but he will, peradventure, be on the camera firing-line again at an early day.



© Lumière

CORINNE GRIFFITH

Every picture company loves to stumble on a "discovery." That's what Vitagraph calls beautiful Corinne Griffith, whom one of their sleuthing directors discovered posing in an amateur tableau in New Orleans. Corinne is now a full-fledged star of *tableaux vivants*, and, moreover, has picked the illustrious Earle Williams as her running-mate for her forthcoming feature, "Who Goes There?"



© Apeda

VOLA VALE

When Vola Smith first opened her eyes in Buffalo, she had no intention of becoming an actress. Her mother's first impression of her was that she was a gifted vocalist; but, in time, her cries ceased, and she sought consolation in the muteness of the Biograph studio. It was Griffith who objected to the "get-thereness" of Smith, and he said: "I christen thee Vale." Vola Vale has survived the stormy destiny of Biograph and is opening her still young wings by playing for Paramount with Charles Ray.



© Lauritz Bros. L. A.

MONROE SALISBURY

Spawned in the stern dramatic school of Richard Mansfield, Monroe Salisbury entered pictures knowing how to do and to dare. His powerful rôle of Allesandro, in "Romona," at once made him a commanding figure on the picture stage. Universal City is his latest habitat, in "The Desire of the Moth."



BESSIE BARRISCALE

Given a hundred pounds, more or less, a scant five feet plus French-heeled slippers, a coronet of top-heavy, corn-colored hair and a pair of sparkling "come-hither" brown orbs, and we have the receipt for Bessie Barriscale, character-comédienne without a rival. It is the Irish in Bessie's piquant mouth, the English in her blonde tresses and the artiste in her eyes that put her on top. Flavor this with her happy-go-lucky life in California, and we have the American blood tinting Bessie's fair cheeks. After a long and triumphant career with Triangle, Colleen Bessie has cast her lot with Paralta.



© Moffett, Chicago

TAYLOR HOLMES

A few short years ago, when Taylor Holmes acted as valet to a carload of horses, he had no idea it was in him to be an actor. He won his fame overnight on Broadway as Sammy in "The Commuters." When jaded Broadway pronounces an actor good, he must be extraordinary. So Taylor Holmes proved in "Bunker Bean." Now the fascination for the tricky little camera has caught him, and he has registered for Essanay two exceptionally clever portrayals of humorous character in "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship" and "Fools For Luck."



THELMA SALTER

© Witzel L. A.

Bewitching little Thelma Salter is almost as old—or, rather, as young—as her parent company, Kay-Bee. Thelma and Triangle, you know, are the prodigious twins of Mother Kay-Bee. Thelma is a real daughter of the studio, who just "growed up" under artificial lights, with magazine boxes and camera cranks for playthings. Last February she shared the starring honors of "The Crab" with Frank Keenan, and now, in "Slumberland," she is driving her own tiny star chariot, soon to be followed by other children's plays.



CARMEL MEYERS © Evans L. A.

When D. W. Griffith was producing that Gargantuan spectacle, "Intolerance," daily a bevy of new beauties were led before him. The Oriental charms of Carmel Meyers gained a place for her in the cast. Then came Harold Lockwood in "The Haunted Pajamas," which included Carmel Meyers' good looks and stunning pajamas, putting all other "good-nighties" to shame.



OWEN MOORE

Owen Moore is the chief of the clan Mattowenmoore, the other ruddy-haired and blue-eyed brothers being Thomas, Matthew and Joseph. Owen Moore's specialty is leading-man, at which he has no equal. In real life he is leading-man to Mary Pickford, and in screen life —well, there are Florence Lawrence, Virginia Pearson, Mary Pickford, Elsie Janis, Lois Meredith, Marion Leonard, Fritzi Brunette, Gertrude Robinson, Dorothy Gish, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Courtot, and Irene Fenwick. That will be about all—Owen cant remember the rest.



© Apeda

BILLIE WEST

The voltaic and volatile comedy star of King-Bee comedies enters pictures with a sure grasp on the risible nerves of his audience. For years Billie West has been a sure-fire fun-maker and gloom-chaser in "big-time" vaudeville. On account of his spontaneous manner, Billie is called the effortless comedian. If he can put picture comedy across without an effort it will be a mighty pleasant relief.







What has he said to her?

Does your glowing face cause an exclamation of pleasure?

Brilliant lights revealing every grace and every flaw; eyes fixed upon you ready to admire—can you face them unembarrassed?

Don't spoil your evening wondering about your complexion. Descend the stairs to meet your friends radiant and blooming—thrilled by the knowledge that you are looking your best.



You can make your skin what you will. Nature does her part. You can do the rest. Every day the old skin dies and new skin forms. What this new skin is depends on the care you give it.

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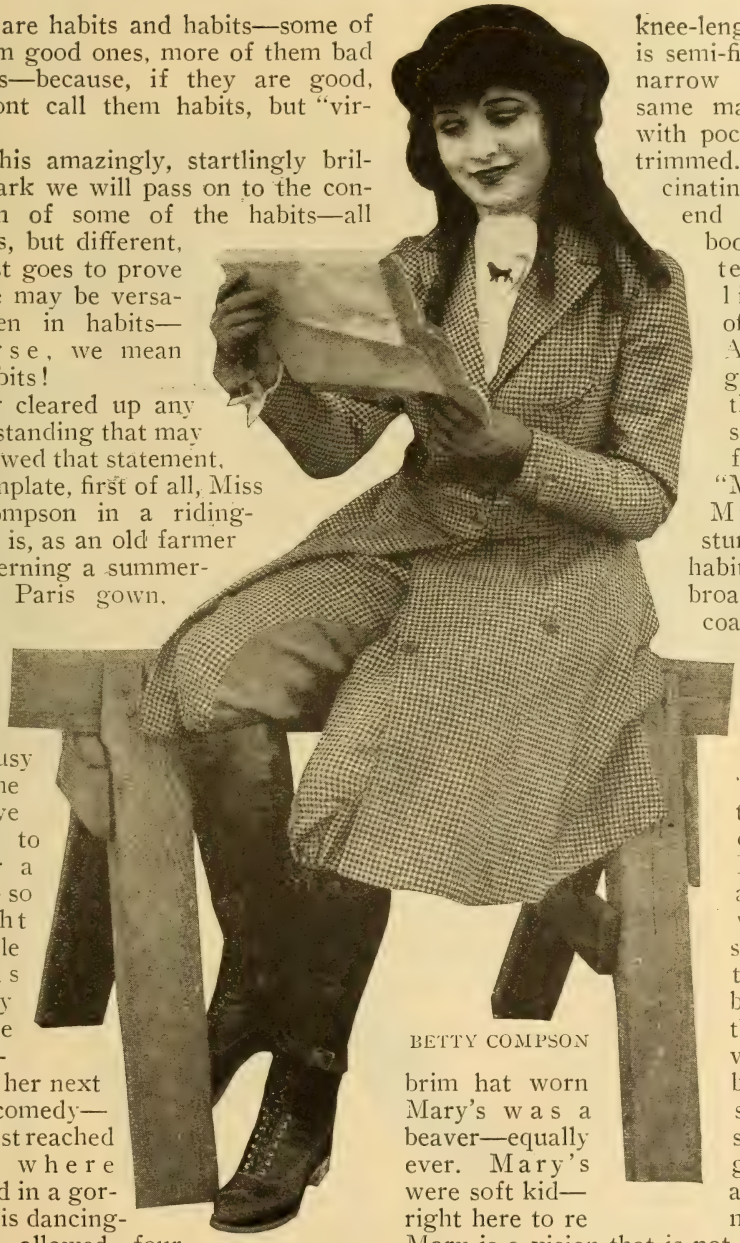
The Girl and the Habit

By Roberta Courtland

THERE are habits and habits—some of them good ones, more of them bad ones—because, if they are good, people dont call them habits, but "virtues."

With this amazingly, startlingly brilliant remark we will pass on to the contemplation of some of the habits—all good ones, but different, which just goes to prove that there may be versatility, even in habits—of course, we mean *riding*-habits!

Having cleared up any misunderstanding that may have followed that statement, we contemplate, first of all, Miss Betty Compson in a riding-habit that is, as an old farmer said concerning a summer-boarder's Paris gown, "ne plus ultra," as a fall style. Betty was so busy that she didn't have time just to pose for a picture — so we caught her while she was half-way thru the manuscript for her next Christie comedy—she had just reached the page where Betty, clad in a gorgeous Paris dancing-frock, is allowed four perfectly splendid dances.



BETTY COMPSON

But Betty's riding-habit—which is, after all, what we started to discuss—is a "shepherd's check," made with a knee-length coat that is semi-fitting, with a narrow belt of the same material, and with pockets, button-trimmed. The fascinating "knickers" end in polished boots, and puttees exactly like cavalry officers wear. And when we got over to the American studio we found little "Merry Smiles Minter" in a stunning riding-habit of black broadcloth, the coat a Norfolk affair with narrow belt, and big wide pockets, "with buttons and everything." Her boots and leggings were quite as smart as Betty Compson's, but instead of the soft silk-velvet roll-brim hat worn by Betty, Mary's was a stiff silk beaver—equally smart, however. Mary's gauntlets were soft kid—and I pause right here to remark that Mary is a vision that is not at all fatiguing to the eyesight!

When, after a long hunt, I found Seena Owen at the old Triangle studio, she "was booted and spurred, for the hunter's

horn"—not my sort of a hunter, however. *Her* riding-habit was of French gray broadcloth, with collar, cuffs, belt and straps of black patent leather. Her hat was a Knox model of hatter's plush.

"But I dont like this half so much as the habit I wore in 'Madam Bo-Peep,'" she said, after I had said the proper things about this stunning outfit. "I like parts like that, and I am particularly fond of the sort of clothes I wore in that play. Do you remember that khaki riding-habit?"



ANNA NILSSON

I did, and said so promptly. It was quite simple, which, no doubt, was Miss Owen's reason for liking it so much. The divided skirt was quite long, and buttoned down front and back, so that it could be made to do service, on the sort of sheep-ranch which Miss Owen owned, as a walking-skirt. The long blouse, or coat, was made in the ever-popular and youthful "middy blouse" model, coming below the hips. A saucy, black-and-white striped tie—only Miss Owen said that, in real life, that tie was red-and-white striped, but the poor thing, chameleon-like, changed its colors, in the picture, to a mere black-and-white—and brown riding-boots, with a soft felt hat, completed Miss Owen's favorite riding-habit.

Anna Nilsson, who has recently blossomed forth as leading-lady for George M. Cohan in that rollicking farce, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," is an ardent horsewoman, and it's a rough day indeed that can prevent her morning gallop thru Central Park, if she hasn't time to go farther afield. Anna's favorite costume for the late fall is of French gray broadcloth, button-trimmed. The smart, clean-cut lines of the habit



SEENA OWEN

form its best adornment. The coat is in knee-length, and buttons to the hem. With this is worn a soft blouse of cream-colored crêpe-de-chine, made with a wide, pointed collar—Miss Nilsson realizes the value of the wide-collared blouse as a setting for her pointed, porcelain-tinted

face—and narrow little turn-back cuffs, worn on the outside of the long, rather tight-fitting sleeves. Black English riding-boots and a soft, delightfully mannish silk cap finish the suit.

Ann Murdock is that gloriously lucky creature—a girl who looks delightfully feminine in fluffy clothes, and equally charming in masculine garments. For instance, this riding-habit. Could anything more adorably mannish be imagined



ANN MURDOCK



EVELYN BRENT

than this habit with its tailored coat of black cheviot, with its single link button, the skirt of black-and-white checks, fitting closely the figure of the wearer, the ultra-mannish hat of silk beaver, and gloves of undressed kid? An added touch of masculinity is the stiff, plaited-bosom shirt of fine linen, the wing collar and black silk tie. I dont believe there is another woman in filmdom who could so successfully "carry off" a habit of this sort; and yet Miss Murdock, in an apple-green



BEVERLY BAYNE

taffeta dinner-frock, revealing her soft, rounded white shoulders, her red-gold hair fluffed about her face, is the most adorably helpless-looking bit of femininity you could find in a day's journey. "Truly, versatility—" but forgive me — I'm becoming bromidic. We will pass on to the next exhibit of feminine pulchritude.

Well, look who's here—Beverly Bayne, dressed for riding, Southern style! Complete from the tip of her shining polished boots to the top of her shiny silk hat. Beverly's habit is "le dernier cri" of Southern aristocracy. Which reminds one that Beverly is often claimed by those south of the Mason-Dixon line as one of themselves, in spite of the fact that

her brown eyes first opened in Minneapolis, Minn., and that her parents and ancestors have always lived north of what Irvin S. Cobb calls "the well-known and justly famous survey line of Messrs. Mason and Dixon." And Beverly has never even lived South—she says that the farthest South she has ever been, save for a few trips "on location," is Bushmanor, her co-star's beautiful home in Green Spring Valley, Riderwood, Maryland. Anyway, 'most any part of the country would be glad to claim Beverly; but she's such a splendid example of the story-book Southern heroine, with her big brown eyes, her "skin like a magnolia-petal, faintly splashed with pink," and her dark curls. (As a matter of fact, the usual Southern girl is as blonde as her Northern sister; but, then, that's neither here nor there. So let's to our muttons — tho, in these days of war, we are not patriotic if we eat mutton, when our Allies need wool; so let's say something about vegetables, from our own back yard. But there! this is trivial, and in the meanwhile our subject waits!)



ANNA LITTLE



CHARLOTTE BURTON



BILLIE RHODES



KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

Evelyn Brent, who works over at the Metro studio, is a pretty little dark-

haired, dark-eyed bit of a girl, who smiles so happily because she has been made a real, honest-to-goodness star. And just to show that she's different, she removes the long coat to her riding-habit, and "has her pitcher took" in the balloon-fitting breeches and almost knee-length boots. Her plaited shirt is of heavy, creamy silk, with long sleeves, turn-back cuffs, and a well-tied white stock. Pretty? Of course, she's pretty; and what's more, she can act—which is more than lots of pretty girls, who are stars, can do!



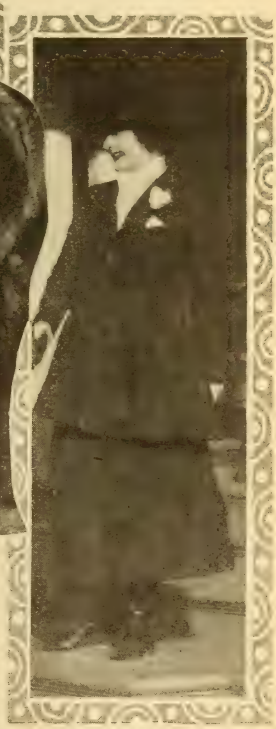
MARY MILES MINTER

Speaking of pretty girls who can act, what about Clara Kimball Young, My Lady of the Eyes, in a riding-habit of dark green, with a white stock, stiff cuffs with links, a handkerchief in her vest-pocket, a gardenia in her buttonhole, and a low derby atop her pretty head? The dog isn't needed at all in this picture, for the picture is sufficiently decorative without him. But Clara Kimball is so kind-hearted and good-natured that she is willing to share her publicity and fame with others—a *very* unusual trait for stars, *n'est ce pas?*



DOROTHY DALTON

Every time I see Kathleen Clifford I remember the handsome, boyish young English swell, a typical "younger son" of nobility, who gets himself so beautifully intoxicated, without losing an ounce of his refinement. Even in his intoxication he is a gentleman—so much so that we can see the meaning of the old valet's remark, in a certain stage-play, "'E's a puffeck gentleman—drunk or sober!" All of which is merely by way of announcing that Kathleen who first made such a boyish young chap famous by portraying him for delighted vaudeville patrons, as well as T. B. M.'s who go to the "merry-merries" for relaxation. After several years of being the best masculine impersonator on the American stage, Kathleen has slipped quietly and unostentatiously into the movies. No fanfare of bugles or trumpets—whichever it is that usually provides that mystical something called a fanfare—accompanied the transition—



CLARA K. YOUNG

suddenly she was gone from the stage, and then she was in the movies!

Anyway, doesn't the accompanying picture, the boyishly slim figure in the dark, well-tailored habit, with the checked cap and boots, remind you of the young English swell? As a girl, she's pretty and sweet; but as a "gilded youth" she's a heart-smasher!

When you see Charlotte Burton, what do you think of? Up till a month or two ago I used to think of dark villainy, of voluptuous beauty, evil as the beauty of some marsh-grown plant—a vampire, in other words. But now I think of her as something sweet and dainty—a bride, in other words. For of course you know that she is now Mrs. William Russell? It's something of a coincidence, isn't it—the villain marrying the villainess? For they played opposite each other, furnishing the peril and wickedness that beset Irving Cummings and Lottie Pickford in "The Diamond from the Sky." It must have been then that they fell in love with each other, for they worked together so long, playing love-scenes as well as the darker scenes of wickedness.

They have set up housekeeping on Mr. Russell's ranch, about twenty miles out from Santa Barbara, and here Mrs. Russell superintends the housekeeping as well as ranch management. It is doubtful whether she will return to pictures, altho, when the novelty of housekeeping and home-making wears off, she may.

Anyway, here we have a picture of her in the sort of togs which she wears for her daily tour of inspection of the "home-farm" and the ranch in general.

Pretty, piquant little Billie Rhodes made a remarkable success of drama, but one day she made a big discovery. She found that people loved to laugh at her even better than to cry with her. Because, even in her most serious moments, an irresistible smile could be seen lurking around the corners of her mouth, and while her eyes looked so sad you would expect to see tears trickling down the sides of her nose, her mouth simply wouldn't behave. So, "Oh, very well," said Billie; "I *wanted* to be an intensely dramatic actress, but I'll make a specialty of smiling if that's what people want. And she has done it so well in the Mutual-Strand comedies that she is immensely popular all over the world.

Billie likes to dance, but she loves outdoor sports, especially riding. Doesn't she look absurdly small and childish in this mannish-looking habit of checked tweed? The coat, with its capacious pockets, is tight-fitting, and is worn over a soft white blouse with rolling collar. The white felt hat with rolling brim just suits her dark, piquant beauty, and the trousers and substantial riding-boots complete an outfit that is equally smart and comfy-looking.

Do vampires wear riding-habits that are different? Or is it just that Dorothy Dalton is "different"? At least she usually gets her own way, whether in real life or on the screen. When she finished her education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart in Chicago she wanted to become an actress, but her father thought she would make an admirable lawyer. Whereupon she at once set about proving that her father was right by persuading him not only to sanction her stage career, but to send her to the American Conservatory of Dramatic Art.

Miss Dalton is an enthusiastic golf-player and a skilled and daring rider. In this scene from "Wild Winship's Widow" she is wearing a riding-habit that is "different," to be sure, but the loose coat of dark-blue serge over the white "knickers" and middy are comfy-looking and becoming as well. The soft beaver hat is as demure-looking as a Salvation Army lassie's bonnet, but it's one of the "stay put" kind, which is important with riding-togs—and makes a charming frame for the lovely face of the magnetic stage and screen star.

It is said there is not an animal on four legs that Anna Little cannot ride. And she doesn't dress up at all like her Eastern sisters for her wildly exhilarating gallops thru the open country. The only "habit" she cares about is her divided skirt of heavy serge, a loose blouse, and a "little old" hat of felt. Even when thus girlishly dressed she sometimes reminds one of nothing else than a handsome seventeen-year-old boy in girl's clothes. But she *can ride;* and her favorite horse, "Sultan," is almost as well known in pictures as she is.

On Tour with Bill Hart

By William Moore



WILLIAM S. HART, star Western "heavy" of the Triangle Film Corporation, besides being handy with his "gats" is a prince among story-tellers. There is none more ready than Bill Hart to relate a story—he loves telling personal anecdotes—and listens attentively while some one else "takes a crack" at the yarn-telling game.

A few months ago Bill was in Philadelphia visiting some of the big movie houses and renewing old friendships with the exhibitors. Abe Einstein, that ever-thoughtful publicity man for the Stanley Company, arranged a "motice dinner" ment's notice in the Bellevue-Stratford. The guests, besides Bill Hart, were newspapermen and exhibitors.

After the coffee and cigarets were served, Hart grew reminiscent.

"Well, gentlemen," he began in his delightful Western drawl, "I've had a powerful hard trip from Los Angeles. I just signed a contract to do two more years' work on the Coast, and so I thought I would celebrate by taking a little vacation. I left my lil', ole hawss, Fritz, behind, and I 'spect the ole son-of-a-gun is mourning like forty.

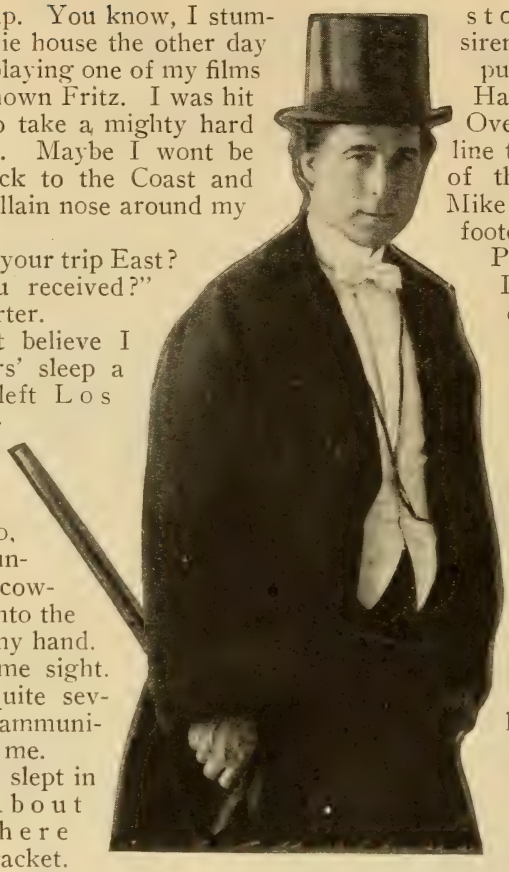
"You know, Fritz is an Indian Pinto. He was brought to Inceville in a string of Indian ponies about two years ago. I saw the little devil and just naturally fell in love with him. But it took several weeks to make him reciprocate. We had many a hard battle together before he came to the point where he recognized that I was his master. I love that lil',

ole hawss a heap. You know, I stumbled into a movie house the other day and they were playing one of my films in which was shown Fritz. I was hit hard. I had to take a mighty hard grip on myself. Maybe I wont be glad to get back to the Coast and have that old villain nose around my pockets!"

"What about your trip East? How were you received?" inquired a reporter.

"Say, I dont believe I had six hours' sleep a night since I left Los Angeles," replied "Two-Gun Hicks." "At Las Vegas, New Mexico, about one hundred and fifty cowpunchers rode into the town to shake my hand. It was sure some sight. They wasted quite several rounds of ammunition in greeting me.

"That night I slept in the sleeper. About three o'clock there was a terrible racket. A gang of those cowpunchers, most of them loaded with 'hooch,' came trooping thru the train, asking in strident tones for Bill. But Bill—he was only clad in his pajamas, by the way—crept closer into his berth and stopped his ears to the siren song of the cowpunchers."



Hart told this one:

Over in Flanders, in a front-line trench, were two members of the Dublin Foots. One—Mike by name—was a six-footer, while his "buddy," Pat, was a five-foot affair. It happened that the soldiers' boots were in bad shape, and as the never-watchful supplies department appeared at that time to be more than ever off guard, the problem to get foot-covering was indeed a trying one.

One morning, Mike entered his dug-out with a pair of perfectly good boots. "Where did you get the kicks?" asked Pat.

"Oh, out yonder," carelessly replied Mike, as he waved his hand in the general direction of Asia. The next morning Pat returned also with a pair of sound boots. "Where did you get the boots?" asked Mike. "From a German?"

"From *a* German?" indignantly cried Pat. "Why, I had to capture a whole half-company before I could get a Boche with boots that were my size."

Conundrum of the Workshops Solved

By R. H. DYER

When the cinema's potent beam fell first on the screen's unsullied white
And the children of Adam thronged amain to the temples of new delight,
The flickering line of the living sketch was joy to the weary heart,
And the devil muttered: "The trick is done! It's pretty—and it is art!"

Then the master-minds of the world were bent to fashion the thing anew:
With a skilful twist and a careful turn the beam fell bright and true.
And the tale of man on the canvas ran, following part on part,
Till the devil groaned: "'Tis life, 'tis life—and real untainted art!"

But the restless fingers of science burned and slumbering genius stirred,
And long they labored at film and gear, uttering never a word.
And the lamp was trimmed and the temple dimmed and the pure rays screenward dart,
And the devil shrieked in his misery: "'Tis life and truth—and art!"

O steadily rolled the royal reel and readily cheered the throng,
And talent came with drama and train and stars a thousand strong.
With dexterous touch they gave it much of freedom and grace of line
And the devil wailed: "'Tis life and truth and beauty—and art divine!"

Mae Murray's Love-Letters Are All from Little Girls

By DELLA McLEOD



THE perfect lover, according to Mae Murray, is a little girl, anywhere from six years up to sixteen.

In addition to being the only perfect lovers left in this prosaic world, these schoolgirls have another distinction — they are the sole cherishers of the fast-vanishing art described at length in old-fashioned "Ready Letter-Writers."

There is a primrose ring of these young, young girls who send daily letters to their favorite movie actress. And the curious feature of this long-distance friendship is that Mae Murray, in turn, waxes as sentimental over her kiddy correspondents as they themselves are over her. She actually saves their letters.

"Especially one written by a doll-baby of five." Miss Murray held the grimy little lead-penciled letter up. "Read it."

Dearling May—I am five years and my mother says I am to little to write with ink. I like you best of all the picture show actors. I have one sister her name is Gay. She is writing this for me. She is ate years old. I love you in plays. You act just fine, I think. Gay is in a hurry to close. She is writing to Mary Pickford. Rebecca is writing to Grace Cunard. I go to the Baptist church but I aint a regular member yet. Please send me your picture and a long letter and be sure to tell me how old you are. I love you. Send me a big picture please.

MISS GENEVIEVE P——,
71 West Highland St.



MAE MURRAY MAKING HERSELF "COMFY" AT HOME WITH "BLOWSER"

Needless to say, Miss Genevieve P——, five years old, got the desired photograph.

"It is very seldom that I receive a letter from a man," Mae Murray explained.

"My audience is made up of girls, of all ages. Little girls seem to be the same all over the world. They send me letters from Australia and New Zealand, Canada and the Philippines, England and Scotland, wherever my pictures are shown, and these letters are curiously alike. Here is one from a prim little English maid, who tells me how much she loved me in 'To Have and to Hold' and in 'Sweet Kitty Bellairs,' and who hopes this letter asking my photograph wont annoy me.

"American girls seem to know I wont be a bit annoyed by admiration and affection, and most of their letters close by telling me to 'be sure to answer by return mail.' Many of them specify 'I'd like a letter written by hand with ink—just to show to the other girls.'

"Would you like to read some of their letters?"

Would I?

This is the first one I opened:

DEAREST GIRLIE — I adore you from head to toe; please write to me and send me your picture. This is from a little girl (10 years old) who certainly thinks you are pretty and so cute. My address is,

MISS KITTY WELLS,
—— State St., New Orleans.



© Hartsook

MAE MURRAY'S FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH

This from a little girl in Canada:

MY DEAR MAE MURRAY—Dont you ever answer letters? This is the second I have written you. I love you in "The Primrose Ring" best. The girls at our school pretend we are movie stars. Three of the girls in my class dont speak because all of them wanted to be you, Mae Murray.

Send me a picture and a letter saying I have your permission to play like I am you. Hoping to hear from you by return mail.

Your devoted friend,
IRMA GREEN.

This letter was postmarked Boston:

DEAR MAE—I like the kind of plays that you act in. Mother never objects to my going to the movies when you are the star. Please send me your photo signed in ink. I'll keep it right on my dressing-table. Lots of love, darling. From your chum,

MISS FLO BROWN
(Aged 13).

This from a New England girl:

DEAR MAE MURRAY—I love you devotedly. I have seen you in "To Have and to Hold," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," "The Big Sister" and "The Plow-Girl." I couldn't bear to see you hit with the whip in "The Plow-Girl."

I have blonde hair like yours, and I am trying to look like you. If you have an old dress to spare I'd love to have it because you wore it.

Write soon and send your latest photo, please, to me. Devotedly, STELLA G——

This from a conservative Philadelphia maiden:

DEAR MISS MURRAY—Having seen you in some of your best pictures I naturally admire you. I wont say you are adorable as I dont know you and anyway I think it is foolish. I suppose most of your letters consist of such things. Please let me state, however, that I do admire you and think you are very beautiful. I should be very much pleased to have your picture. Yours respectfully,

BESSIE F——

"This is my public," Mae Murray said. "I visualize them, little schoolgirls, as they say, hurrying home to see if there's a letter or a photograph from Mae! They all call me Mae, even if they do sign themselves 'Miss So-and-So.' I love 'em. I shall never play in a story that would offend the mother of any of my little girls. They are my girls. I've come to know just the kind of play they like best. You see, they keep me informed. When I dont answer their letters promptly they forgive me, for they know when I dont write I'm working on my next picture, and it is always for them—my dear little schoolgirl chums!"



A "MESSAGE OF CHEER" TO OUR BOYS "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE." (NOTE) — THE CRYING NEED OF OUR BOYS IN FRANCE IS MAGAZINE READING MATTER

Christmas Awards of Merit

To Be Bestowed Upon Popular Motion Picture Players by Various Associations of the American People

By HARVEY PEAKE



Presented to Mary Pickford by the Universal Idol Worshipers' Guild.



Presented to Charlie Chaplin by the Society for the Distribution of Squirrel Food.



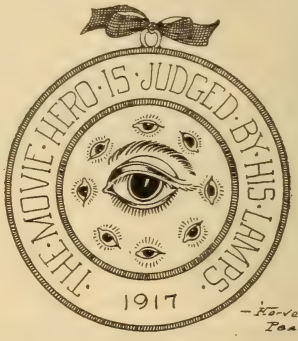
Presented to Theda Bara by the Ladies' Vampire Union.



Presented to Pauline Frederick by the Society of Pippin Pickers.



Presented to Douglas Fairbanks by the Circle of Conspicuous Comedians.



Presented to Warren Kerrigan by the Sodality for the Support of the Soulful-Eyed.

Costuming A Cinema Spectacle

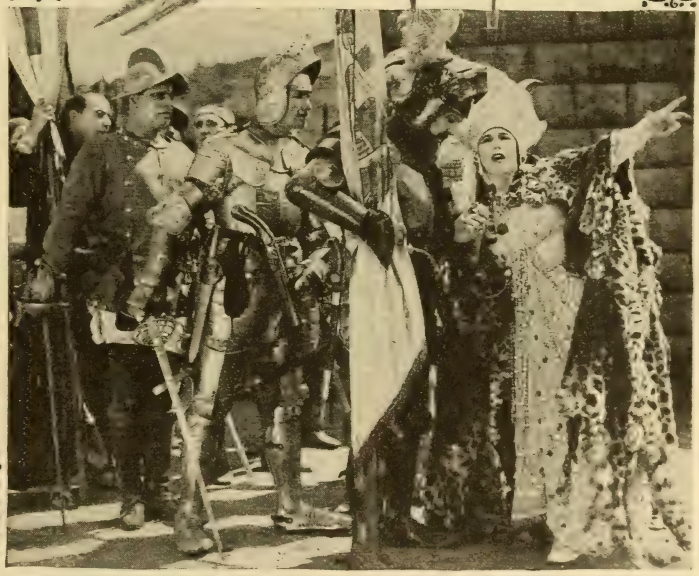
By Charles ~ Fuir

WHEN the Aztecs, in the time of Montezuma, decided that woven feather cloaks were to be the sign of the nobility, they did not reckon on the trouble they were to cause future generations who wish to immortalize the early days of North America on the never-fading film.

Geraldine Farrar, who so wonderfully and vividly immortalized Joan of Arc in the great production of "Joan the Woman," was selected by Cecil B. De Mille to perpetuate the career of Tezca, Montezuma's daughter, who for love sold her city to the conquering Spaniards under Cortez. It is upon this that Jeanie Macpherson's story, "The Woman God Forgot," is founded. The production was made for the Artcraft program by Cecil B. De Mille, the noted producer. The amount of detail it required is simply appalling.

PHEASANT-TAIL CROWN





GERALDINE FARRAR AND HOBART BOSWORTH



TYPE OF HEAD-DRESS WORN BY AZTEC NOBLE

For three months before the



andsome thousand people employed in the filming of scenes, but, as they were mostly native Aztecs of the lower classes, their costumes were easily supplied. It was when they came to the costumes of the 250 nobles and the garments of Montezuma, his daughter and his immediate court, that the costume department was momentarily stumped.

Drawings compiled by the archaeologists and historians demanded that cloaks, headdresses, vests, and even the actual filming of the picture, Mr. De Mille's research department was at work in libraries and museums, and even invaded Mexico itself, to photograph the ruins of the ancient Aztec palaces.

Exact reproductions of the Aztec city, the famous throne-room of Montezuma, and an exact replica of the famous pyramid of Teocalli, nearly 200 feet in height, were erected



MAKING THE JEWELED HEAD-DRESS AND ARMOR WORN BY THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT"

curtains, rugs and screens, be of woven feathers. Eight feathered robes were required for Montezuma; six for Guatemoc, his favorite; four feathered gowns were required for the Aztec emperor and six for his daughter.

A hundred and twenty feathered cloaks for the nobles and the court, two hundred and fifty feathered shields and 400 feathered spears and other war implements were as nonchalantly ordered by the directors as if feathers were the easiest





things in the world to obtain. But where to get the feathers? Scouts were sent out to all the chicken-farms and arrangements made to secure the plumage of the dressed chickens.

Feathers are not very heavy, but it was estimated that at least 400 pounds of cleaned and dyed feathers would be required to make the fabric for the cloaks, rugs, screens, etc.

For the head-dresses, pheas-

MAKING THE FEATHERED CLOAKS FOR "THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT"—THE WORKROOM OF THE LASKY STUDIOS

ant wings and the more elaborate plumage were used. An extensive search was made thru every wholesale millinery and feather supply house on the Coast. As certain feathers are no longer imported into the United States, this was no easy task, but finally they were secured, and the huge workroom of the wardrobe department was filled with workers. Two eight-hour shifts of forty people each did nothing but paste and work out the feathered designs, and after the feathers had been cleaned and dyed in the desired colors, a corps of ten jewelers was set to work making the breast-plates, crowns, bracelets and other jeweled ornaments to be used by the nobility.

One of the cloaks worn by Raymond Hatton as the emperor is an excellent example. This cloak weighs nearly fifty pounds and is of yellow and blue feathers, woven into the design. The head-dress is also of this same combination of colors, and even the shield at the back of the throne is made of the same material.



THEODORE KOSLOFF, THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN DANCER

Theodore Kosloff, the noted Russian dancer, who plays the rôle of Guatemoc, for his marriage to Geraldine Farrar, as Montezuma's daughter, wore a great, long cloak entirely of long white feathers. All of Miss Farrar's head-dresses were creations of millinery that would make the average feminine heart green with jealousy.

In addition to the feathered costumes, Miss Farrar wore a leopard-skin coat made of nine leopard skins, as seen in the picture, in which she is talking to Cortez.

The armor for the Spanish invaders was another interesting item, as all of this had to be of substantial steel to withstand the arrows of the Aztecs which were fired at them from the roof of the temple.

Another item in the production of "The Woman God Forgot" was the birds. In Montezuma's private garden there were a thousand birds, ranging from pheasants and cockatoos to parrots and parrakeets. To prevent them from escaping, a huge cage had to be constructed, fifty feet in height and two hundred feet in length.

The weapons and weaponry of the Aztecs—spears, shields, bows and arrows—all had to be especially constructed, and even the rugs and mural ornamentation in Montezuma's palace were especially dyed and woven. Of great interest to students are the hieroglyphics, or priestly carvings, on the walls, recording the majesty of Montezuma. These were carefully cast in plaster and affixed to the walls of the palace.

The feathered garments cannot be used again, and their beauty and color cannot be effectively shown on the screen, but everything in the production is historically accurate. Birds of a feather may flock together, but it's a different story—a real flight of fancy—to gather, dye and weave their plumage into an artistic whole.

Oh, Hector! How Strange Doth the Lightning Strike!

By A. W. PETERSEN

CORA is not a very pretty girl. Cora hath not the beautiful form divine. Cora cannot pout. She possesses no dimples. Nor any of the tricks of the vampire tribe. *But,* as a receiver of that delicate article sometimes alluded to as the Keystone pie, she recognizes no superior. *So,* Cora writes her John Henry on the reverse side of a check that calls for two thousand iron men every honeyed Saturday evening.



CORA

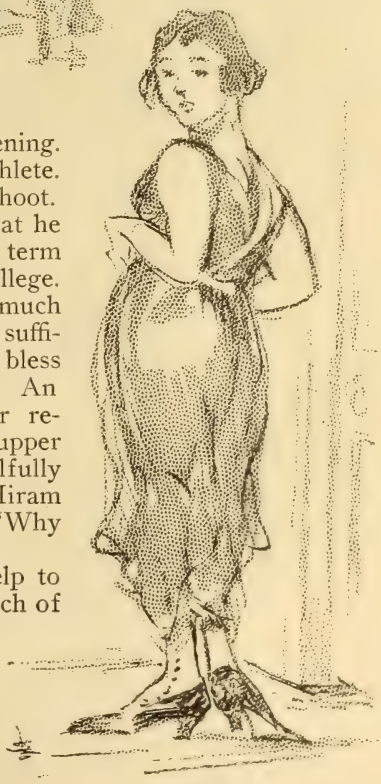
Hiram is not much of an athlete. He cannot swim. Nor ride. Nor shoot. And it is a well-known fact that he played no football during his term at the Punktown Business College. In other words, Hiram isn't much of a guy. *But,* his locks are of sufficient waviness (thanks—God bless them!—to the curling-irons). An *almost* rested, or reclined, or reposed, or something, upon his upper lip. *And* he could gaze soulfully into the camera's eye. *So,* Hiram is the answer to the question, "Why is the income tax?"



HIRAM

Teckla wasn't much of a help to her mother. There was too much of her to be moved about with comfort. She confessed to a No. 16 neck, a No. 10 shoe, and admitted that she was stout. In other words, Teckla wasn't the type that brings forth from the corner loafers "*Some* chicken!" *But,* Teckla could wiggle her arms about the hero's neck. She had a manner. And a wiggle. And a wobble. And she could literally pour herself from one lounge to another. *So,* she does eight-reelers for the William Wolf Fillum Company.

Reggy isn't much of a specimen as human beings go. He ceased to grow at the age of eight.



TECKLA

He has "taking" ways, which, on several occasions, have taken him "up the river."



REGGY

He was a "pork-and-beaner," with an eye peeled for a hand-out. He blew into Los Angeles without a cent or a shirt. And he bore mute token of his intense hatred for the soap manufacturers. *But,* a nut director saw him wiggle his ears. *So,* Reggy finds himself in the same awful position as the stock broker who bought a couple of hundred shares in a War Baby. He hasn't such a rotten baritone voice, but the members of his company tell me it is a bit trying on the nerves to hear so much of the same tune. I dont just recall the tune, but the song has something of a preachment on the inadvisability of trying to keep a good man down.

Emil Vodka came from Russian Poland. He brought enough of it with him to start a garden club. He brought no education. Nor personality. And he knew no word of the English language. In other words, Emil was a hot sketch. *But,* Emil had a wiggle. And a wobble. And a sickly, silly grin. And the arches of his feet refused to arch. And he scratched himself often. *So,* when a never-sleep agent of the Haha Film Corporation saw him cutting up at Ellis Island, he was immediately signed to a long-time contract, to do four-reel features for the Haha Company exclusively. *And* the Vodka family in its entirety is installed in a luxurious apartment on Riverside Drive about five years ahead of the schedule.



EMIL



MR. MUTTON

Mr. Mutton was the town butcher. He was a good meat-cutter. He had a way of including his hand in the weighing of the meat that was positively fascinating. His talk was loud and his deeds were few. *But,* when the town board decided to appoint a censor, he was the best thing in the line available. Besides, the mayor owed him something on a meat-bill. *So,* Mr. Mutton is sitting on velvet. He has a nice fat job. *But,* as a censor, Mr. Mutton makes a rattling good butcher.

The Screen

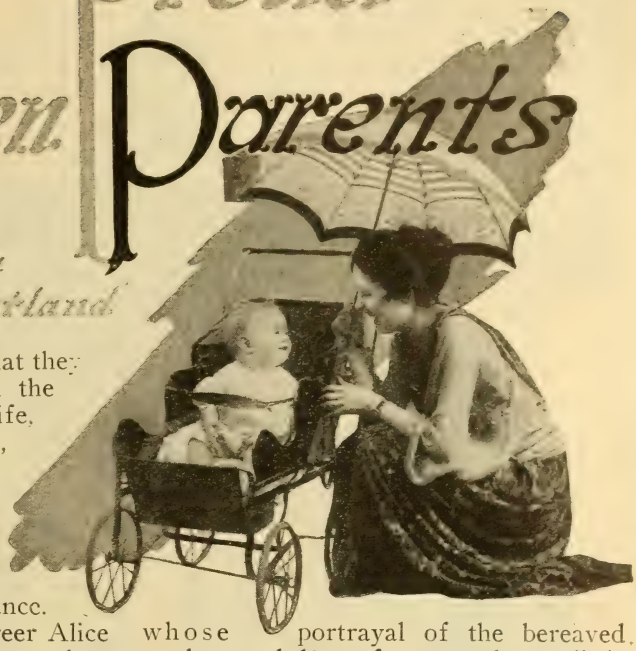
By OSCAR C. WILLIAMS

If we could put our souls upon the screen,
Oh, what a wealth of beauty we would see!
Oh for the joy of that celestial scene—
The joy of what can never, never be!

For we are mortals, and this glamorous sheen
Is far beyond our little earthly goals;
We cannot put our spirits on the screen,
But we can put its wonder in our souls!

Some Proud Screen Parents

By Roberta Courtland



AMONG the things on this round old Earth that are not what they "seam," we ought to mention the screen ingénue who, in private life, is a happy wife and mother, while, nine times out of ten, the "screen mother" is a frivolous, frilly young person who "adores children—when they belong to some one else."

There's Alice Joyce, for instance. In all her five years' screen career Alice has never played a mother more than once or twice; but in real life, as a lot of you already know, Alice is the exceedingly proud and happy mother of the dearest, most cuddlesome bundle of baby loveliness in all the world—Alice Mary Moore, Second. Alice Mary will be two years old in November, and she's a fine, healthy specimen, if ever there was one. Mother Alice has given her baby undivided attention for over a year, and now, having firmly established her on the road to a long and exceedingly healthy life, Mother Alice has consented to spend about eight hours a day at the Vitagraph studio, making super-features for an admiring public. Never was there a luckier infant, for on Christmases, birthdays and the like she is showered with gifts from Aunt Mary (Pickford), Uncles Matt, Owen, and Joseph (Moore) and sundry relatives; as well as from Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, Anna Nilsson, Alice Hollister and—well, as a matter of fact, the list of Alice Mary's "honorary god-mothers" reads like a list of all the movie stars in the business!

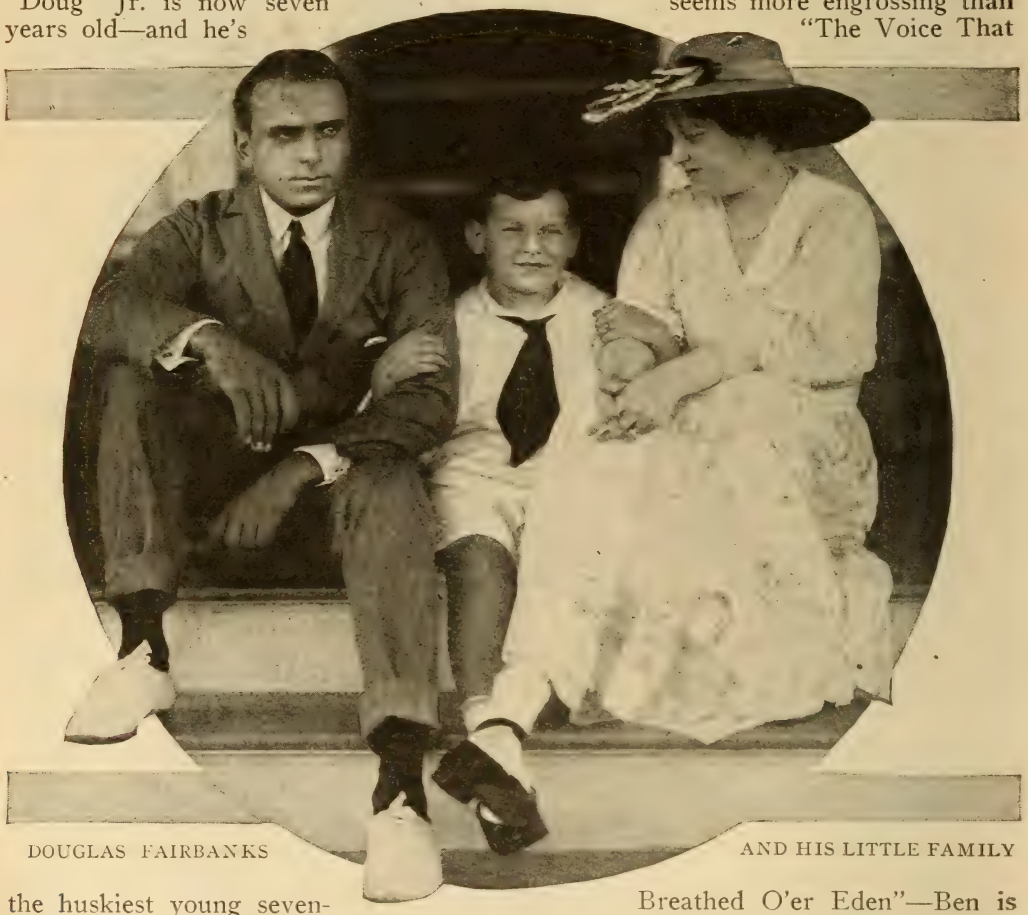
Then there's lovely Ethel Barrymore, whose portrayal of the bereaved mother, and, later, foster-mother to little Davy, brought tears to the eyes of many who had boasted that they "never wept at a movie" (the writer, being among those weeping, speaks from the depths of experience). In real life, Miss Barrymore is Mrs. Russell Colt, and her family is one that would make the editor of a mother's magazine weep for joy. Her little daughter, who bears her mother's name, is exquisite. She has fair, curling hair, and eyes of the deepest brown, with that fine, transparent skin one occasionally sees on a tiny baby. Then there's Russell Colt, IV, a fine, sturdy young chap, with his dad's blond hair and his mother's great brown eyes. John Drew Colt is a handsome little youngster of whom any matinée idol uncle might be proud. John Drew Colt is "his mother's son"—every inch of him—resembling his lovely mother more than either of the other two children.

These three kiddies are connected with the biggest names in filmdom. Lionel and John Barrymore are their uncles, while John Drew is their mother's uncle. In a more or less distant fashion, they are connected with other and equally

famous folk of the stage and screen.

Douglas Fairbanks, who always plays handsome young heroes who never marry until the end of the picture, is, in real life, the proudest of young fathers. He spends the greater part of his spare time in educating and coaching young Douglas Jr. to be the equal of anything his father has ever done or been. "Doug" Jr. is now seven years old—and he's the huskiest young seven-year-old you ever saw. He spins a rope, practicing his father's athletic stunts, in a way that would make any proud father beam. He's a remarkably intelligent youngster, too, owing to the fact that he has been brought up almost exclusively with grown-ups. He is his father's pal and boon companion, and his opinions, ideas, and questions are treated with the grave courtesy and painstaking truthfulness that one grown-up should display to another. And, with it all, he's as engaging a youngster as one could find in a day's travel. He has a wide, boyish grin, all the more effective because of a gap in the middle where "that ole tooth" used to be; his sunny, blue eyes are always wide with mirth and good fellowship.

Then there's Ben Wilson's boy. When Ben isn't busy with "The Voice Over the Wire"—a voice, by the way, that seems more engrossing than "The Voice That Breathed O'er Eden"—Ben is busy with Ben Wilson Jr., an adorable three-and-a-half-going-on-four-year-old youngster. When little Ben was born, big Ben began to worry for fear there wouldn't be enough outdoors for the little fellow in the East; so he applied to Mr. Laemmle, of Universal, for a transfer to the West Coast. Even tho the opportunities in the West seemed not so good as the East, Mr. Wilson accepted for the baby's sake. And now the baby, who seemed destined to be a weak, delicate little fellow, is sturdy and strong



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND HIS LITTLE FAMILY

from living out of doors, in the great, wide West, under the golden sun of California.

Bryant Washburn is also a screen juvenile who, after the lights are out at the studio, becomes the devoted slave of a small tyrant named Bryant Washburn, IV. This young man is "the living image of his dad," and already expresses a strong inclination for the flickering Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts. At the age of three months he "doubled" for his dad in a picture called "Destiny," when it was necessary that his dad should look three months old, instead of twenty-eight years old. Mother Mabel was "in the movies" before she married Daddy Bryant, so perhaps that accounts for the early leaning of their young son to dramatic values. He wishes to grow up to be a director, and is already practicing for the stunt, with a manuscript-case, a megaphone on his head, and an expression on his face plainly indicating that he is "bawling out" his company!

Billie Burke is also a proud screen parent—now that she has signed a contract to play for two years under the Famous Players banner. Before that she was "a proud stage parent." Everybody expected her to name the baby "Gloria," but Billie Burke is nothing if not surprising, so she named baby Florence Patricia Burke-Ziegfeld, tho it's a pretty safe bet that Mother Billie and Daddy Flo dont waste a lot of time calling her that. What? Oh, yes, baby has red hair just like her mother, big blue eyes—and dimples. And when her mother isn't busy at the studio, she's usually down-town at some exclusive baby-wear shop, buying the daintiest of infinitesimal garments for the "gloria-fication" of her tiny daughter.



RICHARD BENNETT AND HIS TWO DAUGHTERS

Richard Bennett, who has given us several unusually fine portraits like "And the Law Says," "The Wastrel," and so on, is, off the screen, the proud father of two fine little daughters — Adrienne and Ruth. Ruth is every inch "her father's son," for a more adorable little tomboy it would be hard to find. Adrienne, the elder, is named for her mother, and is a neat, studious girl who never tears her frocks nor forgets to learn her lessons. But Ruth—well, I've told you that Ruth is "her father's son." I need say no more.

Now I'm going to surprise you! Now I'm going to show you a picture that you weren't expecting at all—Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Calvert, with "their handsome little son, Billy," as all the society papers say. The surprising thing is that Billy's beautiful mother has always been known to you as Lillian Drew, and not many people knew she was married at all, much less the mother of such a splendid, sturdy little fellow with the visionary eyes of Billy. Billy's dad is a director and leading-man for Essanay, and Billy's mother often plays "villainess," or what is more familiarly known as "vampire parts."

But at night, when the lights are aglow, and Billy, in his pajamas, comes



THE CALVERT FAMILY CIRCLE (UPPER)
BIG BEN AND LITTLE BEN WILSON (LOWER)

for his bed-time story, she's just "mother," in a soft, white frock that just seems made to pillow a little boy's tired, blond head. It also goes to prove that a leading-lady can marry her leading-man or even her director and still be happy "tho married." In her beautiful home on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Miss Drew's artistic nature expresses itself in period furniture, Oriental rugs and rare old paintings; but her chief hobby is her music. At an early age she planned a musical career, and when one has had the privilege of hearing her exquisite interpretation of Chopin and Grieg there comes the realization that the musical world lost something when Lillian Drew left it for the Motion Picture field.



THE WASHBURN FAMILY MAGNET, BRYANT IV

BRYANT WASHBURN IV AND HIS PROUD NAMESAKE

Miss Drew appeared in musical-comedy, stock and vaudeville; then she met E. H. Calvert, who had a wide stage experience before joining Essanay as an actor and later as a director.

Their marriage was the culmination of another studio romance. Her musical career has been abandoned, but she doesn't care in the least. She has her work, and in her home she has all she holds most dear—her music, her husband and little Billy.

Another couple whose chief interests in life are closely intermingled are Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar. Mr. Holubar is a well-known director, and it is interesting to note that he has just taken the direction of his talented wife.

Will she take kindly to the direction of her husband? We do not know; but we do know they are one of the happiest of the

meeting-ground for this busy wife and husband, and the baby is their relaxation, also their inspiration.



ETHEL BARRYMORE AND HER THREE CHILDREN

many happily married couples at Universal City and that they are the proud possessors of the dearest of baby girls. The daintily appointed nursery is a common

So all this just goes to prove that things are seldom what they seem. In the years to come, "a child of screen parents" will be a proud lineage.

How I Got In

Department in Which Leading Players Tell of Their Beginnings and First Ventures on the Screen

This series of articles began in the August issue of this magazine. Those who are interested in knowing how these famous people got in the pictures should read every article. They not only tell how they got in, but they tell of their first impressions of the camera. They suggest improvements in Motion Pictures and they give valuable advice to photoplay aspirants. Each experience is different and each one is told in a different way. Individuality is the keynote of these articles. As a rule they do not encourage nor discourage. They simply give dependable information that applies to his or her individual case and leave the readers to study it out for themselves.

WALLACE REID

My father is a playwright, and I had been on the stage in several of his plays. One summer I was in Chicago and went out to the Selig studios to see how pictures were made. I became interested and stayed around. I decided to try it for myself, and as they were looking for some one who was a good swimmer, I was given a chance. During my first picture I was very nervous. I never knew when, where or how that camera was going to shoot. When I saw my first film I was appalled. I had no idea I could be as awkward as I was in that picture.

When I had some experience in screen-work I tried scenario writing, but soon went back to work before the camera, and from that time to this photoplay work has been my business.

I prefer it to the speaking stage, principally because there's no running all over the United States to do the work. If there's a trip to be taken, there's always a home to come back to. And I can work fifty-two weeks in the year if I want to.



WALLACE REID

Considering the fact that picture-making is comparatively a new art, I think many of the productions quite wonderful. The industry is progressing by leaps and bounds. I am looking forward to the time when the scenario departments will be systematized. The stories are the weakest link in the chain now, and they, of course, are the foundation of the whole thing. Give us good stories, and we will show you good pictures.

When appealed to by would-be photoplayers I particularly emphasize the fact that it's just as hard work, or harder, than any other business. It's like learning a trade. One must begin at the bottom and work up, acquiring technique, poise, confidence and that elusive something called screen personality — as one goes along.

"If you have a spark of talent and a bit of expression," I tell them, in all sincerity, "and the ability to work as hard as you would at any other game, then by all means try it. It's the only way you will be thoroly satisfied. Some stars are born; others arrive, and still others are made."



MARGUERITE COURTOT

MARGUERITE COURTOT

I WAS told by a photographer that I would make a splendid photographic subject and that I should go into pictures. I had also posed for Harrison Fisher for one of his popular heads called "Girlie." The photographer I mention gave me a letter of introduction to a friend of his at the Kalem office who engaged me immediately. This was a surprise, as I had no stage experience; in fact, I never had a desire to go on the stage up to that time. But it seemed quite natural for me to act before the camera, and I did not have the slightest apprehension when I faced it for the first time—I suppose I knew nothing about it and did not know how unpromising the results would be.

I have had many offers to go on the stage since I have been in pictures, but prefer my present work. The work is steady and healthful, the hours regular, and there are opportunities for foreign travel, which appeals to me especially, as I was educated abroad.

I receive many letters asking advice about "how to get in." I invariably say: "*If* you have natural talent, be content to begin as an extra. To begin at the bottom and work up is the only way to become a real star or to win lasting success."

MARY MILES MINTER

I NEVER "broke into" the movies. Mother and I "dodged" them for months; but, of course, the inevitable is sure to happen, and finally one amazingly persistent manager won mother over.

I was a wee bit of a girl, playing the title rôle in "The Littlest Rebel," and mother agreed to permit me to appear in just one picture, provided I was to work only on Sundays, in order not to interfere with my real work in "The Rebel." Everything was satisfactorily arranged, and I was to receive the unheard-of salary of twenty-five dollars a day. Eventually Mr. Al Woods, the manager of "The Rebel," learnt of the arrangement and was simply wild. He had my contract rewritten, adding a clause which prevented my appearing before the camera during the run of "The Rebel," and also increasing my salary from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars a week.

After four seasons with "The Littlest Rebel" and having entirely outgrown my part, mother and I returned to New York for a new Broadway production. At this time we were besieged with tempting offers from Motion Picture producers, but mother still looked askance at the movies.

Finally, thru the efforts of a mutual friend, mother consented to at least have a talk with Mr. D. W. Griffith. An appointment was made for the following morning at nine o'clock, and promptly at the hour mother and I appeared in all our glory. Accustomed as we were to the courteous and yet businesslike treatment of the all-powerful magnates of the theatrical world, we were prepared to be received in state and escorted into the presence of the great Griffith. Hundreds of people were waiting in the reception-room, and occasionally the door of the sanctum sanctorum would open and some one pass hurriedly out. As the minutes ticked by past the hour of nine, mother began to fidget. At nine she was pain-

fully disturbed. We looked about expectantly, but no one seemed to notice us particularly. It was quite apparent that the famous Mr. D. W. Griffith was not eagerly waiting to greet us, and at 9:10 we rose haughtily and swept from the room. We had never dreamt of such a thing as "being late" for a business appointment, nor ever heard of such a thing as being "kept waiting." We then turned our backs on representatives of Motion Picture magnates, with their distressing business methods.

Some time later another agent 'phoned mother, pleading that she consider a contract for me with a new and very fine company just starting. Wearily mother inquired the name of the said company, and was informed that it was a Frohman project.

"One of 'the Frohmans'?" inquired mother.

The agent assured her that it was.

"That is quite a different matter," emphatically declared mother. "We will be down immediately."

A few hours later mother signed a contract with Gustave Frohman for my first picture, and within a few days we started production on "The Fairy" and "The Waif."

It was one of the happiest experiences we ever had, and thus the mystic shadow-drama won another follower.

GEORGE LARKIN

I HAD finished a vaudeville engagement and was lying idle when I was introduced to Mr. Edward Porter, of the Edison studios. He was looking for certain types for a picture called "The Animated Snowball." He wanted a country boy, and I looked like one, so I was immediately engaged. My first thought before the camera was that I had better be careful, as the camera would record every move; and while I was far from feeling conceited or from having any desire to "show off," I was so afraid I might appear that way that the result was awkward in the extreme. However, I soon became accustomed to it and began to be very much interested in the work. I like screen-work much better than the stage. First, it is much healthier because



MARY MILES MINTER

of more regular hours and so much outdoor work. Second, one has so much better chance to improve. By studying the results of his work on the screen an actor can always see many faults and learn to avoid them.

The biggest fault I see in pictures now is too much padding and too many unnecessary scenes. The public is becoming too well trained to care for pictures that drag.

When asked how to become a photo-player I say: "If you will try it, dress smartly, as personal appearance is the first requisite, and then seek interviews with the producers. Show intelligence when talking, also self-confidence, and make the most of your personality." To young men I would say: "Take up all kinds of athletics, for the leading-man of today must be in good physical condition, and athletics help one to acquire grace."

BESSIE LOVE

I WAS a high-school girl in Los Angeles, and I wanted to earn a little money that I could have for my own. The Motion Picture studios employed extra



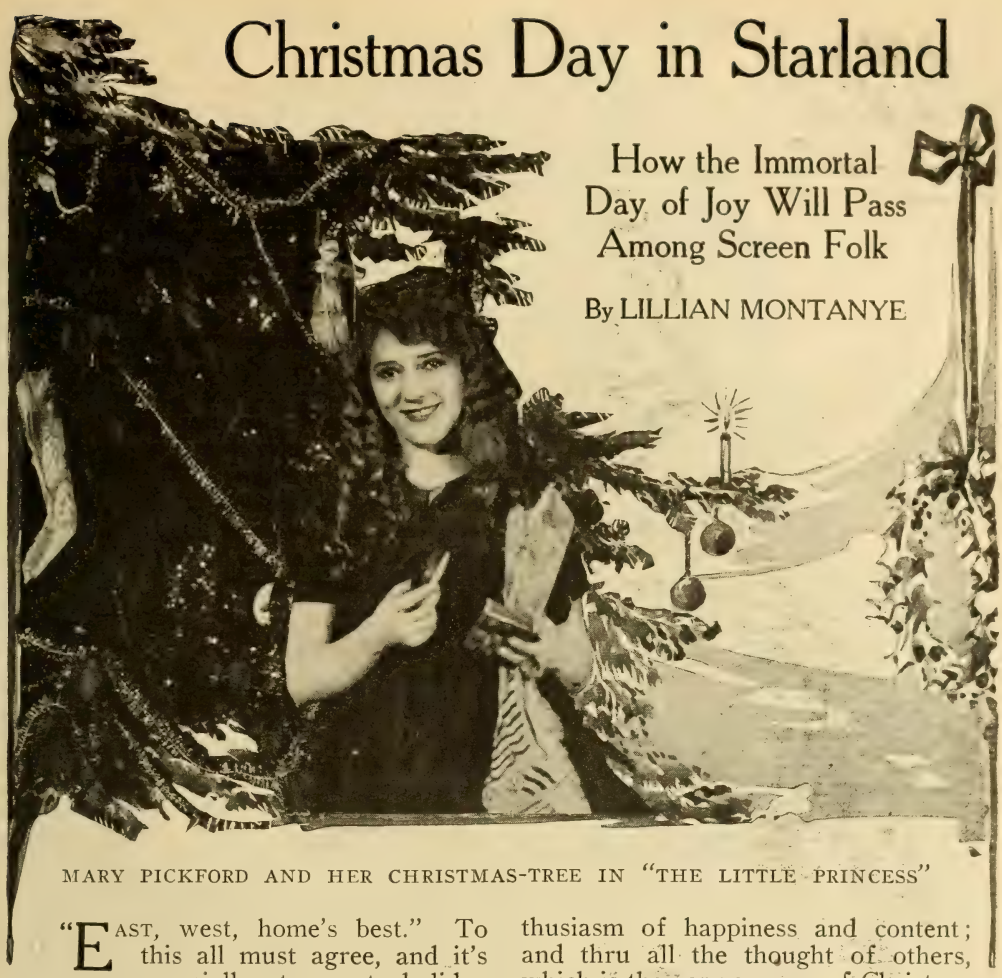
BESSIE LOVE

girls, but I knew no one and was almost too scar d to speak to the employment clerk and ask for a job. Finally I did, and was given a chance, simply because they wanted a girl about my size and I was there. I continued to work at odd times, until one day the director-general noticed me and gave me a small part. I photographed well, and I w a s so enthusiastic about the work and simply wouldn't give up, and gradually I was given more important parts. Then I was put in stock, and now I am called a "star."

Christmas Day in Starland

How the Immortal Day of Joy Will Pass Among Screen Folk

By LILLIAN MONTANYE



MARY PICKFORD AND HER CHRISTMAS-TREE IN "THE LITTLE PRINCESS"

"EAST, west, home's best." To this all must agree, and it's especially true at holiday time. Almost universally, the name Christmas is revered because of its sacred name and origin. Almost universally Christmas-time is a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, happy time; the time of year when men and women, by one consent, open their hearts freely and think of the people about them as tho they were fellow-men, not another race of people. Especially is this true of the artists of the screen. To no class of people does home mean more—and none are more generous in sharing, in doing their bit to bring Christmas cheer to the sad and unfortunate.

To prove this we have with us this month a few of our favorite players. They give us their ideas of what constitutes a happy Christmas. They share with us their Christmas plans, and in every message there is the joyous anticipation of holidays well earned—the enthusiasm of happiness and content; and thru all the thought of others, which is the very essence of Christmas—the spirit that makes "the whole world kin."

Norma Talmadge is bubbling over with enthusiasm at the prospect of a really, truly country Christmas—the kind her mother had when she was a girl. It will be the merriest of Yuletides at the spacious country home at Beechhurst, Long Island, where the popular star is living this year. There will be a blazing log-fire in an open fireplace, an old-fashioned Christmas dinner, a ten-foot Christmas-tree loaded with gifts, and impartially divided between her husband, mother, two sisters and eight or ten of her closest friends.

"These will be the accessories of a happy holiday," says Miss Talmadge. "We will bring in our own Christmas-tree early December 24th, and spend the morning putting it up in the front hall and decorating the rooms with masses

of holly and mistletoe. I am fond of the old English way of celebrating Christmas, and this year my family can humor me, as we can bring in our own Yule-log—the kind that snaps in a roaring fire. If the weather is cold enough, there will be skating and tobogganing on Christmas Eve, and if there should be sleighing I shall have the biggest bob-sled on Long Island.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD'S CHRISTMAS

"Christmas morning is the time for opening the gifts which have appeared overnight on the boughs of the big tree in the hall; then we shall climb into two big cars for a long ride into the country, stopping to say 'Merry Christmas!' to our neighbors. Early in the afternoon we will motor into town to the studio for the big Christmas-tree I intend to have for my 'East Side kiddies.' When the toys, dolls, sweaters and good things to eat have been distributed, we will go home again to Beechhurst. The Christmas dinner, served on a long table in front of the open fire, will be the climax of the day. These are my Christmas plans, and if they materialize, who shall say my Christmas is not an ideal one?"

"I have not had such a glorious Christmas in a long time as this one is going to be—that's a foregone conclusion," says Harold Lockwood. "For several years my Christmas days have been spent away from home. Now I like California and enjoyed working there, but New York is where home and mother are, and no one knows, until he has tried it, just how it feels to be away from home at Christmas. I am not unappreciative of the efforts of my friends with whom I spent the day when away from home—they tried to make me happy and they did, and I am more than grateful to them. But on Christmas Day home seems to be the first thing in the order of events—at no other time does one so feel its lack as at this season of good will, cheer and happiness.

"But now that I'm home in the East I'm going to make up for what I missed while I was absent from it. Mother has some surprise in store, and I'm sure she means to celebrate my return by getting a lot of our relatives and friends together—with all the little ones, of course—and make a regular old-fashioned affair of it. I hope so, for I've been anticipating it as a schoolboy anticipates vacation days. Christmas, 1917, is going

to be a real Christmas because it is going to be spent with mother."

At the opening of Marguerite Clark's first "Sub-Déb" story she portrays the part of a boarding-school girl just returned home for the Christmas holidays. One sees her as just too young, but longing to enjoy the frivolities of balls, teas, beaux, formal dinners, theater-parties and violets from admirers. But that is not her real idea of holiday pastimes at all. In the delightfully cosy apartment shared with her sister at Central Park West there is nothing showy. It is extremely simple and quite in keeping with the modest and retiring personality of the dainty star. And as for frivolities, she has neither time nor inclination for them, as she finds too many real things to interest her. If there were no one but herself to consider, she would spend the Christmas holidays at her summer home at Rye, N. Y.—especially if there happened to be sleighing and skating. However, to be near the "heart of things"—in other words, to keep in touch with the many sad, lonely and unfortunate ones depending upon her and her sister, Miss Cora Clark, for their bit of Christmas cheer—she will spend her Christmas at her town home. Miss Clark's idea of a happy Christmas is sharing with others, and it would be hard to imagine a Christmas in the Clark home that did not include several of the protégés of this little lady.



MARGUERITE CLARK

It's a wonderful thing to know William Farnum at Christmas-time. It's nice to know him any time—except at a ball-game, when he is extremely rude, giving his undivided attention to the players and so terrifically excited; but I was talking about Christmas, and we'll let Billy tell it:

"Christmas is the greatest day of the year to me," and as he said it I wish you could have seen his face glow. "When I first started my career I remember how desolate I felt when fate decreed that my Christmas should be spent on the road. Now, every one that I can induce to come is with me, and—'Is there a tree?' Well, I should say there is—as big a one as a good friend of mine can find in the Maine woods, and he ships it to me wherever I am; and I always trim it myself. I have a positive genius for trimming trees.

"This year, I think my fondest dream will be realized. I will spend Christmas at my place at Sag Harbor and have all my friends there for the holidays. Christmas Eve we hang up our stockings, and during the week I prepare for that ceremony by writing down in my note-book everything I hear mentioned that anybody wants. No, I'm not generous—I'm selfish, because I get so much fun out of it. Why, I feel ten years younger the day after Christmas.

"Over the main part of the boat-house at Sag Harbor is a large room which I have arranged for parties. In that room will be the tree, and everybody will have to hunt for his or her gifts. Both fireplaces will be going, and the place will be swamped in holly and mistletoe. The table will be set in the house for the big Christmas dinner, as we want the floor in the boat-house clear for dancing. Everybody will be invited, from the manager and directors at the studio to the kitchen-maids. What's the use of Christmas if one cant have a party—and what if one *is* broke on New Year's Day?" concludes genial, happy-go-lucky William Farnum.



FRANCIS BUSHMAN AND BEVERLY BAYNE

"How am I going to spend Christmas?" said Douglas Fairbanks. "Well, working in pictures dont give one much time to think about anything—even Christmas. But I know one thing I am going to do—I am going to spend the day in just being happy. I'm going to forget there is such a thing as a film or a camera; and I'm going to spend the whole day with my boy, who, ever since he was three years old, has been in charge of the program. Just what he will spring on us this year I dont know. But whatever it is, I know we will fall for it. One thing he will do, he will try to tell us all the experiences of the past year. It is his day and he will make the most of it; and he will show us some new stunts, no doubt, that will be vastly surprising.

"We will have a real Christmas dinner at home, and it will be at the good old-fashioned hour of one so that Douglas Jr. can enjoy it with us and have plenty of time to 'get over it' before his bedtime. I have a secret, too. I have already selected a Christmas-tree, and instead of decorating it in the usual way I have something new to spring on Douglas Jr.; and it wouldn't be fair to him to tell—so a secret it must remain."

"My idea of a happy Christmas," says Beverly Bayne, "is the real old-fashioned kind—the traditional manor-house holiday celebration. I realize that this is hard, almost impossible when one must keep Christmas in a crowded city house

or apartment, but even then many of the old customs may be observed. Whenever possible, I like to keep all the preparations in my own hands and the plans shrouded in mystery, so that when the day arrives it brings a succession of surprises. In the South I always tramp thru the woods, select my own tree, and cut my own holly and mistletoe.

"I am not as yet too old to hang up my stocking and never expect to be, and I always awaken early and explore its bulging depths, and then watch for the morning mail to see what surprises are in store for me. I want all my friends and family about me on Christmas Day, and of course we plan surprises for each other, but it is hard to bring anything unexpected into their lives because they are expecting all sorts of things. So, the most satisfactory way to surprise somebody is to search quietly for two or three poor families and then pop in Christmas morning with everything, from fuel for the fire to rattles for the baby. That is the best kind of 'surprises,' and is no credit to me, as I get as much pleasure out of it as do the 'surprised' ones. Friends, home, and making somebody happy —that is my idea of a happy Christmas. It is what Christmas is for."

Vivian Martin is one of those Peter Pan-ish little girls who refuse to grow up—she still believes in Santa Claus, or at least still tries to summon up his ghost. On Christmas Eve it is her unbroken habit to hang her stocking from the family mantel and to stay up until the wee, sma' hours waiting to spring out on St. Nick, and filling in the impatient hours by decorating the living-room



VIVIAN MARTIN

with wreaths and festoons of holly and ivy.

From Mary Miles Minter comes a beautiful Christmas message: "We keep open house from the day before until Christmas night—that is the Southern way," she says. "And even if we wanted to, mother would never permit us to forget the real significance of Christmas, and in our home it is celebrated with all the old-fashioned rites and ceremonies. The old, old story is told again of the silent-footed camels bearing from the Far East the three wise men, led by the glorious star; of the Babe in the manger; the adoring shepherds; while thru the still air rang jubilantly 'Glory to God in the Highest—on earth, peace, good-will to men.' Each time the story is told it seems more wonderful, and this year, with all the world at war, we need it more than ever to make us realize that we were meant to live in peace—that if every human being felt 'good-will toward fellow-men' there would be no dreadful wars. Then we sing the old songs and make preparation for Santa's visit with the same enthusiasm and thrills and mystery as when sister and I were tiny tots and 'believed.' In fact, deep down in our hearts we still 'believe,' and hope we always shall.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

"The best part of the holiday season is Christmas Eve, when we load many knobby, mysterious-looking bundles into the car and go play Santa Claus to the little children we have been looking up and preparing for. Perhaps we find a tired, sad-eyed mother waiting, dreading for the morning to come when she will have to face the disappointment in her little ones' eyes and tell them that somehow Christmas has passed them by. It is quite wonderful to be able to leave a big, fat basket full of toys and good things in a home like this. It is then that one feels the real spirit of Christmas, and it lasts thru the whole year. We enjoy our own happy Christmas Day so much better, and we realize that Christmas means giving—not receiving. It is the day upon which we celebrate 'Unto us a Child was born.'"

When Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle heard the word "Christmas" he immediately began to reminisce: "When any one says 'Christmas' I invariably think of the first one I clearly remember. I must have been about six years old, and it was back in Smith's Center, Kansas, the little Western town where I was born. I had never heard of slapstick comedy then, nor of the dramatic possibilities of custard pie. My mind was on tin soldiers, locomotives, candy canes and popcorn balls.

"First, there was mother. And my earliest recollection is that my mother was the best first aid to Santa Claus in existence; and as a consequence my stocking didn't lack a thing in length, depth, or in the desirability of its contents. On this particular Christmas it began with a big red apple and continued on down thru oranges, nuts, marbles and candy to a deafening tin horn. And there's a memory of a big freezer of chocolate ice-cream half-buried under the snow on the back porch. My mother always insisted that we sing Christmas carols together on Christmas

night, and I remember my father's deep bass and my mother's soprano singing 'God rest you, merry gentlemen,' and 'Oh, little town of Bethlehem.' I wish I could have another Christmas like that —it was a regular one."

Clara Kimball Young, in her Christmas message, strikes a deeper note, and voices the thought that lies uppermost in the minds of many in these troublous times:

"There were no open fireplaces and yawning chimneys in the hotel rooms I called home in my Santa Claus days, which were for the most part spent trooping the country with the theatrical companies of which my father and mother were members. But show folks are 'clanny,' and there has always been plenty of the holiday spirit connected with the 25th of December from my earliest recollections. Many a time I have eaten turkey and cranberry sauce back stage with a 'fancy interior' or even a plain 'chamber' as the set, and a real rollicking dance to wind up the festivities. My father and mother being show folks, there have been few Christmases that have not found us together celebrating the Yuletide as it should be celebrated.

"In recent years, since fortune has been kind, Christmas has been celebrated in a different if not always a happier way. This year we are planning a purely home celebration. Certainly there will be a tree, for I cannot remember a Christmas when we didn't have one of some kind (even if it came from the five and ten). And there will be a dinner, with all the 'trimmin's,' with father, mother and a few close friends to help enjoy it.

"Were I to regard the coming holidays only as a season in which to make merry in proportion to one's prosperity, then Christmas, 1917, would be the gayest of my life. During the year just closing I have realized the ambition of my life. I have established my own company in the Motion Picture industry. I have been able to choose my own plays, my own players, my own director, and to make and market the pictures according to my own ideas—and these pictures seem to be proving more popular than any with which I have had to do before.

"But this Christmas cannot be gay for me any more than it can be gay for scores of thousands in this and other countries who are wont to celebrate the birth of the Christ child. A pall of gloom enshrouds us, a pall so dense that here and there one hears expressed a doubt as to whether the good God of Mercy still reigns on His throne. It seems to me that the thoughts of suffering and misery which are being borne 'over there' are insidiously becoming more potent, and to be happy without thought for the thousands less fortunate cries out from within one's self as sacrilege. A lot of my friends, some of them young chaps who have worked with me within the past few months, will spend their holidays in the trenches or close to them, and I cannot forget them. I am not sacrificing my own pleasure for them, but the things which ordinarily would please me wouldn't ring true at this time.

"So, my Christmas will be a simple one. For me—and for thousands of others in the United States—the Christmas of 1917 will be a 'War Christmas.'"

Last, but by no means least, comes a Christmas message that rings straight and true. So refreshingly simple it is, yet so purposeful, so characteristic of the forceful, kindly personality of the writer, one could close his eyes to the signature and guess—Earle Williams. "The following is my idea of a happy Christmas," he writes. "I intend to start very early Christmas morning and motor out to the nearest soldiers' camp (presumably Mineola, if the camp is still there). I will find twelve soldiers who have no homes to go to, and will try to cheer them up by presenting each one with a package containing two pairs of woolen socks, a knitted sweater, a pair of wristlets, some tobacco, a pipe and some cigarets. I will then arrange for their Christmas dinner at the nearest hotel. I regret that I will be unable to have dinner with them, but will have dinner with my father and mother for the first time in twelve years."

May he be blest in the doing! And in the words of Tiny Tim in the immortal Dickens' "Christmas Carol," "God bless them every one." May the realization of their plans be as gladsome as the anticipation. May the lives into which they bring Christmas cheer be heartened.

"The Motion Pic

A Lasting Memorial to the Twelve Most Extraordinary

MOTION PICTURE drama is still in the cradle stage, and the reputation of its actors is still as plastic as wet clay. If a player ceases rapid-fire publicity or retires from the daily camera-grind for a few months, his light in the public estimation is sadly dimmed. Like the Russian republic, there are clashes of interest, jealousies, deals within deals, fruitless experiments, gropings for the truth and hardened commercialism, all striving for the light, but all keeping the photodrama from advancing more surely.

The players are the arteries that connect the heart of the public with the great studio body. It is only thru them that the screen reflects moving, breathing and feeling life. It is their Art that has made the inanimate mechanics of the studio an Art. It is thru them only that we can visualize a beautiful, life-giving story. They alone are the magnets that never cease to draw.

HOW SHALL WE MAKE THEM IMMORTAL?

The stage is rich with its honors, its traditions and its literature. Encyclopedias, histories and libraries sing the praises of our great stage actors. The most exclusive clubs in London, Paris and New York honor their membership with the persons of distinguished actors and decorate their walls with their paintings and photographs. Yes, more than that—decadent drama has been kept alive and retained its glorious place alongside of its sister arts only by the ceaseless recitation, in song, book, story and picture, of such names as David Garrick, Mary Anderson, Edwin Booth, Sarah Bernhardt and Richard Mansfield.

In conservative England and old-world France the richest of honors are bestowed upon their player folk. Sir Henry Irving and Sir Beerbohm Tree were real knights at the Round Table of Art, and France pours out the honors of her great *Académie Français* to her beloved players.

Our own young country is the parent of Motion Pictures. We first sponsored them and raised them from a primitive mechanical wonder to a vital creative art. The day has dawned to establish permanently the drama of Motion Pictures and to render unto the players the things that are the players'.

"THE MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME"

While producers have been overbusy building studios, establishing intricate exchange systems and hoarding get-rich-quick fortunes, no definite intelligent attempt has been made permanently to establish the players. They make their entrances and their exits, retire, marry or die and are forgotten. There never has been a permanent and intelligent attempt to perpetuate their art as expressed thru themselves.

In attempting to establish a "Motion Picture Hall of Fame" we feel that it is only the beginning of a great crusade. In time, it is to be devoutly hoped that, with not a single exception, all the great players identified with the picture stage will receive lasting recognition.

THE FIRST STEP OF THE CRUSADE

We take it upon ourselves to start a contest in the shape of a country-wide election, to be known as "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." We want our readers, their friends and their friends' friends—in fact, if possible, every single attendant of the fifteen million people who compose the daily audience in Motion Picture theaters—to decide who are the first twelve Motion Picture players entitled to a place in "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." In selecting these players we request that three

ture Hall of Fame"

Greatest Players in Picturedom—Contest Starts Herewith

paramount attributes be borne in mind—Beauty, Portrayal and Popularity. The sum of these three things constitutes the most lasting bid for fame.

The final selection will be limited to twelve players, and they may be male, female, old or young. A coupon will appear in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE each month during the term of the contest upon which the public is entitled to vote.

At the completion of the contest a set of twelve beautiful, life-size, hand-painted portraits will be presented by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" and will be exhibited at the leading Motion Picture theaters thruout the country.

At the completion of this exhibition these portraits will be taken to Washington, formally presented to the Government and hung in a gallery in one of our public buildings, to be designated later. They will constitute a permanent memorial to Motion Pictures and their greatest interpreters—the players.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY OF ALL CONTESTS

In submitting the plans of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest" to several well-known producers and ranking players, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE was heartily congratulated upon its embarking on this big undertaking. Its success, like every other huge expression of the public will, must depend upon the public itself. We want you to become zealots in this most worthy cause. You are the first army of crusaders to attempt to place your dear friends of the screen upon a higher and greater plane. The sum of your endeavors — your punch, push and enthusiasm — will make "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest" the most lasting and worthwhile expression of public opinion and good-will ever conducted for the cause of Motion Pictures.

"IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?"

Certainly all prominent photoplayers will want to see their names in this great Hall of Fame, and they will expect their friends and admirers to help them. You can do them no greater service than to aid them in this commendable ambition. Next month we shall publish the ballot of our famous old Answer Man, not to influence you, but merely to show you what one of our ablest thinkers and critics thinks of it.

Vote as often as you like, but only on the official ballot. You need not fill out the whole twelve names. Vote for as many as you like, up to twelve, but never for the same player twice on the same ballot.

Come now, please, all of you, and do your duty! The leading twelve will be published in the February Magazine, and you will be disappointed if your favorites are not there. Here is the first ballot:

OFFICIAL BALLOT "MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME"

I hereby nominate the following players:

1.....	7.....
2.....	8.....
3.....	9.....
4.....	10.....
5.....	11.....
6.....	12.....

Name of Voter.....

Address.....

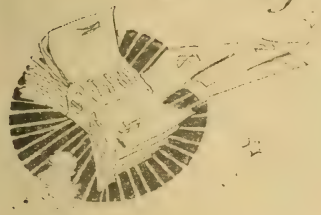
Mail to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other communications to that address.



WHEN A POPULAR FILM STAR TOOK A FEW SCENES IN RUBENVILLE

Spending A Star's Money

By Hector Ames

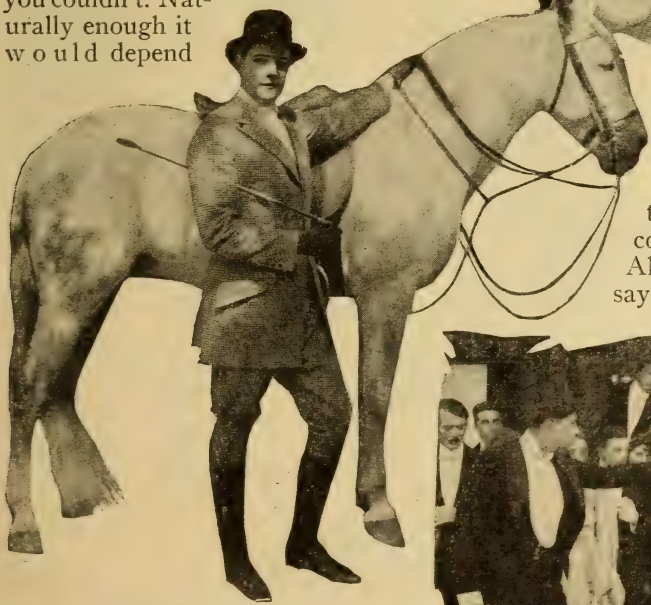


You read a newspaper report that a certain film star you have often seen is drawing the fanciful salary of, say, a thousand dollars a week. Mentally you compute: "A thousand dollars a week times fifty-two is fifty-two thousand dollars a year!" You are amazed. "Getting that much money for a few years," you continue to yourself, "why, I could retire!"

Perhaps you could and, again, perhaps you couldn't. Naturally enough it would depend upon how much money you had left at the end of the specified few years. It's very agreeable to reckon income, but it's far more practical to reckon outgo at the same time. The difference would tell you whether you felt you could afford to retire or not.



THE LITTLE MATTER OF DOGS



AND BLOODED HORSES AND



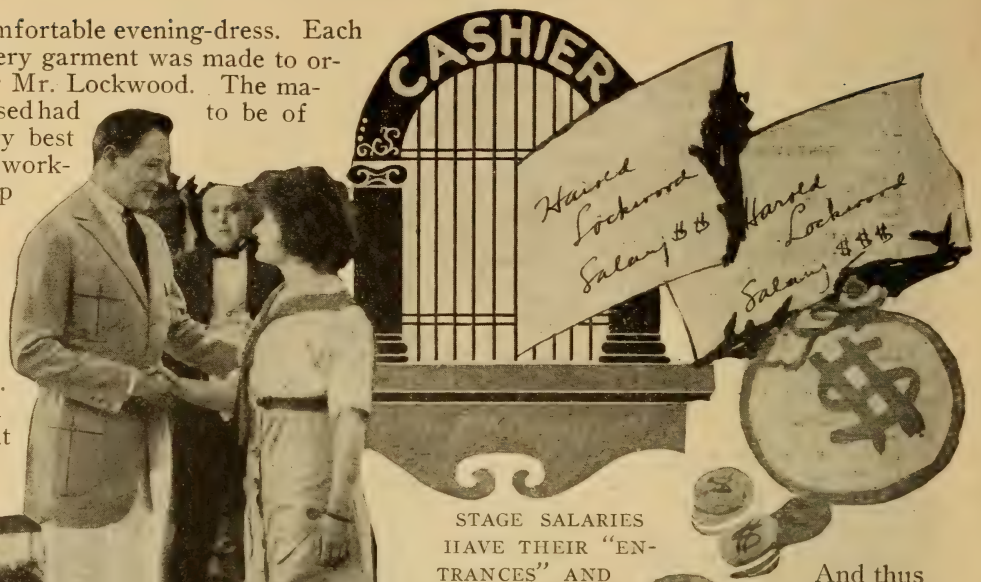
EVENING CLOTHES

All of which is another way of saying that a big salary means big expenses. It means that a good part of a star's salary must go right back into his business as an investment for the future.

There is the all-important item of clothes. In "Paradise Garden," one of his current releases, Harold Lockwood wore eight complete changes of costume. They ranged from a comfortable backwoods outfit to the more luxurious but

less comfortable evening-dress. Each and every garment was made to order for Mr. Lockwood. The material used had to be of the very best and the workmanship had to be expert, too, obviously enough. Each garment had to have the latest "cut." There can be no betwixt and between with an expectant public insisting upon only the very best.





STAGE SALARIES HAVE THEIR "ENTRANCES" AND "EXITS"



ALL KINDS OF CLOTHES TO MAKE A STAR SHINE

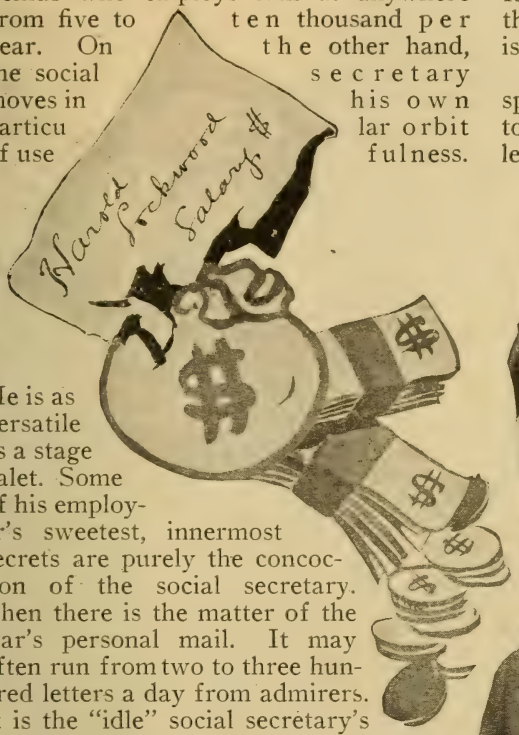
A suit of clothes may be worn in a single picture and never see service before the camera again. Styles, even in men's garments, are often changed; besides, it does a star no good to be seen in the same clothes too frequently.

So the star must, consequently, add continually to his wardrobe, tho such clothes as he already possesses is a long way from the grasp of the old-clothes man.

And thus a star spends no little amount of his money.

Then there is the matter of a full-fledged star's entourage. Nowadays to be completely efficient the official family of a star must contain at least two secretaries—business and social. The business secretary is supposed to do a good deal of the off-stage thinking for the star. He takes care of his business correspondence, watches like a hawk any infraction of his employer's contract, promotes publicity plans for him, sees that all his bills are paid and their accounts properly checked; attends conferences between the star and the powers to whom he is under contract, and is, in fact, the strong right arm, mouthpiece,

and more often the brains of the man of genius who employs him at anywhere from five to ten thousand per year. On the other hand, the social secretary moves in his own particular orbit of use fulness.



He is as versatile as a stage valet. Some of his employer's sweetest, innermost secrets are purely the concoction of the social secretary. Then there is the matter of the star's personal mail. It may often run from two to three hundred letters a day from admirers. It is the "idle" social secretary's duty to see that these are all answered, the answers autographed, and the originals filed for future reference. A far-seeing social secretary often makes a valuable asset out of heaps of gushing, meaningless letters by properly card-filing and indexing them under various States and communities. A valuable follow-up list is in this way established whenever the star's photoplays are about to appear in that section. The writer knows of one long-headed secretary who has built up a list of over fifty thousand fans devoted to his employer. Of course the intensive publicity value of this list is enormous.

Conscientious stars employ all sorts of special instructors where the finishing touches of their education have been neglected or where they must show



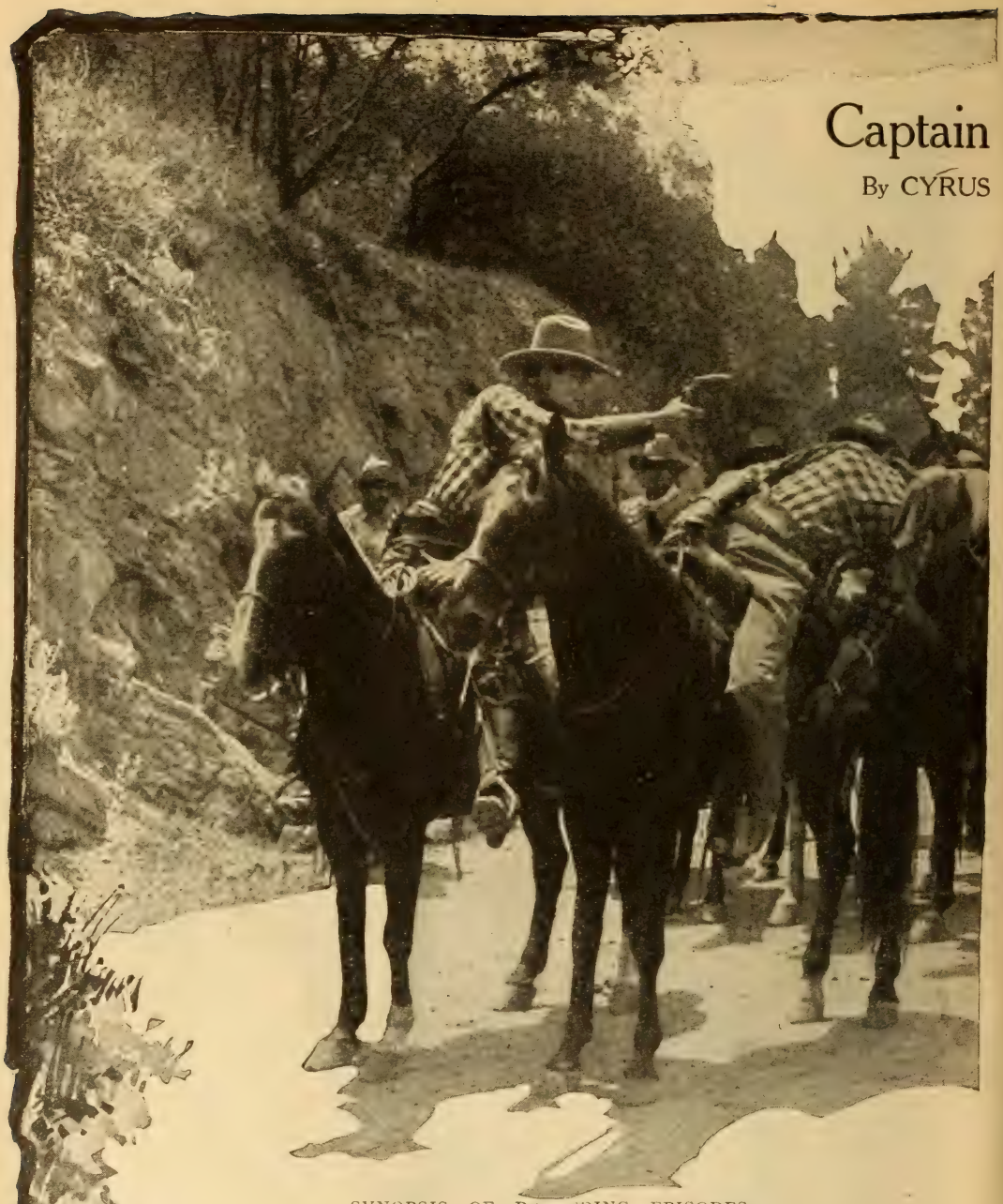
SIX SUITS TO A PLAY

AND AS MANY COATS AND HATS

themselves upon the screen as a master of a fine art, a folly, a fad, or an extraordinary accomplishment. So it is not at all unusual to see much of the star's time and money taken up with monsieur the dancing-master, monsieur the maitre d'armes, the artist, the sculptor, the prize-fighter and the "bird-man"—in fact, whatever the star's pleasure or necessity wills. All this runs into a pretty pot of money. The weekly check is spent widely and wisely. That's just what the extra ciphers are for—the star's stock-in-trade.

Captain

By CYRUS



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EPISODES

"Captain Sunlight" is a notorious bandit on the Texas-Mexico border. Bill Warned, ranchman, is his bitterest opponent. Captain Sunlight crosses the border and abducts Janet Warned, Bill's young and beautiful sister. She signals for help with a pocket mirror, and Jack Conway, a neighboring rancher, rides to her rescue. Later Janet is held up by a masked rider, whom she recognizes as Captain Sunlight by his curly blond hair. He escorts her along a precipitous trail. A rattlesnake suddenly appears, and Janet's horse almost backs into the chasm. Captain Sunlight rescues her from a terrible death, and Janet is torn between gratitude and terror of his evil deeds. He intimates that he is going to ask for her hand, and she advises him to leave the country and reform. Captain Sunlight detects the appearance of a body of horsemen and confesses that he has only been masquerading as the bandit who is now approaching. Janet refuses to believe him. The stranger ties and gags her —only after she has gashed his face with her whip—and from behind a boulder gets the drop on Captain Sunlight and his gang. A state of armed neutrality ensues as neither side feels strong enough to capture the other. After the bandits have escaped thru the cañon, Janet and her protector are met by a posse of cowboys who are in pursuit of Captain Sunlight. Janet then discovers that her escort is Jack Conway who had been larking in the guise of Captain Sunlight to test her sand. She realizes that she has insulted him and that he has saved her life in spite of it. Womanlike, Janet confesses to Jack that she is engaged to be married and that her fiancé's train will pass thru the town. They go to the station, and, as her fiancé is hurriedly kissing her, Janet points to Jack and says: "That is the man I am going to marry!"

Sunlight's Last Raid

TOWNSEND BRADY



Cast of characters in the play as produced by the Vitagraph Company:

Capt. Sunlight—Victor Howard
Janet Warned—Mary Anderson
Jack Conway—Alfred Vosburgh (Whitman)

The Fourth Episode
The Riding of the Lovers

AND so that afternoon the three lovers of Miss Warned were riding. Captain Sunlight may now be counted in the category, in addition to Conway and Twitchell. His daring venture up the pass that day was for the purpose of accomplishing the endeavor in which he had so lamentably failed a month before. He had heard that Warned, who had recovered from his wounds, was to be away. The desperado had been lying quiet for the intervening period until the raid on the border which had aroused so much excitement at this critical juncture. He trusted by the very boldness of his utterly improbable and unexpected advance to effect his purpose this time. He had been seen, however, and, as has been noted, the posse was on his trail, while his quarry had for the present again escaped him.

As he rode up the pass a glance backward disclosed that posse far down Wild Cat Canyon, toiling slowly upward. He had found the break in the trail caused by the washout. He, too, had resorted to the hog-back, and now he calmly blew it up behind him. He had intended to blow up the ranch-house and had brought explosives for the purpose. He could use them to better advantage on the hog-back. This would stop the pursuit for an hour or so, give him more time to get the girl and to get back to the lowland thru other and more difficult trails which he knew all about, so he rode on with his companions with a heart full of pleasant anticipations and utterly free from care. If he could only have put a bullet thru Conway, whom he had recognized as he passed him, life would have been colored with rosy hues, indeed. As it was, he promised himself that he would attend to that later.

One peculiarity of Captain Sunlight's disposition was the persistent inveteracy of his hatred. He neither forgot nor forgave, and there were many people, the number constantly decreasing thru untoward "accidents," who realized their lives would never be worth much so long as Captain Sunlight was alive. They were all anxious to get him, and not a few of them were in the posse now stopped at the hog-back, which had been torn to pieces by the explosion of dynamite. The gap was almost impassable. The next practicable ascent was miles away. They would have to bridge it, or fill it in, or make it passible for their

horses in some way, they realized, as soon as they saw it. Accordingly, they set to work with such means as they had at hand with constantly increasing zeal, determination and hatred.

George Twitchell, the Western representative of the Smith-Lance Automobile Company, the second admirer of Miss Warned, was riding most unhappily westward on the train. The third of the young lady's admirers, who had this advantage of the other two that the young lady was riding by his side, was slowly cantering up the long street toward the hotel where it was thought Miss Warned might remain securely harbored until Captain Sunlight had been captured, killed or driven out of the country again and it would be safe for her to go back to the ranch.

After that audacious and splendid message to George Twitchell, it was impossible that Jack Conway could part from Janet Warned without further words. What took place in the little parlor of the hotel, which they fortunately had to themselves, any lover can imagine. Those who are not lovers, or have not been — past, present or expectant! — are so few in number as to be negligible. Suffice it to say that, after a much longer time than he imagined he had spent, Mr. Conway tore himself away under the pressure of what he conceived to be his duty. How much of it was duty and how much of it was a desire to get Captain Sunlight personally to pay off old scores and to make assurance doubly sure that his new sweetheart would not be molested in the future, each will determine for himself.

At any rate, in the early afternoon he tore himself from her arms and, on a fresh horse, galloped away from the little town, denuded of most of its defenders by the posse, intending, if possible, to be in at the death. Now, fortune served him well or ill, as the case may be; but it so happened that as he rode toward Wild Cat Canyon it occurred to him that the posse would close that way of return to Captain Sunlight, and, as he knew the terrain of the range quite as well as the desperado, he turned his horse southward and galloped toward the other broken and unfrequented, even abandoned trail, with the idea that he might intercept his blond-haired prototype if he came that way. He did it—to his sorrow!

It would be difficult, anyway, he realized, when he had time to think coherently of anything but the beautiful girl he had won, to overtake the posse if they were hard on Sunlight's trail. The desperado would either have to cross the range to the northward, which was most unlikely, as every step would take him further from his base of supplies, or he would have to get back to the lowlands and his band, which would probably be assembled some place beyond the border. Indeed, as he rode toward the little-known and little-used trail it suddenly flashed in the mind of Conway that perhaps it had not been wise to strip the town of its fighting men. He checked his horse and looked back from the little rise to the clump of trees that marked the settlement. All was apparently still and quiet, and he reassured himself as he remembered that Captain Sunlight's men rarely did anything except in his presence and under his direct leadership. So, with a certain amount of confidence in spite of hesitation and doubts, he rode on.

Now, George Twitchell had not the least idea of the presence of Captain Sunlight in the vicinity. He had heard about him, as had everybody in the Southwest, but, never having been brought in contact with him or never having seen the results of one of his raids, the desperado did not bulk very large in his eyes. He had sufficient cause for perturbation in what he had heard from Janet Warned and what he had seen at the station. It was true no engagement had subsisted between him and Janet, but she had allowed him to make love to her. She had accepted his attentions, even seeming to enjoy them, and she had said that perhaps some day, if she did not fall in love with some one else, she would be his wife. His astonishment, his indignation and his alarm when she turned up at the station platform practically in the arms of another man whom she coolly declared she was going to marry, was easy to imagine.

Twitchell was not a Western man. He was not handy with weapons. He had never engaged in a deadly altercation in

his life. But he was an automobile driver of international reputation. He was not afraid of anything on earth. He had all his nerve with him all the time, and his courage was unquestioned. No man could face swift death at the wheel of a madly driven racing-car, as he had done many times, and be a craven. Also, he was not minded to give up the girl without a battle, the battle, of course, being a mental and spiritual one, which he would be quite willing to translate into a physical one should the necessity arise. Like all men of his profession, he was prompt, bold and decided.

He had an agency at the next large town, some seventy-five miles west. A day or so before he had sent there several cars, among them a high-powered, four-seated racer for some sporting rancher. Instead of getting off at the next little way-station and waiting for a belated train to take him back to his unwilling lady-love, he remained on the express until he reached the city. Then he took the car and drove back at full speed over the rough prairie road. He was going to interview his sweetheart and see whether her extraordinary statement were so or not, and, if so, why. He also counted, fearlessly enough, on a few words with the man on horseback.

Thus Captain Sunlight, having killed the men who were left at the ranch-house and set it on fire, was riding recklessly helter-skelter down the steep, narrow, unused trail toward the town. From the north Twitchell was headed eastward, driving the big racing-car like a demon, with the same object. Conway was galloping away at a moderate pace to intercept Sunlight.

The object of all this maneuvering was enjoying the most delightful of meditations in her room, preparatory to a little walk to a spring in the trees some distance from the settlement, a little later in the afternoon. How pleasantly the romantic adventure of the morning had terminated! How it would thrill her classmates at Ogontz when they heard of it! The man she had thought was Captain Sunlight was the man who had rescued her in the first instance and had saved her life in the second. Of course, she had not recognized him, for the first time she had seen him he had been bearded and dusty, not to say grimy, and she had been so overwrought that she would not have recognized her own mother in that fainting spell. She had heard all about Jack Conway, but found that half had not been told her. She had dreamed her girlish dreams, too.

She had some thoughts to spare for poor George Twitchell as well. She certainly had treated him badly. She wished that she had not been quite so abrupt—that she had enjoyed more time to explain. If it were possible to love one man and at the same time feel tenderly toward another, she was in that very condition. There was alarm in her mind, in view of the fact that Captain Sunlight was abroad again. Of course, her brother was away, and she was in the village, where nothing could possibly happen to her; but suppose he and Conway met again!

As a matter of fact, they did meet—to Conway's disaster. Riding around a clump of trees and undergrowth, that latter gentleman suddenly found himself looking into the muzzles of several Winchesters and revolvers. One of them was Captain Sunlight's, who, from his point of vantage on the trail, had observed this solitary horseman and had galloped ahead with his attentive villains and arranged this little ambush in the copse.

"It is a great pleasure," said he as Conway threw up his hands in obedience to a summons which it would have been instant death even to hesitate about obeying, "to meet with my courteous companion of the other trail of a few hours back, señor."

"I cant say that it's as much pleasure to me as it seems to be to you," said Conway coolly, altho he realized that never in his life had he been in so dangerous a position and probably never would he be in any other to compare to it. Indeed, his tenure of life would undoubtedly be of the shortest. "The situation of this morning is reversed," he went on, after a little interval.

"Quite so!" returned Captain Sunlight. "This morning, for reasons of your own, you gave me free passage. This afternoon, for reasons of my own ——" he stopped.

"You give me free passage!" said

Conway pleasantly, tho he was far from feeling pleasantly. "Well, turn about is fair play."

"The señor mistakes me. I was about to say this afternoon I do not give you free passage—that is, up the trail. The señor may have free passage elsewhere if he desires."

"Where?"

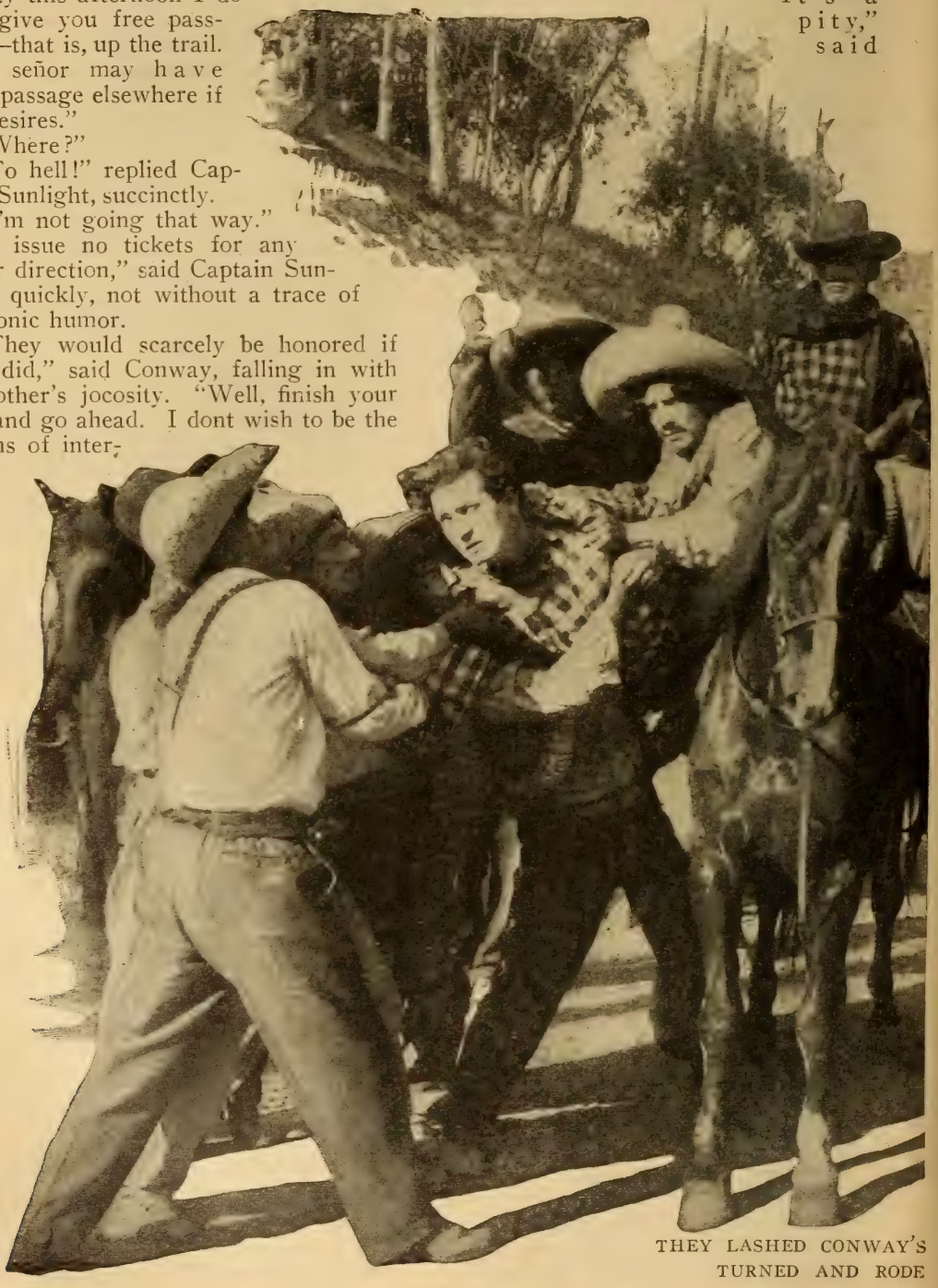
"To hell!" replied Captain Sunlight, succinctly.

"I'm not going that way."

"I issue no tickets for any other direction," said Captain Sunlight quickly, not without a trace of sardonic humor.

"They would scarcely be honored if you did," said Conway, falling in with the other's jocosity. "Well, finish your job and go ahead. I dont wish to be the means of interrupting any of your pleasant avocations," continued the rancher, with a none too delicate sarcasm which was not lost on the object at which it was aimed.

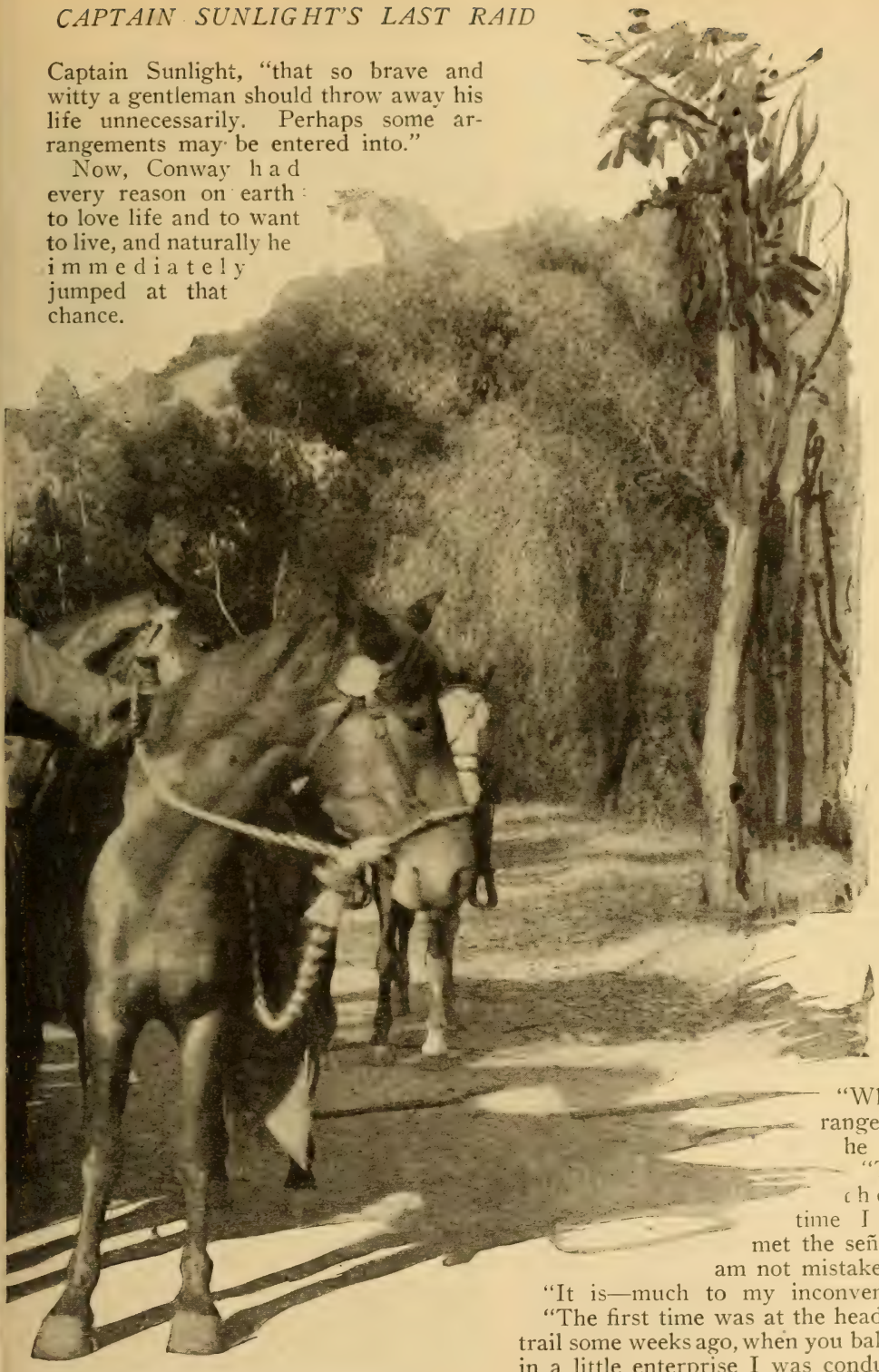
"It's a pity," said



THEY LASHED CONWAY'S
TURNED AND RODE

Captain Sunlight, "that so brave and witty a gentleman should throw away his life unnecessarily. Perhaps some arrangements may be entered into."

Now, Conway had every reason on earth to love life and to want to live, and naturally he immediately jumped at that chance.



HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK, AND THEN ALL UP THE HORRIBLE TRAIL TOGETHER

"What arrangement?" he asked.

"This is the third time I have met the señor, if I am not mistaken?"

"It is—much to my inconvenience."

"The first time was at the head of the trail some weeks ago, when you balked me in a little enterprise I was conducting."

"I am happy to say that in this instance you are entirely correct."

"And the second time was this morning."

"Right again."

"You weren't alone this morning."

"You didn't see any one with me."

"And it's a good thing I didn't."

"Incidentally, I submit that it was a good thing for you too that you didn't."

"Perhaps. I guess you met a lady on the trail and that you had hidden her from me in the undergrowth."

"You're a wonderful guesser."

"Do you deny it?"

"I neither deny nor affirm. I admire."

"Well, from what I learnt at the ranch, before I burned it down and killed its custodians," went on Captain Sunlight, suavely, "I feel certain that I am correct."

"Suppose you are, what then?"

"This: Tell me where that young lady is, deliver her to me, and you shall go free."

"You infernal blackguard!" shouted Conway. He had been despoiled of every weapon and was still covered, but he struck his spurs into his horse and leaped forward. Captain Sunlight swerved aside; one of the Mexicans grabbed the bridle of Conway's horse. The episode was over, and life would have ended there and then for Conway if Sunlight had not sharply bidden his men to hold their fire.

"All this is useless, señor. You would have been shot out of the saddle and filled with bullets before your horse had moved if I hadn't been quick enough to halt my men."

"Well, since my life is to pay for my carelessness in allowing myself to be taken, why did you halt your men?" asked Conway, realizing again his complete and entire helplessness.

"For one thing, I dont desire that any man who has balked me twice, as you have, should die without allowing him ample time to repent him of his sins in so doing; therefore, I design a deferred death, as it were."

"Ah!"

"Consequently, I will temporarily postpone the little design I have of raiding the settlement and incidentally securing Miss Warned, who I have no doubt is there."

Captain Sunlight's eyes sparkled as he saw the little involuntary motion to which Conway gave way at that remark.

"There's a pleasant place up in the hills," he continued, "a little cave on that old trail that I know of, quite hidden from even the rare passer-by on this unfrequented and almost never-used pass, where you can be safely stowed away with abundant time for undisturbed reflection until such a moment as it pleases the good God"—he crossed himself devoutly; he was that kind of a Christian, the outward and visible species only!—"to call you to whatever station in the future He may be pleased to assign you!"

"You're going to tie me up and leave me to starve?"

"Exactly that!"

"You black-hearted villain!"

Again Conway strove to come at grips, with Captain Sunlight laughing at his prisoner's futile rage. The American hoped to be shot and killed in the mêlée, for he had no possible doubt but that the desperado would carry out his intention to the letter, and he knew that he had no chance of rescue in that place where, as Captain Sunlight said, no one ever came up that horrible gorge unless it were a matter of life and death. The Mexicans, indeed, already showed the effects of their rapid and reckless descent, and so did their horses, all of them being cut, torn and bruised. But, as before, the three Mexicans seized him and stopped his horse, while Captain Sunlight grew more exasperatingly amused and polite than ever.

At their captain's orders the Mexicans lashed Conway's hands behind his back, and then they all turned and rode up the horrible trail together. Now, the trail went along the edge of a precipice as the gorge grew deeper and wilder, about a mile from the entrance. Captain Sunlight rode in advance. One Mexican walked afoot at the head of Conway's horse and the other Mexicans brought up at the rear on their horses.

Winding around the huge escarpment, Conway, whose eyes were busy, saw far up the trail a high bluff, from about the middle of which a stunted pine protruded over the gulf, here something like two hundred and fifty feet deep. He remem-

bered that far below the pine, where the water of a mountain brook ran, there was a cave which he had discovered while fishing in the brook from the lowland, one day. He was sure this was not the cave to which Captain Sunlight was taking him. He knew nothing about that. There were many hidden and almost inaccessible nooks in the mountains, the knowledge of which often enabled the desperado to escape his pursuers, but obviously this recess which Conway had in mind was not that in which he was destined to be starved, for there was no possible access to that cave at the foot of the precipice from the trail where they were then.

Conway was doomed to die, anyway. He thought that it would be better to die of his own will by being dashed to pieces over the cliff than by slow starvation, and there was just a chance that he might escape with his life. His guard was not very observant. What was the necessity? With Captain Sunlight before him and a man holding the head of his horse, Conway could not go forward. With the Mexicans behind him, he could not go back. He could not turn around on the narrow trail, and that he would go over the cliff never occurred to any one. Yet that is just what he did when he came above the tree.

He spoke to his horse sharply, dug the spurs deeply into him. The animal reared. The Mexican at the bridle lost his footing. He and the horse and Conway went over the cliff together. As he fell, Conway in some manner freed himself from the saddle and strove to fall into the tree. In this he was in part successful. A branch fortunately caught him under the arm, holding him suspended a second or two, enough to check the terrible momentum of the fall. His arms still bound, he could do nothing to help himself except to swing his legs. He realized if the branch held he would be shot instantly, so he swung himself violently. The little branch gave way, and he went plunging down the cliff, which a few feet below the tree inclined slightly from the sheer perpendicularity of its upper half.

Meanwhile the horse and the Mexican, unchecked by anything, went hurtling down into the gulf with terrific speed, and they were both dead as soon as, if not before, they brought up at the side of the brook. Even tho Conway's fall had been checked half way down, that he accomplished the remainder of the descent without being instantly killed was something in the nature of a miracle. As it was, he brought up against a great boulder in the midst of the stream. He was knocked senseless and lay there with his head against the boulder, his cheek pressed to the rock, his face downward, his feet in the water. There was some undergrowth on the bank of the creek. He had rolled thru it and broken off most of it, but several slender twigs still stood upright.

Quick action on the part of the men on the trail two hundred feet above was impossible. For one thing, for a moment or two they were in imminent danger of falling with their horses themselves. Captain Sunlight watched the bodies of the two men and horse crash down into the abyss; then he took out his revolver and, taking careful aim, sent a shot at poor Conway. There was a visible movement of the body, and then all was still.

"Shall we also fire?" asked the Mexicans.

Captain Sunlight shook his head.

"No other shot than mine is necessary," he said. "The man was probably killed by the fall, anyway, and you saw his body jump as my bullet struck him."

"And poor Manuel?" asked the nearest bandit.

"Dead as a door-nail! Well, it's a little quicker than I had planned for *mio amigo* Conway, but it will serve. We'll go on until we can turn the horses around, and then we'll go back and raid the town."

Having thus disposed of one man and not having the slightest conception that there was another to be reckoned with, Captain Sunlight, observing, after they retraced their steps and passed the place again, that neither of the three bodies below him had changed positions in the slightest degree, descended to the lowland and then rode rapidly toward the town.

Meanwhile, coming over the border at

a convenient place for fording the river about ten miles from the settlement, were some seventy-five nondescript men on horseback. Their clothes or their lack of clothes, their hats, their cartridge-belts strung over their shoulders, their swarthy faces, the bad Spanish language they used would have told anybody in those parts that they belonged to Captain Sunlight's band. After crossing the railroad, they were riding slowly over the prairie in the direction of the town, which was hidden from them by a rise of hills. They had observed the big motor-car coming across the prairie at tremendous speed before Twitchell had observed them thru the dust of his going. This was to them an untoward and suspicious circumstance which might mean anything, and they determined to stop the car. Accordingly, two of them detached themselves from the main body and galloped rapidly toward the car. As they came in view they signaled to the driver that they wanted him to stop, and Twitchell, who had no suspicions, accordingly slowed down, allowing them to approach, and before he knew it they had covered him with their guns. They addressed him in Spanish, of which he knew nothing and at which he could only shake his head. Seeing that he did not understand, one of them made shift to convey their purpose in broken English.

"We are ze men of El Capitano—Sunsheen, you call him, señor."

"Oh, you are?"

"Si, señor. We no fight wiz you."

"Glad to hear it!"

"If you give ze car you go back free."

"You want me to give up my car, do you?"

"Si, señor, si!"

"I'll see you d—d first!" said the intrepid American.

He threw in the clutch, shifted the gears rapidly, and the car, which was an intensely sensitive and responsive machine, leaped into speed practically on the instant. Two shots rang out, but the quick action of the car disconcerted the aim of the two men. The automobile struck one of the horses, knocked him over and aside, and the next moment the machine was leaping across the prairie.

Twitchell burst thru the astonished gang, and before they could realize it he was whirling away like a streak of lightning. Of course they galloped after him, firing upon him, but by good fortune not a tire was hit, even the gasoline tank escaped, altho the back of the car was struck several times and the intrepid traveler himself was almost knocked senseless by a bullet that grazed his cheek.

The gang had been instructed to wait for Captain Sunlight, but they were not far from the village now, and the leader realized that Twitchell would give the alarm and knew that their only hope of surprise would be in promptly following him, so they galloped at the top speed of their horses toward the town in the wake of the car.

THE FIFTH EPISODE

The Dash of the Racing-Car

It was well toward the middle of the afternoon when Twitchell tore madly thru the outskirts of the village and down the long main street of the town in his car toward the adobe hotel on the plaza. Ordinary automobiles were familiar enough sights in the settlement, but a big, high-powered racing-car driven at such a speed aroused instant attention. The old men and boys, the women and girls, flocked toward the square. Twitchell stopped the car in front of the hotel and flung himself from it. He rightly judged that if Janet Warned were anywhere in the village he would find her there, or at least tidings of her. He burst into the main room and hurled a question abruptly at the veteran proprietor behind the bar.

"Miss Warned?" he cried.

"I reckon she's upstairs in her room."

"Send for her quick."

"What's the hurry?"

"There's a band of Mexicans headed for the town. I ran thru them in a cottonwood hollow by the big bend of the river about six miles back. They opened fire on me, but fortunately I got off."

"That was a near thing," said one of the barkeepers, pointing to the red scar on Twitchell's cheek.

"It's nothing. Miss Warned?"

"She aint in her room," said a maid-servant of the hotel who had been sent to summon her.

By this time the main room was filled with people.

"I heard her say she was goin' out to the big spring," piped up a young boy who was slightly lame. "She wanted to take me with her, but I couldn't walk that far."

"There's more than Miss Warned concerned in this," said the hotel-keeper quickly. "It's evident that this gent—what might your name be, stranger?"

"Twitchell—George Twitchell."

"Has run into Cap'n Sunlight's band. While the posse is up in the hills huntin' him, they're goin' to raid this settlement. What's to be done?"

Now, there was present an old frontiersman named John Piper who, having been shot in a border brawl years before, was unable to ride a horse and had therefore not been able to go with the posse. His courage was in no way impaired by his disability, and his mother-wit was as keen as ever.

"This 'dobe hotel is the most defensible place in town," he said. "Its walls are thick enough to turn a bullet an', fortunately, it's got a tile roof on it, so they cant burn it over our heads."

Indeed, the building now used as a hotel had formerly been a Spanish mission-house and had been built like a fortress.

"We'd better gather all the wimmen an' children in the hotel an' hold it as long as we can. There'll be time enough to telegraph to the United States soldiers at Fort Maxey afore them raiders gits here. They'd ought to be here in a few hours. If any of the posse overlooks the valley from the hills they'll see what's happenin' an' they'll come back on the run."

"Which your advice is sure good!" said Stillson, the keeper of the hotel. "We've got plenty of food an' water. They cant burn this hotel. It's big enough for everybody an'——"

"Enough said!" interrupted Piper, who by general consent assumed command. "Run thru the town an' round up everybody, boys! Bring 'em back here quick!" He turned to a half-grown lad. "Matt Rowland, you go to the station, tell the agent to telegraph to the commandin' officer at Fort Maxey that the town is about to be attacked in force by Cap'n Sunlight's band, an' we axes for the help of the soldiers, immejit! There aint nobody here but the wimmen an' children, the posse bein' off in the hills huntin' the blackguard! You boys see that everybody gits in here as quick as possible. Them fellers'll be on us in a minute!"

"How about Miss Warned?" cried Twitchell.

"You've got a big car there—go git her an' fetch her back. That's the quickest way," returned Piper.

"Where has she gone?"

"If you'll take me, mister," said little Ned Bury, the lame boy, "I'll show you."

"Come on!" said Twitchell, forcing his way thru the people already assembling, half leading, half carrying the little lame volunteer guide. "How far is it?" he asked as the two approached the car.

" 'Bout three miles, I reckon, sir."

"Give us a ride, too!" shouted two boys, brothers, named Crompton.

The car was big enough. Twitchell nodded, and the boys jumped in the tonneau. As Twitchell tore out of the plaza, a backward glance saw it filled with people running toward the hotel. Every boy big enough to carry one was armed with a rifle or pistol; some of the women likewise. A few of them were bringing their most cherished and portable household possessions, but practically everything had to be left behind. It was quite evident that the raiders would easily burn up everything in the town, most of the houses being of the cheapest wooden variety. That would be a small matter, comparatively speaking, if the lives of the women and children were saved.

The way over the prairie was rough and broken, and it was impossible to make much speed with the car. Twitchell had got but half the distance when the distant crackle of rifle-shots behind him told him that the raiders had arrived. Looking back from a high ridge a few moments after, they could see already columns of smoke arising from some of the buildings which, as they contained little of value for looting, had promptly been set on fire.

To anticipate the course of events a little, every house in the town was burned by the raiders. The general stores were plundered and assault after assault was made on the hotel, which was the center of a ring of fire. After the first wild charge, in which a number of Mexican raiders lost their lives, the battle was confined to a continuous interchange of shots. The tile roof prevented the Mexicans from firing the hotel, and the old men, larger boys and some of the women kept them back from doors and windows by a continuous discharge.

"There wont be no goin' back there for us," said Ned Bury as they stopped the car a moment.

"Well, we've got a good car under us," said Twitchell. "There's no horse on earth can catch it, and the whole state of Texas is before us."

"Gee, it'll be some ride!" said the boy. "You fellers 're in great luck," he added, turning to the Crompton boys, who had taken advantage of Twitchell's permission to jump in the car. "Yonder's the grove by the spring," he continued, pointing ahead.

"Pray God she's there!" observed Twitchell, starting the car again.

"Couldn't be nowheres else," said Ned, "unless she went out on the prairie, which aint likely in this heat. We'd have met her or seen her if she'd been a-comin' back to town. The spring's right under that thickest clump of trees in front of the little bluff."

But Twitchell had already caught sight of the girl. She had been seated by the spring, a neglected book by her side, indulging in day-dreams. She was the most amazed girl on earth when she heard the car and saw it coming thru the trees. At first she did not know Twitchell, but as it drew nearer she at once recognized its driver. He stopped in front of her and leaped out.

"I told you she'd be here," said Ned Bury, looking on; but Twitchell, paying no attention, ran to the girl and seized her in his arms.

"Janet!" he cried. "Thank God you're here!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

For the moment, Twitchell had forgotten the errand which had been back of his dash eastward originally — forgotten it in the face of the greater peril in which they were all involved.

"Captain Sunlight's band is raiding the town," he said.

"We must go back at once," answered the girl.

"It cant be done, miss; it's too late," interposed little Ned.

"All the folks is shut up in the hotel, fightin' 'em," said the oldest Crompton boy.

"And they're burnin' the town," added the other.

"Those poor women and children!" exclaimed Janet, wringing her hands. "We cant abandon them!"

"I think they're safe enough," said Twitchell. "I ran thru the band and got to the town ahead of them in time to give the people warning. They've telegraphed to Fort Maxey for the troops. The posse is certain to see it from the mountains and——"

"I cant desert them!"

"What can you do?"

"You're a man. You can do something."

"I can!"

"What?"

"Save you. There's no use talking further. I've got a car here that nothing in the State of Texas can touch and with it we're going to safety. There's only one question I'd like to ask: Am I saving you for another man?"

"Another man?"

"Yes—what you said at the station about that cowboy."

"You mean Jack Conway?"

"If that's his name—yes."

"Well—I——"

"Are you going to throw me down for a man you cant have known more than a month?"

"I've only known him one day—a few hours."

"What?"

"But he saved my life."

"Does that give him a claim on you?"

"I dont know."

"Because if it does I'm going to save it, too; only I want to know whether I'm saving it for him or for myself."

"And if it's for him, wouldn't you think it worth saving just the same?"

"Janet," said Twitchell, completely oblivious of the little boys, who stood staring, listening and scarcely comprehending, "you know I'd die for you. I'd save you even if it were to hand you over to another man, without question; but, dear, my heart's been breaking as I drove across the prairie. I know you didn't promise me anything definite, but you allowed me to hope."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said little Ned, "but we'd better git out o' here. Look yonder."

He pointed down the track over which they had come. The Mexicans were not without intelligence. Captain Sunlight's lieutenants had marked the absence of the big motor-car whose driver had given the alarm and caused the people of the town to take refuge in the hotel. They had double motives for wanting to get him. The trail of the car was easy to follow. Half-a-dozen horsemen were galloping headlong toward the clump of trees.

"By Jove," cried Twitchell, "you're right! Into the car everybody! Dont be afraid, Janet. They're too far off to catch us, and if they do"—he pointed to the Winchester rifle and the big automatic that the local representative in the city had insisted upon putting in the car—"I'm not very handy with guns, but I guess I can stand off those devils."

"We can shoot," said the elder of the two Cromptons. "If you'll give us each a gun we'll fire at 'em while you're drivin' away."

"Very well," said Twitchell, handing the boys the weapons and starting the car. "They couldn't come near us if we had anything like a decent road to travel on."

"After you get out beyond these bluffs," said Ned, "you'll find some level prairie which'll be good goin'."

The car was seated for four. Janet took her place beside Twitchell at the wheel. The lame boy sat at her feet. The other lads took the rear seats with the guns. It was a game to them. They enjoyed it immensely, and as the car cleared the trees and started for the bluffs about a mile away, beyond which and around which lay a clear road for safety, they opened fire. They did not hit anything. Better marksmen might have failed in that, the car was leaping and bounding at such a rate, but they certainly gave the pursuers reason for checking the pursuit. They did not give it over, but they scattered widely so as to present less of a target and came on more circumspectly, apparently contented with keeping the car under observation.

"We're holdin' 'em off!" said the elder boy.

"Good!" said Twitchell. "Now," he began, not daring to take his eyes off the rough track over which he was skillfully guiding the car, "you can answer that question. Janet, am I to give up hope?"

"George, you know how much I think of you, and—" began the girl, desperately playing for time, only for his sake.

She could not bear to hurt him with a blunt declaration of her intention not to marry him. It had been easy enough, when she sat on her horse by Conway's side and Twitchell was being carried away by the train, to shout that audacious message, but it was different now. She could not fail to realize also that her life would not have been worth a minute's purchase—she could not have escaped concealment in the open wood—if Twitchell had not come along; therefore she sought to avoid the issue, but Twitchell was determined.

"That's all very well, Janet," he interrupted. "I know you think a lot of me, and as I haven't done anything to forfeit your good opinion, I suppose I still have it; but you said at the station you were going to marry that man, and I just want to know if that's true or not."

He glanced at her anxiously for an instant, but before she could answer there was another interruption—Captain Sunlight and his three Mexicans appeared around the bend of the low bluff! They were coming at full gallop. Having lost so much time in disposing of Conway, they were in a great hurry. The posse was out; the border was up. What they expected to accomplish they had to do quickly. They were astonished beyond measure to see a great big motor-car bumping along over the rough road toward them. Two of its occupants were firing back at a group of horsemen who were instantly recognized by Captain

Sunlight as belonging to his own band. It so happened that just as Sunlight appeared Twitchell struck a level piece of prairie. He jumped the car into full speed at once and before he caught sight of Captain Sunlight, who was squarely in his way. The bluff closed one way of retreat, Captain Sunlight another and the pursuers the third.

Before Twitchell could swing the car to the west to get away in the open a bullet from Captain Sunlight's Winchester exploded one of the front tires. The speed of the car was such that it shot into the air and turned over, hurling the occupants far and wide. Janet was knocked senseless; one of the boys in the rear likewise. Ned, the little cripple, was not seen. He was covered by the overturned car. Twitchell grabbed the Winchester out of the senseless boy's hand. The other lad still clung to his revolver. After one glance at Janet, who lay white and still as death — indeed, Twitchell never doubted but that she had been killed—he and young Crompton opened fire, Twitchell aiming at Sunlight and the boy at the other Mexicans.

It was an unequal battle. Neither the man nor the boy was master of the weapons, and they were confronted by one dead shot and a dozen sure ones. When Captain Sunlight drew rein by the car a moment or two later, Twitchell and the elder Crompton boy were both dead, riddled with bullets. Twitchell had driven his last car. He had made his last brave ride. In his last great struggle with death he had been defeated, as sooner or later every man must be, and he had gone into eternity without the answer to his question. Janet Warned was glad in after years as she thought of that, for she realized that in eternity, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, such things do not matter.

By the time Captain Sunlight reached the scene of action, the other Crompton boy, who had only been stunned, had recovered consciousness. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, whereupon, with the remark, coarse but true and which had originally been made by a far greater ruffian than he, that "nits make lice," Captain Sunlight promptly shot him dead. The car had been badly wrecked and was of no present value to Captain Sunlight. He did not inspect it because he was in a hurry, and he had things more attractive to engross his attention.

There was Janet Warned! He jumped off his horse and bent over her. He laved her face from his canteen, forced some whiskey between her teeth and was rewarded when she opened her eyes. Even her look of abject terror and horror pleased him. To inspire fear was the next thing to inspire love. He saw every evidence of it in her face.

"For the second time you fall into my hands," he began, with all his excessive courtesy. "Fortune is kind to me."

"Oh, my God!" moaned the poor girl, abandoning all hope.

"It's useless to call upon Him, señorita," said the captain, devoutly crossing himself, as was his wont. "He is evidently upon my side this time. Your friends, if they could speak"—he indicated poor Twitchell and the boys — "would tell you so."

Janet made a step in the direction of Twitchell's body. His head had been spared, and there was a look of high, proud resolution in his manly face that well became him. She had never liked him so much as then.

"It's useless," said Captain Sunlight lightly; "he's beyond your care. I dont usually require a second shot at my enemies."

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the girl, scarcely able to control herself.

"If you please, we will ride to the town and interview your friends. Perhaps we might find some complacent padre whom I might persuade" — he touched the butt of his revolver as if to indicate his method of persuasion—"to marry us. Not that it would mean anything to me, but it might be for your comfort and satisfaction, which I desire to consult in everything."

"You monster!" cried the girl.

"We shall have many opportunities for the exchange of compliments later," said the captain, suavely.

One of the Mexicans having been shot by a bullet from Twitchell's rifle before the latter went down, there was a spare horse. Willy-nilly, Janet was mounted

thereon. She made no struggle. Indeed, what was the use?

"Your friend of the morning," said Sunlight, as they cantered rapidly toward the spring and thru the woods toward the town, "is in the same condition as your friend of the car."

"He evidently preferred his own way of death to mine, for he leaped over the cliff, and when he struck I put a bullet



"THAT IS A CARESS, SEÑORITA, FOR WHICH YOU SHALL PAY IN BLOOD AND TEARS"

"What do you mean?" asked the girl, more sick with horror than ever.

"I left him quietly reposing in the canyon yonder."

"I dont understand."

in him to make sure. I dont want any one to come between me and the woman I love." He was near Janet when he spoke. Again she thought she would

(*Continued on page* 164)

Photodrama in the Making



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Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

TINY TIMELY TALKS

I will welcome suggestions from Readers as to what Topics they would like to have me discuss under this heading. Tell me your Problem in a word or two and I will try to solve it here.

Forthcoming Topics: "Pests"; "Why Producers Want 3-Reelers"; "Why the Author Should Write His Continuity"; or what my Readers will.

WE EXPECT SO MUCH AND GIVE SO LITTLE

Now, let us be honest with ourselves, Writers.

Has it ever occurred to you that you were not giving your best to this Photoplay Game? By that I mean that we were doing the thing so hurriedly.

Most of us get our Photoplay Idea today, jot it down tomorrow, scribble on it for a week or so, and then hurry it off to a Producer!

The Idea is bound to be half-baked.

The finest and most accomplished Stage Playwrights spend six months to a year building and polishing a play.

Dabsters at Photoplay Writing usually spend never more than a month on a Photoplay.

A novelist of the first rank spends the greater part of a year on his Novel.

The technique, the finish and the effectiveness of the Photoplay is no whit easier, simpler or less important than the Stage Play or the Novel.

Yet I have met none who would dream of giving up more than a month of his precious time on a Photoplay.

Why this slurring effort?

Surely the Photoplaywright does not have less Opportunity than either of the other classes of writers.

Five times as many Photoplays are produced as Stage Plays and probably twice as many as Novels.

And the rewards are greater!

If a Stage-Play manuscript looks good, the author may receive a few hundred dollars in advance royalties; seldom will the little-known writer get a cent in royalties on his Novel until the books are sold.

I have never yet felt satisfied with the work I have put in any Photoplay.

Today I received a check for five hundred dollars from the American Company for a short Synopsis of a Photoplay, entitled "Sallie Sit-By-The-Sea."

I spent less than a week on it because it came upon me in a gust of inspiration.

I construct approximately twenty Synopses a year, but it pricks my conscience.

So, in this Little Talk, I am wondering if Producers are not justified in being querulous over our rapid production, with its consequent crudeness, and if that, too, is not the cause of the public's cry against the inanity of most of the Photoplays?

EXPERIENCE MEETING

N. B.—In brief, I want to publish the Extraordinary Experience that Photoplay Writers have met with at the hands and feet of Producers. Send me both the Lemons and the Sugar-Plums they handed you. To protect ourselves we must have the actual correspondence, or letters. Did they buy your play? What did they pay you? Did they produce it? Did they garble it? Did they steal it? Did they give you a helping hand? Did they give you the toe of their boot? *What has been your experience?*

We will begin publication of Experiences next issue.

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

N. B.—The following Cast of Characters and Synopsis is offered in response to a steady stream of inquiries asking just what it is the Producers want. The following Play was written February 8, 1917; sent to The World Film Company February 16; sold March 10; produced July 23, with Alice Brady in the leading part. This Play was submitted under the title of "The Romance of a Self-Made Widow," but, in compliance with William A. Brady's passion for short titles, it was changed to "A Self-Made Widow":

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, New York

Fiction and Dramatic
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the Author

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

A Romantic Comedy-Drama of American Life

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Author of "A Royal Pauper," "A Builder of Castles," "Just a Song at Twilight," "A Dream or Two Ago," "The Princess from the Poorhouse," etc., etc.

CHARACTERS:

SYLVIA SMITH (Lead)—She is the ultra-romanticist in word and deed; she projects herself into an imagined world until it is more real and, above all, more alluring than the actual world of the drab country town

of Blue Bank; her conversation consists in the main of her adventures, romances and experiences with her day-dream people; in the opinion of the unimaginative townspeople she is plain *liar;* but she has neither a malicious, dishonest nor unwholesome thought in her make-up; what happens of a romantic nature she tacitly accepts as tho it were a decree of some romantic god; naturally she would retain few friends among the women of the town; for the men of Blue Bank she has little concern, tho she is continually courted, but they are too dull in comparison with the brilliant males of her dreams; thus she shuns Life to cultivate an imagined Paradise.

Fitzhugh Castleton—A wealthy, pampered young scion of riches; he is the sole heir of a big estate and fortune; but he is stalwart and normal and longs for the things stalwart and normal men do; thus he comes to have abnormal ideas and desires for normal experience; he wants to throw off the very type of things that Sylvia most desires, and takes the first opportunity to do so and to flee to the open arms of Adventure; he comes to love Sylvia for the same reasons other men shunned her—namely, the glamor of romance that hovered about her and the Adventure into which she had cast herself, and so he goes the whole world over seeking a rich Adventure and fails, only to find it within his own dull mansion that he had left because it was so stupid.

Lydia Van Dusen—Likewise a scion of wealth, and Fitzhugh's neighbor; she is masculine and loves masculine and daring men, hence her early repugnance for Fitzhugh, to whom she had been engaged for years; she comes to love Bobs for the same reason.

Bobs, the Blacksmith—A sailor and blacksmith aboard ship, by trade, but a gentleman by preferment; he has great difficulty in learning the etiquet of the gentleman, but is so good-natured that no one objects except Sylvia's mother.

Butts, the Butler—Fitzhugh has been left alone in the world in charge of Butts; while he adores Fitzhugh, yet he believes in bringing him up in the pampered way regardless of rebellion; he becomes general manager of household in his master's lamented absence.

Mrs. Tootle—Sylvia's staunch friend; she alone believes all Sylvia says, altho she hears only a small portion of it thru her ear-trumpet; she is very belligerent and has a provoking and ludicrous way of misinterpreting half the things people attempt to tell her.

Crosby—A good-looking and obviously sporty crook; his particular accomplishment is forgery, for he can duplicate any one's signature.

Mrs. Crosby—A catty little blonde; jealous and suspicious.

In connection with Mr. Phillips' series of articles on photoplay writing, we wish to suggest a list of valuable reference and text-books. We will be pleased to supply them at the prices named:

"The Photoplaywrights' Primer." By L. Case Russell.....50c., postpaid
"Technique of the Photoplay." By Epes W. Sargent.....$2.10, postpaid
"Writing the Photoplay." By Arthur Leeds and J. Berg Esenwein. $2.10, postpaid
"The Art of the Moving Picture." By Vachel Lindsay. ..$1.35, postpaid
"The Photodrama." By Henry Albert Phillips.....$2.10, postpaid
"The Universal Plot Catalogue." By Henry Albert Phillips.$1.05, postpaid

Favorites of the Screen

A Barrage Fire of Prize-Winning Verse

OUR readers' opinions differed as to their favorites, but not in the neat way they were lauded. In the "Favorites of the Screen Contest" were submitted sonnets, acrostics, limericks, rondelays, songs and prose poems. They all mounted up to the same thing—a pean of praise for the best-beloved players. We are now ready to announce the rewards and to close the contest. Two prize-winning poems were printed in the September and in the November Magazines, those of "Marmion," Torrance, Cal., and of Margaret E. Swan, County Hospital, Salt Lake City, Utah. To these are awarded prizes of $1.00 each. Following are the rest of the prize-winning poems:

First Prize, $10

TO MARY PICKFORD

When God had made the rainbow,
Snow and fire and dew,
Had painted all the flowers,
Stained the sky with blue,
He made the little angels—
Then He thought of YOU.

He took a ray of sunshine,
Charm, and beauty rare,
He added tears and laughter—
Fashioned all with care—
It's lonely up in Heaven,
Since YOU came from there.

101 E. 1st Street, Fond du Lac, Wis.
KATE CLARK-GREENE.

Second Prize, $5

THE ESSENCE OF MARGUERITE

A humming-bird dipping into the flowers' cups;
Perfumed zephyrs floating by;
Sunrise in summer;
The ghosts of all the little joys that we have known;
Laughter of children at play,
And the heart of a Jacqueminot rose:
'Tis Marguerite Clark,
The wonder-woman,
With the soul of Peter Pan, a sage's mind
And the outer semblance of a joyous child.

709 West Okmulgee, Muskogee, Okla.
MABEL WEATHERS BURLESON.

Third Prize, $1

TO BILLIE BURKE

Oh, Billie with the wondrous hair,
And roguish, winning ways,
I've missed you from the picture screen
For many, many days.
You won my heart in every part,
God cast you for another.
You'll play it best of all the rest,
The noble rôle of mother.

111 College St., Buffalo, N. Y.
FRED ZIEMER.

Fourth Prize, $1

MARGUERITE CLARK

The velvet flush, the rose-leaf tints,
The modesty the violet hints;
So I sing to Marguerite,
Winsome, dainty, passing sweet.
Modest ever, but not timid;
Friendly, gracious, never bold;
Like a lovely, half-blown rosebud;
Not too young and not too old.

893 North Street, Beaumont, Tex.
MRS. R. L. ANDREWS.

Fifth Prize, $1

THEDA BARA

The pen must stop, for when the soul is full,
No earthly thing can show the gratitude
I feel for you, who animate the dull
Monotony of life's long interlude.
You show to me the sordidness of dust,
And when I see earthy's purity, I know—
Altho you use the evil seeds of lust,
I reap the harvest of the good you sow.

117 Debevoise St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
OSCAR C. WILLIAMS.



CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Paste the entire page on light cardboard before cutting out the different figures. Cut along dotted line in hats and slip the head into the slit thus made. The figure can be made to stand if the base is folded on dotted line, and an inch wide strip of cardboard is pasted at the waist-line, slightly bent to form an easel.

Paper Cut-outs of Popular Players

Jno. Argens '17

The Most Popular Horse in Films

By CHARLES W. FUIR

"WHAT'S to become of Fritz?" This question has been asked repeatedly of William S. Hart, the famous photoplay star, since the announcement that he will continue his screen career with Thomas H. Ince, under the latter's new plan of releasing his productions thru Artcraft Pictures Corporation.

Cheer up, all you admirers of Fritz!

You are not going to miss your favorite from "Bill" Hart's new Artcraft photoplays of Western life. The actor candidly admits that he could not make as good pictures were it not for the admirable support he receives from his remarkable Pinto pony; and Fritz, on the other hand, is just as frank and emphatic in his declaration that he couldn't do his share of the work as well under any other master.

"Bill" Hart never thought, not even for the tiniest fraction of a minute, of continuing his photoplay career with Mr. Ince without taking along his popular Pinto and chief animal assistant. And, just to make sure that Fritz should be certain of his artistic future, Hart's contract with Mr.



FRITZ IS A NATURAL-BORN KISSER

Ince specifies that Fritz shall always enjoy the rights, privileges and perquisites that go with "close-ups" and the other photographic luxuries accorded only to important personages of a photoplay.

Fritz not only is an uncommon animal, but an animal actor par excellence—easily the most intelligent horse the Motion Picture business has developed. He takes as much interest in his work as does any of the actors that appear with Mr. Hart. When the directorial command: "Get ready!" is spoken, Fritz is all a-quiver for the order: "Camera!" that he knows is to follow in a brief moment, and when this second command is given, Fritz is always to be found right in the middle of the scene—with Mr. Hart astride—and, inasmuch as Fritz goes ahead and does his own bit of acting with all the sureness and authority of a veteran actor, Hart is never called upon to worry about what his mount is doing and can, therefore, devote all of his attention to his own personal work in the picture.

When Hart joined the Thomas H. Ince colony of Motion Picture actors in Southern California, he was assigned to a picture having to do with the big Western country of a generation ago, and was told he was to ride Fritz, a frisky three-year-old Pinto that belonged to Lone Bear, one of the Sioux chieftains at the Ince picture settlement. Hart's boyhood had been spent on the plains of Dakota Territory, and what he didn't know about horses was hardly worth knowing.







"THE NARROW TRAIL"—WATCHING THE DUEL WITH OTHERS

FRITZ IN A SCENE AS GREAT INTEREST AS THE PRESENT

Immediately there sprang up a strong attachment beween the tall, raw-boned actor and the playful Pinto.

That was three years ago, and, while Hart has since appeared in many photodramas, Fritz has kept right at his side in climbing the ladder of popularity.

Fritz has never been trained to the many and varied stunts he performs in Hart pictures. He took to the click of the camera with all the eagerness and naturalness of the proverbial duck to aqua. He has participated in every conceivable sort of Motion Picture feat, and has never been rehearsed more than three times for any sensational accomplishment. In fact, he has done so many widely varied tricks that nothing much was thought of it when he dashed for half-a-mile alongside a rapidly moving railroad train, to enable Hart to leap from his back onto the observation platform of the train. It is usual in scenes of this sort to have the train move slowly enough to enable a horse to keep up with it without especial effort and get the effect of great speed by turning the crank of the Motion Picture camera slower than usual, so that when the finished film is exhibited it will represent the horse as making a wild dash after the train. But scenes that are filmed in this manner invariably are easily detected by the "camera-wise" person, and Hart did not want to resort to any trick — he never does — with the result that Fritz contributed a veritable Salvador finish, as Hart swung himself

onto the steps of the observation car to the clicking accompaniment of the camera.

It is just such stunts as these that have won the red-forelocked Pinto such popularity and which have made him so invaluable to Hart in his screen-work.

Fritz has been the object of much attention on the part of horsemen in California, more than one of whom has expressed the opinion that he is a direct descendant of General U. S. Grant's famous Arabian, Red Top. Hart's Fritz has the identical facial markings of Red Top, and that he is from Arabian stock is readily apparent to all who have had the opportunity to note his fine points.

Lone Bear, the Sioux chief, who brought Fritz to California three and a half years ago, never offered any definite explanations as to where he procured the Pinto. Invariably his reply to any such question was a mere grunt, supplemented by a guttural evidence of proprietorship of the animal as represented by the monosyllabic "Me!"

Filmiana

BY EDWARD E. KIDDER

WHY wonder at the triumphs vast
Attendant on the screens,
Since all the world is backing them,
And Nature paints the scenes?
Aye, tho my royalties for plays
Have had a fearful fall,
I cannot blame the Movies—no,
I love them one and all!

Oh, Charlie C. and Mary P.,
What wonders you've achieved!
Must it not seem Aladdin's dream,
And not to be believed?
With Theda of the tragic eyes,
Pearl and the svelte Pauline,
Norma and young Anita, too,
Our Goddess of the Screen!

Billie and Jackie, full of joy,
Are at the people's call;
But do not be deceived by names—
They're not that sex at all.
There's Mary Miles and Beverly;
There's Hart, the Western Rex;
The sweet and shrinking Violet,
And lusty Francis X.

Mary and Edith, pioneers
At the first Movie call—
There is a Fuller Storey there—
And Alice, fair and tall.
Here's Douglas, like a dynamo,
All talent to the core,
And Mabel of the gorgeous eyes,
Who's Fatty's twin no more!

Both King and Earle are on the list,
And literary style
Is represented in the films
By Milton and Carlyle.
There's Lillian and Dorothy
And Clara K. to see;
Two Marguerites, both "daisies" they,
With charming Bessie B.

And oh, the children that appear
In dainty locks and curls!
Young Ethelmary Oakland shines
The "beauty-bright" of girls;
And "Bobby" of the Vitagraph,
The public's joy and pride—
But I must leave an hundred out,
Or space will be denied.

What tho directors, wan and worn,
By labor quite undone,
Put pantalets of '35
On the girls of '61?
What tho on every leading-man
Engagement rings are seen?
These are but spots upon the sun
That shines upon the screen.

Christmas Shopping With Jackie

By CAROL LEE

My telephone rang at some such unearthly hour as seven o'clock, and in spite of my efforts to ignore it and go back to sleep, it continued to ring, until I answered it in self-defense, my voice on edge with just rage at being disturbed in the middle of the night.

"Hello!" I snapped, as crossly as I possibly could (which is very cross, indeed!).

"Wake up, sleepyhead!" sang an impudently gay voice over the wire.

"Jackie Saunders!" I exclaimed, without removing all the anger from my voice. "What on earth are you doing up so soon? Is the house on fire, or is it just burglars?"

"Neither," she laughed. "I'm going to have a vacation, and I'm leaving tomorrow, and I want you to come shopping with me today. I'll be around for you in half-an-hour."

"But what on earth do you want to get started so early for?" I demanded.

"Because, stupid, I've dozens and dozens of things to get—and only one day to get them in. Good-by! I'll be waiting for you! So hurry!" and she clicked up her receiver before I could do anything but sputter indignantly that I wouldn't go shopping with anybody at that hour.

I began dressing hurriedly, for there's something about Jackie Saunders that compels one to do what she asks, without hardly knowing why. True to her word, her big green limousine, which she never uses except in times of state and shopping, drew up to the door of my hotel at twenty-five minutes past seven. And, being only human and feminine, I kept her waiting ten minutes, while I finished an agonized hunt for a fresh veil and a clean handkerchief.

When we were comfortably settled against the buff cushions, and the very capable chauffeur, in dark green livery, had started the big car smoothly along the road to Los Angeles, she began to explain. "You see, I've just finished my last Balboa-Mutual picture, and it will be about a month before we are ready to do another.



And I haven't had a vacation in years. So Mr. Horkheimer told me that I could have this month to do with as I liked. Ever since I learnt to play a ukelele, I have wanted to go to Honolulu, and now I'm going. But I want to stay the month down there, without having anything on my mind that should be done. Of course, when I get back, it will be almost Christmas; I will have to start to work immediately; and what will I do with my Christmas shopping? Therefore, I shall do my Christmas shopping now!"

"Well, talk about people being foresighted!" I gasped.

"The only thing to do, when you want a complete vacation and rest, is to do everything that's expected of you, before you go!" she pronounced wisely.

Then she produced a list, and we put our heads together over it, and planned and planned, until we reached Los Angeles.

The first thing Jackie wanted was something for her mother, so we stopped at a jewelry store. Here we spent a delightful hour with the pleasant old gentleman who attended to our wants. Jackie finally chose an exquisitely beautiful cameo-brooch which she assured me her mother would love. And, knowing Mrs. Saunders for the dear little lady she is, I could well imagine her pleasure over the lovely thing. A pair of beautiful cuff-links were next chosen for Jackie's good-looking big brother, and a ring for a girl friend.

Then we went on to a smart little linen shop, where my golden-topped young friend fairly reveled in filmy handkerchiefs, dainty bits of neck-wear, laces and ribbons. I was really aghast at the magnitude of the task she had set for herself in one day's shopping, for her list was a long one. But after I saw the calm, unhurried, methodical way she went about it, I could well understand how she could get everything done so quickly.

We stopped for refreshment at one of the numerous confectioner shops, where we sat on high stools and chattered like magpies and where I fully and completely forgave Jackie for waking me up so early—altho I felt, when luncheon-time came, that I had been up for about a week.



THE START OF THE SHOPPING RAID

We lunched at one of Los Angeles' most famous lunching places, where we met practically everybody who was anybody in the screen-world, and where we had a thoroly good time.

On our way back to the shopping district we passed a shop-window filled with the most seductive-looking lingerie, of delicate, cobwebby lace and ribbons and silk. Jackie halted abruptly and stared, with a glittering sparkle in her eyes.

"Come with me," she ordered, catching my hand and hurrying into the shop.

And what do you think it was that caused the excitement, and the deviation from the Christmas shopping? A pair of palest pink crêpe-de-chine pajamas (altho a word as harshly masculine as that is almost an insult to the butterfly garment Jackie wanted!). The waist or bodice of the garment was foamy with soft, creamy lace, but the main ingredient

for this enticingly feminine bit of prettiness was palest pink crêpe-de-chine. I could well understand why Jackie's eyes glowed. Even I, staid and prim spinster that I am, eyeglasses and all, glowed at sight of that confection!

The price staggered me, but Jackie paid no heed to it, merely drawing a dainty little white kid-covered check-book, with her name on it in gold, from her hand-bag and coolly writing out a check for the fearsome price mentioned.

And on our way out of the shop we saw something quite as attractive in its own way—a frock, all cloth-of-silver, and silver tulle skirts. And right here I might mention that Jackie is the only blonde I have ever met who could wear anything that chills blonde beauty like cloth-of-silver, with no relieving touch of color. Her hair is so warmly gold, her eyes so deeply blue, and her skin so rose-leaf in texture, that silver, instead of chilling her beauty, adds to it.

So it was a foregone conclusion that, when she had slipped into the silver tulle and cloth-of-silver frock, and found that it fitted her with but little alteration, it would be added to the Saunders wardrobe in the big Long Beach home. Our afternoon of shopping was much like the morning. There were one or two funny little adventures—as when a little girl, in one of the toy-shops where Jackie had gone to buy dolls for some adored nieces, recognized her, and screamed the news to her mother, at the other end of the shop:

"Oh, mother, mother! come here quick! Here's Jackie, mother—Jackie Saunders!"

Jackie blushed violently, meditated flight, but her purchases were being wrapped, and she couldn't sacrifice them, after the hour she had taken to purchase them, choosing from the hundreds in the shop. Seeing her glance toward the door, and afraid she would escape, the little girl caught hold of her skirt and begged her



A GIFT FOR HER MOTHER AND A GRAPE-JUICE HIGHBALL

to wait—"just till mother comes—*please,* Miss Jackie." And there was nothing to do but wait.

Another adventure happened when, after having searched the curio-shops of the town in search of some particular treasure that she wanted for a beloved aunt, we arrived just in time to see exactly what Jackie wanted being wrapped up for a man customer. Jackie was on the verge of tears when she saw the sturdy little bronze statue for which she had searched so long, and which was exactly what her aunt would love, being wrapped up for some one else.

The man, seeing her perturbation, very courteously offered to let her have it, because something else would suit his purpose just as well. Hesitating to accept the courtesy from a stranger, and yet wanting the little statue—an exquisite thing, truly—she smiled bewilderingly at the man, and he told her of having seen one of her latest pictures recently, and how much he had enjoyed it.

"I shall feel that I have been able, in some infinitesimal part, to return the pleasure your consistent work has given me, if you will allow me to transfer my choice from this little statue to something else that will serve my purpose just as well," he insisted, with a Chesterfieldian bow.

And of course, after that, what could she do but accept it?

When, finally, our faces and the car's nose were turned toward Los Angeles, we felt that a hard day's work had been well accomplished. The big green limousine was filled to the gunwales with Christmas cheer for the Saunders' friends and families.

"Now I can go to Honolulu in peaceful contentment," sighed Jackie, as she settled herself back in her corner of the car and went to sleep. And, echoing her sigh, I followed her example.



GEORGE BEBAN, THE FAMOUS PARAMOUNT CHARACTER-STAR, HAS CHRISTMAS SPIRITS, BUT THEY'RE ALL IN THE HEART

Strictly En Famille

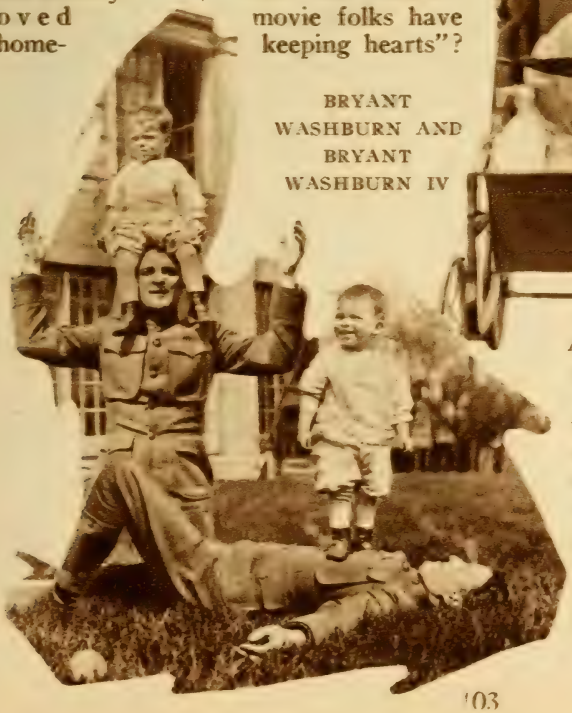
Rompers & Romps ~ Stars & Baby Star ~ Dust in the Players' Homes

By Lillian Montanye

"Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-making hearts are happiest,"

sang Longfellow, and the immortal bard was right. Once, some one said, "Home is where mother is"; and it might well be added, "and home is where children are." Some way, home and children seem to belong together, one being essential to the other.

To no class of people does that little word—home—appeal to more forcibly than to the people of Shadowland. On these pages we have with us a few of our well-known artists of the screen. They are giving us a peep into their homes, with glimpses of their little ones in their home surroundings—a rare privilege—and the "little bit of nature that makes the whole world kin." Does it not prove conclusively that our well-beloved movie folks have "home-keeping hearts"?



BRYANT WASHBURN AND BRYANT WASHBURN IV



ALICE JOYCE

Douglas Fairbanks has forsaken the Great White Way—his favorite haunts on Broadway know him no more. The "come hitherness" of out-of-doors California is far more appealing, and his friends in the actor colony of Los Angeles are legion. As a pleasant variation to his other activities—and to hotel life—he has gone in for home-building, and has

recently completed a beautiful home in Los Angeles. This includes a 60 by 100-foot swimming pool and a complete gymnasium where the dauntless "Doug" may keep in training. He also plans to teach his seven-year-old son the rudiments of keeping above water; and if Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is nearly so apt as his father it will not be a hard task. The little fellow and "daddy" are great pals and spend a great deal of time together; and while the youngster is one of his father's severest critics, it would not do for any one else to criticize Douglas Sr.—not while Douglas Jr. is about.



DOROTHY PHILLIPS
ALLEN HOLUBAR
AND BABY DAUGHTER

The Fairbanks family are an unusually happy one. When the energetic one is not at the studio or out in the mountains doing stunts before the camera whereby to amuse the insatiable public, he finds his greatest pleasure in his home with his wife and little son.

Bryant Washburn is another typical family man. He says that the stage does not hold a candle to photoplaying, and there's a reason. He was popular on the speaking-stage and was rapidly making his way, but he got tired of cavorting about with a grip, and entered the Motion Picture field because it offered him a chance for a home life. To be sure, he was not married when he joined Essanay and began doing "villainous" rôles, but one day there was a chance meeting with a young girl who was visiting the studios with a party of friends. Bryant Washburn is a quick decider. He knows what he wants and he knows right away. He wanted that girl. And he went about getting her with the same dauntless enthusiasm that he went about making a success of Motion Picture work. He was successful, too—and the home he dreamed of is a reality.



DOUGLAS
FAIRBANKS

There is another member of the Bryant establishment now—he is known as Bryant Fourth—and he's another argument for photoplaying. He makes a home necessary, and he helps to make it a real

haven of contentment and joy. Bryant is not worrying about vacations or trips or days off. All he wants is a few hours at home every day to play with and keep acquainted with his sturdy young namesake.

When "Sweet Alice" disappeared from the screen there was keen regret in Movieland.



"BILLY BOY," SON OF TRUE BOARDMAN

ETHEL BARRYMORE

There was never any one like her—there never would be any one like her. But the queens of Movieland are like the seasons — they come and go. There were new faces and charming ones to succeed "Sweet Alice," but she was a tender memory—"gone but not forgotten."

Then the glad news was heralded about. She was coming back! But could she—would she—take up her work

where she left it, with undiminished popularity? She could and she did. When she made her appearance at the Vitagraph to begin her great part in J. Stuart Blackton's "Battle-Cry of Peace" there was a welcoming committee of screen folks on hand to give her the glad hand before rehearsals. And the movie fans have shown themselves faithful to her memory.

Of course there was the best of reasons for this retirement. Alice Mary Moore is the dearest of babies, and Alice Joyce Moore is proud of motherhood. She did not let success and ambition interfere with it, and she is the gainer thereby. Not only does she have the baby, but she has gained in depth of feeling—as one does who passes thru the deeper experiences of life—and her art and wistful charm are greatly enhanced.

Miss Joyce likes New York because she likes to be "in the midst of things," but since the coming of Alice Mary the family are spending the greater part of



JOSEPH LEE MC VEY, NEPHEW OF MR. AND MRS. SIDNEY DREW



RUTH STONE-HOUSE ADOPTS A BOY. HE SITS FACING HIS FOSTER-MOTHER

their time at the summer home on Long Island. First, it is better for the baby; second, it is nearer the studio; and the minute the day's work is over, Alice Joyce, mother, can fly home to her little daughter. Not that the little one especially needs her mother—having a perfectly good nurse and devoted grandmother; but "Sweet Alice" wants to share the privileges, as is her right.

In Glendale, Cal., is a beautiful home that is one of the show-places of the city. Visitors say "How beautifully that place is kept!" But, then, it's the home of True Boardman, the man who created the rôle of Stingaree—and he can afford to have it kept nicely. Which is all they know about it. True Boardman, his family and the neighbors know better. Keeping his home in order is True Boardman's chief hobby. He refuses to keep any help, but spends all his spare time in working about the house and grounds, keeping everything in apple-pie order—and, incidentally, himself. He doesn't need a trainer or any kind of special stunts—his home-work answers every purpose.

Mrs. Boardman and the youngster known the world over as "Billy Boy" are quite as active about the house, too; and the three are often seen tinkering about the house or working about the grounds together. "The happy family of the screen" they are called, and they have earned the title. They might also be called the "co-operative family," for they not only play together, they work together. Nearly every day the three may be seen at the studio. Billy is just as important in his way as his father—and immensely proud of having co-starred with Helen Gibson. Mrs. Boardman has also appeared in many productions, and there is some talk of starring the entire Boardman family. Which wouldn't be at all a bad idea.

There is none of that languorous indolence about Dorothy Phillips that we are wont to associate with Southern girls. No work or study is too arduous for this earnest young girl who came up from Baltimore, Md., to carve out her career. Miss Phillips appeared in numerous stage successes before she turned her attention to Moving Pictures, and her interpretation of Nora in Ibsen's "A Doll's House"—a part that added luster to the stage careers of Mrs. Fiske, Nazimova and other talented women—is a proof of her artistic development.

Miss Phillips is the wife of Allen Holubar, Bluebird director, and is as devoted to home-making as she is to her profession. In the daintily appointed nursery with her baby daughter she spends many happy, quiet hours. In fact, the nursery is a sort of study and common meeting-ground. If the lady in question is missing, the chances are that she will be found right there with baby. Miss Phillips has very decided ideas about life and happiness. "We should cherish our gifts," she says, "as gifts from God. And the secret is in right living and the supremacy of mind over conditions. It is what I shall teach my daughter; in fact, I have already begun, and I find rest and relaxation in watching her development."

One of the most distinguished women in the world and one of the most beautiful, accomplished and talented, is Ethel Barrymore. Supreme dramatic ability is her rightful heritage. Probably no actress in America is more generally loved by the American public than Miss Barrymore, and her appearance in Motion Pictures was eagerly awaited.

Miss Barrymore dislikes to be interviewed, but she enjoys "just talking" about her home and children. Her husband, Russell Colt, is a prosperous New Yorker, well known in Wall Street, and perfectly devoted to and immensely proud of his lovely wife and sturdy, happy kiddies.

There is a beautiful home at Larchmont where the Colt family spend the greater part of the year. It is called a "summer home," but it is an ideal place for the kiddies and is never long vacant. This is the place where Miss Barrymore—or Mrs. Colt—spends every idle moment with the children she adores. It is her haven of refuge from studios, managers and the many details that go to make up her busy life. They are not "spoiled children" either. They are just jolly, sturdy, well-bred youngsters—too happy to be spoiled, and when the lovely,

(*Continued on page* 162)

Across the Silver Sheet

A New Department of Photostage Review

Conducted by HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

SOME one accused me the other day of not giving constructive criticism. "Your reviews," said the writer, "are nothing but appreciations." Maybe so. But, stop to think—Photostage is still in its baby-clothes. It is still a child propping itself up with great stage stars, great stage plays and adapted novels. Photodrama cannot yet walk alone. Therefore, am I or are you going to censure it? Nay. Am I or are you going to be as critical in observing Photoplay's faults as we would be were it grown up like its sister, Stageplay? One can judge Photoplay only by its own standard.—H. S. N.

"Cleopatra" (Fox).—An elaborate spectacle with gorgeous scenery and costumes and thousands of people. While it is historically accurate in the main, and faithfully unfolds the interesting life of the conqueror of conquerors, including many historic episodes such as the assassination of Cæsar and the famous naval battle of Actium, and while it is at times dazzling with splendor, it lacks the finish and dramatic force of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." The mob scenes were not handled with the Griffith mastery, and some of the elaborate scenery looked stagey. The much-heralded naval battle failed to be convincing and the vessels looked like toys, altho it is possible that this scene was done authoritatively. Theda Bara is excellent and does some of the best work of her career. She makes Cleopatra a sensual voluptuary of the most luring type who conquers only by her seductiveness. She plays the siren to perfection, and yet she lacks the subtle charm which we are accustomed to attribute to the beautiful Egyptian queen. At no time did she impress me as being extremely beautiful nor charming, and her heavily painted black lips certainly did not add to her beauty. She was alluring only in her physical charms. I got no glimpse of a great soul nor a powerful personality shining thru the gorgeous tinsel of her gowns and the beautiful lines of her form. In spite of all this, Theda Bara must be classed among the great players of the day for her creation of this Cleopatra, and the play be ranked high among the spectacles.

J.



THEDA BARA AS CLEOPATRA, THE VAMPIRE QUEEN OF EGYPT

"The Burglar" (World).—Carlyle Blackwell depicts the stages of care-free, careless youth—redeeming love; sacrifice; the criminal from force of circumstances; the heart-broken father who, upon recognizing his own child, realizes that he can never claim her; the dying burglar—with a realism that is all the more remarkable considering that "The Burglar" is typical melodrama. The scene between Carlyle Blackwell as the burglar and Madge Evans as his child who doesn't realize that her burglar is also her father, is an intensely poignant moment, not so much because of the subject matter as because of the excellent acting. Evelyn Greely was pleasing as the wife, who remarries, thinking her falsely-accused-of-crime husband dead, until the final close-up; then one felt like pinching her to make her feel something. In fact, I found myself muttering, "Great guns, girl! That's the husband you loved, dying. Can't you even shed a tear?" H. S. N.



THE BURGLAR ROBS HIS OWN CHILD
CARLYLE BLACKWELL AND MADGE EVANS IN "THE BURGLAR"

"Magda" (Select Pictures).—Three years ago the academicians of drama avowed that the quartet of great European dramatists could not be translated to the screen. We refer to Ibsen, Shaw, Hauptmann and Sudermann. One by one the works of these masters have recently made a deep impress on photoplay. Only Shaw remains untried. This brings us around to Clara Kimball Young and her presentation of Sudermann's masterpiece, "Magda." Here is human life taken at its most exalted and its drabbest moments. Sudermann's plot has been copied many times in so-called original photoplays, never quite with success. Clara Kimball Young, in her depiction of a brilliant young girl confined to bigoted home surroundings and who in future years becomes a great prima donna and returns home to find the man who has wronged her an evil genius in her family, has surrounded herself with a well-balanced cast. Each sordid or noble characterization stands out like a fine-cut cameo. Miss Young's rendition of facial emotions has never been clearer or stronger. At times, when perhaps a higher emotion is expected, she appears a bit petulant, but that can easily be forgiven when weighed against the mastery of her art. E.M.L.

"One-Shot Ross" (Triangle).—A melodrama of the West with Roy Stewart, Jack Richardson and Josie Sedgwick, all of whom are more than excellent. Stewart compares favorably with Hart and is better-looking; Richardson is in this, as he was always, the prince of Western villains; and Josie Sedgwick plays with a simplicity, sincerity and charm that are seldom equaled. The play is a thriller and is capitally done. Photography, directing and acting beyond criticism. J.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG IN "MAGDA"

"The Dominant Power" (World).—The days of the ten, twent', thirt' will never die. Just as there will always be those who seek the yellow-backed novel and the wild-and-woolly adventure story for their literature, so there will always be those who want their photoplays served with a sauce of wicked rich men,



MONTAGU LOVE, ETHEL CLAYTON AND EDWARD LANGFORD IN "THE DOMINANT POWER"

deserving poor ones who win over countless obstacles, and persecuted heroines who long for love but languish in luxury, seasoned with a murder or two and a happy ending. Of this type is "The Dominant Power," and altho not record-breaking in originality (one of the strongest scenes is modeled à la "The Great Divide"), it is interesting thruout. How could it help being? Ethel Clayton is the star. Not only is she charming in her Western garb, but she is exceedingly beautiful in her very latest negligée and evening gowns. For those who wish to know the latest styles I advise a careful study of Miss Clayton's costumes in this picture. Edward Langford is one of those unusual young men who not only please because of their physical attractiveness but can act also, without depending upon the length of their eyelashes to carry the strong scene. Montagu Love also breathes a distinct air of reality into the part of the wicked rich man. H. S. N.

"The Judgment House" (Blackton-Paramount).—Sir Gilbert Parker, distinguished novelist, and J. Stuart Blackton, master producer, have builded perhaps better than they knew. This translation of a famous novel to the screen was accompanied by a rare understanding between author and interpreter. The two men met, liked, loved, and a keen sympathy developed for each other's lifework. Rarely have such pains been taken with the minutiæ of a photodrama. The brilliant social life of London in the nineties; the "feel" of the calamitous Boer War that immolated the best blood in England before her statesmen woke up to its full realization; the craggy, bloodstained kopjes of South Africa, are depicted with a sureness that gives a telling atmosphere to the drama. In "The Judgment House" an entirely new vampire is created for the screen. In Jasmine we have a woman of heart—frank, lovable, highly refined—yet her very presence is a menace to the masculine sex. In essence, the tale unfolds as follows: Jasmine, the daughter of a wealthy and cultured house, pledges her troth to Ian Stafford, Colonial Under-Secretary. Their love is pure and fervid, yet she wants to prove it by asking him to return and claim her at the end of a year. Much happens. Rudyard Byng, diamond-mine magnate, arrives from South Africa, the Jameson raid has occurred and England is on the verge of war with the Transvaal. Byng is big in every way and dominating. Almost at their first meeting he dominates Jasmine and becomes her "great man." Ian comes to claim her and finds that she is completely possessed by Byng. He then stifles his own love in the hope that Jasmine will be happy. Time passes. Ian broods on his lost love. Byng, beset by a crisis in financial affairs and the treachery of a half-breed Boer valet, takes heavily to drink. His eyes are blinded to his wife's shocked love and the treason within his gates. Thereupon Jasmine, whose very nature craves adulation, is driven to a harmless intrigue with Fellowes, her husband's social secretary. Ian senses the drift of affairs, and in trying to protect her becomes her confidant and avowed lover. Krool, the valet, intercepts a compromising note from Fellowes to Jasmine and places it where his master's eyes must fall upon it. The scales fall from his eyes. The deluded, drink-undermined giant sees murderous red. It is only by the masterful



CONWAY TEARLE, WILFRED LUCAS AND VIOLET HEMING IN "THE JUDGMENT HOUSE"

intervention of Ian that the great scandal and tragedy are averted. With the ideals of her lovers shattered, Jasmine at last comes partially to her senses. She resolves to leave her

husband and to face the world alone. But the great war sweeps them all into its vortex, and Jasmine's drama opens again on the battle-fields of South Africa. She is a Red Cross nurse and Ian and Byng have important commands as volunteers. The child-woman, even in the thick of impending tragedy, hates Byng, whom she thinks responsible for her misfortunes. The battle rages, and above it the indomitable heart of Byng soars and sings like a valkyrie. In saving the life of a comrade he is himself badly wounded, to be in turn saved by the man he has brutally whipped, his ex-valet Krool. Ian has been mortally wounded, and as Byng is led to the rear the two meet. Their hands clasp as Ian's soul hovers, and as it wings, his last message is a touching benediction for Jasmine and his friend. Byng staggers into his tent. Jasmine rushes to him. Her errant heart has at last found its haven. With Ian's farewell straining at his heart-strings, Byng, the man who has found himself, takes her into his arms. "The Judgment House" is, you will say, the perpetual triangle. It has, however, a right to live bigly. Miss Heming's fine conception of an erring woman and the exquisite portrayals of two entirely different types of big men by Mr. Lucas and Mr. Tearle make the play one of indelible characterization. It is a stepping-stone in the advancement of photodrama.

E. M. L.



VIRGINIA CORBIN AS PRINCESS BADR-AL-BUDUR IN "ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP"

"The Goat" (King Bee-Triangle).—A farce of the Chaplin order with Billy West impersonating Chaplin. Perhaps Mr. West thinks he is original, but so much alike are the two that at times one cannot tell whether he is Chaplin or West. Some of the other characters are also copies of the Chaplin casts. The play is well done and is interesting and is a fair substitute for the real thing. J.

"Roaring Lions and Wedding-Bells" (Fox-Film Comedies).—Real, live, roaring lions that wander here, there and everywhere at their will, even curling up in bed with several of the characters and tickling their feet with their tails, are only one of the remarkable details of this truly out-of-the-ordinary slap-stick comedy. Between hysterical laughter and gasping amazement, I have never seen an audience more thoroly entertained. Lloyd V. Hamilton, of "Ham and Bud" fame, is one of the headliners, altho frankly we think the unusual success of "Roaring Lions and Wedding-Bells" is due to its well-trained animals more than the actors. H. S. N.

"Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" (Fox).—If you think you have passed the stage where a fairy tale can interest you, I advise you to see "Aladdin" and be converted. Those who came to scoff left marveling, not only at the remarkable talent of the Fox kiddies, but at the fairylike atmosphere that is maintained

(*Continued on page* 158)

Candle-Glow Limericks for Yuletide

With the Xmas spirit shimmering in the air, it's unfair to uncork anything but a dainty Limerick about the stars. So we have selected rhyming toasts fit to offer to our favorites under the Yuletide candle-light. Each month we award prizes of $5, $2, and three of $1 each for the brightest. This month the plum-cakes go to Mrs. M. Lee Stevens, Castle Crain, F. Rickey, Dixie Willson and Frederic J. Halm.



© White

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

He's a braw young chap, is Carlyle,
With a fine, dashing air and a smile
Which attracts all the lasses
Like flies to molasses;
Indeed, to not love him were vile!

F. RICKEY,
233 William St., Geneva, N. Y.



ANNETTE KELLERMANN

As a typical mermaid, Annette,
You're the best the world has seen yet,
You take to the water
Like Neptune's own daughter,
And are happiest when you are wet!

CASTLE CRAIN,
Redfield, So. Dak.



WILLIAM S. HART

A "HEARTY" WELCOME

There's only one man in our land
Who has enough courage and sand
To close up one eye,
Take a glass of straight rye,
Then shoot up the whole Rio Grande!

MRS. M. LEE STEVENS,
1394 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Cal.



MARGUERITE SNOW

Two stars that, by chance, fell below,
Wondered where in the world they could go!
Can you guess what they did?
Why, they hurried and hid
In the brown eyes of Marguerite Snow.

DIXIE WILLSON,
Oshkosh, Wis.



MARY PICKFORD © Hartsook

There are others, I know, but she's better;
Much better, lots better, heaps better!
You bet she is better,
Oh! very much better—
Far better and BETTER and BETTER!
HARRY J. SMALLEY,
1207 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN

THE INIMITABLE CHARLIE

E'en as the olive, that divorces
The sequences of banquet courses,
Are Chaplin's antics and burlesques;
Or like those pleasing humoresques
Which add their merry notes of glee
To some great master's symphony.
FREDERIC J. HALM, Emmitsburg, Md.

ALICE BRADY

BILLY BRADY'S GIRL

Oh! dont you remember sweet Alice,
Not she loved by Ben Bolt, the gallus,
But sweet Alice Brady,
That dear Irish lady!
If not, sure your heart is a "callous"!
MARY E. ROUSE,
1942 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

© Floyd

ANITA STEWART

Anita, the Vitagraph sprite,
Is winsome, and airy, and light;
She's a much envied girl,
When she's courted by Earle,
The valiant Vitagraph knight.

FREDERICK WALLACE,
Bristol, Conn.

The ANSWER MAN



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

Tho this is written long before Christmas, and since this is the only opportunity I will have, I extend my warmest hand, and bestow my most radiant smile on you all, wishing you just the happiest and merriest Christmas ever, and a big, bright prosperous New Year.

SUZZIE.—Hal Ford is not the same as Harrison Ford. Certainly you should subscribe to the Bushman Tobacco Fund. I got a letter the other day from a soldier who said that tobacco saved his life. He was fighting in the trenches, and stooped to light his pipe. Just then a cannon ball came along in just the place where his head would have been had he not stooped. Viva la tobac!

A. CAV., D. C.—You say Billie Rhodes had her puttees on wrong on page 42 of September Magazine. Well, it wasn't our fault—we couldn't change them.

H. & C.—So you want to pay me a visit. Very well, come right along. You can come twice a year and stay six months each time. Richard Barthelmess was in "The Valentine Girl." The Reid baby is a boy.

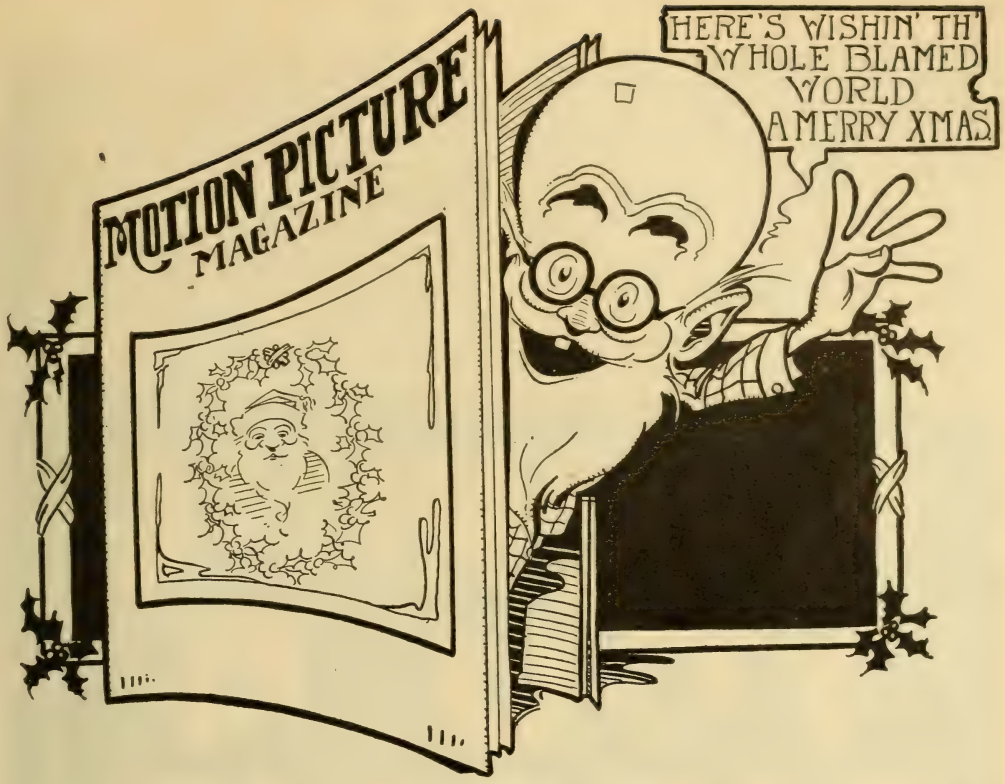
GRACE M.—"Soubrette" applies to any part that is frivolous, sprightly and youthful. Female of course. Star soubrettes are not uncommon. So you have a new serge dress, and I'm sure you must look stunning. Serge derives its name from Xerga, a Spanish name for a peculiar woolen blanket. Seena Owen opposite Wallace Reid in "Yankee from the West." You say you have written four photoplays. Good, keep it up.

LILY R.—Why, the Irish navy was established in the same year as the Jewish army. Figure it out for yourself. Marie Walcamp is with Universal.

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Well, I have missed you. You say our Magazine is the only real magazine "touchin' on and appertainin' to fotoplay." I should say "Out of sight, out of mind" doesn't apply to me. You are all out of sight, but forever in my mind—how can I help it? Your letter to the Editor was mighty interesting, but a bit late to be of interest.

MOLLIE MARLING.—Oh, yes; there are a lot of soldier boys in our town. Sweet and seemly is it to die for one's fatherland, but it is sweeter to live for it. Thanks for your suggestions. Now, dont be knocking the bachelors. You say a married man has his cares—that's true, and a bachelor has no pleasures.

PAULINE FREDERICK WORSHIPPER.—Anything to please you. The discovery of gelatine on the inner bark of the pussy-willow tree practically drove the worthy jelly-bean from our tables. Whow, whow, whow! You ask me to name twenty plays in which Ethel Clayton starred. Write me a letter, but enclose a stamped, addressed envelope and I'll tell you. Continued on page 121.



PATSY.—Yes, I saw the St. Paul put to sea. She carried a cargo of self-respect—6-inch guns fore and aft. Tom Forman sent us some real pictures today, all dressed up in uniform. Yes, that was Douglas McLean in "The Upper Crust."

MINNEHAHA, 16.—Of course I'm really an old man, 76 years old, and I expect to live at least 25 years more. You might write to Henry Walthall, his own company, Hollywood, Cal. Yes, do it again.

I. N. V. U.—Yes, alas, I have but little hair. I lost it about twenty years ago. Twenty years ago I didn't have a bald hair on my head and I have it yet. And yet you ask me for a hair tonic! The best one I know of, when your hair has fallen out, is a wig. Eugene O'Brien is playing with Artcraft. You've got the right idea. The lone picture is of Harold Lockwood, the other of Norma Talmadge and Earle Foxe.

WILLIE, 13.—So Dad knows what Buffalo nickels were made for—saves them to take you and little brother to the movies. Dad has the right idea. Yes, I have a pass to the Strand, Rialto and New York theaters, but I cant use them when the big crowds go on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays. I receive lots of letters from the little folks.

BETTY V.—Yes, it was certainly a surprise and shock to us all to learn of the death of Florence LaBadie, who passed away on October 13, 1917. You must be more exact—I didn't quite get you at first. Reminds me, once I wrote to a man and asked him to meet me at the Astor with a few friends to dine. He came and brought a few friends.

WALTER R.—As they say in Ireland, Glory be to God. You ask me where you can buy the checked heavy shirts that William Hart wears in his pictures. I'm not in the dry goods business—yet!

CREIGHTON HALE UBER ALLUS.—There isn't a great deal to be said about Creighton Hale, except that he was born in Cork, Ireland, weighs 138, blond, has blue eyes, and is a good athlete.

LIZETTE B.—You can reach Eugene O'Brien at Artcraft, 729 7th Avenue, New York City. We haven't any good pictures of him, so must wait until he is in the mood to sit before a regular camera.

MAY B. T.—I'm sorry, but I cant read your writing.

LUCRETIA, 17.—June Caprice's last picture was "Every Girl's Dream." That's the only name I know her by. That piquant wit, Mr. Worcestershire Sauce, says that a gourmand loves a cheerful liver.

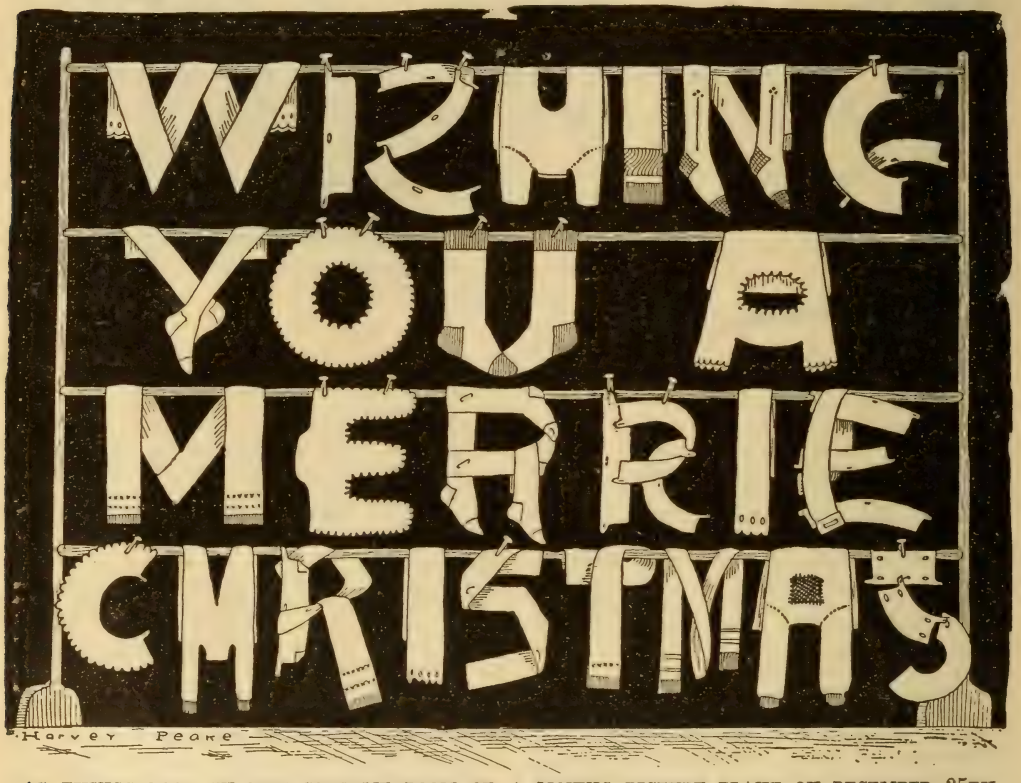
LITTLE ENGLISH GIRL.—Yes, it did look like an old Vitagraph, and with James Morrison in the lead, Carolyn Birch, Gladden James, Louise Beaudet and directed by William Humphrey, "Babbling Tongues" was splendid. Try Vitagraph. Thanks for your kind words. They always cheer me.

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—Yes, but patience is sorrow's slave. Yes, that was Jewel Carmen. Sure thing, your letter was great. Let me hear from you again.

P. WHITE—KERRIGAN FOREVER.—Guess you mean Hall Ford was Warner in "Mayblossom." Edith Storey is with Metro. Kempton Greene also in the same company. Well, the Lord is on the side of the heaviest cannon. Be a cannon!

KATY BEE.—California ranks first in barley, grape-culture, sheep, gold, quicksilver, and Moving Pictures. Nevada ranks second in gold, but New York soon gets most of the gold. Oh, yes, we have given Ethel Clayton pictures in the Gallery. Yes, I read it all thru.

MARGARET R. H.—Yes, the same. Our Editor is a painter and is secretary of the



AS THINGS LOOK IN THE COSTUME ROOM OF A MOVING PICTURE PLANT ON DECEMBER 25TH

vacuum with a few ideas lurking about of football, cigarets, wine, women and song. Ah, but never too late to yearn! Anna Q. Nilsson is with Artcraft.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—Hooray! I think that Mary Pickford and Mary Miles Minter look something like each other, particularly Mary Pickford. How can you be a star? I'm sure I dont know. That's terrible! There was never yet a philosopher who could endure the toothache patiently.

DOROTHY M.—Your answers to the puzzle received, but you mentioned only a male player when you should have mentioned both. Thanks for yours.

Brooklyn Society of Artists. When you come in I will show you his wonderful collection. Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall in "The Man Inside." No, we have never interviewed Jeanne Eagles, Lois Meredith or Neva Gerber. No, I am not Robert Shores. Guess again.

IDA K., PHILADELPHIA.—Yes, it was pretty hard on the Giants, but they put up a good fight. You're all wrong. Dorothy Kelly and James Morrison in "The Antique Engagement Ring." Humph! You say that my Answer Department is worse than it was last? Impossible!

PEARL, MOBILE.—You are sure that I am old because a young man's mind is only a

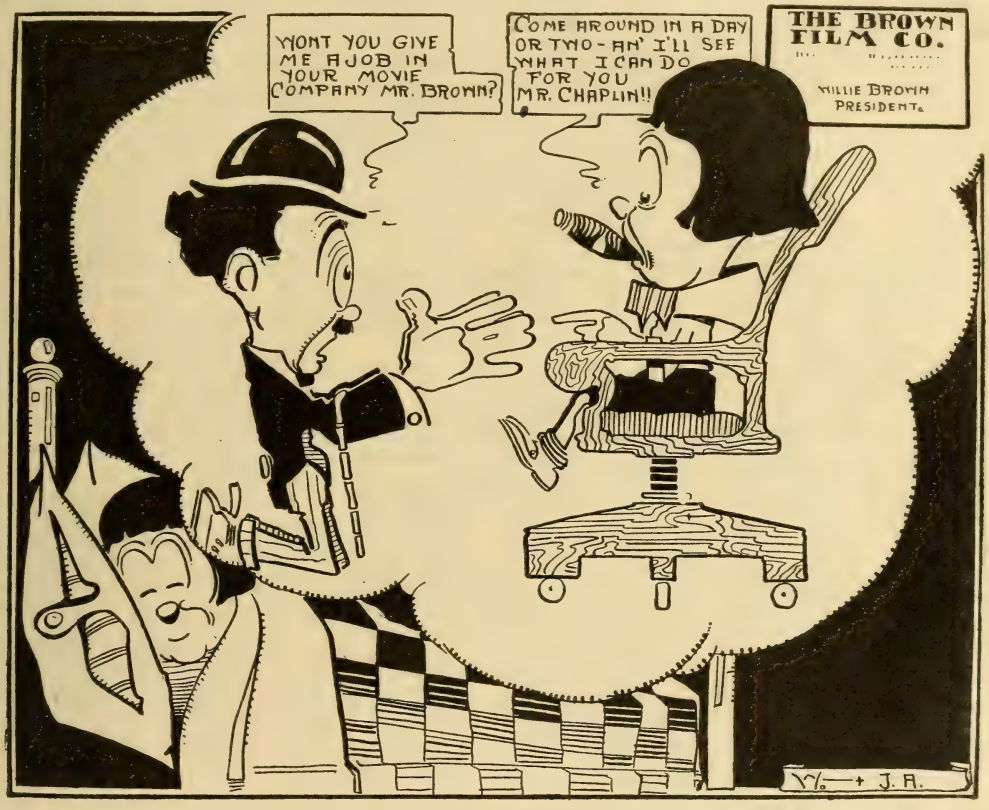
PEARL D.—You are looking for your relation by the name of Anna Hall. Will Ann please answer?

BABY BELL.—Mary Pickford was married twice, both times to the same man, last time by the priest. So you like the 80 portraits received with a subscription. They are dandy for framing. Maude Adams was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, 1872. New lists of manufacturers are out now.

MRS. T. W. W.—If you occasionally take a look at the worries of the past, you will be surprised to notice how they have dwindled. So you dont care for the Drews. No, I have not yet seen Mr. Edison's invisible ships. Who has?

VERA D.—*A bras ouverts.* No, I am not in possession of Aladdin's lamp. So you think Warren Kerrigan and Anita Stewart were the two best covers we ever had. Yes, I will be your friend forever, and longer if desired.

TERRY M. K.—No, no, write as much as you like. You're welcome, I'm sure. Of course it is proper for you to write to Mary Pickford. A "hyprijimp" is a thoroly domesticated husband—one who carries bundles, kisses his wife in public, does errands for his sister; a male guest at a woman's



BOYHOOD DREAMS

club; a man at a prayer meeting; a nonsmoker. God love him!

U-53.—The wife of the guy who paddles his own canoe often does the steering for him. Out with the periscope! So you really think the Classic in gravure is worth 35c. Well, if I do say it, it is a classy-looking book. Black Diamonds are released thru Paramount. Thanks.

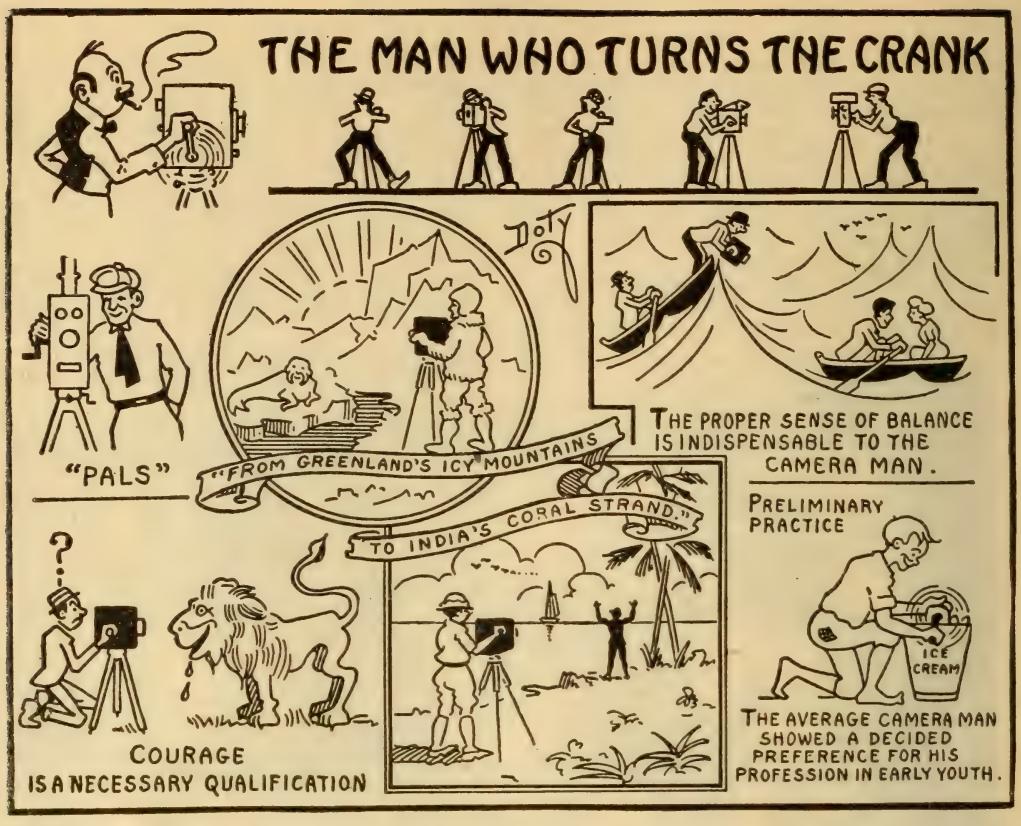
FRANK R.—"Quo Vadis?" has been revised and elaborated and is ready for reissue by George Kleine. Herbert Brenon's "Kismet," with Otis Skinner, is about ready for release now. That was a Goldwyn. Well, your letter was one of the finest I have read in some time. You say Polly in "Polly of the Circus" taught you all you know about womanhood. Glad to hear it.

I. O. U.—Knocking, knocking at my chamber door. Please dont knock, but boost. Marie Dressler is with Goldwyn. Work is better medicine than charity. May every American, at his country's call, be ready to meet the foe! Harry Northrup was born in Paris, France, July 31, 1877. Vitagraph player.

F. A. DAVIS CO., PHILADELPHIA.—Thanks for copy of your $3 book, "Building Human Intelligence," by Dr. Arnold Lorand, author of "Old Age Deferred," etc. This is an extremely interesting and valuable book, which should assist every man and woman to mobilize the personal assets of physical health, education and reasoning power for the development of a forceful personality. I advise all my readers to order a copy.

ROSES RED.—Yes, write to our Circulation Manager. Well, no life is decent without etiquette—and people obey etiquette sooner than laws. Leo Delaney accepted the position of proud papa on September 17th to a Leo the Second.

C. S. A., OCEAN CITY.—Earle Foxe is with Pathé now, and that was an old Selznick picture you saw.



C. C. M.—Thanks, but it wasn't necessary to apologize. Niles Welch was born in Hartford, Conn., July 29, 1888. He married Dell Boone in 1917.

Luzenia J.—You say that wisdom is better than beauty. Nay, nay! and I can prove it; e.g., nothing is better than wisdom; beauty is better than nothing; hence, beauty is better than wisdom. See? Again, you may be as smart as Shakespeare and Socrates, but without beauty you cant get a job in a picture, nor even at the box-office window. You see, I have lots of wisdom and not an overabundance of beauty. Hence I'm working here for $8 a week.

Toy Town, Mass.—Franklyn Farnum and Leah Baird in "The Devil's Pay Day." Being busy is one of the synonyms of being happy. Lenore Ulrich changes her name to Lenore Ulric. She is now playing leading woman in Belasco's "Tiger Rose" at the Belasco Theater, New York City.

M. M. M.—I'm sure if you write to the players they will answer you in time. Ha, ha, he's a mean bachelor who advises a girl to marry and then fails to propose. "Cleopatra," with Theda Bara, is being shown at the Lyric Theater, New York.

Holt Pickford.—Jack Holt is not the same as George Holt—entirely different person. The best isinglass comes from Russia. It is made from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian Sea. My eyes-in-glass are of another sort.

Frances R. C.—You're quite fortunate. William Russell and Francelia Billington will play in "A Night in New York." Many a sad night and many a happy night are spent in New York. You say no woman would make answers the way I do. Thanks for them.

Elizabeth G.—Albert Roscoe was Paul in "Heart's Desire." George Melford is directing "Nan of Music Mountain," with Wallace Reid and Anna Little. Good for you! Love is the dawn of marriage and marriage is the sunset of love.

Diane W.—You ask if it is true that Pauline Frederick smokes cigarets. How should I know and what if she does?

Edith M. P.—So you want me to send you a recipe for chocolate nut fudge. Certainly; send on the fudge and I will forward recipe immediately. I believe there were three new comets discovered last year.

Lincoln C. P.—Why, Beverly Bayne is just as pretty as ever, and playing leads to Francis X. Bushman. Carmel Myers in "The Haunted Pajamas." You want to know if Tom Moore and Owen Moore are brothers. I know that one of them is, but I cant say which one.

Marie J.—You want to know about Burton Holmes, the man that put the log in travelog. He was with Paramount last, and he is lecturing again now. Criticise me all you like, and dont be particular about the language you use.

DOROTHY A.—The idea! J. W. Johnston was Steve in "The Virginian," but Dustin Farnum had the lead. I'm sorry. Margery Wilson and not Bessie Barriscale in "The Last of the Ingrams." Anna Little was Jaqueline in "The Silent Master." That's a high compliment you pay me. You say I would make a dying man laugh. How about a dead man? Of course you interest me.

W. H. C.—You ask, "When is a sailor not a sailor?"—when he is aboard! That's old stuff, William, and painful. He laughs most who has fine teeth, but this would not bring a gleam from the finest ivories.

EVELYN N.—There isn't much to tell about the club—in fact, you might join any one of them. Address the players in care of the companies; we dont give personal addresses. Bushman Club, Mrs. Alice R. Allen, 3011 Abell Avenue, Baltimore, Md.; Pansy Correspondence Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y.; Reel Correspondence Club, John Chase, 416 E. 11th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.; Scroll Club, Mrs. Grace Kramer, 3009 N. Vandeventer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

MARY E. G.—That Lincoln picture is a State Right, I believe. Oh, yes, the Pansy Club is still in existence. See above. Romaine Fielding is no longer an officer. So you think that you will never meet me in heaven. Why, what have you been doing?

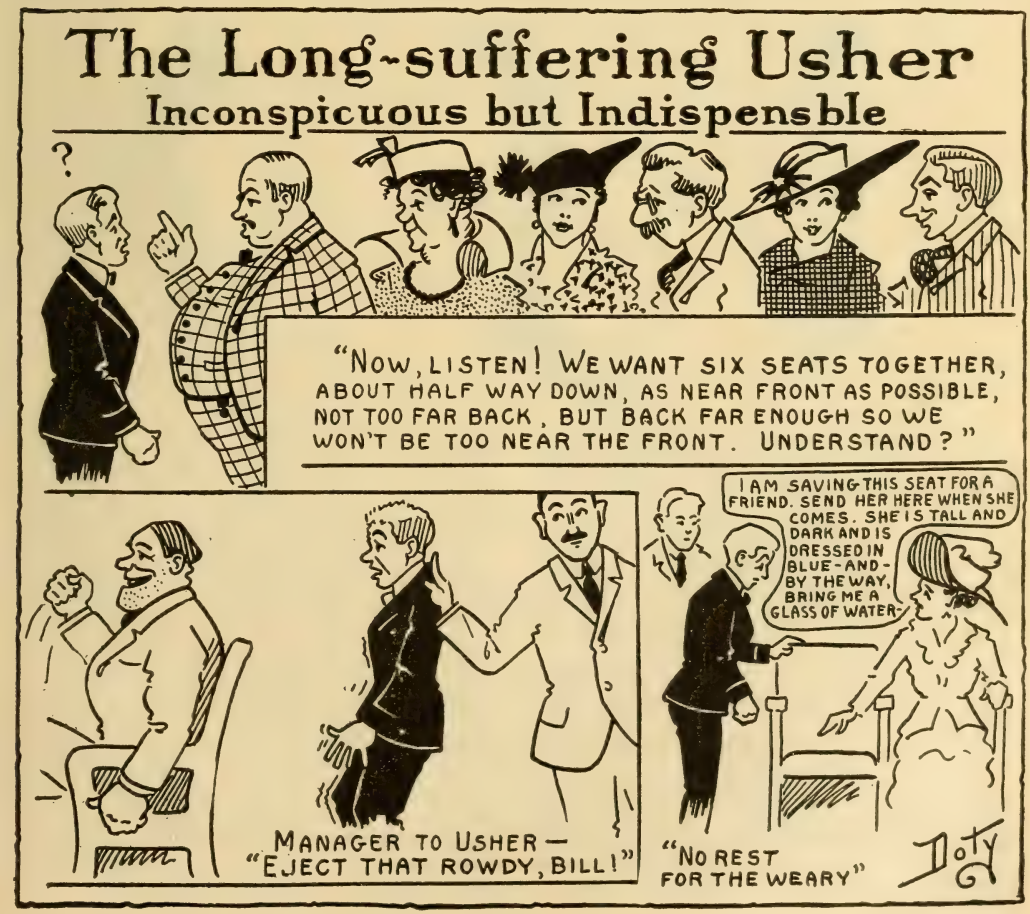
A. P. N.—Roberta Courtland's home is at Atlanta, Ga. She is North a great deal of the time. Pauline Bush isn't doing any playing now. Her husband, Allan Dwan, is directing Douglas Fairbanks in California.

P. M., SANTA CRUZ.—Please dont send me a canary, but thank you just the same. Yes, Charles Clary was David in "The Innocent Sinner."

O. M. S., BOWLING G.—Never heard Thomas G. Langham talk, so cant tell you whether he has a defect of speech, falling palate or other impediment of speech.

RED CROSS CLUB.—Greetings! Cant tell the name of it. You say there are 17 girls in your club, and thanks for the 17 kisses. No, thanks, I dont care to join; I would feel too embarrassed. Shaw!

MARZELLE A.—Grace Cunard is in Los Angeles. Sure I can make a speech. I made one the other night and when I sat down they all told me that it was the best thing I ever did.



If Christmas Stockings Could Tell What Gifts Their Owners Wanted, We Might See Something Like This

By HARVEY PEAKE

The average married man would want—



The very fat lady would want—



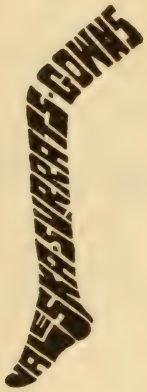
The ugly young man would want—



The pretty girl would want—



The man-hunting spinster would want—



The little boy would want—



Harvey Peake

LO.—And why address me "Dear Gladys"? Do you know you enclosed the wrong letter to me? I will forward it if you send your address.

FLORIDA.—Oh, no, I cant divulge that secret either. You want to know how I exist on $8 per. Well, you see, I am very frugal and economical and have no small vices—all large ones. You know the Editor is going to give me a raise the first of the year, but dont tell any one.

THELMA OF HALIFAX.—You refer to Olga Olonova. She isn't playing just now. Yes, I have been in Halifax. Your letter is very intellectual and enlightening and you must write to me again.

GLADYS R.—Dorothy Green is with Selznick. We may have a cover of her some day. You want to know if I have embroidered night-shirts. No, I never have. Have you? Agnes Eyre was Imogene in "Richard the Brazen." Mahlon Hamilton is with Pathé now.

ONTARIO GIRL.—Your letter was very clever. There are in the United States about 1,650 slaughter-houses, employing nearly 110,000 people, with about $400,000,000 capital invested. The annual product of the meat industry is not far from $1,400,000,000.

PEGGY BLUE.—It certainly is amusing to read all the descriptions you people have of me. Biograph produced "Strongheart." Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet had the leads.

ANGELA M.—We will have a picture of Mary MacLaren as soon as we get some new ones. Yes, Charles Chaplin played in "The Face on the Barroom Floor." It was an old Keystone.

LITTLE JUNE.—I have a photograph taken of me lately which I am thinking of publishing in the Magazine. It represents me standing behind a tree. Eugene O'Brien was born in Dublin 30 years ago. Six feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He attended a medical school and then went on the stage.

JACK N., CORRINE B., HYMAN S., GLENN M., ANNE W., JEAN W., MISS TEXAS, MRS. CASTLE ADMIRER, ELIZABETH T., STANLEY K., MARGARET D., ELSIE F., JESSIE G., GEORGE H., LOUISE M., BILL, AGATHA M., MARY L., CATHERINE D.—Your letters have all been answered elsewhere. Let me hear from you again.

PAULINE FREDERICK WORSHIPPER.—Continuation. Mary Pickford has violet eyes. Pauline Frederick's next picture is "Mrs. Dane's Defense." Anita Stewart has a father living, but she is living with her mother.

MRS. E. S. R.—I have handed your letter to the Editor, and I am sure he will benefit by it. I thank you, too.

GAY G.—Your letter was most dignified. Joe King was opposite Dorothy Dalton in "Wild Winship's Widow." Kenneth Harland was George. King Baggot in "Absinthe." No, in California. You had better go easy on the chocolate sodas in the future.

MAY.—We have never had an interview with Hazel Dawn in the Classic, but pictures of her appeared in December, 1915, and September, 1916. She is not in pictures now. Your question is somewhat out of order, but I'm going to answer it for you, tho you evidently asked it in jest. You want to know how long babies should be fed on the bottle. My answer is, the same as short ones.

J. F. RANDALL.—Your long letter all about Dorothy Kelly is most interesting, but I'm afraid the particulars would have to be answered by Vitagraph.

DOUG FAIRBANKS.—That was just scandal—no truth in it whatever. Dont listen to scandal if you dont want to circulate it. You refer to Irving Cummings, who was Bob Lawson in "The Wrath of Love." Katherine Lewis was Ruth in "The Soul Master." Earle Foxe will play opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Honeymoon."

HAMILTON, ONT.—I should say it is pretty hard on me not to be able to get sugar. It certainly be, for I must have my sweets, and thus far I've had no trouble in getting them. So you dont believe me. Woman conceals only what she does not know.

ULSTER GIRL.—Well, speaking of speed—the average business man dictates about 80 to 90 words a minute, but I believe 150 is a good limit. You bet I am always glad to hear from Ireland.



MARS—Something tells me that after this scene is finished, this'll probably be my last appearance before the camera.

E. A. LEE, JR.—Biograph studio at 807 E. 175th St. Send for a list of manufacturers. Brenon is taking pictures at Fort Lee. Edison have no casting director now. Haven't the addresses of the other studios you ask about. Thanks greatly for the fee.

BOBBIE.—Grace Darmond is still in her teens, altho she has had ten years of stage experience. So you have got the fever to go on the stage. Better use an ice-bag. I am told that Ruth King has just obtained a divorce from Tom Forman.

MARGARET K.—I thank you for the pictures. Dreamy eyes and pretty hair. Yes, I observed. Florence Vidor was the American girl in "Hashimura Togo." So you thought Sessue was great. A good woman's mind has angels with flaming swords at the portals to keep out fallen thoughts.

FLOSSIE.—No, I'm still here. You say that out of 700 acres of wheat you got only 1,800 bushels, but you sold that at $2.00 a bushel. A mighty poor yield and a pretty good profit. Let me hear from you wherever you are.

FANNY B.—Thanks for your splendid letter. So you like Miss Naylor's chats. When you get to Poughkeepsie, you must come down and see me.

ADMIRER.—Well, now, I'm sorry, but I cant tell you why Ralph Kellard didn't marry Pearl White. You dont think Sessue registers affection very well. I cant help you there, either.

F. C. S., SITKA.—Well, I wonder what you are giving me the ha-ha about? Thanks for the card. Let me hear from you again.

JAMES W.—I'm very sorry, but cant insert your paragraph. It is too old. Marin Sais will play in Fox pictures opposite Tom Mix, and we can expect to see some fine Western pictures now.



THE ORIGINAL OLD REMINDER

COUPONS.—Last I heard of Norma Phillips she was with World. So you are a friend of Clio's. Well, he comes in to see me often. Thomas Holding is to be Olga Petrova's leading-man. Marshall Neilan is soon to leave for the national army.

MARGARETTE.—Yes. You say a modest blush should be my only answer. How many of us are what Gelett Burgess calls "gloogoos"? A gloogoo is one who takes cold baths thru January, February and March; one who works over hours at the office; one who studies his home lessons instead of going to that Saturday night dance and in after life attends church every Sunday and puts a quarter in the plate.

BUD, MADISON.—A reputation is a sort of pure food label on a man's character. It consists of whatever he has persuaded other people to believe about him. Thanks for the picture. Edna Mayo isn't doing anything in the way of pictures. You say you didn't care for her in the abbreviated costume in "The Return of Eve," and that some things are best kept under cover. No, John Barrymore is playing on the stage. Pauline Frederick and Willard Mack are man and wife. It seems that Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are one again and living happily together. Blessed is the peacemaker who can make peace without too many concessions.

CUPID.—You want a picture of Warren Kerrigan with his mother. Oh, yes, I realize that postage is .03 now, but I hope you all wont stop writing to me. Write again, Cupid. After "skipping" all these years, I am going to knit until the war's over without skipping.

A. B.—Robert Chambers was the author of "The Girl Phillippa," and not George Randolph Chester, as I said before.

VERNA D.—You ask have I a wife. Why, certainly; she is Ann, sir, and that's the only one I have. Theda Bara has returned to New York. The note-shaver can never be depended upon to whittle down expenses.



HOW IT SEEMED TO THE AMBITIOUS EXTRA WHEN SHE GOT HER FIRST PROFESSIONAL PART

GEORGE J.—I enjoyed your letter very much. No, we do not sell our covers without the printed matter on them, because it necessitates making new plates. I shall list your club with our clubs, and a list of the different clubs can be had by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to me.

FATTY.—Are Arthur and Thomas Chatterton related? Dont know. Yes; Francis Bushman played in "The Pathway of Years." I cannot say who is the best horseback rider in the films, but I remember that when Edith Storey was with Méliès she certainly could ride some. Why, her horse was sometimes so spirituous that he went off on a decanter. Quick, quick, "Mickey" has never yet been out of storage, but it has been announced and announced and announced.

THE DOLLY SISTERS; PATSY; SHARPY S.; CATHERINE M.; BILLIE; MARION B.; A MINNEAPOLIS FAN; BERTHA B.; HENRYETTA L.; ETHEL GRAY TERRY ADMIRER; B. D.; ROMAINE FIELDING ADMIRER; K. W. A.; D. E. M. & R. E. M.; SCOTCH LASSIE; D. R. PHILLIPS, JR.; LIZZIE R.; VIOLA B.; A. D.; MURIEL C.; PINK PAJAMAS; ROSE N.; DOROTHY S.; HAZEL C.; ANNABEL LEE; EDWARD B.; LUCY W.; BEVERLY BAYNE ADMIRER; JULIA M.; HELEN W.; MARGARET J.; BEACH COMBER; CUCKOO.—Sorry, but you leave me nothing to say except—thanks!

KID.—Herbert Hayes and Harry Benham will play leads for Emmy Wehlen. Famous Players have bought a studio at Fort Lee. You mean Niles Welch. Wallace Reid is exempt.



IMAGINATION—ALSO AMBITION

CLARA D.—There was no Gordon on that cast. Maria Wayne was the girl in "The Girl from Frisco." Ralph Kellard in that Pathé. You have your titles mixed, I'm afraid. Some players reach the top thru their own shrewdness and some thru the stupidity of others.

MARION AND MADELIN.—I dont see how you can say that we give prizes only to the people we know are subscribers, for it's not true.

I. AMA BUGG.—According to the plans and specifications, I'll sign my John Hancock if you send it along. So you don't like the fancy work around the frames in the Gallery. You are a chronic complainer, but I like to hear from you, nevertheless.

FRISKY FUSCO FANNY.—Cleo Ridgely co-starred with Lou-Tellegen in Lasky's "The Victory of Conscience." As MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S Pauline Revere she rode horseback from the Atlantic to the Pacific, carrying the good news and good cheer of M. P. M. to all who would hear. Result: we even heard from the deaf and dumb. So that's what happened to you when you heard Tom Forman was married. Is he? Yes, you are in a catty mood, all right.

C. V. N.—You refer to Arthur Hoops. Your drawing is good, but it can be improved upon. You are quite wrong. I really enjoyed your very long letter. I assure you that I laid it down with intense pleasure. You should adjust your terminal facilities.



REPRODUCED FROM ONE OF OUR ISSUES OF 1913, SHOWING MOST OF THE POPULAR PLAYERS OF THAT PERIOD

EDWARD SHEA.—You refer to Paul Willis. Some of the players are appreciative and some are not. Some write to us, thanking us for covers, chats, etc., and some pay no attention to all we are doing for them.

LEONARD T.—Douglas Fairbanks sold Liberty Bonds in McCreery's store in New York. You all ought to own a Liberty Bond. Robert Warwick, George Fawcett and Gail Kane, now screen stars, all came from Milwaukee—Edwin Thanhouser, too. In the olden days the Thanhouser Stock Company was a very popular institution. Eleanor Robson, now Mrs. August Belmont, was at one time leading-lady of the Thanhouser Company. Pauline Curley will play opposite Harold Lockwood in "Love Me for Myself Alone."

ELIZABETH P.—Always enclose postage and you will be answered. Raymond Hitchcock was born in Auburn, N. Y. I notice you are affected with *cacoethes scribendi*, but it's a splendid disease to be afflicted with.

HELENA F.—Doc Limerick had the nerve to tell me the other day, "Wise as you are, brother, you are on somebody's sucker list." Can you beat that? We get along fine together, but—slowly.

LONESOME.—That very good-looking chap in "The Dawn of Tomorrow" with Mary Pickford was Jack Doty. He is playing in stock at Paterson, N. J.

LAWRENCE T.; ETHEL B.; INQUISITIVE????; C. ORATTO, PENN.; WM. S. HART; MARGARET J.; A FORMAN FAN; MRS. VERNON CASTLE ADMIRER; JEAN SOTHERN ADMIRER; P. D. SMITH, IND.; NAZIMOVA FAN; MARGARET WIGGINS; CONTRARY MARY; A. E. ZERR, CONN.; ERNEST R. M.; MRS. E. DIENE; MOTION PICTURE READER; RICHARD M.; OLGA FROM BUFFALO; E. SHEPE; VERICLES; EDNUT.—Your letters were all good, but gave me no clues to say something new. Thanks, howsomever.

SUZANNA.—Surely I eat eggs—when I can get them. It makes no difference which side of my egg is fried—sunny side up or over—it's all the same as long as I get a whole egg. The high cost of hen-fruit is one of my greatest annoyances. Carmen Phillips was Benita in "Forbidden Paths."

POLY POP OVER.—Elliott Dexter is with Pathé. He is Marie Doro's husband. There is nothing like a sweet disposition. A sunny temper gilds the edges of life's blackest cloud.

C. C. J.—Your letters are always interesting and I want to hear from you often. Of course I do all my own shopping. Last report is that Philo McCullough is to play opposite Edith Storey in Metro pictures.

JOANNA D. C.—Send your verses to the Favorite Department. I meant that the verses were too long for this department. The habit of eating crackers in bed was first perfected by Walt Whitman, the poet. Most of his sweetest lyrics were composed under the influence of cracker dust.

SUB DEB.—Nay, nay, if I have any prejudice against Francis Bushman it is in his favor. No, we will never run such a contest as that. Marguerite Clark is the only name we know her by.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER.—Pleased to meet you! Shake! Eighteen William Cullen Bryant was when he wrote his greatest poem, but that doesn't necessarily mean that there isn't hope for you yet.

HAZEL H.—Dorcas Mathews was Anita and Thomas Guise was Burr in "Idolaters." Jack Devereaux and Anna Lehr in "Grafter." Well, I manage not to get insane, anyway! They say that glycerine, well distributed, will revive the color in an old typewriter ribbon. I have never tried it. I get great comfort out of my machine.

(*Continued on page* 152)



Their

By MARJORIE



GLADYS BROCKWELL



MURDOCK MAC QUARRIE

I MET Murdock MacQuarrie the other day, and of course held him up for a joke. Our ex-Universal friend told me a personal experience.

"You know," he began, "it's one thing to act before a camera and quite another to address an audience. When I try to speak before people I'm somewhat nervous and my tongue gets all twisted up and almost unmanageable. One time I wanted to explain my feelings to my listeners, and this startling statement was the result: 'My tongue is all wite, but my wees are kneak.'" Despite this trying incident, Mr. MacQuarrie has lately deserted the movies for the "speakies," but the awful fact just bursts upon my consciousness that I do not know whether he said in the Washington Stock Company or with the Washington Square Players.

Speaking of jokes, I heard a mighty fine one from Gladys Brockwell. This talented star needs no introduction to any one who sees Fox pictures, so we'll pass along to the joke:

"One time when Whistler, the great artist, was walking about London with a friend, he was stopped by an unspeakably dirty street urchin who asked him for a penny.

"'How old are you, my boy?' asked the artist.

"'I'm seven, sir,' replied the gamin.

"'Oh, no, my lad,' protested Whistler; 'you must be more than seven years old.'

"'Gar on!' replied the youngster, pertly. 'I aint no more nor seven.'

"Whistler turned to his friend. 'Do you really believe,' he inquired anxiously, 'that he could have got as dirty as that in seven years?'"

Earle Williams was at the Actors' Fund Fair one night to sell photographs of himself to aid the cause, when I tackled him.

"A joke!" he gasped. "I cant tell you a joke. I'm a *serious actor.*" I was not quite sure if he was suffering from an overdose of self-importance or not. Anyway, I wasn't going to let him off so easily.

"Well," he said at last, resignedly, "I think it's a joke that I'm standing here trying to sell my photos—and no one will buy them!" It was rather funny, wasn't it?

Marguerite Courtot, who added much to her past fame by her recent success with Famous Players, contributed an original joke made up by Mr. France, who directed her in "The Natural Law." Clever man, that Mr. France—yes? Well, read on and you will see:

"A Motion Picture actor met a Motion Picture actress on Broadway. They had not seen each other for some time. She

Favorite Jokes

GLEYRE LACHMUND

informed him that she was no longer in pictures. He asked her occupation; she replied:

"'I am selling automobiles.'

"'An automobile saleslady, eh?'

"'Yes; let me sell you a car.'

"'No; I bought a horse yesterday.'

"'Remember the old adage,' she warned—'A horse eats its head off.'

"'I know,' he replied promptly, 'but when he steps on a nail it doesn't let all the wind out of him.'"



EARLE WILLIAMS

MARGUERITE COURTOT

© White

MADGE EVANS

You wouldn't expect a little girl of seven to have a joke ready to proffer on request, would you? Neither did I; but little Madge Evans was right there with it. She looked so like a little fairy that I wanted an excuse to speak to her to see if she was real. So I asked her to tell me something funny. At first she shook her head modestly, but then suddenly brightened up, exclaiming:

"Oh, I know! I was acting with Robert Warwick in 'Sudden Riches.' It was when I was losing my front teeth, so I had to have wax ones fixed in. In one scene I had to laugh very hard, and when I began to laugh all the wax teeth fell out!"

"I'd rather listen to *other* people's jokes," objected "Sunshine Mary" Anderson, when her turn came, "but, if you really must have one from me, perhaps this one will do:

"A genial bachelor at a party was being teased by one of the girls as to his reasons for remaining single.

"'N-no, I never was exactly *disappointed* in love,' he meditated; 'I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I was much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance, only I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling. One day I screwed my courage up to the proposing point and blurted out: "Let's get married!" And she said: "Good Lord! Who'd have us?"'"

Francelia Billington, that dainty little American artist, tells this one:

"Mrs. Brown's young hopeful had won the prize at school, so the mothers of the

other children came up to congratulate Mrs. Brown with the best grace they could summon.

" 'Now, dont let it make him conceited,' warned one experienced parent.

" 'Oh, no, indeed!' said Mrs. Brown, somewhat flustered by all the attention. 'I always tell him it isn't because he's so clever that he wins, but because the other children are so stupid!' "



MARIE OSBORNE

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON

They tell this one about Jack Devereaux, who is Douglas Fairbanks' successor at Triangle: He was walking along Broadway with a friend, when he called his friend's attention to a very pretty girl who had just passed.

"D'ye see that pretty girl?" he asked, thrusting out his chest vainglo-riously. "She smiled at me!"

"That's nothing," commented his friend. "I almost laughed my head off the first time I saw you!"

Almost every one remembers some joke that appeals to him as being irresistibly funny, one which he springs at every favorable opportunity. This having been driven home to me, I thought it would be an interesting experiment to sound the depths of humor of some more of our movie idols. Bravely I started on the war-path.

My first new captive was "Doug" Fairbanks.

"Mr. Fairbanks," I besought, "tell me the best joke you know."

"William Jennings Bryan," he replied promptly, with a wicked twinkle in his eye.

"That," I warned, "is for publication," then added, reassuringly, "but I really dont think Mr. Bryan reads the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE."

"Well, here's a real joke," offered Mr. Fairbanks, "tho Bryan is a real enough one, as far as that goes:

"A young college youth exclaimed ardently to his inamorata: 'Margaret, there has been something trembling on my lip for months and months.' Whereupon the heartless girl replied: 'So I see; why dont you shave it off?' "

Later I met and tackled Norma Talmadge (or should I say Mrs. Schenk?).

"Have you a favorite joke?" I inquired politely.

"No," she confessed. "I dont know any at all—but I'll ratify anything Fairbanks said. It must be all right if he said it!" (Get that, Doug?)

At this point Frank Currier strolled up.

"I'll tell you one," he volunteered nobly. "Two young negroes were 'keeping company.' One day the girl appeared

with a very large hat on. Her sweetheart looked at it with disapproval, and during their walk his frown kept deepening. Finally he was moved to remonstrate.

"'Well, what am de mattah wid it?' demanded the girl, haughtily.

"'It maks yo' look jes' lak a *Jewess,*' was the astonishing reply."

"Fine!" approved Miss Talmadge, then turned to me and said, ficklely, "just use 'Daddy Currier's' joke for me, too."

Edward Earle had a couple of good ones up his sleeve.

"Have you heard of the poor, hungry colored man," he began, "homeless and walking the streets? When he heard the factory-whistle he said mournfully: 'Dar it goes. To some folks dat's dinner-time, but to me it's jes' twelve o'clock.'"

The other was a personal experience.

"On Thanksgiving morning I heard a small boy ask the man ahead of me for a donation. The man said: 'I haven't any small coins, son.' Whereupon the youngster replied, with perhaps unintentional wit: 'But I have plenty of change, sir.'"

I appealed to Antonio Moreno, and thought he was going to fail me, when he replied: "I dont remember many jokes——" But he saved the day by continuing: "Maybe this one will do, tho:

"The Jones family were moving from Sixty-sixth Street to Seventy-second Street. Three vans had carried all their belongings during the afternoon, except the antique grandfather's clock that was never trusted to moving-vans. Jones himself always carried it. Holding it with both arms, he walked down the front steps like an amateur tight-rope dancer, and started up the avenue. It demanded all his strength, breath, and attention. At Sixty-ninth Street Jones set the clock down carefully and mopped his dripping face.

"'Shay, ole man,' said a blear-eyed individual, who had been staggering up the avenue behind him. 'Shay, ole man, why dont you get a watch?'"

Another contribution of noteworthy merit was supplied by Henry Walthall. The "Edwin Booth of the Screen" is not without a funny-bone, as you will see:

"Little Marie Osborne received a Teddy-bear from her grandparents for Christmas. In shipping the bear from the city to the town where Marie lived, the eyes got crossed. After Marie had played with her Teddy-bear all day, her father asked her if she had named it. Marie cheerfully replied that she had, and that from now on it would be known as 'Gladly.'

"'Gladly'? repeated the father after his five-year-old daughter.

"'Yes, daddy, *Gladly.*'

"'Well—where did you get that name? Why do you call it Gladly?'

"After some hesitation Marie meekly replied, 'Because at Sunday-school we sing a song, "Gladly the Cross I'd Bear."'"

In my researches for humor I made one very interesting discovery, namely, that Theda Bara does not take herself seriously (which, no doubt, will be a relief for my readers to know, in view of certain clauses in her recent contract with Fox). Not having the courage to make a personal call on such a noted "vampire," I wrote a little note requesting a joke for my series. Anon the mail brought me my reply—a photograph of Mlle. Bara!

A Comparison

By JOHN E. O'MALLEY
(Woodyard Kindling)

The censer burned in days of old
In hall and temple, I am told;
The censers were full of incense then,
And were metal flasks or pans, not men.

Now another censor we find today,
At movie shows he wants his sway;
Not full of incense but nonsense now,
And the metal he has is in his brow.

The censers then, with incense mild,
To the temple worshippers beguiled,
But the nonsense of the censor today
Only serves to drive the people away.

Copper was best when thinly rolled
To make the censer in days of old,
But the censor now—alack, alas!—
Is very thick and mostly brass.

The Movies in Puerto Rico

By EUGENIA KELEHER

LITTLE do we in America realize what the Moving Picture means to the dweller in little, out-of-the-way islands. It is to him in many cases his one means of knowing the great world beyond his narrow horizon. Puerto Rico is dotted with Moving Picture theaters. Every town worthy of the name has its "Cine" as it is there called. And it is here in the very small town that its influence is most widespread. A characteristic reply of the native Puerto Rican, upon being questioned as to whether he has been here or there, seen this or that, is "No, but I have seen it in the 'Cine.'"

The type of picture given is not always what it should be from a moral standpoint. Many of the plots would utterly fail to pass our National Board of Censorship. From a mechanical standpoint as well, some pictures are exceedingly poor, blurred and apparently somewhat antiquated, judging from the costumes of the characters. Perhaps the most popular films are those featuring the "vaquero," or cowboy. It is said that when such a picture appears in Madrid, Spain, it is widely advertised upon gaudy canvas posters suspended across the streets. It is regarded as quite the sensation of the hour. The theater is packed to its doors with tardy arrivals clamoring wildly for admittance. Puerto Rico resembles its mother country in its love of the Wild West picture. Here also it attracts a vast multitude.

The picture shows in San Juan or Ponce, the two largest cities of the island, are the picture shows as we know them, modern and well equipped. Perhaps their only difference from houses in American cities of similar size is that Spanish is the language of the screen, rather than English. Borinquen Park, an amusement place just out of San Juan, has a most attractive theater. It is located on the beach and has an open-air refreshment parlor where many sit between reels, sipping some "refresco," or watching the restless waters of the Atlantic. Its foam-crested breakers, if it is a moonlight night, are plainly visible thru the hundreds of gracefully waving palm-trees which line the shore. Few remain in the theater during the intermissions, which are longer than ours.

It is the "Cine" of the small town, however, that is of deeper interest. Its location is often in the very poorest quarter—some dark and dingy street surrounded by thatched huts which are even darker and dingier.

Reels are not presented every night, once a week or twice at the most. Upon the day of the performance the announcement of the picture to be shown is brilliantly displayed in bright reds and yellows upon huge billboards in the plaza, which forms the center of every Puerto Rican town. Here in the early evening a tuneless mechanical piano grinds forth an emphatic reminder that the "Cine" will be in session that evening. Here also, perhaps a half-hour before commencement time, the town band strikes up a lively Spanish air and, with the aforementioned piano and the following throng, wends its way "Cine"-ward. Arrived here, the piano is taken into the theater to provide the music for the evening.

The crowd is enormous, attracted by the music and the brilliantly lighted hall, the one spot of color upon the dreary thorofare. Naked children from the neighboring "casitas" gaze longingly in at the open door. But they are not among the favored ones who may enter, for they lack even the requisite ten cents which many of the lower or peon class are able occasionally to hoard for the purpose.

The audience consists of two very distinct sections—the élite of the town, or those from "familia bueñas," and the peons. The former pay twenty-five cents admission and occupy seats in the center of the hall. The latter pay ten cents and are seated upon slightly raised balconies along the sides and rear of the room. However good the picture shown might be, it could not possibly have for the American spectator the interest he would feel in the audience. The beautiful dark-haired, dark-eyed girls with their

chaperones—for Spanish custom here prevails and girls are never seen unchaperoned; the young men, happy in an opportunity of seeing the "Señorita" whom they admire—even tho she is not within speaking distance—both lend an atmosphere of romance to the scene which is entirely lacking among our own prosaic audiences. The peons, mostly blacks, sit with their hats on—smoking, talking, laughing—experiencing the keenest enjoyment. Indeed it would be impossible to imagine a more appreciative audience. Some lose themselves entirely in the picture. Upon one occasion, Miss Pearl White was playing in the "Peligros de Paulina" (Perils of Pauline). She was very attractive in one scene as she stood in front of a grate fire which reflected its light upon her abundant, wavy hair as it fell loosely over her shoulders. An admirer became so enthusiastic that he caused general amusement by exclaiming so audibly that it was heard thru the entire house, "Ah, que mujer tan linda!" (Oh, what a beautiful woman!) The people as a whole are temperamental to their finger-tips and are deeply affected by the serious pictures. They also have a keen appreciation of humorous scenes. Peals of laughter and shouts of applause can be heard blocks away when they are shown.

Miss Pearl White seems to be a general screen favorite upon the little island. One young girl, about eighteen, upon meeting an American girl, immediately asked, "Oh, do you know Pearl White?" Two young men, who had heard a rumor to the effect that Miss White contemplated visiting Puerto Rico, were saving their allowance in order to show her a good time upon her arrival.

PUERTO RICO AS SHE IS—IN "THE AMERICAN CONSUL"



It seems strange that thus far the advantages of Puerto Rico as the setting for scenarios have been unrecognized. For nowhere else could be found a land where mountains, sea and dense tropical vegetation combine to form a more ideally beautiful spot than in this romantic little continent of enchantment.



A Moment or Two with "Petite Ann" Pennington

By CARL W. SEITZ



ANN PENNINGTON is one of those captivating little Quaker girls who dont. Dont what? did some one query. Well, she dont do several things. She does not try to conceal her age; and she does not wear paste diamonds; and she does not take a milk bath every morning, in order to furnish the press-agent of "The Follies" with material; and last, but most important, she does not get angry if some one asks if she is married. How do I know? I asked her.

After I had waited for an hour, looking expectantly at each girl as she came out of the theater after the morning rehearsal of "The Follies," I began to suspect that Miss Pennington had eluded me. At last, however, I saw the familiar figure of "Petite Ann" come sailing to the door, and I was greeted by a fascinating smile — possibly from force of

habit, but I believe that she had remembered our meeting last summer at the Famous Players' studio.

"How long have you been waiting?" questioned Ann.

"Oh, six or seven hours," said I. "But why, Miss Pennington, does it take you so much longer than the other girls?"

"It doesn't," she answered, as she held up a copy of "David Copperfield," which I had not noticed. "I've been reading."

"Is Dickens your favorite author?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "I read his books whenever I have time."

"I like Dickens, too," said I, "but just now I would rather hear something about you, Miss Pennington."

We went back into the theater and found chairs, and then Miss Pennington began her story: "I have always danced, ever since I can remember. I went on the stage, first, in amateur work, around Philadelphia, when a child. When about fourteen or fifteen I became a professional, starting in vaudeville with two other little girls. Then I went into another vaudeville act, chaperoned by a Mrs. De Haven, Carter De Haven's mother, as we girls were under age. It was called the De Haven Sextet, and was composed of Philadelphia dancing-school girls. Then I went into the chorus of 'The Red Widow,' in which Raymond Hitchcock played the leading part. In New York the leading dancing-



ANN ACTS IN PICTURES AND DOES STAGE PARTS AT THE SAME TIME—BUT SHE IS BURNING THE CANDLE AT ONLY ONE END

girl left the company, and, as her understudy, I was given her part. I joined the 'Follies of 1913,' and have been with Mr. Ziegfeld ever since, and expect to play one more year until my contract expires a natural death."

"And what of the pictures?" I then asked.

"I have played in only a few photoplays," Miss Pennington replied, "all Famous Players' productions, made while rehearsing for last season's 'Follies,' and while playing in New York this year, but they have convinced me that I would like to do more. Some people think because I have done only a few films that I do not like the studio life, but I assure you that the opposite is the case. I consider a great future is in store for the film industry, and I hope to be present."

Possibly a few picture-fans (not electric) have forgotten Ann, but I am sure that the majority of us still recollect "Susie Snowflake" and the "Rainbow Princess," and will be pleased to see this diminutive lass in a set of new screen plays this year.

"All right? Camera! Shoot!"

She Eats 'Em Alive!

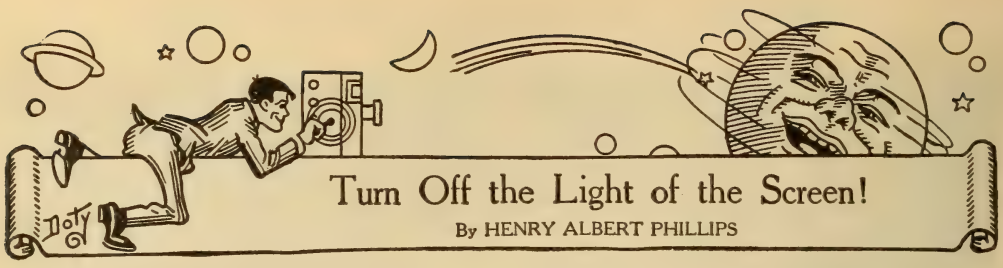


Is Bessie Love eating carrots because they are good for the complexion? Or does she just plain like raw carrots? Whichever is true, it cant be wrong! According to the beauty-doctors, carrots are excellent for the complexion—and "Fletcherizing" is good for the health, tho how Bessie gets time for it we dont see. And if she has just gone to the garden and pulled up some carrots and is eating them—dirt and all—because she likes 'em—why, bless her heart, let her—it wont hurt her!

And they are her carrots. She raised them with her own fair hands, thereby doing her bit and a "bit" more. She had something to feed the elephants when working in "The Sawdust Ring."



HERE ARE TWO YOUNG MEN THAT WILL NEVER DIE. THEY ARE TOM SAWYER AND HUCK FINN AT THE OLD TOWN PUMP, AND THEY ARE LOOKING AT INJUN JOE IN THE OFFING. ALL THE CHARM OF MARK TWAIN'S IMMORTAL WORK HAS BEEN PRESERVED IN THE PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION OF "TOM SAWYER," STARRING JACK PICKFORD



Turn Off the Light of the Screen!

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

WHAT would happen if Motion Picture activities of every sort should suddenly cease?

Wouldn't it be something like this?—Excerpt from the *Washington Blabber* of October 15, 1917:

MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY ABOLISHED BY SPECIAL ACT OF CONGRESS!

Old Fogie Wing of the Stand-Pat Party Sustains Their Program of Retrogression

A Petition at the Last Moment from the National Board of Incensers Leads to a Vote of One in Favor of Abolishing Pictures

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—Contrary to repeated warnings from every quarter of the Union, Congress has passed the Anti-Motion Picture Bill.

The public seems to have disregarded the threat of the Stand-Patters, but today we find the nation roused as only the firing on Fort Sumter and the sinking of the *Lusitania* has hitherto roused her.

The Government is determined, however, to stand back of its Representatives in Congress assembled. Every manufacturer of every type of Motion Picture paraphernalia, material and product must cease production; every studio must close; every magazine and periodical furnishing news or views to the trade or public must discontinue; every theater projecting Motion Pictures upon a screen must close its doors; every scenario writer must destroy his manuscripts!

LOS ANGELES, Thursday.—This town has taken on the shroud of a corpse overnight. The score or more of thriving studios employing close to 10,000 people, all drawing especially high salaries, have discharged all employees. It is estimated that $2,000,000 a month in salaries alone will cease to circulate in this community. Another $2,000,000, it is estimated, will no longer pass thru local hands in exchange for outside service and materials. A run was reported on the First National and the Seaboard Savings banks on opening for business this morning.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday.—A registration of protest numbering all those who attend Motion Picture theaters at least once a week in this city revealed the astounding total of 1,190,023 persons. The local police have had their hands full trying to protect the Marshals carrying out the Federal order closing the theaters. Four thousand jobless employees of Motion Picture activities are parading the streets. The streets are lined with dense crowds of sympathizers, made up, strangely, of all classes of people, from the poorest and most ignorant to the wealthiest and most cultured.

WASHINGTON, Friday.—The President is considering an especial appeal to Congress for a repeal of the Motion Picture Abolition Act. Never before has the public so fiercely resented an act of Congress. Rumors from many districts have it that their Representatives have been hung in effigy, while mass-meetings are being held demanding counteraction. Statistics have been gathered from the theaters showing that the daily national audiences numbered not far from twenty millions. All those instrumental in bringing the Abolition Act into being are doomed to political disaster. The administration itself is in danger.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—A sad parting took place in Room 333 of the Biltmore Hotel when Charlie Chaplin tore up his now worthless check of a million dollars and disappeared. Rumors had it that he made away with himself, but these are correct only in so far as he made away with himself to take back his old job in the "halls" imitating his own canned laughs.

Eatontown, N. J., November 1.—(Editorial from *The Advertiser*)

A VOICE FROM THE DARK

Fame has almost passed out from our midst, for as we pen these lines we learn with a sadness akin to the 50 subscriptions given annually from his glutted purse that "The Towers" is about to be put under the hammer.

"The Towers," as every proud citizen will remember, is the hundred-thousand-dollar mansion built by none other than John Jones, who left our humble town with the nether face of his trousers missing and returned ten years later with his pockets bulging with priceless stock certificates, not to mention his having been made President!

President of the B-U-T Fillums, *Incapacitated!* Reputed to be worth thirty-seven mil-



Don't cut the cuticle. Cutting leaves rough, ragged edges--makes hangnails.



The new way to manicure. Read how easily and quickly you can have good-looking, well-kept nails.

Why cutting ruins the cuticle

How you can keep it smooth and firm without cutting

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. See how quickly, how easily you can have the most wonderful manicure—see how smooth and firm Cutex keeps your cuticle without trimming or cutting it; how lovely it makes your nails look!

Dr. Murray, the famous specialist, says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw, bleeding edge which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen."

It was to meet this need for a *harmless* cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared.

Cutex completely does away with cuticle cutting, leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth and firm, unbroken.

The new way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Then rinse the hands in clear water.

A touch of Cutex Nail White—a soft, white cream—removes all discolorations from underneath the nails.



© Lumière Studio

Ethel Clayton, deservedly one of the most popular Motion Picture stars, says: "One cannot know of Cutex and not love to use it. Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautifully, my friends often remark it."

Cutex Cake Polish rubbed on the palm of the hand and passed quickly over the nails gives them a delightful polish.

Until you use Cutex, you cannot realize what a great improvement even one application makes; you cannot know how attractive your nails can be made to look.

Where to get Cutex

Cutex manicure preparations are sold in all high-class drug stores and at the toilet goods counters of department stores.

Cutex comes in 50c and $1.00 bottles with an introductory size at 25c. Cutex Nail White is 25c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is also 25c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort, for sore or tender cuticle, is 25c. If your favorite store has not yet been supplied with Cutex, order direct from us.

SEND 15c TODAY FOR THIS COMPLETE MIDGET MANICURE SET

Tear off the coupon now and send it to us with 15c—10c for the manicure set and 5c for postage and packing—and we will send you a complete midget manicure set, enough for six "manicures." Send for it today.

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This complete manicure set sent for 15c.



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9 West Broadway, New York

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Street .....

City ..... State .....

lions in the papers, seven million on paper, and we ourselves have seen two tens and a five in his possession. Regrettable to announce, he did not cash his paper, and he spent the two tens when the Government abolished the whole concern. A brewery, it is reported at the Tickler Tavern, is negotiating for "The Towers" as a prospective brewery.

We have always stood for the movies since John Jones made them famous and we miss their advertising. Breweries are not good local advertisers, except in the mouths of their consumers, who never pay up their subscriptions and constantly demand free birth and death notices.

We wish our nearly-famous citizen, John Jones, good luck in getting another job and trust the seat in his trousers will never need mending!

The Hitching (Penn.) Post.

LOCAL PECKINGS

Since the movies closed up, Wood Snyder has doubled the size of his barroom. Why is it that booze seems to fill the hole that pictures left?

Tim Doolittle and his wife are apart again since the movies stopped. He used to always head off a quarrel by taking her to see a Drew comedy.

Town Hall has been kept up on Moving Pictures now for nigh onto five years. The Baptist quartet with the Tubey solo, that used to take so before the movies came, dont seem to ketch on no more. Folks is changeable.

Silas Pokin, who left town to be a movie actor, has come back to town all slicked up and dressed to kill, but aint got no place to go nor nothing to do. He kan act something dreadful since he's been away—and we liked him best when he did it in Philadelphy for the movies when we couldn't hear him talk.

Willie Simpkins, who used turn the crank for the Moving Pictures to move, has so got the turning habit that he run away with a organ-grinder who passed thru last week just to keep his hand in. It's beginning to look like movies was harmful after all.

Susie Scissors, who had just gradywated from The Correspondence University for Convalescing Photoplaywrights when the blamed things was ordered confiscated, has gone back to her old job in the canning factory. The poor gal had on hand $351.47 worth of rejected manuscripts.

Deacon Porridge, who was a member of the National Board of Incensers that condemned the movies for their wickedness, has just rented his vacant store to Otto Lefsky as a respectable liquor store. Deacon Porridge wouldn't take no money that wasn't respectable.

New York (sometime after).—Rumor has it that it was not Hearst, but Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks who recently bought *Puck* and intend to edit it themselves, calling it *Thrills and Smiles,* and compete with *Life.*

(A Letter written to the *Pacific Monthly.*)

I am a traveler and a student of human affairs. A few months ago I reluctantly visited a Moving Picture entertainment and thus stumbled on an illuminating solution of a whole group of the problems that stare modern civilization in the face. Since the pernicious act abolishing Moving Pictures has gone into effect I am conscious of a void in modern life that may develop into a diseased condition.

The farmer and his family were just beginning to see a vista on the screen over the blackboard in the little red schoolhouse, that showed him the whole world laboring over its problems, and thus made him content with his own.

The indolent, the illiterate and the day-busy and night-tired ones, who never take a book in their hands, suddenly had the classic thoughts, literature and drama of the world outspread like a book before their eyes on the screen.

Darkest Russia and Darkest America are both illumined and each borrows from the other a lesson that bears fruit in mutual contentment.

For a few cents the poor, the tired, the sorrowful had been able to assuage their grief and lighten their burdens. They learnt that there was nobility in suffering righteously, that good will triumph if coupled with courage, that the rich too have their human burdens.

Above all, the Motion Picture *taught the world how to laugh!* Thank God for those million laughs a day they used to manufacture! Only the insane have the power to sin with laughter in their hearts.

And now after a decade of carping criticism a group of junkers have been permitted to take the beloved pictures away from us!

They claim that millions were spent by the poor—aye, spent, but invested, too. Joy to the sinking heart is more precious than a bank account! Thank heaven for any means thru which we can buy happiness! Count them and you will find them few.

You who can travel must say good-by to the Alps; you who cannot read must re-enter the halls of oblivion; you who derived pleasure from the screen's storehouse must live with only a painful memory of it.

Now the third greatest industry, that strode ahead of the liquor industry, is blotted out. Just watch the liquor dragon raise its head to new heights.

You could not count in a year the people of America the pictures gratified in a day! It would take many days for the vast army of people allied with the now extinguished art to pass by a given point. The factories, studios, storehouses and buildings they occupy would cover the acreage of our largest city. The good they do covers the world daily!

I am a conservative man, yet I say, Rise and blot out, politically and socially, the group of junkers who have wiped out the noble industry and art of the Motion Picture!

Exasperatedly yours,

A Constant Reader and Thinker.

What time is it anyway? Gracious—I must have been dozing—and dreaming! Look here—it is nearly 7:15, and I'll miss the feature play if I dont hurry. Ugh! Wouldn't it be awful if there were no Motion Pictures!

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251 4th Ave., N.Y.

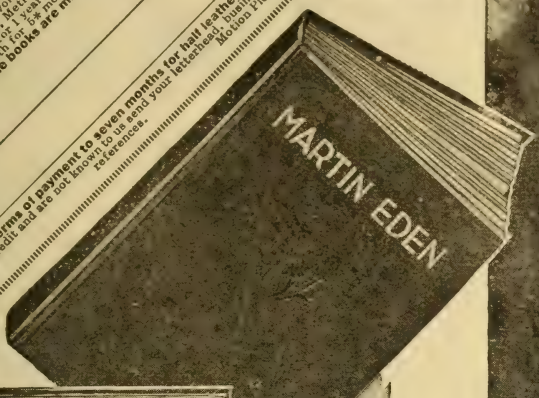
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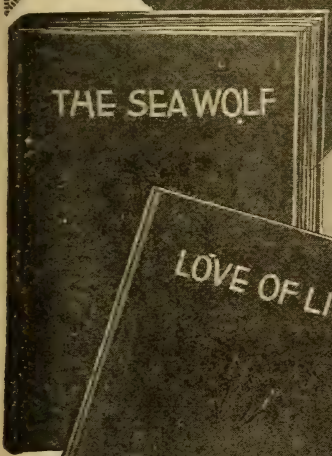
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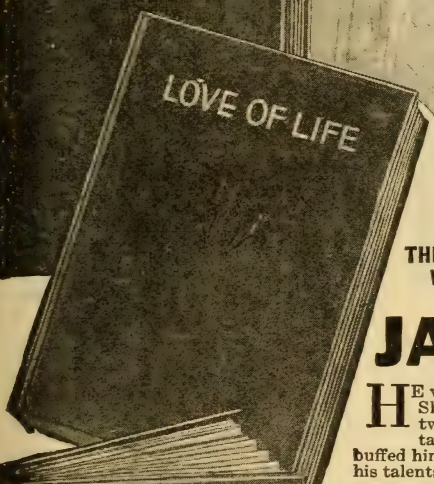
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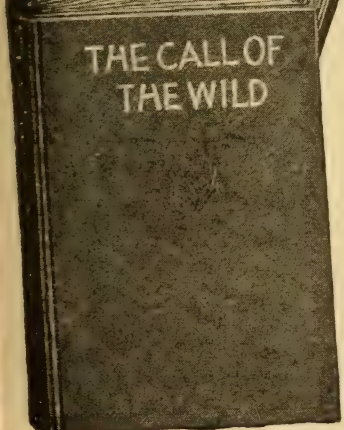
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"As his lips approached, hers flew to meet them."
—MARTIN EDEN



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HE was a rough, unlettered sailor. She was a lovely, spoiled darling of society. She fascinated him. He swore he would win her, despite the social gulf between them. He set out to become an author—the hardest game a man ever tackled. He knew nothing of grammar or plot—but he studied. Editors rebuffed him—he kept on. At last, by sheer force of will he made publishers recognize his talents; like Byron, he awoke one morning to find himself famous. But, on the verge of the bliss he had fought for—he turned from her. Why?

Let Jack London tell you in his own matchless way. Read "Martin Eden" for yourself.

It will add to the zest with which you read this absorbing love story to know that, when it deals with Martin's struggles to become an author, it is picturing Jack London's own career.

These Masterpieces Without Cost

In addition to "Martin Eden" the set contains these great stories:

"THE SEA-WOLF"

This novel created a veritable sensation when it appeared in The Century Magazine. Wolf Larsen is a new type of pirate. A monster in brawn and brain, devoid of conscience, he turns his ship into a hell. "The Sea-Wolf" is a big, breezy sea yarn, superbly written, and spun through it is a gripping love story.

"LOVE OF LIFE"

This tale of the struggles and sufferings of a starving gold miner clinging to life with unconquerable tenacity is paralleled today by the experience of wounded soldiers crawling back to their lines after being left for dead at the enemy's trench. It resembles Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage" in its stark realism and virility. (In this volume is included the second part of "The Sea-Wolf.")

"THE CALL OF THE WILD"

This big and human record of the Newfoundland dog's return to the wild is a narrative that grips both young people and their elders—many critics think it London's finest work—certainly it is the finest dog story in literature, and without a rival in its picturing of the frozen North.

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McCLURE BUILDING **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE** NEW YORK CITY

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

WILLIAM FOX has organized another company of juvenile players headed by Georgie Stone, the popular Triangle starlet. His miniature leading-lady will be Gertrude Messinger. "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" will be the first production of the new company.

Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden, twin stars of opera and photodrama, renewed acquaintance and compared notes at the Goldwyn studio, where Miss Garden is working on "Thaïs." For ten minutes the air was alive with a host of rapid-fire questions and answers—and the camera-man waited.

Marguerite Clark is not very big, but she made a sure-enough big record when she raised $15,000,000 for the Liberty Loan while on a visit to her home-town of Cincinnati.

In "Over There," Charles Richman's latest play, the trenches were constructed under the supervision of Lieut. W. A. O'Hara of the 24th Battalion Canadian Expeditionary Force, who spent seven months in the first-line trenches in Northern France.

The success of Douglas Fairbanks' first book, "Laugh and Live," has prompted him to begin another book along similar lines. Does Douglas never get tired, we wonder?



MARGARITA FISCHER

Margarita Fischer is permanently settled in a beautiful, artistically furnished home in Santa Barbara. Home means a lot to the fair Margarita, and when the new house was completed she had the time of her life fussing around, selecting places for her pictures and moving the furniture until she got it just where she wanted it.

James W. Gerard, former Ambassador to Germany, recently paid a visit to Universal City, and as a result he will be seen in one scene of "Beloved Jim," a Christmas play in which Priscilla Dean is starred.

Lester Cuneo, who has been appearing in pictures with Harold Lockwood for the last two years, has received his draft card and left New York for Chicago, his home, to be ready for his country's call. To date, ten men of the Metro-Yorke Company have been drafted to the country's colors.

Pathé's new feature policy for 1918 is set forth in the statement that the pictures of all the Pathé plays' stars will be booked under the star series plan. There will be eight each for the Bessie Love, Fannie Ward, Frank Keenan and Bryant Washburn series. The Pearl White series will contain about three pictures, and the Castle series will contain six. It is also announced that Hobart Henley, who made a sensation with his picture "Parentage," has been engaged by Astra, and will appear in a picture with Gladys Hulette and Creighton Hale.

When Viola Dana left New York for the Western studios she was accompanied to the station by the entire studio force. Just before she left she was presented with a handsome silver loving-cup as a tribute of affection and esteem.

William Duncan, director and lead at the Vitagraph Western studio, is not worrying about the styles in men's attire. Thruout the serial, "Vengeance and the Woman," Mr. Duncan wears overalls and a jumper. This Western stuff certainly is a slap in the face to the high cost of living.

"Her Second Husband," a new Mutual production in which Edna Goodrich is starred, deals with the latest social development in a highly interesting and instructive fashion. The play was written by Hamilton Smith.

Emily Stevens had a narrow escape from death recently when a tall tree, struck by lightning, fell on her automobile while being driven along a country road near Fort Lee, where "Alias Mrs. Jessop" was filmed. The accident brought an unscheduled thrill into the action, and the camera-man caught it all.

Melbourne McDowell, one of the real actors of the legitimate, who has appeared in the most dramatic and emotional of the older plays, has been re-engaged by Thomas H. Ince, and will appear in "The Edge of Sin," a new play starring Dorothy Dalton.

Nazimova and her supporting cast spent three weeks in New Orleans staging exterior scenes for "God's Message." Society was much interested in the work of the great actress, and seized upon the staging of this picture for a new fad of "matinées on location," where a "gallery" of society people gathered daily to watch the players. A number of ensemble scenes were staged with society volunteers.



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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Jewel Carmen, leading-woman for William Farnum in "Les Miserables," also in "The Conqueror," is advanced to full-fledged stardom because of her unusual dramatic ability. She leaves for the Fox Western studios in the near future to begin a series of features in which she will have the stellar part.

In Charles Ray's first Paramount picture he was seen as "His Father's Son," in the second he is "His Mother's Boy." So it will be something of a come-down when he has to appear in his next merely as "The Hired Man."

A newcomer to the Fox fold is Fred Church. Mr. Church is a Canadian by birth, but was educated at the University of Michigan. He began his screen career with the first company of filmites that appeared in Los Angeles, and is one of the best-known and best-liked players on the West Coast.



© Witzel

FRED CHURCH

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne's next picture will be "Red, White and Blue Blood." This romantic story of a young American couple reflects the life of society's best, and gives the famous co-stars rôles of equal prominence.

Nell Shipman is again to be featured by the Vitagraph Company. Alfred Whitman will play opposite Miss Shipman.

Mary McAllister, six-year-old star, is an example to any one. She is a sergeant in the United States Army, is studying French, has bought a Liberty Bond, and is starting a fund for smokes for soldiers.

Carol Holloway, who leaped into stardom by her work in "The Fighting Trail" with William Duncan, will play opposite him in his new serial, "Vengeance and the Woman."

Several thousand photographs have been collected at the Lasky studios in California and sent to the Neurasthenic Hospital, back of the American lines in France. These photographs will be in charge of Louis Coleman Hall, who is to be aide to Major Moore, famous neurologist, and will be used for the purpose of distracting the minds of soldiers suffering from mental disorders as the result of shell shock, privation, confinement, gas, etc.

A unique Motion Picture producing plant will be built in Hollywood, California, by Charlie Chaplin. The plant will be at once a workshop, studio, and a home for the film comedian and his brother.

Frank Losee, who acts the part of Bab's father in the "Sub-Déb" stories starring Marguerite Clark, has renewed his contract with the Famous Players-Lasky corporation, and will be seen in many forthcoming productions.

Leah Baird is to appear in six forthcoming super-features for a new company. It is said that in addition to her salary she is to receive a percentage of the profits.

Mary Miles Minter will give a big Christmas dinner to the children and families of Santa Barbara men called to the training camp.

Why should not the United States, with the co-operation of her great ally, Japan, ship a couple of million men across the Pacific to the Russian front, there surprising and overwhelming the Germans? That is the underlying plot of "The Secret Game," which affords Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star, the greatest vehicle of his career.

Dora Mills Adams, who recently supported Edna Goodrich in the all-star production, "Queen X," will be seen in the prominent rôle of Mrs. Pugfeather in Harold Lockwood's new play, "Love Me for Myself Alone." In this production Mrs. Adams plays her first light comedy rôle, having played the grande dame of society in dramatic pictures heretofore.

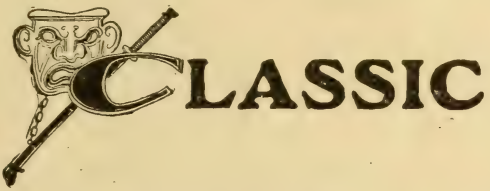
When Director Dawley filmed the theater scenes in "Bab's Matinée Idol" his most difficult task was to keep the eyes of the extras who formed the "audience" fixed on the stage where a play was supposed to be in progress. They wanted to look at Marguerite Clark who graced a stage box.

Vivian Martin plays one of her favorite rôles in "Molly Entangled." The dainty Irish colleen infuses into the story all the characteristics that go to make an Irish romance; and there are all sorts of visions of fairy rings, banshees, the "little people" —against a background of picturesqueness and beauty.

Artcraft has added to its starry ranks as follows: Lumsden Hare of McClure, Pedro de Cordoba of Ivan, and Macey Harlan of Pathé. The Fox forces have gained Marjorie Daw of Lasky, Eugenie Ford of Selig, Marin Sais of Kalem, Gloria Swanson and Bobbie Vernon of Keystone, and regained Vivian Rich. Vitagraph has added Gladys Leslie of Thanhouser, Grace Darmond of Pathé, and Herbert Prior of Edison.

HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD

We have no hesitancy in making that claim for our magazine, and we have yet to find a person willing seriously to dispute it. Each page is about twice the size of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE page, and the January number contains 84 pages, of which 68 are done by the beautiful Rotogravure process at an expense of about $12,000. It is a triumph of the printer's art, and everybody is talking about it. When you see a person on the cars reading a copy of the MOTION PICTURE



you may be sure that that person has an eye for the artistic and is proud to be seen with the handsomest magazine on sale anywhere at any price. *The International Studio* at 50 cts. is beautiful, *The Theater* is fine, *The Art World* is excellent, but the *CLASSIC* has them all beaten. If you doubt this statement, just stop at the next newsstand and compare the December Classic with all of the others and decide for yourself.

And not only is it typographically and pictorially beautiful, its literary merits are in full keeping with its attire. Such writers as Rex Beach, H. H. Van Loan, Martha Groves McKelvie, Dorothy Donnell, Ethel Rosemon are among the contributors, and every number contains a feature story of unusual excellence. In the January number a new continued story will begin, entitled

"MR. BIGGS PUTS IT OVER"

By H. H. VAN LOAN.

Mr. Biggs is a remarkable character. He reminds you somewhat of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," but he is funnier and more audacious. He is a promoter, or, rather, an exploiter, and after introducing chewing-gum among the natives of South America, he drifts into the Motion Picture business and does some wonderful things. Dont miss the first instalment. And when you have read that you are sure to follow this eccentric and interesting character thru to the end of his remarkable adventures.

The January Classic is full of good things, among them a chat with De Wolf Hopper, who tells of some of the funny things that happened to him when he was before the camera. And then there's Ethel Rosemon's interesting experiences as

THE CLASSIC'S EXTRA GIRL

And you will find a little of everything of interest to film fans and much that is of interest to those who are not. Of particular value is the Classic to those who want to keep informed of what's doing on the speaking stage, and to know at first hand all about those stage stars who are or who are about to become identified with Motion Pictures.

Everything in the Classic is fresh and new, and readers of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE should consider it a necessary part of their Motion Picture literature. To be well informed, and to know everything worth knowing in the film world, read *BOTH!* Anyway, dont miss the

JANUARY MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

20 cents a copy

On sale at all newsstands on and after December 15th

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Coming attractions will be "Babes in the Wood," with Francis Carpenter and Virginia Corbin, and there will be Mae Marsh in "The Cinderella Man," Alice Joyce and Marc MacDermott in "A Woman Between Friends," and "The Judgment House," a J. Stuart Blackton production featuring Conway Tearle and Violet Heming.

Frank Borzage is with Triangle, also Claire McDowell (of Universal), and Olga Grey has returned to Triangle. Charles Richman and Anna Nilsson are with Select Pictures, also Walter McGrail, formerly of Vitagraph. Pauline Curley of Selznick is with Metro, Claire Whitney is with the Clara Kimball Young Company, and Valentine Grant of Famous Players is with the Sidney Olcott Company.

Mary Thurman, the little Mack Sennett comédienne, wears a gown in a cabaret scene that makes her look more like a Persian princess than a cabaret singer. But Mary is beautiful, also shapely, and she has the dress; therefore she's going to wear it.



MARY THURMAN

A large part of Helen Holmes' spare time for the last few weeks has been occupied in examining baby boys. Because — Dorothy Holmes MacGowan, the pretty little two-year-old adopted daughter, wants a brother. Miss Holmes says she shall have it, and announces that the baby boy must be between one and three years old, of honest parentage and sound health.

Ethel Barrymore has finished the powerful, emotional screen play, "The Eternal Mother," and will follow it by a comedy delineation. "An American Widow" is the comedy vehicle chosen, and Miss Barrymore has the rôle of a dashing young widow with very definite ideas as to her requirements for a second husband.

Francis Ford, who has been in Motion Pictures since their earliest days, both as director and player, has been engaged as one of the two directors for Harold Lockwood, who is to work under the dual director system. Under this system the Yorke Film corporation will make one Lockwood production a month.

Mary Garden, the famous opera singer, journeyed a thousand miles to St. Augustine for the filming of twenty scenes in "Thaïs," spending two days in St. Augustine and about six hours in actual work.

Rita Jolivet hoisted the American flag over the submarine that has been placed in Central Park, New York, at the exercises attendant on the final drive for dollars in the second Liberty Loan campaign. This particular example of U-boat frightfulness was loaned to the United States Government by the British Government. Miss Jolivet was one of the survivors of the *Lusitania*, and is starred in "Lest We Forget," a photo spectacle in which the sinking of this ill-starred ship and its attendant incidents form the thread of the story.

It is said that stars in the wintry sky gleam with unusual brilliancy; but they cant outshine the stars of Shadowland in these and other delightful screen plays: Mary Garden, grand opera star, will be seen on the screen for the first time in "Thaïs"; Madame Petrova will appear in her first Petrova picture, "The Daughter of Destiny"; Mabel Normand in "Joan of Plattsburg"; Alice Brady in "Her Silent Sacrifice"; Emily Stevens in "Alias Mrs. Jessop," and Harold Lockwood in "The Square Deceiver."

We mourn the untimely demise of the Thanhouser-Pathé star, Florence LaBadie. Several months ago she was injured in an automobile accident. This was followed by a nervous breakdown and a complication of diseases. She died October 13 in a hospital at Ossining-on-the-Hudson, where she had been under the care of physicians for some time. Miss LaBadie is best remembered for her exquisite portrayal of Mary in "The Star of Bethlehem." Later she added to her fame in "The Million Dollar Mystery," "The Man Without a Country," and many other dramas. She was of French-Canadian parentage, was educated at the convent of Notre Dame in Montreal, and was an all-round athlete. To know Florence LaBadie was to love her; and her many friends all over the world will miss her winning smile and sweet personality from the Motion Picture screen.

Norma Talmadge has finished casting for her screen adaptation of Rupert Hughes' drama, "Two Women," in which she will be seen following her appearance in "The Secret of the Storm Country." The supporting cast includes Eugene O'Brien, John Daly Murphy, Stuart Holmes and Jean Lenox, author of Eva Tanguay's success, "I Dont Care," and other musical-comedy song hits.

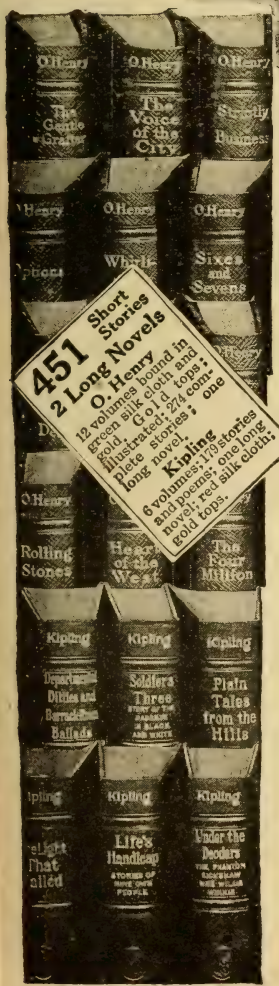
She Called Herself a Thief—and Worse



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TOM FORMAN

UNCLE SAM'S army is truly a melting-pot. It gives a man a number and takes away his name. "'Tensun, company! One—two—three—four!" But then again, a name once made in the ranks is writ in imperishable letters of fire. There is Corporal Tom Forman, for instance. One day he is a Lasky leading-man, with an admiring audience stretching from the Golden Gate to New York Bay; the next he is an indiscriminate khaki man, bending over a wash-tub to an audience of one—Corporal Tom Forman. The other day he sent us on a bunch of snaps, and we are showing him here at clean-up time. We are also the proud possessors of snaps of Corporal Tom on inspection, in column of four, and in loose formation hike. Tom Forman is a fine, soldierly-looking chap in his uniform, and we'll gamble our last cent that he wont be found wanting when the time comes.



PRISCILLA DEAN

"The Gray Ghost" boasted of quite a few accidents, but it was a ghostly day indeed in Universal City when Priscilla Dean went wrong in one of her perilous stunts and was

(*Continued on page* 148)



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(*Continued from page* 146)

carried off in an ambulance, looking mighty sweet but mighty pale, with a broken left arm. The day that Priscilla returned to the studio, still convalescent, a holiday was declared, which developed into a rousing ovation for her. It's mighty tough to be knocked out flat, but remember that beauty crushed to earth is bound to rise again.



VALENTINE GRANT

Some people insist that all it takes to be a movie star is nerve. Valentine Grant, who recently had a glorious picture "come-back" in "The Belgian," with Walker Whiteside, wishes to say that all the bravery isn't confined to the picture profession, for Valentine has a good friend who is composed, so she says, chiefly of nerve and more nerve. He is Commander McClain, of the Anchor Line S.S. *Tuscania.* Commander McClain has been chased by submarines so many times that now he refuses to even admit a faint thrill when he sees a snooping periscope. He has told Miss Grant, during some of her visits aboard the ship, of these chases, until Valentine has become fired with the spirit of adventure and is begging for a vacation so that she can go over on the *Tuscania's* next trip to England and see a submarine chase for herself. As we said before, all the bravery isn't confined to the picture profession, but there's a lot of it confined in the small, vigorous body of one V. G.

Dashing Ann Murdock, who was one of the first stars last year to set the fashion of doubling up on stage and screen, has been too busy this fall to even think of a new stage play, which is quite careless of Ann. A genuine stage star, especially Ann, has an awful lot to say about her picture productions. Director Dell Henderson plays second fiddle on such little details as casting, selecting the story and working out the action. At



ANN MURDOCK

least Dell pretends to, artful man! We have here a little off-stage picture of Ann Murdock in consultation with Dell Henderson over the scenario of her latest picture, and you may be sure she is laying down the law to him, whether he is a law-abiding citizen or not.



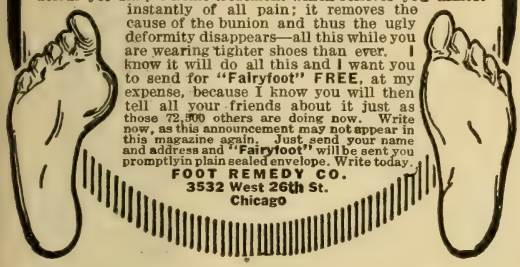
WALLACE REID

Back-stage entertainment is usually pretty simple with Wally Reid. Mostly he's so pure that he goes at it alone with solos on the

(*Continued on page* 150)

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY at 175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., for OCTOBER 1, 1917. State of NEW YORK, County of KINGS. Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the EDITOR, MANAGING EDITOR, BUSINESS MANAGER, SEC.-TREAS., of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock): J. STUART BLACKTON, 213 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EDWIN M. LA ROCHE, 2237 84th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ALBERT E. SMITH, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; FRANK J. MARION, 235 W. 23d St., New York; ALICE M. LONG, 235 W. 23d St., New York; GASTON MELIES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York. (3) That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): J. STUART BLACKTON, 213 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, thru the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is ——. (This information is required from daily publications only.)—EUGENE V. BREWSTER. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this Twenty-seventh day of September, 1917.—GOTTFRIED J. KOHLHEPP. (My commission expires March 30, 1918.)



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THE MOVIE GOSSIP-SHOP

(*Continued from page* 148)

saxophone or any other old instrument. A short time ago, while waiting for the stage carpenters to erect a set for "Nan of Music Mountain," Wally was so bold as to invite Anna Little and George Melford, their director, to shoot a game of pill pool. It is a lowly amusement, about a nickel the pill, but the only one who raided this harmless little gamble was our Kodak Flea, who snapped them in the midst of their crime.



BEATRIZ MICHELENA

Fascinating Beatriz Michelena is given to shining brightly as a picture star, and then to disappear quite as completely as the stars above. You see she has a beautiful home in California and family interests, so that the pictured celluloid ribbon is not the only tie that binds. Recently our Santa Monica camera-sleuth "shot" her while motoring on the placid waters of the Bay, a-sailoring with her old friend, "Nicholas Second." Beg pardon; we should say "Kerensky." Soon after the recent little tea-party in Russia, "Nicholas Second" decided to change his name. A pretty wise dog. By the way, he is no wiser than his mistress, who is coming back to the pictures soon again in her own productions.

Since Helen Holmes has engaged a former light-weight champion to give her daily instructions in the manly art of self-defense—no, not so that she can dodge the invasion of the Huns, but so that she can properly play her part in "The Lost Express," her new serial—the men have been pessimistically expecting her to steal all their honors. But this is too much—she has recently captured the prize button given for the biggest catch

made this season at Catalina Island in California. And lest some of the former champions should fail to hear of their ignominy in being defeated in their own line by one of the "infernal feminine," she has had her picture taken with her catch. But she hastens to assure you that the catch was *not* made with the slim little fishing-rod in her hand—that was merely for "local color."



HELEN HOLMES

It was a battery of cameras that greeted little Bessie Love in the Grand Central's terminal, New York, after her big exodus from the West to the East. Of course the movie men attracted a crowd, and the cameras attracted Bessie Love, and Bessie Love



BESSIE LOVE

(*Continued on page* 168)



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THE ANSWER MAN

(*Continued from page* 125)

TWO SYDNEY CORNSTALKS.—Every man should be engaged, I think, to at least one woman. It is the homage we owe to womankind and a duty to our souls. His fiancée is indeed the Madonna of true-hearted man; the thought of her is a shrine at the wayside of one's meditations, and her presence a temple wherein we cleanse our souls—but I didn't compose that.

M. E. G., RICHMOND.—Josephine Crowell was Miranda in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Very few men are brave enough to allow a mind reader to expose their thoughts in the presence of friends. The best of us have skeletons in our closets. Why does Eva Tanguay wear gloves? I wonder why!

ME; JOEL K.; GERALDINE D.; VIOEL N. & PELICAN P.; WILL-O'-THE-WISP; FLORENE S.; CREIGHTON HALE; GRACE DARMOND CLUB; EUNICE P., 12; MARY E. ALLAN; FRESHIE; IRISH-AMERICAN, S. C.; JACK N., N. Y.; MARION W.; HULDA; PEGGY, 16; CORPORALS JOHN T. & J. S.; WM. S. HART ADMIRER; DAVID P.; DOROTHY W.; NELL W.; MELEDA W.; EVA K.; R. STOFFREGEN; SARA R., OHIO; BAY B.; CADDIE; OLIVIA L.; G. P., PHILA.; L. J. CUMMINGS; EDNA S., ILL.; K. M. MILLEN, IOWA; MAY O.; WHISKERS; FOLLY; MURIEL W.; RICHARD S.—Thanks, good friends, but I can make no comments other than appear elsewhere in this department. So, again, thanks to you all!

H. A. M.—Yes, Helen L. R., Cupid, Olga 17, Flossie C. P., Lottie D. T., Anthony and others have all forgotten the poor old Answer Man. Hope you write to me often. It is said that 200 of Ruth St. Denis' most popular dancers appear in Mary Pickford's "A Little Princess."

HULA DULA.—Agnes Eyre was Imogene in "Richard the Brazen." Laura Sears and Jack Livingston were the parents in "Slumberland." Richard Tucker in "The Law of the North." As I have said before, Hula, many a man has aimed at a chorus girl and hit a star.

MABEL F.—You want me to give you some verses to write in your friend's autograph book. I'm thinking hard and will let you know the result. The siege of Troy is largely a myth, even according to Homer's own account. Helen must have been 60 years old when Paris fell in love with her.

POLLY.—Frances Morgan was the girl in "Daring Diana." Emory Johnson was Robert in "The Unattainable." Gladys Leslie will play opposite Harry Morey and Grace Darmond will play opposite Earle Williams.

NELSON DOUBLEDAY, OYSTER BAY, N. Y.—I acknowledge receipt of your volume, "Forty Thousand Quotations," compiled by Charles Noel Douglas. This book is a library in itself and worth many times the $2.95 you ask for it. Everybody should have a copy, because it is invaluable as a work of reference and is mighty good reading for an odd hour. It is the equivalent of all other quotation books put together.

THE ANSWER MAN

C. L. S.—Thanks. Frank Mayo is with the World Film Co., playing opposite Ethel Clayton. Bessie Learn is playing with Pearl White for Pathé.

PEGGY O.—I'm sorry, but the Wallace Reid interview referred to was in July, 1916. You may obtain a copy from our Sales Manager for 15 cents. Katharine MacDonald, sister to Mary MacLaren, will play opposite Jack Pickford in "The Spirit of '17."

SIR FRANCIS.—For twelve months you haven't written me, and yet you call me the O. Henry of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. I dont quite get you, but thanks just the same. Your letter was certainly a sparkler, and I enjoyed every word of it. Socrates says that the study of philosophy is the studying how to die. In that case we shall not study philosophy, for we are kept busy studying how to live.

FLORIENE, OHIO.—Why, yes; Barbara Gilroy was with the Frohman Company last. I'm very sorry. Yes, the Reids have one child. Cleo Ridgely and Wallace Reid in "The Chorus Lady." I'm sorry, but I wont be able to interest a director in your play. They wont listen to me.

JAMES S., ST. LOUIS.—Thanks for the stickpin. I wear it all the time. Vivian Rich is playing with Gladys Brockwell in Fox productions. Yes, I saw "The Boomerang when it played in New York. Anna Held played in "Madame la President."

KANGAROO C.—You say you want a photo of Carlyle Blackwell and Creighton Hale in the Magazine soon. George Melford is directing "Nan of Music Mountain," with Wallace Reid, Anna Little, Theodore Roberts, James Cruze, Raymond Hatton, Charles Ogle, Guy Oliver, Horace B. Carpenter and Ernest Joy. Quite a familiar cast.

YOUNG AUSTRALIAN.—Robert Vignola is directing Pauline Frederick for Famous Players. Most of the producers are putting their names on the screen. Let me know how you like Mabel Normand on the January Classic cover. Margery Lawrence was Dorothy in "Anything Once."

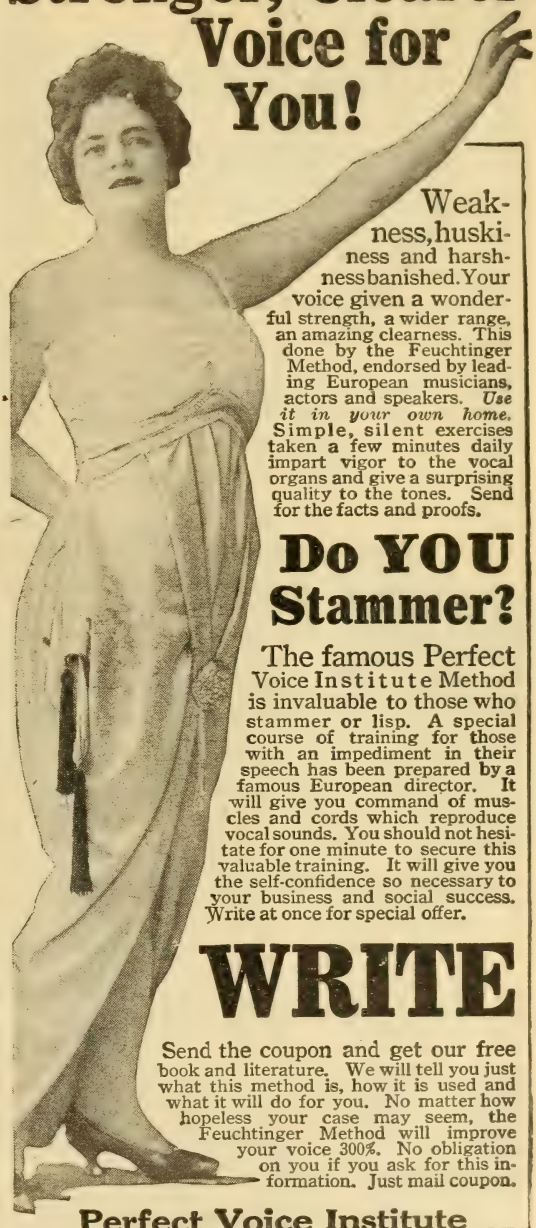
K. M. D., WEST AUSTRALIA.—Very glad to hear from you Australians. The high cost of postage doesn't feaze you any. Marc MacDermott was the lead in "Deadly Hate."

KOOKABURRA.—Hartsook is a photographer out West, not East. Well, a woman judges a man from what he says, society from what he wears, the world from what he makes, but the wisest of all is the child, who judges him from what he is.

FLORRIE D., AUSTRALIA.—Your only wish is that Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance get married. George S. Trimble was the general in "Arms and the Girl." Yes, he was some big boy.

G. O. P., PROVIDENCE.—Sorry, but I dont know June Caprice's father or mother. Yes, in Mississippi. Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant had the leads in "The Belgian." Yes, I liked it very much, and thought the photography was immense. You remember Valentine Grant with Lubin years ago.

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THE ANSWER MAN

JITTIE.—Stuart Holmes left Fox. You refer to Wallace MacDonald in "The Princess of Park Row," with Mildred Manning. We will have an interview with him soon. Guy Coombs was Harry in "Bab's Diary." I'm beginning to think that there is only one kind of genius—the genius of industry. Given the average intelligence and plenty of industry and stick-to-it-iveness and almost anything is possible.

FELIX, MELBOURNE.—You say you and your friend had a bet to see which would see the most number of films in one week. You saw 44 and your friend saw 16. You certainly couldn't have gone to school very much to see that many. You want to get in touch with an American girl with nice long hair. Well, the only advice I can give you is to get in touch with one of the correspondence clubs—lots of their members have massive hirsute adornments.

ROTEA-ROA.—Whatever that means. *Pâté de fois gras* is a luxury that I indulged in only once. Never again! It seems that the geese are tied up to stakes and fattened with oil and grease until they get fatty degeneration of the liver. The goose dies and its diseased liver is served as *pâté de fois gras.* Paul Gordon was Dick in "Vanity." Orral Humphrey was in "A Dream." You refer to William Sorelle in "Fortunes of Fifi."

KAITI.—Bobby Connelly was Bobby, and Aida Horton was Skinny in "Bobby and Company." They also played in "Bobby and the Fairy." Evart Overton was Stanley, Agnes Ayres was Alice and Adele De Garde was Dorothy in "The Bottom of the Well" (Vitagraph). So Mary Pickford, bless her heart, sent you one of her photos.

MISS ANZAC.—Strange to say, New York is a city of mediocrity. There are so many entertainments, theaters, cabarets, libraries and churches that its inhabitants have not learnt how to amuse themselves or even pray for themselves. Constance Talmadge was the mountain girl in "Intolerance." Marjorie Wilson in "Brown Eyes."

HUIA P., NEW ZEALAND.—Edna Goodrich was Beth, and Carl Brickett the landscape engineer in "A Daughter of Maryland" (Mutual). As to Friday being unlucky, Columbus sailed on Friday and discovered the New World on Friday; the Mayflower arrived at Plymouth Rock on Friday; Washington was born on Friday; the Battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Friday; the Colonies were united on Friday, and the Declaration of Independence was read on Friday. I happened to have been born on Monday, unfortunately, and not on Friday.

ELVIE M. S.—Your coupon is too old.

RITA, 16.—Carlyle Blackwell was William, Evelyn Greely was Alice in "The Burglar." Juliette Day was Mildred in "The Calendar Girl." She is now playing in a musical-comedy on Broadway. Raymond Whitaker was Mason in "Love Aflame." You refer to Maury Stuart.

THE ANSWER MAN

COYA W., WELLINGTON.—Sessue Hayakawa was Arai and Tsuru Aoki was O'Mitsu in "The Call of the East." Jane Wolf was Yuri. Send it to any one of the manufacturers, but the majority of them write their own plays around the stars. A pretty girl who has nothing else to offer finds more lovers than husbands. Dick Rosson was Cassidy, and Pauline Curley was Grant's daughter in "Cassidy" (Triangle).

G. R. M.—Friends are all right, but use the greatest care in choosing the right kind. We are led to condone faults and even vices in friends, and this is hurtful to us as well as to them. Edgar Norton was Valentine Borroyer in "The Beautiful Adventure."

TWO SYDNEY CORNSTALKS.—You must see "Cleopatra." It is having quite a run in New York. Fannie Ward is regarded as one of the wealthiest actresses, and it is said that her jewels alone were appraised at something like a million dollars.

CHARLES R. ADMIRER.—You dont believe I am as old as I pretend? How dare you entertain a doubt! Come see me and be convinced. No, I dont have the private addresses of players. Elaine Hammerstein was Ann Gray, Wilfred Lucas was Richard in "The Co-respondent." Enid Markey was Eva, Edward Coxen was John Gilbert and Jack Standing was Leon Spencer in "The Curse of Eve" (Corona Cinema).

LILY R.—Warren Kerrigan's first release was "A Man's Man." William Duncan, Carol Holloway in "Dead-Shot Baker." William Duncan also directed it.

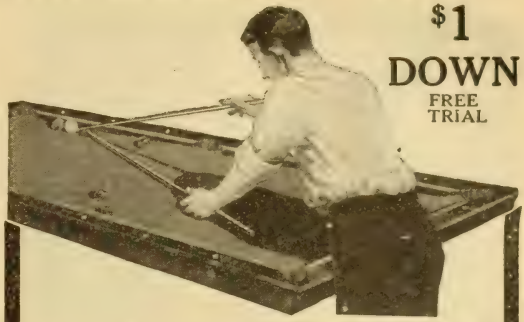
BEATRIX.—Alice Joyce and Tom Moore both wish it known that they are not getting a divorce and that they are living happily. We are indeed sorry that a false report should have gained such credence. G. M. Anderson is in New York now. Henry Walthall in his own company, releasing thru Paralta.

PAULINE FREDERICK ADMIRER.—Irving Cummings in "The World's Great Snare." Thomas Holding in "The Moment Before." Earle Foxe in "Ashes of Ember." No, I doubt whether you will see Anita Stewart in California this year. Ruth Clifford and Monroe Salisbury in "The Desire of the Moth."

VIOLA W.—Those of you who believe in lucky or unlucky days should remember that what is a lucky day for you may be an unlucky day for somebody else. There can be no gain without some loss. You say you wanted to give William S. Hart a bouquet of flowers when he was in Idaho, but since no one else gave him flowers you got cold feet. Anna Lehr in "Bugle Call."

QUESTIONER.—L. C. Shumway in "Behind the Lines."

EDNA, 15.—Billie Burke is with Paramount. Address all players in care of the company. A large share of credit is due Moving Pictures for the recent successful floating of the Liberty Loan.



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THE ANSWER MAN

ANTHONY.—I have steadfastly refused to divulge marital relations. In some cases players are willing to let it be known they are married, in others they strongly object to it, so I have been a sphinx on the subject. However, in your case I am going to make a glittering exception. Here is the complete list of every Universal player grouped in the married and unmarried columns. Read it and let overweening curiosity be consumed for once and all. Unmarried—Molly Malone, Kathleen O'Connor, Magdalene Baur, Lee Moran, William Stowell, Priscilla Dean, Monroe Salisbury, Harry Carter, Franklyn Farnum, Carmel Myers and Lena Baskette. Married—Gale Henry, Emory Johnson, Kingsley Benedict, Jean Hersolt, Edith Johnson, William Franey, Duke Worne, Dave Morris, Stanley Laurel, Eddie Lyons, Helen Gibson, Eddie Polo, Lawrence Peyton, Louise Lovely, Neal Hart, Wheeler Oakman, Ben Wilson, Herbert Rawlinson and Jack Mulhall. The last mentioned is now with Triangle.

DOROTHY E. E.—I am pretty sure Paul Willis will send his picture to you if you be sure to enclose 25 cents. You refer to Henry Kolker. I answer just as quickly as I can, but I receive thousands of letters. See?

FULLER FAN.—The American Company have just perfected a camera that will project on a 36-foot screen. The new process requires a strip of film a trifle over four inches wide, which unrolls from right to left in a camera six feet wide. There are five lenses, producing a strip of pictures five deep, each one three-fourths of an inch square. It will give an entire view of any pageant or parade instead of one objective point.

R. E. D.—Not Wallace Reid, but Edward Langford left for the army. Ethel Clayton and Edward Langford, also Montagu Love, in "The Dormant Power."

THOMAS F., BROOKLYN.—You want me to page Zoe and Clio, and ask them to come back in my department. There are a lot of you whom I miss.

ETHEL, 16.—Pearl White has been in pictures for about seven years. Arnold Daly is not playing in pictures. Helen Gibson was Nona in "The End of the Run."

MARY FULLER FAN.—Thanks for the handkerchiefs. They are fine, and came in mighty handy.

A BLUE RIBBONER

"I never fail to have some fun," says William Farnum, "when I happen upon a crowd of small boys. The other day I saw several sitting in a ring with a small dog in the center. When I came up to them I asked: 'What are you doing to the dog?'

"'Nothing,' said one boy. 'We're telling lies. The one who tells the biggest lie gets the dog.'

"'I am surprised at you little boys,' I said. 'When I was like you I never told a lie.'

"There was silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted: 'Hand him up the dog!'"

Out of the avalanche of mail that comes to Jack Pickford each day the youthful star found this not long ago:

"AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS"

(Memory of a Lost Love)

Dear Jack, impulsive seventeen,
When I behold you on the screen,
Your funny, foolish, "kiddish" ways
Remind me of some happy days,
And of a youthful sweetheart, too,
Who acted just the same as you.

You call to mind a summer spent,
Brimful of joy and merriment;
Of country lanes and babbling brooks—
Bright, sunlit paths and shady nooks;
I loved him well, for all his youth,
So may as well admit the truth.

Where he is now I do not know;
We parted many moons ago.
But true it is, 'tis certain he
Lives in your personality.
Which fact should never cause you trouble;
He was "some boy"—and you're his double. IRENE V. H——.

Jack broke a record of long standing—he answered the poem-letter the same day he got it. This is what he wrote:

"IRENE IN WONDERLAND"

Irene, I have your little note;
And while I've never been a pote,
I feel I must reply in rhyme,
If only just to show that I'm
No piker when it comes to verse—
In fact, in prose I write much worse.

But tell me, Reeny, what you mean
By that "impulsive seventeen"?
And while you're at it, tell the truth
About that line "for all his youth."
You think we kids cant have romance?
Say, say, Irene, give us a chance!

The other youth you used to know,
You split with "many moons ago."
What made him leave you?—that's the riddle.
You want me now for second fiddle?
Nay! Tho you're Venus, pippin, queen!
Nay! Not for Jack; nay, nay, Irene!

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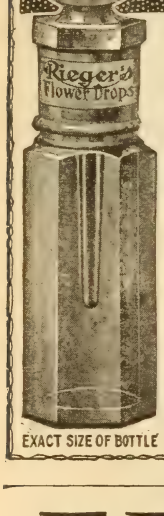


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The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.00 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new extra odors, "Mon Amour" and "Garden Queen," which are very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors. Send stamps or currency.

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Across the Silver Sheet

(*Continued from page* 111)

thruout the photoplay. Francis Carpenter as Aladdin is little less than a prodigy, and Virginia Corbin as Princess Badr-al-Budur renders an imitation of a lovelorn princess that is simply exquisite. In the words of one in the audience, "Who would ever believe that children could have such expressions at their command? They can teach the grown-ups a whole lot." H. S. N.

"The Co-respondent" (Jewel Productions).—"The Co-respondent" is one of those rare things, a powerful story, simply told. It can be described only by one adjective, exquisite. It will bring back to you all the dreams and hopes and ambitions that you had when you were very, very young; and if you are still very young it will encourage you to go on struggling, for the struggle is worth while in the end. I should say that Elaine Hammerstein is one of our big coming stars. She is predestined to be not only popular, but also worthy of that popularity. As the little country girl she is refreshingly youthful. As the dauntless newspaper woman she is forceful. Altogether, here are a photoplay and a star worthy serious consideration. What more can be said? H. S. N.

"The Son of His Father" (Thomas Ince-Paramount).—Here we have a star of the first water, a splendid supporting cast, fascinating scenery and settings expended on a photoplay that is composed of old plots, coincidence and vicious fights. Charles Ray, than whom there is no more innocent or boyish-looking juvenile in the business, is cast as the spendthrift son of a wealthy father. Of course he is bullied by dad and bets him he will make good the way his dad has, which marvel, of course, he does by going out West and beating dad at his own business. There are a girl, Vola Vale, and a Robert McKim, villain, which gives an opportunity for a fight, a very good fight, too, let it be remarked, considering the slenderness of young Ray. Now this cannot be judged as drama. It is merely interesting make-believe, just like you and I used to play in the big barn or attic when we got the chance. We like it because of Charles Ray's indefinable charm. It interests us, amuses us. At times it touches the farcical, as, for instance, when the Chinese cook enters the room after the fight and sees everything broken and topsy-turvy and says, "You all been velly busy this morning," but there is no vital story here, no vital characterization, merely entertaining action by attractive performers. So how can it be judged as drama? H. S. N.

"Arms and the Girl" (Paramount).—Billie Burke does very little in this film play to add to her screenic reputation. Perhaps this is not so much Miss Burke's fault as that of the direction and the weakness of the scenario in general. There were several improbabilities: for instance, when the enemy leave the village they accommodatingly abandon Thomas Meighan's car so that he and his bride may escape conveniently, and so far as we could

see there was no necessity for Billie Burke and Thomas Meighan making love in front of a window-shade for the benefit of the onlookers in the street, even if they did do it very well. There are many laughs in the play and the German general is quite ludicrous at times. As a whole it is interesting, but really not worthy the efforts of such great stars. E. M. H.

"The Firefly of Tough Luck" (Triangle).—The salient feature of this excellent Western play is the acting of Walt Whitman, who is rapidly gaining an enviable reputation as an old character actor. Here he is aided by careful direction, realistic settings and an entertaining story which is enhanced by unusually artistic photography in several instances. In short it is worthy of being ranked as a high-class entertainment of its own type. J.

"The Price Mark" (Ince-Paramount).—As I write this the feel of "The Price Mark" is still in my blood. It is a gripping, morbid, thrilling tale of the strength of lust and passion and the everlasting struggle of the girl who wants to be good but is forced down by the masculine sensualist who takes advantage of her inability to earn enough "filthy gilt" to feed herself. In spite of the fact that supercilious critics are going to call this plot hoary and the tale sensational melodrama, it is an excellently motivated story. From the moment when it opens in the mystic settings of modern Egypt until its close in NewYork City, U. S. A., with the good man conquering and the best in the woman living while the wicked one dies, there isn't one action that depends upon coincidence, with the exception perhaps of Paula's meeting with the Doctor hero. Dorothy Dalton brings all her virile, youthful sympathy into an age-old rôle. She has to weep and weep, and then some, and the tears just stream down her cheeks—but she does it very artistically, for which we can forgive much. Whether Thomas Ince directed this or merely supervised it is the question—either way I was mightily surprised in the first reel. The charming Dorothy, upon being lured into an apartment, tries on a silken kimono over her shirt-waist and suit skirt. Enter the villain. Wild excess of modesty upon Dorothy's part, who clutches said kimono close about her neck—mind you, her shirt-waist and skirt are *under it!* Such little things make "The Price Mark" a very "melo" melodrama, and all in all it is pretty raw stuff to serve, even for the present-day sophisticated audience. Let Mr. Ince thank the excellent work of Dorothy Dalton and the well-done continuity of the scenario for putting this across successfully. The men folk in the piece, namely, William Conklin and Thurston Hall, are sufficient unto their end. H. S. M.

"The Adventurer" (Mutual). As I walked down the aisle I wondered what had struck the audience. They seemed to be having spasms—whether from joy or anguish I couldn't quite tell, from the wild sounds that issued convulsively from their throats. Upon looking at the screen I saw *Charlie Chaplin,* thereupon I deduced that it was wild mirth



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Words by **Francis X. Bushman**
One of the most popular of players.

Music by **Carl Fiqué**
One of the ablest of musicians.

It is a war-time song, with a true martial snap to the chorus, and it wont be long before the boys in the trenches will be singing it just as they used to sing "Tipperary."

There are six verses and a rousing chorus to the song, and we here give its chorus:

Then it's—
Tighten up the belt of navy blue,
Cut out a luxury or two;
Dont sit down and curse—
Say "It might be worse!"
And carry round a smile with you.

You'll all be humming this air soon, and the boys will be whistling it on the street, so get in on it early. The only way at present to beat the music publishers is to order a copy of the FEBRUARY CLASSIC, which will contain the music in full size and all the words. The music alone is worth the 20c asked for the CLASSIC, which is the handsomest magazine on earth.

that was agitating the audience. "The Adventurer" is his latest release and in many respects his best. It is laughable from beginning to end, proving beyond a doubt that this comedian has no equals in this particular kind of farce. J.

"His Busy Day" (Triangle).—A farce-comedy bordering on slapstick, but not containing so much of it as to be absurd. The characters are all well drawn and well played. All in all a farce that may be considered a very fair and entertaining offering. J.

"Wild Sumac" (Triangle).—A story of the Canadian Northwest. Marjory Wilson is sprightly, elfish and beautiful as "Wild Sumac," the supposed daughter of Lupine (Frank Brownlee), a half-breed, and his Indian wife. The citizens of the place believe her to be a murderess as well as a witch and decide to burn her at the stake. As the smoke and flames swirl about her a rescue is made, her real parentage revealed and the climax is a series of interesting situations. The play has all the elements of popular appeal. It is a thrilling drama with comedy relief and a splendid interpretation of the great outdoors below the Arctic circle. L. M.

"Cassidy" (Triangle).—A "photo-gloom" drama with nothing to recommend it except the superb acting of young Dick Rosson as a consumptive "roughneck" and a few exciting struggles and murders in a dive. If this would not give a monkey the "willies," no play would. J.

"The Gray Ghost" (Universal).—I accidentally ran into this thing on the same program with "Cassidy," and anybody who can sit thru both these "photo-glooms" in one evening deserves several medals. The particular chapter of this serial (No. 8, I believe) was nothing but a series of scuffles, hold-ups, trap-doors, crimes and escapes, with not a redeeming virtue. Even Eddie Polo had nothing to do but make a good dive and ride a horse. Plays like this are a disgrace to the business. J.

"Sunshine Alley" (Goldwyn).—Here we have the customary poor-little-good-girl who, thru an auto accident to her granddad, meets the nice-rich-young-man, who no sooner lays eyes on her than he falls in love with her. The shy lassie who drops a courtesy (by the way, does any one in any class still drop courtesies in America?) every time the rich lady, gentleman or son speaks to her, enters this beautiful home to doctor a sick, pet bird while a ball is going on. With the sang-froid of a débutante, she steps off into a 1917 fox-trot with rich, young man. Mae Marsh *has* charm, but, as a whole, she has been poorly directed in this picture. One moment she is the simple alley-girl; the next, a coquettish maiden who veils her face with her hands from aforementioned young man. The chief entertainment of the picture is afforded by some excellently trained animals. "Sunshine Alley" is a saccharinely romantic, clean little play and will generally appeal, but to those with a discriminating taste will prove pretty light food. H. S. N.

NO WONDER MANAGERS SUFFER FROM DYSPEPSIA!

Every studio mail brings its outpourings from "movie-mad" young girls. There is no end to them — pickle-factory workers from Pittsburgh, shirtwaist strikers from Woonsocket, Gladys Joyous from the pie-counter—from everywhere they persist in trying to take the studios by storm. The two following letters recently received by Manager Frank Loomis, Vitagraph, are cases in point:

"Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, New York:

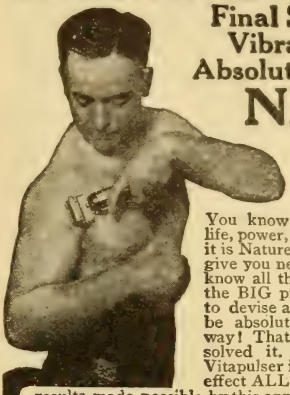
"DEAR SIRS—I fully realize that you are well filled with applications for extra parts at your studio, but I trust you will have the kindness to observe if you find in me any attractions that will satisfy your desires. Ever since a child my ambitions was centered on becoming an actress. I am naturally very emotionative — can cry and blush at will. People tell me that it always 'looks like' if I'm acting. The desire to become an actress is driving me insane. I am poor and will have to wait, but if you will refuse even to try me you will regret it some day, for the name below that is now in the dark will some day outwin the brightest star.

"Awaitingly,
"MARY ———."

"MY DEAR MR. LOOMIS—I can tell by your letter to me that you are a very kind man, and only for that reason I am venturing to write to you once more. I am sending you two photos of me which I beg and implore you to look at, as you may find in me some prerogatives to satisfy your desires. I am a country girl who was never taught anything—above all, acting, but since your position is managing, and a big company like the Vitagraph, too, I feel certain that your scrutinizing gaze will not fail to observe that to become a movie actress I could undergo all the tortures of the Inquisition of Spain. I fully realize that it is very hard work, but that would only divert me above comprehension. I dont look for money, but just for that beautiful and sweet 'emotion.' In the next play you put out, please try to find me an extra part. * * * I swear to you in the name of anything that you would never regret it, but you'd bless the time, instead, you had sent for me. Do not get the impression that I am just 'movie-struck'—NO!!! Only I know for a fact that I am extremely talented in this vocation. I think always that I am acting everywhere I go and I just place my ambition on a pedestal where everything else in the universe fades to a mist of phantasy. Since, as I think, you are a good man, will you obey that voice in your heart and flash a little ray of sunshine in the gloomy path of this poor and melancholic dreamer?

"Awaitingly, with the sweetest anxiety,
"FANNIE ———."

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Why Do Stars Disappear?

All About the Strange Disappearances of Many Big Film Favorites

Motion Picture players rise like the sun, shine as brilliantly and go as suddenly into eclipse. Some of them are never heard of again. What about those big favorites of the recent past — Edwin August, Edna Mayo, Mary Fuller, E. K. Lincoln, Maurice Costello? There are lots of others, too, who have made their mysterious exits. In a series of coming articles, beginning in the February Magazine, we will trace the lost ones to their hiding-places, disclose why they forsook pictures, and tell you when they will appear again, if ever. Dont fail to read this extraordinary news. These articles answer hundreds of unanswered questions, glut curiosity, and rediscover hundreds of your former favorites for you.

(*Continued from page* 107)
talented mother can be home for a whole blissful day, joy and satisfaction reign.

Why did Ruth Stonehouse, that graceful interpreter of classic dances, turn to the screen? And why does this blithe young person who takes such delightful pleasure in living simply, play so many parts of persecuted heroines, wronged wives and sad, solemn daughters?

The answer to the first question is easy: because she is a home body, and wouldn't live in hotels for anything in the world. As for the second question, for some unaccountable reason she likes to play dramatic and pathetic parts; so she does them, and she does them well.

She likes dogs, and horseback riding, and automobiles; but her very "hobbiest hobbies" are children and housework. *Any* kind of housework. "There are women," she says, "who pretend they dont like sewing and cooking. I find it hard to believe, and always think it must be a pose. I make every stitch of my clothing except my suits—much of it in my dressing-room at the studio; and I love to make curtains and pillows and to embroider napkins and hemstitch tablecloths."

Ruth Stonehouse is married to Joe Roach, a well-known photoplaywright, and now she has the one thing needful to complete her home. She has adopted a little orphan boy. His name is Raymond, and he is six years old, with blue eyes, fair hair, and he is as bright as the proverbial dollar. Miss Stonehouse has a Southern mammy, Sally by name, who takes great care of him, and while Raymond is fond of her, his great desire is to be allowed to work in pictures so he can be with his foster-mother all day long. He has been in one or two pictures, but Miss Stonehouse says he shall not be allowed to take up the profession seriously unless it is plain that he has unusual talent; then she will say to him, as her father said to her: "If it's in you, go ahead and make good; but you must do it on your own ability."

It seems almost absurd for Mary Miles Minter even to think of such a thing as adopting a child, but that's what she is contemplating. Some time ago the winsome Mary and her mother went to Los Angeles to buy a number of new gowns for Mary's next production. During their stay, the little star, who is very fond of children, spent all the time she could with the kiddies at the hotel, who were having the time of their lives with their idol of the screen.

Miss Minter singled out Madeline Headley, aged five, with big, sparkling blue eyes and tousled blonde hair, as a "find," and a strong attachment grew up between the two.

"I want to be a Motion Picture actress, just like you," lisped the tiny blonde. Recognizing not only the charm and beauty of this striking child, but also her unusual personality, Miss Minter wrote her director. He replied that they needed such a child in "Annie for Spite," and would give her a try-out. Consequently, the child went home with her idolized Mary to Santa Barbara, and played an important part in the picture. Fortunate baby, to be thus taken under the sheltering care of charming Mary Miles Minter.

The Sidney Drews have no children, but they have a small nephew and a still smaller niece—and that's something. Little Joseph Lee McVey is only two-and-a-half years old, but he is to make his début into the professional world in a Drew comedy. This will bring before the public the fourth generation of the famous Drew family. If this little one becomes as illustrious as his famous ancestors, future generations will be accorded a great privilege—his perpetuation thru the medium of the screen.

Truly the world is advancing.

The Drews are dotingly fond of little "J. Lee" and his tiny sister Lucille, and never more happy than when they have "the loan of them" for an hour or two.

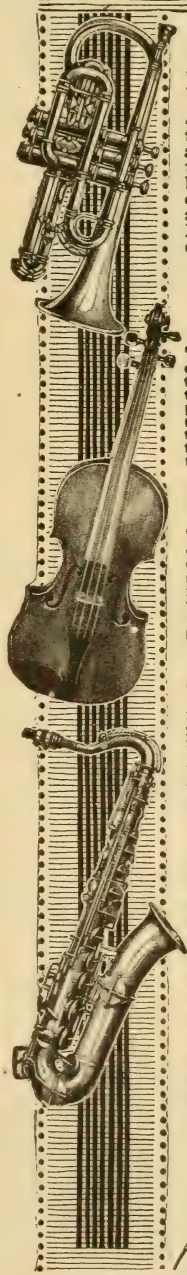
Homes are popular among the people of Filmland and so are children; and it speaks well for members of the profession that this is true. To scores of them, home is their castle, their fortress and their inspiration. It has been said that "a house is never a home unless it has a child rising three years old and a kitten rising six weeks." Children bring responsibilities, joys, sorrows, smiles, tears, hopes and solicitudes—but children make home; and home, in one form and another, is the great object in life.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Here is a real, live Bushman defender at last! Mrs. W. F. Crawford, 372 Eleventh Ave., Roanoke, Va., is a perfect Boswell to Francis' Johnson, and, besides, she "speaks right up in meetin' ":

I thought perhaps I could keep from replying to Miss Pierce, but when she came out again last month with all that "epistle of slang" I just *could not* "keep quiet" any longer. Some of these folks make me *so tired!* They think because they have tired of a certain big player that his *face* must be kept out of the Magazine and he must literally *drop out* of the picture business. In her last letter Miss Pierce said Mr. Bushman belonged to the has-been class. Mr. Bushman is holding his own right along up with "Little Mary" and the best there is in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC'S Kings and Queens Contest. This doesn't look like as if he belonged in the has-been class, does it? Francis X. Bushman always plays to "standing room only" in Roanoke, Va. He hasn't been here now for some time, and I predict when he does come it will take not only one but two or three theaters to hold the crowd. The way she "came back" at "Little Jane" (as she called her), asking how did she know so much unless she was there as Bushman's hired girl, simply made me ill. I suppose Miss Pierce thinks we "Bushman fans" can only go to his home in the capacity of servants. I would like to inform her that I myself, with four other friends, had the pleasure of being visitors at "Bushmanor" on June 10th of this year. I didn't go there as a *hired girl* either, but as an honored guest. I certainly found him a very charming gentleman in that home and also quite a lovable one. His home is simply beautiful. It is furnished in colonial style, and then, too, Mr. Bushman has so many antiques that it makes it very interesting. One thing that "struck my fancy" was that immense old-time fireplace at one end of the living-room. It must be fine to sit by that fire piled up with huge logs in the good old winter time. Then we were shown the beautiful little bungalow that he just had built for his mother and father, right near his own home. It is a dear little nest and ought to make those old folks very happy. Mr. Bushman loves his home, "Bushmanor," and he hasn't spared time or money to make it an "ideal old-time" Southern home. The bedrooms *even* are furnished in George Washington style — high-posted beds, with curtains, etc. I was visiting in Baltimore at the time, and Mr. Bushman sent a car after us (nine miles), and then, after we had looked all over the place, we sat down and had a pleasant little chat just as the sun was sinking behind those Maryland hills. It was a happy little crowd that went back to Baltimore, carrying with them many pleasant memories of a delightful afternoon spent at "Bushmanor" and of those we met there. Mr. Bushman is one of the few actors

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Captain Sunlight's Last Raid

(*Continued from page* 89)

have fainted, but rage overmastered her fear and horror. She snatched at the mask he wore and tore it off, and before he could recover from his surprise she struck him in the face. She was glad to the end of her life that she had done that. The bandit turned crimson with rage.

"That is a caress, señorita," he said, with an evil look and meaning, "for which you shall pay in blood and tears before I get thru with you."

But at that Janet only laughed in scorn.

"To think," she said, staring at his face, "that I mistook that gallant gentleman for you!"

He did not understand her words, of course; but the bitter contempt they conveyed to him was only too obvious. The young lady was laying up trouble for herself. He raised his hand from which dangled a short quirt, or riding-whip, the handle of which he seized with the same movement in his passionate indignation and resentment.

"Strike me, you coward! Beat me!" she cried.

"It isn't that way I bring women to heel," said Captain Sunlight, recovering his self-command with difficulty and striving to speak as courteously as before, in spite of the menace in his sinister mood.

"We had better press on, Señor Capitan," said one of the Mexicans who had lately joined the group and who, occupying a quasi-lieutenant's position, felt some liberty to give advice. "The alarm was given. The dwellers in the town are in the hotel. Your presence is needed."

"*Mañana!*" cried the captain to the girl, meaningly. "Tomorrow!"

She would get what was coming to her from him on the morrow when opportunity prevailed, he meant to say. Then he took the bridle of her horse in his hand and the little cavalcade galloped across the prairie toward the burning town.

(*"Captain Sunlight's Last Raid" will be concluded in the February Number. The two concluding episodes bring this red-blooded novel to a close full of surprises and a telling suspense worthy of its distinguished author.*)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

who realizes what his friends mean to him. He often sits down and writes in longhand to his friends. Mr. Bushman is a typical Southern gentleman, and he has proven himself worthy of everything the name Southern gentleman implies. He doesn't look any older than he claims, and *she* said his age and overindulgence were telling on him. I dont know just what *she* meant by the last, but he certainly has the look of anything else but a dissipated man.

Now, if Miss Pierce (or whoever she is) wants to stir up a hornet's nest, just let her wade right in—she had better have on worsted mitts, or she'll sure get stung before she gets out! As for Miss Bara, I very heartily agree with Miss Pierce—she is, beyond a doubt, the best vampire actress on the screen. But why all this argument about where she was born? What's the difference, so long as she is there with the "goods" and we like her? I see she says she has a grown-up son "somewhere in France," on the firing-line. Is this a fairy-tale, too?

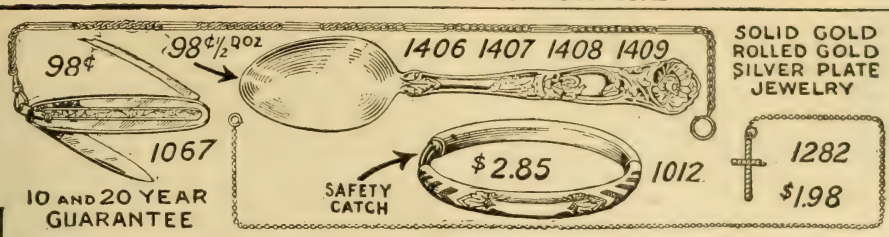
Those who have run away from, or tried to stand by, the beehive stirred up by Miss Curtis Pierce, Hotel Deshler, Columbus, O., have either gotten stung or have treasured the honey (?) of her words. Having been convicted by a jury of her sex, she again rises in rampant self-defense:

Miss Ethel Perle Cain's letter in the October issue noted and in reply would say (business college stuff):

Well, I've been "called" for exercising my crude sense of humor, and I'm properly squelched. I'm sorry so many have misinterpreted my poor way of expressing myself. Why, I've nothing but praise for Miss Theda Bara, and I was only "rooting" for her with all my lungs, and yet four or five people have jumped all over me—thought I was "kidding," or slinging sarcasm, or something.

No, Ethel; Miss Curtis Pierce is not ignorant of the meaning of "kike." Every native Cincinnatian knows what that word means before he can say "dada." Why, that burg even has a suburb called "Kike's Peak"—honest! As for poking fun at that grand and noble race, that was furthest from my thoughts. In Cincinnati, as well as countless other cities, the Jewish race predominates and is part of the most exclusive circles. Of course Miss Bara's religion is no more any business of ours than Frank Bushman's marriage is, but as this is the land of the free I see no crime in mentioning it if one chooses. It is nothing to be ashamed of. As for Disraeli and all those prominent guys—— But wait a minute! Do you ever take the time to say "Let us repair to the refectory and therein partake of nourishing edibles"? You dont.

(*Continued on page* 166)



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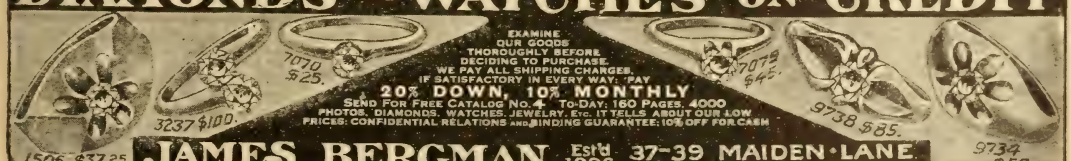
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DIAMONDS — WATCHES ON CREDIT



JAMES BERGMAN Est'd 1896 **37-39 MAIDEN LANE NEW YORK CITY**

(*Continued from page* 164)

You say "Let's feed!" Think it over, Ethel; think it over!

Her advertising—well, that wild-eyed Egyptian dope strikes me as being just about as sensible as telling children that there's a Santa Claus and that storks regulate the baby market. To me it's a million times more interesting to know that Miss Bara was, once, only a Cincinnati girl, insignificant and lowly—"even as you and I"—and not a bejeweled, be-scorpioned, be-sphinxed "great-great" descendant of Cleopatra. Not many Cincinnati girls could rise to the heights she has attained. If you had actually lived in the Goodmans' neighborhood, as I have, wouldn't it make you kinda sore to be informed that Miss Theodosia was a daughter of Seti, reincarnated from some odoriferous mummy in a more odoriferous museum? Even you, Ethel, cant expect intelligent people to swallow that trash.

I notice that Mr. Frank Williams of Los Angeles whoops 'em up for Chaplin. Good for you, boy! "Chaplin" is a subject I could orate upon for weeks. Here is the most subtle comedian the screen has ever seen. His solemnity, his mirthless smiles, his lady-like dignity, his inimitable method of perambulation—well, there's never been anything like it and probably wont be. Rough? Of course he is, in spots. But doesn't he put it over? Remember, in "The Cure," when he held the erring pup on his lap? Of course it was rough, but *you* laughed—you know you did—and you, and you, and you! And remember when he met the two befuddled ladies in the hall? He looked horrified and appalled and betook himself hastily in the other direction. Mr. Chaplin can make such bits as these speak volumes—nobody else can. A thousand plaudits for him, I say, for he truly deserves them!

I was infinitely pained, Mr. Editor, to read Mr. Thomas Finnerty's scathing denunciation of me. Now, listen—as one long-suffering human to another—what *would* you think of a guy who had the gall to serve notice that he was going to pick you all to pieces and, if you liked an argument, to come back at him?

As the only way I'd care to argue with an Irishman would be with an armload of healthy-looking brickbats, I shall preserve a discreet silence.

Katherine S. Linsley, 1143 W. Seventh St., Los Angeles, perhaps sounds the well of unsolved movie mysteries deeper than she wots of in this most significant letter:

As a female representative of the great clan of movie fans, I wish to raise my voice in protest againt the casting of some of our best-known screen favorites in parts utterly unsuited to them. I have in mind at this writing two examples of "miscasting" noted very recently—Harold Lockwood in "Under Handicap" and Wallie Reed in "The Hostage."

In "Under Handicap" Harold tries to put over some Bill Hart stuff, which, instead of calling forth loud applause from the audience, succeeds only in eliciting gasps and sighs of dismay from the feminine element present, because the rumpled condition of his hair and clothes as he tries to ride an unbroken "bronc" (an exceedingly tame-looking old specimen of horseflesh being cast for the part of the "bronc," by the way) makes him look so different from our usually immaculate Harold, and grunts of disgust from the male contingent, of whom there are never quite so many present at Harold's pictures. We fear also that it was not our Harold who bestrode that bucking broncho when it did its durndest to buck after the approved Wild Western fashion, but another more inured to hardships and not so accustomed to good clothes. But that's a minor detail, anyway. We didn't blame Harold a bit.

Now, there are two things that Harold can do exceedingly well—two things which have endeared him to hearts feminine. He can wear good clothes with an air that makes him the pride and joy of his tailor; that makes the girls mentally decide when Harold appears in an extreme "pinch-back" that Tom must have a "pinch-back" suit before they are married, and the married woman resolve that she will do without that new set of furs this winter and allow John to get a new suit, as his "other suit" is getting a trifle shabby. When she and John were first married, John had looked rather like Harold.

Also, Harold can make love in an adorable way that has won him his following. He is there with the goods when it comes to love-scenes. One forgets to say, "Why did they give that girl that part? I never did like her nose!" but can think only of what fun it would be to play opposite him in love-scenes. Now, why may we not have him in love-plays and well-tailored clothes instead of Wild West drammers and chaps and sombreros? Why not allow him to be our Beau Brummel, lover-like Harold, whom we expect to see when we move up to the little wicket and deposit our dime, or more often our dimes, since the increased cost of high living?

Wallie Reed is another adorable lover, and in the soldier's uniform and stern face he wears in "The Hostage" we are made almost homesick for the old Wallie. Just at the last are we given a glimpse of his sweet, familiar smile and treated to a little love-scene wherein Wallie gets a chance to bestow one of those soul-kisses which have won him fame in reel life and real life too, we doubt not. Really, that boy is a born kisser, so why not let him kiss?

Right here I want to say, too, that I am voicing the sentiment of many, both male and female, when I say that we are being entirely too much fed up on war pictures lately. We need something to cheer in these times of stress and worry—something containing a little clear-cut comedy (aside from the C. Chaplin kind) and sweet, old-time mellerdrammer. We want our cheer-makers in the right kind of pictures.



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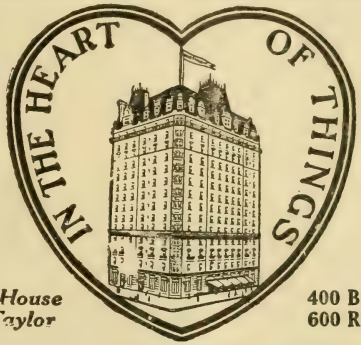
OUR PICTURE CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD

Motion Picture Magazine's Graphic Story-Teller Now in Honolulu

Something happened to a trans-Pacific steamer—trouble with the crew, coal shortage, or Government orders, we dare not say which. At any rate, globe-trotter Van Loan's story, due for the January Magazine, reached the San Francisco post-office three days late, and we are compelled to hold it over until the February number. We have just read it, and it's a great piece of work. The vividness of Honolulu, its gorgeous flowers, kathodion skins, plaintive music, dazzling beaches and picturesque shopping and theater districts are presented to us in "picture" language as telling as the screen. "Hook, Line and Sinker," the second of Mr. Van Loan's Round-the-World Movie Travelogs, will positively appear in the February number.

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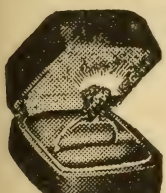
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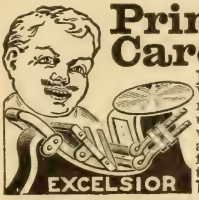
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THE MOVIE GOSSIP-SHOP

(*Continued from page* 151)

attracted the camera-men, and the cameras attracted the crowd, and the crowd attracted Bessie Love, so there you are. It's funny how a crowd cant move around without having a star follow them.



LOUISE HUFF

When Louise Huff discovered that she was to have five days' rest, while some properties and sets were being prepared, she dressed in the most boyish of riding-togs, climbed into her little Paige race-about, and set off for Mount Baldy, all alone, her first unescorted trip into the wilderness in a motor. From the accompanying picture it would seem that Louise has about made up her mind that this "back to nature" stuff is all right—in moderation! After this she will probably continue to be what the public thinks her, a fluffy, frilly, adorable little ingénue! Such a life has its compensations, such as French bon-bons, frilly frocks and theater parties.

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

"When I was about seventeen," relates George M. Cohan, "I considered myself a classy dresser. One day, resplendent in screaming hosiery, a striped waistcoat and a "speaking" necktie, I went into father's library.

"He looked me over, and the more he looked the more disgusted he became.

"'Son,' he finally blurted out, 'you look like a d—— fool!' Just then an old family servant came into the room. 'Georgie,' he said, 'you look just as your father did at your age.'

"'Yes,' I said; 'father was just telling me about it.'"

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Michael Warady, 702 Sixth Avenue, McKeesport, Pa., contributes the sort of reminiscence that delights us all:

Having been a reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for the last five years, and never venturing to write, I will attempt my first offense. I have become interested in the "Do you remember" letters. May I contribute some?

Do you remember: When Paul Panzer and Florence Turner played in "Lancelot" (Vitagraph)? When Dorothy West, Dorothy Bernard, Jeanie MacPherson, Gertrude Bambrick, Gertrude Robinson were extras for Biograph? When Dell Henderson was the handsome lover in the old Biograph? When Marion Leonard, James Kirkwood and Arthur Johnson left Biograph for old Reliance? Those picturesque country scenes and courteous gatherings of players in scenes of old Biograph? When Florence Barker starred for Powers? When Owen Moore as prodigal son and Arthur Johnson in minister rôles thrilled us in Biograph plays? When Owen Moore-Isabel Rea and Lawrence-Baggot were mates in Imp? When the late John Cumpson played in "Jones' Comedies" for Biograph, Edison and Imp? When Albert McGovern and Ethel Elder played leads with Florence Lawrence for Lubin? When Edgar Jones and Clara Williams starred for Western Lubin? Frank Lanning's Indian rôles for Western Kalem? When Gene Gauntier and Kenean Buel played in Civil War dramas for Kalem? When Florence Trimble played in Cines (Italian) films? The Pilot, Comet, Gem, Republic, Eclair, Solax, Yankee, Shamrock, Frontier, Champion, Cines and Itala film companies? When Mona Darkfeather and Helen Case played in old Bison? When Florence Barker, Marc Greenleaf, Eleanor Caines, Vedah Bertram, Harry Cushman and Joseph Graybill died? Any of these old stars: Eagle Eye, Virginia Chester, Blanche Cornwall, Martha Russell, Edith Hallern, Hazel Neason, pretty Grace Lewis and Isabel Lamon, Laura Sawyer, Raymond Whitney, Mildred Bracken, William Cavanaugh, Gwendolyn Pates, Edna Fisher and Vivian Prescott?

HE DREW THE LINE

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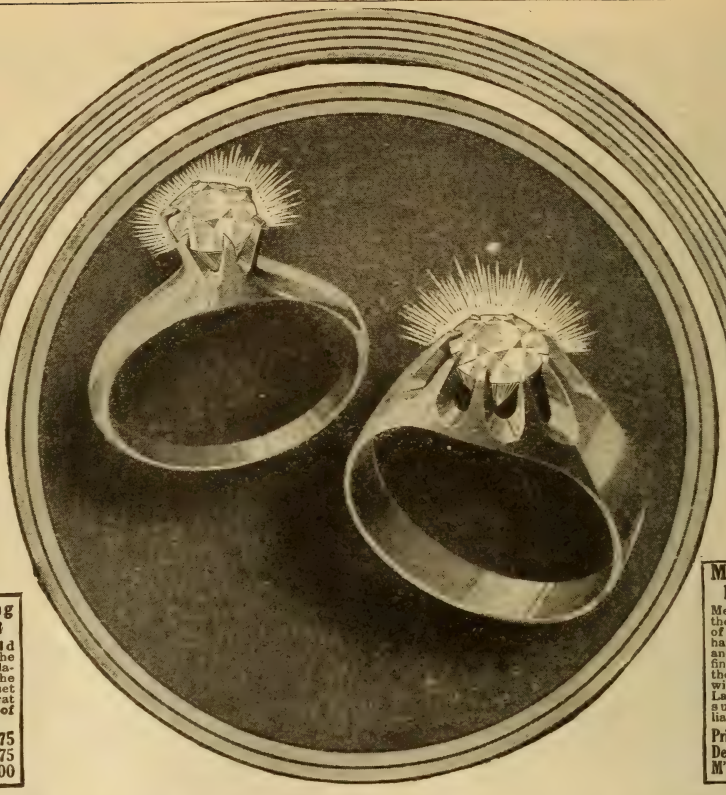


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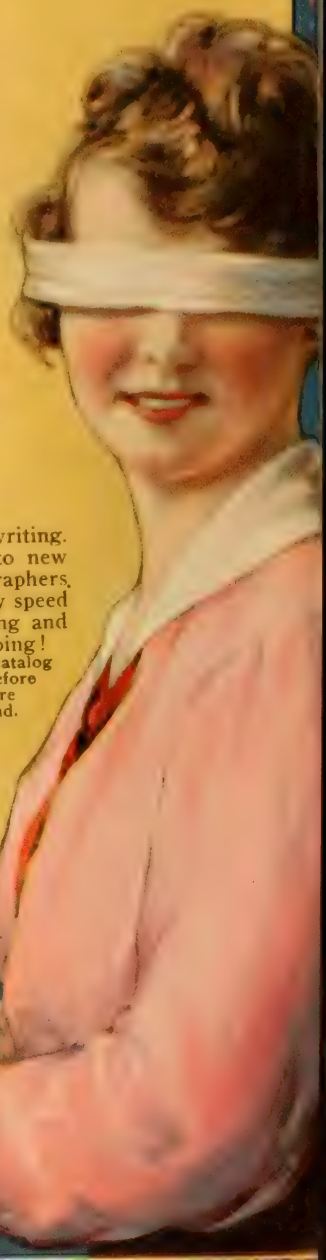
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Eliminating Poisons That Clog Our Systems

By R. H. SINCLAIR

IT is now generally recognized by eminent physicians and medical scientists that a host of the most aggravating ills that afflict men and women of today are directly caused by our sedentary habits. The large intestine, or colon, is no longer able to eliminate promptly the body's waste matter in which virulent poisons are formed and absorbed by the blood.

Auto-intoxication with all its consequences is the result—headaches, backaches, dizziness, lassitude, indigestion, and their complications — neurasthenia, mental and physical exhaustion, high blood pressure, kidney and liver disorders, skin diseases, and many more serious maladies.



The sole service rendered by the colon is to receive from the digestive organs the body's waste matter and to eject it. When it fails promptly and regularly to perform its duty, processes of putrefaction and decay proceed rapidly in its contents and poisonous toxins are formed and released into the blood by absorption through the mucous membranes.

Professor Virchow many years ago discovered in making hundreds of post-mortem examinations of the colon that intestinal congestion prevailed universally, regardless of the cause of death. Other eminent physicians of today report exactly the same condition.

From these facts it can readily be seen that the colon can rightfully be regarded as the seat of nearly all ailments. It is, in fact, a very hotbed of disease, comparable to a garbage can in the home. Professor Metchnikoff, the famous director of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, regards colon poisons as the direct cause of premature death.

One of the first warnings of auto-intoxication is constipation and indigestion. Victims of chronic constipation are multiplying with remarkable rapidity. Many of us suffer from constipation without even knowing it, yet it is due to this condition known as intestinal congestion that so many of us are far below par physically and mentally most of the time.

If we were able to live outdoors and to exercise vigorously every day, our

colons would be able to function properly; for exercise is the greatest and most satisfactory colon stimulant known. To most of us this is not possible. We have neither the time nor the inclination to take vigorous exercise. Instead we dose ourselves with laxative drugs, mineral waters, and other nostrums, with the result that while we get temporary relief we not only aggravate the condition but find that repetitions of the same dose later fail to produce results.

But relief, even when obtained, is not sufficient. To maintain health and efficiency it is absolutely of paramount importance to create and maintain day in and day out freedom from intestinal poisons, and this is impossible with laxatives.

There is a new way, however, to keep the colon sweet and clean—a way which has the same effect as vigorous exercise, yet without the inconvenience or time-consuming features of exercise. And the results are even better because the treatment is localized.

The principle upon which this new method is founded is the same as that used in massage. We all know that massage has the same effect as exercise—it stimulates the nerves and strengthens the muscles. Colon massage as practised by osteopaths has proved wonderfully effective.

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There may be some who scoff at the idea of colon hygiene and its direct relation to health and efficiency, but the wiser ones will either write or send the coupon below for this free book and learn what this wonderful device is accomplishing for so many others.

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Booth.—"The Masquerader." See this play. One of the best that has hit the big town in years. Guy Bates Post in the title (double) rôle is great, and so is the whole show.

New Amsterdam.—"The Riviera Girl" is a refreshing, distinctive musical-comedy. The score by Emmerich Kalman is fascinating and splendidly orchestrated, with a Hungarian tang woven into the melodic structure which undeniably gets into the blood. The major rôles are well sung and well interpreted. Not in many seasons have the scenic artist and costumer scored such a triumph, the effects being strongly suggestive of Maxfield Parrish.

Cohan & Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." A musical-comedy adaptation of George Ade's "College Widow." Some first-nighters prophesied that it would not go—too clean, but this is what the better half of New York is looking and hoping for: musical-comedy that our daughters will not blush at, tuneful music, neat and clever college wit, and artistic dancing that is *not* suggestive.

Morosco.—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is excellently supported by Grace Valentine and a strong cast. A clever play, but not the thing for Sunday-school people.

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PATTER FROM THE PACIFIC

By HARRY HARDING

The Yuletide benefit held at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles was a huge success. About eight thousand dollars was realized on the evening's entertainment to provide our boys in France with Christmas boxes.

Charlie Murray did the announcing, as usual, and acted as stage manager also. He kept the audience in gales of laughter by announcing each act with a different make-up and dialect.

Marie Dressler danced and nearly caused the auditorium to give way under the pressure. Hughie Mack, Douglas Fairbanks, Toto, H. Guy Woodward, Doris Baker, Henry Walthall, Mary Charleson, Bryant Washburn, Ruth Roland, Harry Booker, and several others donated their services for the cause. Charlie Chaplin's derby hat was auctioned off by Charlie Murray, and when Charlie Chaplin started the bidding by offering one hundred dollars, Murray sold it to him immediately without giving any one else a chance.

Belle Bennett is getting along splendidly at the Triangle Culver City studios, where she is being starred. She has just commenced work on a new story that is said to be a sure-fire winner. It is called "The Girl Nobody Knew," under the direction of Tom Hefferon. It is a comedy-drama with unusual acting possibilities for the pretty star. It seems like old times to see Belle Bennett back on the screen again.

Bessie Barriscale has returned to the Paralta studios after being absent for several days because of a bad cold. She has started work on her new feature, "Within the Cup," with Raymond B. West doing the directing.

Beverly Griffith has left the Fox Company and has gone East to join the Universal as Carl Laemmle's personal representative. Beverly will be sadly missed in the Los Angeles photoplay colony, as he has a great many friends here. We all wish him the best luck in the world.

Douglas Fairbanks acted as the referee of the Ascot automobile races on Thanksgiving Day, and enjoyed his rôle immensely. "Doug" is an automobile enthusiast, and loves to see the racing pilots tearing around the track. He got so interested at times that he almost forgot to flag the cars for their last laps.

By the time these notes are published Myrtle Stedman will be in New York, appearing in person at the various photoplay houses. Myrtle has had a wonderful trip, as far as success is concerned, but we would certainly like to see her back on the Coast again, with her melodious little voice.

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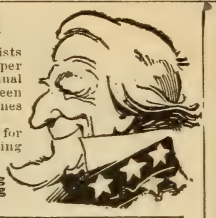
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Fay Tincher is back in the films again. She is now heading her own company and will make two-reel comedies under the direction of Al Santell. They are using the Willis and Inglis studios in Hollywood.

Bryant Washburn seems to like California real well, for he has purchased for himself a nice little home on Sunset Boulevard, where he intends to settle down. He has been directing himself at the Pathé studios the last week while his director, Richard Baker, has been ill. Bryant has made a great hit with the folks here.

Herbert Rawlinson is finishing up his contract with the Universal and is getting ready to hike to the big city on the Santa Fé for business and pleasure combined. Herb will be in New York about the fourth of January to see his wife, who has been appearing in "Upstairs and Down," and to consider a very tempting contract that he has under his coat.

Wally Reid is working on his last story for the Lasky Company before he goes to New York to work for them there awhile. Anna Little is playing opposite him and will continue as his leading-woman in New York.

Mary Pickford and her supporting company have left Hollywood and the Lasky studios to be gone on location for about three weeks. Mary took plenty of woolen yarn with her so that she could knit for the soldiers and sailors in her spare time.

Lloyd Hamilton was pinched for speeding the other day when he tried to show his directors, Jack White and Al Ray, that his new car was really a speed demon. He says that after his friends will have to take his word for it, because it cost him twenty-five dollars for the demonstration.

Ford Sterling has returned to the screen again. The former Keystone comedian has joined the ranks of the Sunshine Comedies and is working under the direction of Charlie Parrott. Ford has been golfing and fishing all summer and came back to go to work during the cold weather.

Teddy Sampson has been added to the Triangle players and is now appearing in a pretty little Japanese story at the Culver City studios. Teddy makes a wonderful little Jap and looks exactly like the real thing.

Charles Ray has been vacationing in San Diego for the last week while waiting for the sets for his latest starring vehicle at the Ince studios. Charlie says that it feels great to have a few days' rest after working steadily for several months.

Bobby Vernon has left Sunshine Comedies and is now appearing under the direction of Al Christie.

The Los Angeles Athletic Club is certainly the stamping ground of all the big guns in the Motion Picture business, whether actors, managers, directors or writers. All you have to do out here is to call Broadway 444, and nine times out of ten you will find your party in, especially around dinner-time. Nearly all of the unmarried stars and directors live there.

What They Are Doing Now

By LESTER SWEYD

Author of "What They Did Years Ago"

No doubt *real* film fans remember Tom Powers, whose playing in Vitagraph's comedies opposite Florence Turner made so many friends. Mr. Powers was recently playing the lead in the musical hit of New York, "Oh, Boy!" at the Princess Theater.

Earle Metcalfe, former leading-man with the Lubin Company, and who later did heroics in "The Girl Reporter" serial, writes that he has "arrived safely in a foreign port." Mr. Metcalfe was one of the first to try for the officers' reserve training camps and succeeded in winning a lieutenancy.

Holbrook Blinn, Triangle star, who last year joined forces with the ill-fated Canadian Features Corporation, is now a shining light on Broadway, playing the part of Professor Andre Cartier in "L'Elevation," starring Grace George, which is running at the Playhouse, New York.

Rosetta Brice, who was with Lubin and co-star with Richard Buhler in a number of features, has returned to her first love—that of the spoken drama, and is now appearing at the head of her own stock company.

Theodore Friebus, who last flickered on the screen for the Warren Company, is now playing the part of Dr. Gustavus Sonntag in "A Tailor-Made Man" at the Cohan & Harris Theater, New York.

Eugene O'Brien, former Essanay lead and leading-man for Mary Pickford and many other stars, is now appearing as George Tewksberry Reynolds, 3d, in "The Country Cousin" at the Gaiety Theater, New York.

Ernest Truex, who played such a charming lover for Vitagraph two years ago, is now playing the lead in "The Very Idea" at the Astor Theater, New York. He is under the management of G. M. Anderson, once known to all picture-lovers as "Broncho Billy."



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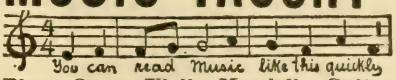


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Florence Turner has returned from abroad, where she appeared at the head of her own film company. Miss Turner is forming a new American company.

In that Japanese stage classic, "The Willow Tree," we find Harold Vosburgh, who was a popular member of the Selig Co.

Ann Pennington has taken Irene Castle's place as the première danseuse in "Miss 1917" at the Century Theater, New York.

When last heard of, fair-haired Isabel Rea (Biograph) was appearing in vaudeville, supporting Adele Blood.

Rapley Holmes (Essanay) has just closed the present season, after appearing two hundred and fifty times as E. M. Ralston with William Collier in his laugh-provoker, "Nothing But the Truth."

Fans have been wondering what had become of dainty Gwendolyn Pates (Pathé). Miss Pates is now delighting vaudeville audiences in her playlet, "Solitaire," in which she is supported by her husband, Wm. Grew, who was formerly a Selig player.

Appearing in vaudeville in a sketch called "Old Folks at Home," we find Lee Beggs, who was one of the Vitagraph directors, and who was one of the original members of the old Solax Company.

The author of that successful photoplay, "The Valentine Girl," in which Marguerite Clark played the delightful lead, is none other than our old friend Laura Sawyer (Edison), who, after leaving the silent drama, has returned as a successful scenario-writer.

Bald-headed Ed O'Connor, of Edison fame, has reason to be proud of his success as Mike in that charming stage play, "Old Lady 31."

Those who remember Charlie Brown in that Vitagraph scream, "C. O. D.," will find him equally as funny as William Carlton in Geo. M. Cohan's stage production of "Captain Kidd, Jr."

Eleanor Woodruff is another Vitagrapher who will remain in the spoken drama, having made more than good as Otis Skinner's leading-lady in his "Mister Antonio."

Lillie Leslie, who always did such splendid work in the Lubin photoplays, is now on tour with one of the "Experience" companies.

Kenneth Casey (Vitagraph), now grown to manhood, is appearing successfully as a vaudeville headliner.

John Sheehan, who, with Carol Holloway, will be remembered for their splendid work in the Beauty Comedies, has joined the Wilkes stock in Seattle, where he has become quite a favorite.

Martha Russell (Essanay), who played opposite Francis Bushman when he first joined the Essanay Company, is appearing in vaudeville.

Pretty Rhea Martin (Biograph) was with Blanche Ring at the beginning of the season in "Broadway and Buttermilk."

No doubt many fans have been asking where is dark-eyed Vivian Prescott. Miss Prescott, I'm afraid, has deserted the silent and spoken drama. Miss Prescott resides on Upper Broadway, New York, and seems quite contented to keep house for—— Well, that would be telling.

Betty Brown, the charming Essanay favorite, after closing with "The Girl from Brazil," joined one of the New England stock companies, where she is the leading ingénue.

Edna Payne (Eclair) was starred last season in "Dora Deane."

James Lackaye (Vitagraph)—and who doesn't remember him?—is to head his own company in a rural comedy called "Uncle Bill."

Edna May Hammil, one of the Edison children, but now grown to be quite a smart young lady, was one of the ponies in the musical-comedy, "The Love Mill."





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ALL HAIL TO THE KING OF THE MOVIES!

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE begins its eighth year with the March number, in which every feature—size, pictures, stories, covers and paintings—will be bigger and better.

Desiring to give its two million readers the best that there is in illustration and text, the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will appear in the large, flat size. We desire to keep pace with the growth of Motion Pictures and to be the truest and finest mirror that reflects them. Properly to illustrate the "Voice of the Movies," our space has become too limited. There are thousands of new players, new stories, new interests, and a world of news and photographs of our favorites that have been crowded out each month thru lack of space. The March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE boasts that it will be a cure for these limitations and will be the monarch of all illustrated publications. To begin with, we have now on the press

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Photographic lay-outs will be one of the strongest features of the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and in succeeding numbers. Its large, wide pages enable us to reproduce striking likenesses, more beautiful pictures and a half-dozen poses where only one existed before. Nearly every page will be profusely illustrated thruout the entire book. Each page is a speaking reel, so that you will have nearly one hundred reels of Motion Pictures in book form.

GETTING ACQUAINTED ALL OVER AGAIN

Beginning in the March issue, we are pleased to announce interviews and personality chats with several of your favorites in which the interest is entirely new. "This news has never been published before." "It could only have been written by a friend." "We are at last seeing the inner life of the Motion Picture players." This is what you will be saying after you have read some of the first-hand, close-up, intimate chats in the March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

OF BENEFIT TO THE CRIBBERS

You know what cribbing is in school. The dull and lazy kid who refuses to learn and who copies his lessons from his plodding schoolmate is known as a cribber. We are going to expel all cribbers by not announcing all of our big features for the coming months. It robs you as well as us to have our imitators filch our ideas. Hereafter we will announce to our readers many interesting, coming articles and features, but it doesn't please them, and we are sure that it doesn't please us, to have the ideas and property of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE swiped and mangled in the attempt to crib them.

"MY MOST DIFFICULT SCENE"

Is one of the absorbing series of articles which will make its bow in the big March issue. Alice Joyce, Valentine Grant, Webster Campbell, Carlton King and Charles Ray will personally tell how it felt to put across the biggest scene they ever did in Motion Pictures; just how they did it, how it felt, and what it meant to them.

"THE COST OF A LAUGH"

By that mountain of chuckles, Roscoe Arbuckle. An inside story of what makes the wheels go round in comedy.

MADGE KENNEDY WOULD NOT BE INTERVIEWED

Hazel Simpson Naylor got a flat refusal from the Goldwyn star, then got acquainted, and finally tells you in a most delightful little write-up just what Madge Kennedy thinks of the stage, the pictures, and especially her glittering collection of gowns.

These are only a few of the coming delights in the big book. Magazine readers are like recruits; the older ones expect that their Magazine will be trained to their ways, and they are willing to be trained as well. But we are going to double the size of our army of readers. The big and handsome March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is our recruiting sergeant. Its contents is our training camp. Look for the big fellow on February first and follow him right into camp. By ordering your copy from your newsdealer in advance you will avoid the losing cry of "Sold out!"

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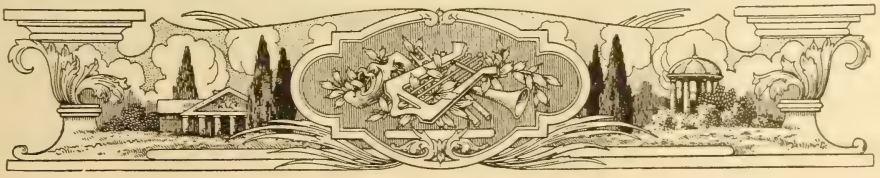
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In answer to the hundreds of inquiries that the secretary was too rushed to answer, information about the

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN CLUB

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Honorary Vice-President
Miss Beverly Bayne

Acting President
Mrs. Virginia Parker
Richmond, Va.

Acting Vice-President
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3011 Abel St., Baltimore, Md.

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Newark, N. J.

THE BUSHMAN CLUB is an international organization whose membership list is open to all discriminating admirers of the best in photoplays.

Its founders believe that there are many persons who will welcome an opportunity to bring concerted pressure to bear on the producers of photoplays, so that their preferences will be considered and their ideas developed. It was felt that the plays shown on the screen have so wide an influence that they should represent all that is typical of the best in American national life: that the sordid and vulgar should give place to the clean, virile play which is really expressive of true Americanism.

The Bushman Club was founded with this ideal in mind, its charter members feeling that it could be made an organization whose members would be really influential in determining the status of the photoplay. Francis X. Bushman and Miss Beverly Bayne were chosen as the logical persons to cooperate in this endeavor to raise the photoplay to a higher standard, because of the sincere desire shown by them to make their productions something more than a vehicle for a display of their mastery of the mechanics of the emotions.

With them as honorary president and vice-president, respectively, the Club, which was organized in the autumn of 1916, has had a most successful beginning. Its strength has already been proved: its possibilities promise to be even greater than its most sanguine members had dared hope.

Because its members are so scattered, some living in Australia, others in Canada, and still others in all parts of the United States, it has been difficult to hold a meeting. Those who could be present met in Baltimore, Md., in February, 1917, when a silver loving cup was presented to Mr. Bushman and he was informed of the existence of the Club; a second meeting was held at Bushmanor, Mr. Bushman's country home near Baltimore, in June, 1917. It is hoped that regular meetings can be held in future, when the various chapters of the Club can come together.
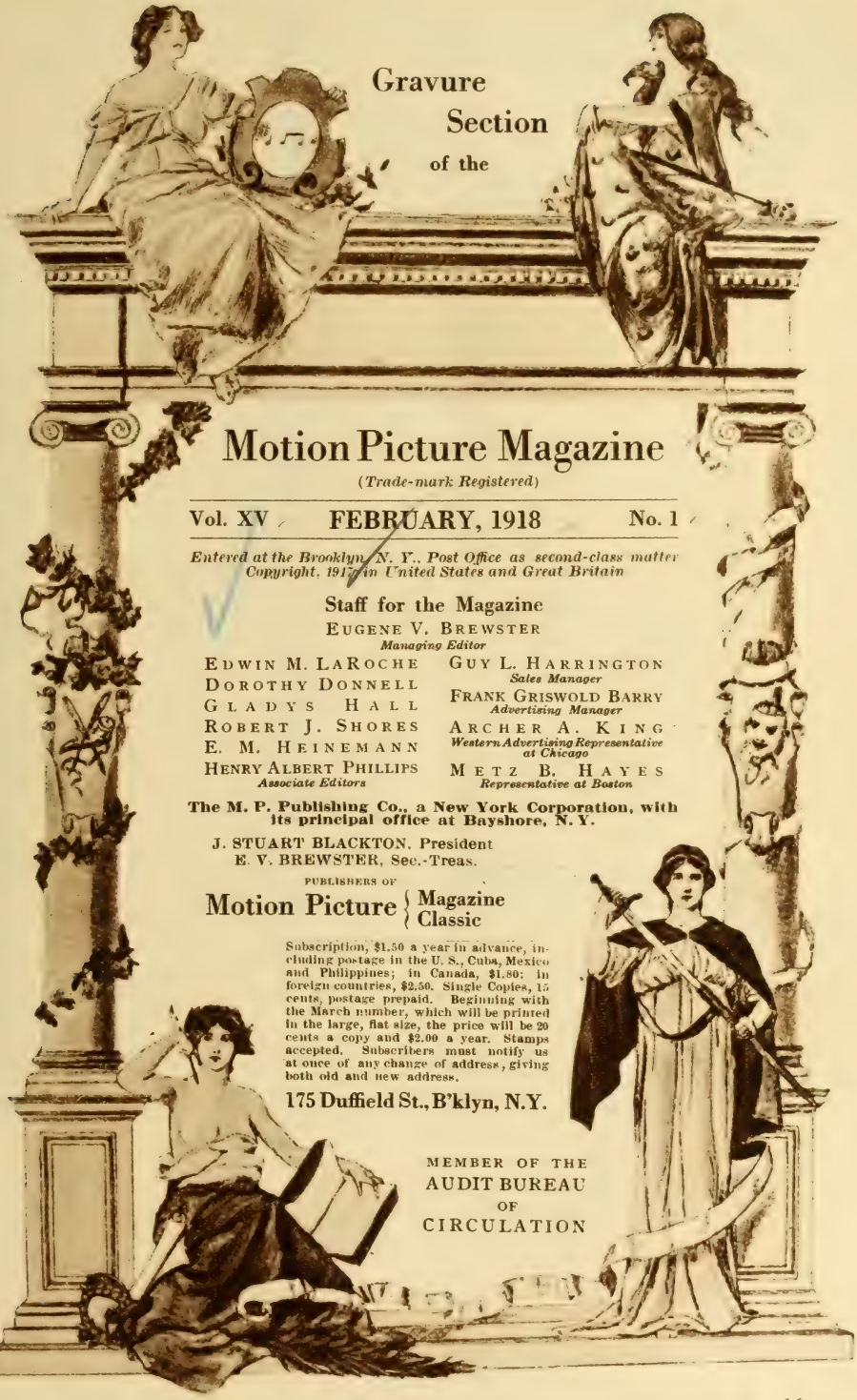
The officers of the Club seek the cooperation of those who believe that it is the public, and not the manufacturers, who must determine the future of the photoplay, and that through the work of Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne their ideals can be carried out. By proving themselves the foremost delineators of romantic rôles now in photoplay work they have been deemed by the Club's many members most worthy of carrying out the Club's ideals, and they have expressed their gratification at being thus chosen, and their sincere desire to do all that is in their power to make their work the expression of the Club's desires.

By corresponding with each other, giving their opinions of the various pictures being shown throughout the country and their criticisms of the same, the members of the Club can not only influence the development of the motion picture in this country, but can enlarge the circle of their own friendships most pleasantly.

A fee of twenty-five cents is paid annually by each member, to defray the cost of stationery, postage, etc.

Anyone wishing detailed information is requested to write the Secretary, Mrs. Alice R. Allen, 3011 Abel St., Baltimore, Md.

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SEE ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY ON PAGE 66

The Better Pictures of the Motion Picture Art

WHENEVER you see a motion picture bearing the trade-mark of Paramount or Artcraft you are seeing a *better* picture—an example of the photo play at its best.

Presenting foremost artists of the screen and stage—Paramount and Artcraft bring them to you in your own neighborhood—on the minute they are delighting other audiences in thousands of cities throughout the country.

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Or see them flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

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Marguerite Clark appears exclusively in Paramount Pictures.

ADJECTIVES are weak things to describe the sheer charm and magnetic attraction of this daintily vivacious Paramount star.

The embodiment of winsome personality—a cheer courier from happyland—Marguerite Clark brings to her screen interpretations a dramatic genius that hides her wonderful artistry under the veil of naturalness. Whatever the part she *is* the ideal of that character, as you know if you have seen her in "Seven Swans," or "The Amazons," or "Bab's Diary," or "Bab's Burglar," or "Bab's Matinee Idol."

There will be eight new Marguerite Clark Paramount Pictures for you to enjoy this year.

"Foremost Stars, Superbly Directed, in Clean Motion Pictures"

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

GALLERY OF PHOTO PLAYERS



JUNE CAPRICE

"Unknown 274," the title of June Caprice's latest picture, might be changed to "Unknown to 274," meaning the number of people still left in this war-weary world who have not heard of the petite Fox star. June Caprice now has fourteen feature productions to her credit—a remarkable record for the school-girl of less than a year and a half ago



LEAH BAIRD

When Leah Baird formed one of the famous collection of Vitagraph beauties five years ago, she was considered "one of the best little mixers on the lot." Thruout the course of her long picture career, Leah Baird is best known for her good fellowship—she has never gotten "up stage." Her continued popularity is another one of Leah's strong assets, and now she is about to put it to the proof by appearing in six forthcoming features in which she will reap such little annoyances as most of the publicity, salary and honors.



EDWARD EARLE

With his record as a successful wooer of maidens fair firmly established, Edward Earle has determined to make love to, in turn, each one of Vitagraph's stars. Playing up to celluloid princesses is Edward's best bet. If art and ardor mean anything, "Edward Earle, leading-man," will be as eagerly sought after as sugar in war-time.



© Nixon-Connelly

CRANE WILBUR

Having been a picture hero, as well as a full-fledged star, for over seven years has taken none of the snap out of Crane Wilbur's work. He has been dubbed "The Perfect Picture Lover" by whole armies of followers—even those in the enemy's country. With his star still high in its ascendancy, Crane Wilbur has temporarily deserted the screen and is making a getting-acquainted tour of the leading Motion Picture theaters in the United States.



ANITA KING

Miss King's vivid personality has made her career as picturesque as her pictures. Being jailed in Mexico, driving racing-cars as professional chauffeuse, and acting as city mother to unfortunate girls in Los Angeles, are a few of the milestones in her adventurous life. Anita King's personal popularity and her fine training in the company of Dustin Farnum and Geraldine Farrar assure her of a large following as a star for Mutual.



CREIGHTON HALE

The jury is still out as to whether serial thrillers made Creighton Hale famous, or Creighton Hale made serials famous. "The Iron Claw" and "The Exploits of Elaine" made this young Irishman's classic countenance known around the globe—a serial penetrates everything and everywhere. In "The Seven Pearls," with Mollie King, Creighton Hale is continuing his impetuous gallop thru the realms of celluloid fancy.

LINA CAVALIERI

La Bella Lina first made her living with her ten twinkling toes in a corps de ballet in Rome, but it was her voice that made her world-famous, crowning the summit of her Lorelei career in the Metropolitan and Manhattan opera houses in New York. Always noted as an emotional actress, her first big picture, "The Eternal Temptress," with its scenes laid in Venice, introduces the songstress to the shadow stage.





CONWAY TEARLE

At the top of the heap of well-known actors who play special engagements in Motion Pictures whenever the fancy strikes them is Conway Tearle. Mr. Tearle's last two engagements were with Blackton Pictures, where he co-starred with Violet Heming and Wilfred Lucas in "The Judgment House," and with Anna Little in "The World for Sale." He is soon to appear with Constance Talmadge in Select Pictures.



FLORENCE REED

There is no better example of wide-awake hustle than Florence Reed. Even Douglas Fairbanks would have to take her dust. Miss Reed's time is divided between "Chu Chin Chow," the big musical spectacle in which she is starring at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, and in the Select Pictures studio. Florence Reed's personality fairly radiates warmth, vitality and magnetism to such an extent that sixteen hours' work a day is mere child's play for this super-woman.



IT'S GREAT TO

Being An Interview with that Shining Satellite, Florence Reed

"ALTHO I dislike Moving Pictures," said Florence Reed, "I am going to continue playing in them. Not for the money they bring, but because I feel that there must be something fascinating in them that I haven't yet found out."

It was ten-thirty of a fall morning at the Selznick studio in the Bronx, New York. I, having come all the way from the West to pester celebrities for interviews, had arrived breathless, hot and dusty, only to learn that Florence Reed was the only star that intended "flickering" that morning. Petrova had sent in word that she wouldn't be in all day. Constance Talmadge had finished her picture and was taking a rest, as was sister Norma.

So I had had my card sent up, and in due course of time Miss Reed's maid came and conducted me to her dressing-room.

Reclining gracefully in her cretonne-covered chaise-longue, the famous Florence chatted very cheerfully for my benefit.

"Yes," she continued, "I have done thirteen pictures, and have not yet been able to reconcile myself to doing without the voice. Why, in 'Chu Chin Chow,' my stage play which opens this week at the Manhattan Opera House, I score my whole impression by my vocal power alone. I have the only dramatic part, that of the desert woman. Every one else sings and dances.

"Annie," to the maid who seemed to be a fixture against the wall, "you may change my shoes, and for goodness' sake find my cigarets."

Annie picked up a small golden case which had slipped to the floor, handed it to her attractive mistress, who stretched her sinuous figure, which was scarcely concealed by a lavender embroidered Japanese kimono with touches of crimson chiffon at the throat and sleeves, so that Annie could reach her feet, then she lit a cigaret which smoked itself from her slender, artistically formed hand. She turned towards me with enthusiasm shining from her expressive brown eyes.

"You know," she said, "I am simply wild over 'Chu Chin Chow.' It is amazing, entrancing, marvelous, all in one. It will appeal to every type of person in the world. It is pantomime, drama, opera, all in one. And, by the way, this is the first time that rehearsals have ever been allowed in the Manhattan Opera House."



BE A STAR

By Hazel Simpson Naylor

"Between playing in pictures and on the stage, I should think you would be worn out," I interjected.

"I ought to be dead," she answered, promptly; "but I'm not—not even tired. I arise at seven-thirty, leave for the studio at eight, play in pictures from ten to four. Four days a week we rehearse 'Chu Chin Chow.' I reach home at seven, and see my husband for the dinner-hour—oh, but you mustn't say dinner-hour—merely say at dinner, for I cannot spare time for a whole hour. Why, I wouldn't even dress over if it wasn't for Annie; she makes me slip into something respectable."

"I didn't know you were married!" I

"Very much so," she smiled, "and to the most successful husband in the world, Malcolm Williams. We live at fifty-seven West Fifty-eighth Street in the winter and have a house in Maine in the summer."

There came a knock at the door. Annie arose from her knees and opened it.

An apologetic man looked in and stammered, "Miss Reed—er—Mr. Kirkwood wants to know *would* you come; he's all ready to go on location."

"Oh, all right, Jimmie—in a moment. What *is* it he wants me to wear? Good gracious, Annie, cant you remember what changes I will want?"

"Wear the pink sport suit, Miss Reed; take your cloak and the raggedy gown."

"Annie, Annie, where is that sport suit?" exclaimed Florence Reed, and paced the floor excitedly, clutching her negligée.

Annie, coolly collected, brought out a white skirt and a rose-colored silk sweater. Then she started packing, laying a lavender brocaded coat with huge collar and cuffs of chinchilla in a patent-leather case.

"But I'm forgetting you wanted to know about pictures, didn't you?" said the great lady, and sank down once more on her chaise-longue and lit another cigaret. "Well, everything I know about pictures Herbert Brenon taught me. That is why my 'Today' was such a success. Herbert Brenon's great slogan is 'Dont jerk.' I always have my maid hide herself behind the Cooper-Hewitts and look for jerks. I promised her five dollars every time she finds one."

"Yes, but I dont get it," spoke up Annie.

Florence Reed laughed whole-heartedly. "Annie, you fibber, you know why. Because you haven't found one yet. I went to see Herbert Brenon when he was ill in the hospital with appendicitis, and would you believe it, the first words he greeted me with were, 'I'll bet you a thousand dollars you are jerking again now that I'm not around.' I assured him that I wasn't."

Another knock at the door, and Jimmie, seeming more nervous than ever, entered. "Mr. Kirkwood wants to know *would* you be so kind as to come!"

"Yes, yes, certainly, at once As I was saying, Miss Naylor, I consider the photoplay I am producing, 'The Struggle Everlasting,' one of the masterpieces of American literature, and I hope some day to act it on the stage. It was written by Edwin Milton Royle and is an allegory. I symbolize body, mind and soul, which is brought out in turn by the worldly-wise man, the musician, and the aristocrat.

"One of the things I object to so much in pictures, besides the limited scope of the camera (I dont like being hemmed in by a six-foot camera range), is the attention one has to pay to fine details, each tiny minutia shows up so plainly. On the stage, I always act to get the big effects, in the same manner as an artist would paint with a broad, sweeping brush.

"TODAY" (PATHÉ), FEATURING FLORENCE REED



When I undertook pictures I found that I must change My method which had been so effective on the stage didn't even register on the screen. Naturally I am volcanic, dynamic, and I found that I had to learn to be negative, quiet. I had to learn reserve, poise.

"Whatever I do must be done to the very best of my ability, and for that reason, in spite of the fact that stage work is my life, my *magnum opus,* I made up my mind I was going to master the art of picture-playing. Of all the photoplays I have done, the only one that nearly satisfied me was 'The Eternal Sin.' It evidently pleased others also, for after its première I received magnificent offers from practically every producer, including three yearly contracts, two of which were to form my own company. But I dont approve of a star trying to run everything. I think it is enough to concentrate on giving a perfect rendition of my part (altho I always pass on the scenario). But I want an efficient corps back of me—people who know their business as well as I know mine, which is acting, and not producing. Why any star wants to assume the whole responsibility is beyond me. Perhaps there is method in my unassuming 'madness,' however, for if there is a failure or anything goes wrong, I dont want people to point to me and say, 'Well, you did it; it's your fault.' Concentrate, say I, concentrate on your own specialty and dont try to do a little bit of everything."

During all this time, Florence Reed gave me the impression of leashed electricity. Her wonderful, vibrant voice gave life and meaning to her words; her large, brown eyes fairly sparkled with interest, "aliveness." It was plain to be seen that it was a positive effort for her to sit still for any length of time.

"Do tell me," I said, "when do you find time for pleasure?"

"Pleasure!" She looked at me as if to make sure she had heard correctly. "Why, my dear, my greatest pleasure is my acting. If you mean when do I play—why, never. I have no desire to fritter away any time. If you mean when do I get my recreation, I'll tell you: mainly on Sunday evenings. Every Sunday evening Mr. Williams and I hold open house.

"By the way, would you like to see my new gowns? Annie, show us those that just came from Madame Frances."

Annie took down from behind the cretonne curtains a gorgeous trailing negligée of turquoise blue; clouds of exquisite lace fell wing-like from the shoulders, and rich, white-rose-colored ribbons formed a belt. Next, a dress of black net so heavily incrusted with jet that it weighed heavily when I laid it across my lap. Then she brought forth a gorgeous rose, silk-velvet evening-wrap with enormous collar and cuffs of chinchilla, which is Florence Reed's favorite fur.

"Gee, it's great to be a star!" I thought, but aloud I merely said, "They are very lovely. I really must not keep you another moment."

"Oh, that's all right. I cant see what there is such a terrible rush about, anyway; can you, Annie?"

Truly, it's great to be a star!



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Begin now to have a beautiful skin. No matter what other charms you have, they count for little unless you have the greatest of all charms—a clear fresh skin

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For a month or six weeks' treatment you will find a 25c cake sufficient. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

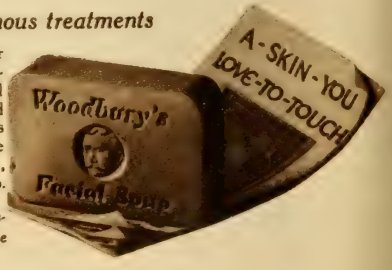
Skin blemishes: How to clear them

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A cake of Woodbury's—enough for a week for any treatment—with the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch" will be sent you for 5c. For 12c we will send the Soap, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Write today. Address *The Andrew Jergens Co., 1302 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

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The Fade-Out Scene

By WALTER EDMAND MAIR



The queer little smile that she gave to me
When I told her I would go;
The dear little touch she tendered me,
As the cameras clicked in a row—
Ah! were they a part of the fade-out scene
In the set amid the trees?
Or were they a sudden phantasy
Drifted in from the seas?

"And now," our gray director said,
"Make it the last farewell."
Out of the sun came a seagull's cry—
That, and the solemn spell
Of the morrow, calling me to come
To a land where Life should seem
A thing not made for human breath,
Only for spirit's dream.

"There — slowly — hold — that's all," he said,
And the seagull's calling ceased;
While the slow wind stirred the solemn trees,
Like a prisoned soul released.
And earth to us grew strangely lone,
And Life's perplexing sum
Was counted out by her beating heart,
Like the roll of a muffled drum.

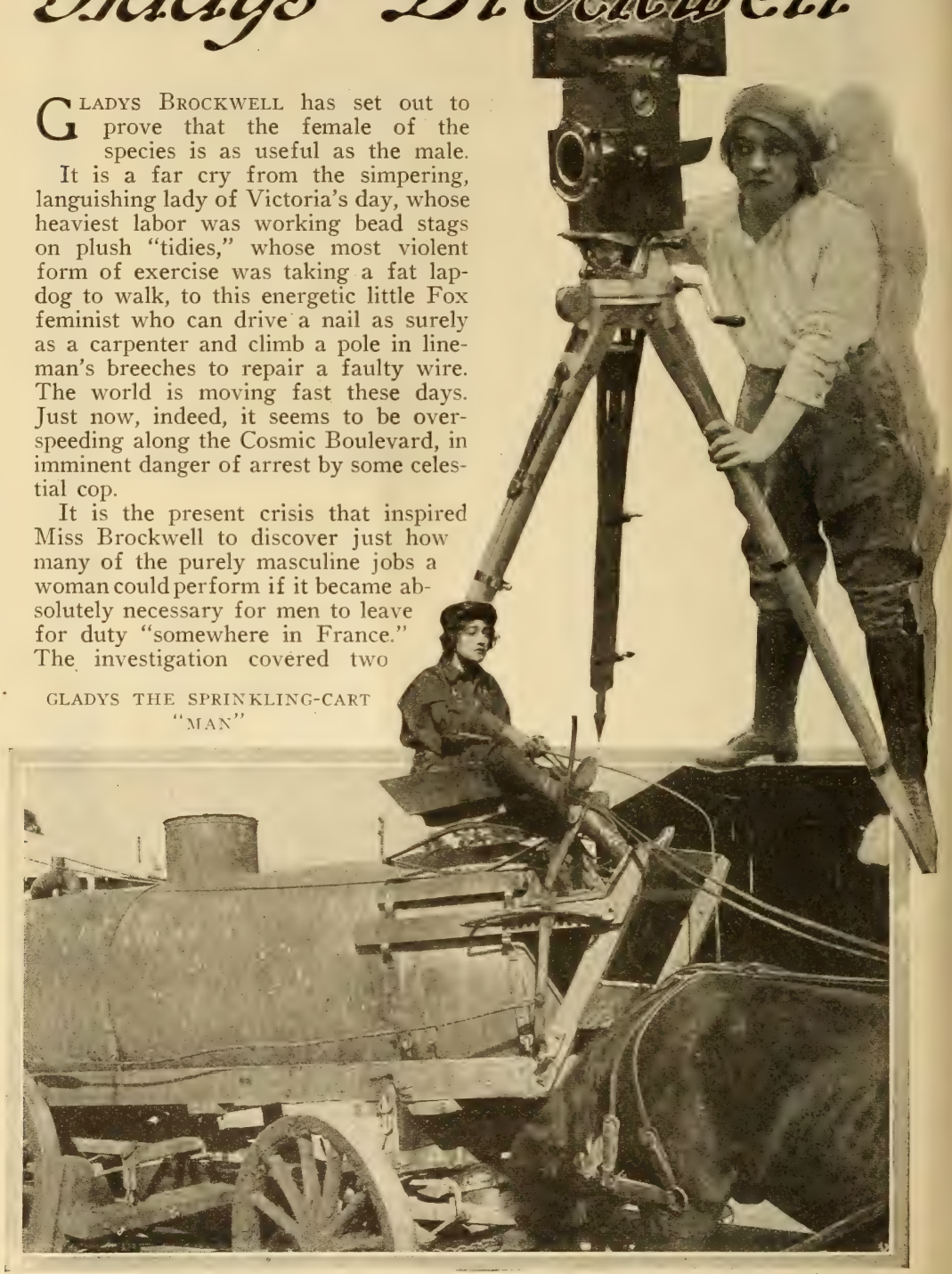
I knew—she knew—while the day grew dim,
That this was the Greater Thing,
As we stood sky-thrilled, and the nightingale
Sang to a muted string.
And I'm away where the war-winds wail,
Where the end is not to see;
But Hell's own fires could not make fail
The queer little smile, the dear little smile,
The smile that she gave to me.

Gladys Brockwell

GLADYS BROCKWELL has set out to prove that the female of the species is as useful as the male.

It is a far cry from the simpering, languishing lady of Victoria's day, whose heaviest labor was working bead stags on plush "tidies," whose most violent form of exercise was taking a fat lap-dog to walk, to this energetic little Fox feminist who can drive a nail as surely as a carpenter and climb a pole in lineman's breeches to repair a faulty wire. The world is moving fast these days. Just now, indeed, it seems to be overspeeding along the Cosmic Boulevard, in imminent danger of arrest by some celestial cop.

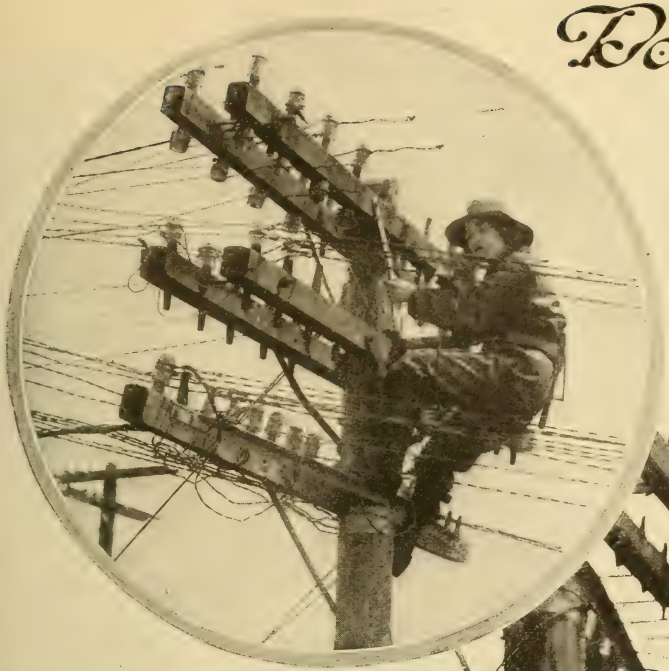
It is the present crisis that inspired Miss Brockwell to discover just how many of the purely masculine jobs a woman could perform if it became absolutely necessary for men to leave for duty "somewhere in France." The investigation covered two



GLADYS THE SPRINKLING-CART "MAN"

Does "His Bit" ~

By Dorothy Donnell

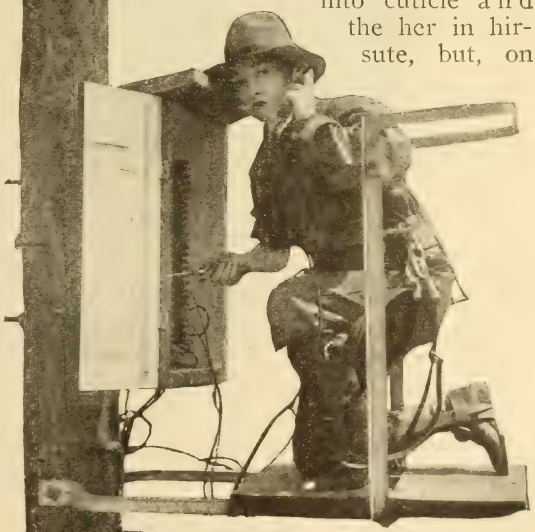


GLADYS MAKES A HIGH-CLASS LINEMAN

strenuous months last summer and carried the intrepid little star into strange places—machine-shops, boiler works, business offices, barber-shops and fire-houses. The result of her research is the surprising conclusion that the only work a woman cannot perform as well as a man is that of the bearded lady at the circus and the big guy with the gold-braid uniform who bawls out the leaving-time of trains at the Grand Central station.

The United States census has a list of occupations termed "peculiar for women to enter." The list includes elevator tenders, machinists, sailors, longshoremen and blacksmiths. Yet already there are scores of elevator-girls, and at the last accounting there were thirty-one women blacksmiths in the country! Miss Brockwell spent one whole day demonstrating her ability to fit shoes on horses' feet, and decided, from the results of her experience, that if women take up the trade of smithy there will be fewer automobiles and more horses in use than there are today. "The smith a brawny man was she" may soon be the modern version of the Longfellow lay.

As a barber she was an instant success. If the entire race of hirsute artists are drafted and replaced by the same number of gladys-brockwells, there will be no kick coming from the men. They will bravely do their bit in the barber's chair every morning and shed their blood without a moan. True, women are famous for their habit of cutting acquaintances; on the other hand, this profession offers them a splendid chance to dye for their country. We might add also that women barbers will put the cute into cuticle and the her in hirsute, but, on



GETTING HER WIRES UNCROSSED



ARMED AND DRILLED FOR HOME DEFENSE

the whole, we think we will leave that out.

There are at present no firewomen in the country, but Miss Brockwell feels she has paved the way for her sex in this profession. The only reason she could discover for the lack of fire-lassies is the fact that when the bell rings there is no time to take off curl-papers or even to powder one's nose. But, doubtless, if need arises some one will invent a becoming and at the same time fireproof boudoir-cap and an automatic powder-puff attached to the fire-engine.

Driving a water-wagon holds no terrors for her. There are a good many men who find it hard to keep on the water-wagon; not so with the dauntless little Fox star. As a carpenter she proved a woman can drive a nail as well as a bargain, and as a lineman she demonstrated that social climbing is not the only method of rising in the world to a high position.

Women have already had some experience in painting. There are twenty-five hundred professionals in this line of work, as well as several million amateurs. "I have always had an irrepressible desire to seize a brush and bucket and slash away at the nearest object," declares Miss Gladys. "I believe the instinct to apply wet paint is



THE DUTIES OF A SOCIAL SECRETARY

second only to the instinct to *touch* wet paint."

Accordingly she donned the white duck uniform of a master-painter and announced her intention of climbing a flag-pole and painting the gold ball at the top. If she had been allowed to follow her inclination Mr. Fox would very probably have been minus one perfectly good star. As it was, she was given a little less exalted place to paint, and succeeded so well that she sees no reason why there should not be fifty thousand of her all over the country doing the same thing today.



PLOWSHARES ARE NOT AFFECTED BY THE STOCK MARKET

But there is one branch of the painting profession in which men will doubtless continue to excel, and that is their ancient pastime of painting the town red.

Women taxi-drivers are no longer exceptions. There is every reason to expect they will soon be the rule. Grouchy fares will be less likely to quarrel with the meters if there is a diminutive blonde or stately brunette beauty behind the driver's wheel.

Many women executives are fast taking positions that men have occupied hitherto—brokers, bankers, wholesalers, advertising agents, wear petticoats almost as often as they do trousers today.

Miss Brockwell spent a day as a commercial traveler; another as a clerk in a tobacco store, where she made good progress in learning the mysteries of stogies, perfectos, "Mechanic's Delight" and real imported Havanas (made in New Britain, Connecticut). A woman is only a woman, and a good cigar is, of course, a smoke, but when



the two are combined—*oh, boy!* Nearly one-half of the clerks in the United States are already women. There is no reason why they all should not be, according to this indefatigable star.

Men claim that the intricacies of machinery are beyond the grasp of minds that have been occupied for generations with putting up pickled peaches and sterilizing baby-bottles. Miss Brockwell differed with this verdict. Accordingly, she introduced her shapely person into a pair of greasy corduroys and hied herself to an electrical repair shop.

When she posed for the picture she was told that she was repairing collector-rings for a 125 H.-P. direct current motor generator.

"I did not know whether H. P. stood for heliotrope pink or for horse-power," she confesses, naively; "but the main point is, I repaired them, and did it well, too."

Most women's knowledge of electricity is confined to changing the incandescent bulbs in the parlor chandelier when they burn out, or turning on the current under the coffee-percolator, but they can learn as well as men if they set out to do so.

The fair sex has long been accustomed to "running things"; hence, argues our dainty investigator, why should they not run locomotives or linotype machines? There is not a single woman railroad engineer in the country, yet, in a time when transportation is so important as it is now, it behooves—or shall we say be-Hoovers?—them to prepare themselves for service if needed. Women are continually on the alert for signals—they know at a glance that Johnny-boy has been in swimming without leave, that hubby has a grouch, that the new neighbor across the way is a cat and every bit of thirty-five in spite of her rouge and peroxide, my dear. So they will be alert





for the signals every engineer must see. Not only does Miss Gladys claim that women can fill almost any position, but she is certain she has found one capacity in which a woman is preëminent.

Early in the spring, when Uncle Sam announced, with grim finality, that only food would win the war, this dauntless little lady was one of the first to don overalls, call for a plow, and proceed to convert the little ranch surrounding her bungalow into a big, thriving garden.

To be sure, the overalls were made-to-order of dainty blue-and-white gingham with a belt, cuffs and everything. But why not? We are told by "them that knows" that we are conscious of our clothes only when we are ill-dressed; and who wants a farmer-lady to be self-conscious or to feel that she is not becomingly dressed? Just plowing is hard enough. And she plowed and planted and harvested to some advantage. Even Herbert Hoover should be satisfied.

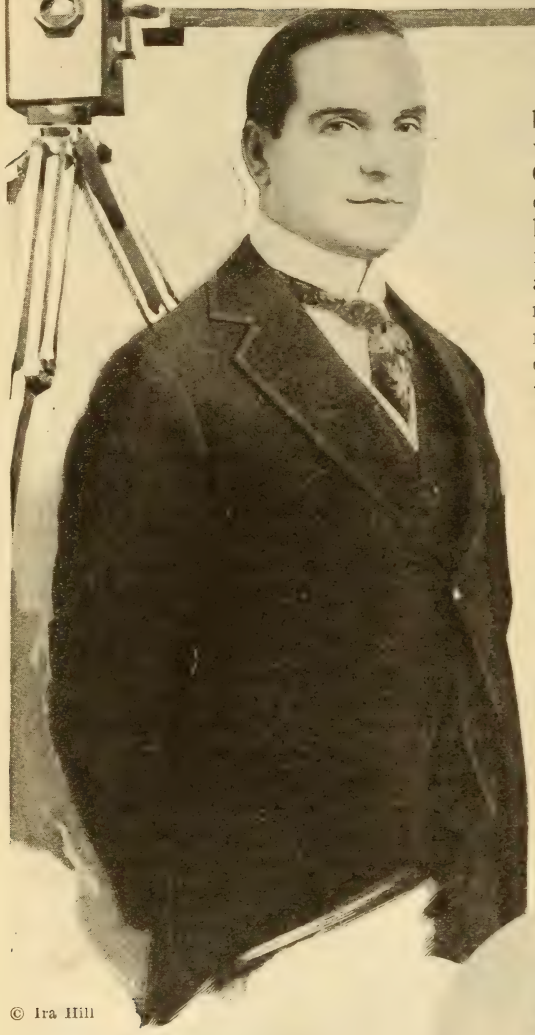
Speaking of being dressed for the part, you should have seen her in a postman's uniform. "Yes," somebody remarks (a man, of course), "women are always dressed for the part when collecting and handling *males.*" But Gladys isn't a vampire in reality, no matter what she is on the screen—and that wasn't the idea at all. She acted as substitute postman, carrying a heavy mail-bag, walking miles and miles, ringing door-bells, blowing her postman's whistle—just to show that she could do it. "And what I can do," she says, modestly, tho triumphantly, "any woman can do.

"When women begin to realize that they can perform almost any kind of manual labor, and in many instances do it more skillfully than the men, we will have made giant strides toward our political enfranchisement, as well as the right to expect higher wages. But first of all we will be one of the biggest factors in winning the war."



Have You a Camera Face?

By LILLIAN MAY



© Ira Hill

THE STERLING YET MOBILE QUALITY OF EARLE WILLIAMS' FACE

"WHAT is your fortune, my pretty maid?" queried the inquisitive gentleman of the little maid in nursery rhyme.

"My face is my fortune, kind sir," she answered him. Did she mean that with only a pretty face she had nothing?—or had she the gift of prescience and did she realize that her face was truly her fortune—a fortune not to be lightly held, but treasured in real cold coin of the realm?

Time was when the young girl's ambition was to go on the stage—but that was in the happy days of "Bertha M. Clay" and "The Duchess." Times have changed and so has the girl. If the little maid were a creature of fact, not fancy, and were with us today, the probabilities are that she would be in the movies; for in our minds we picture her not as merely pretty, but as an ingenuous creature with a figure made splendid by the wholesome work she did and color in her face to rival Nature's best.

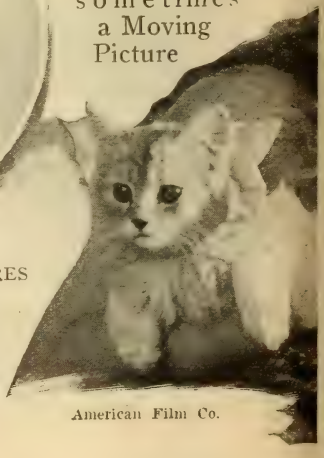
It is said that out of one thousand girls in a given area, nine hundred have at one time or other secretly or openly craved screen prominence. A large number of these send photographs with personal letters to one or more of the film companies. Others personally apply to the studios and ask for a job.

What happens? They are told that nobody is needed, or, more truthfully, that experience is absolutely necessary—which gives rise to a question which is asked in all walks of life wherever jobs are sought after and refused: "Where can I get experience if I cant get a job?" There is only one answer and it's most unsatisfactory: "Watch for an opportunity."

But (there is nearly always a "but" or an "if") sometimes a Moving Picture director just happens to need a type—he is on



THE SOULFUL FEATURES OF OLGA PETROVA



American Film Co.

the eager hunt for a face that is "different"—in other words, a "camera face." Therefore it often happens that, without asking about training or anything, a director will employ a man or woman just because either happens to be a certain type that he has urgent need for. That is "opportunity," and is the only possible opening for a person without experience in dramatic work, and comes only to those who are "types," the fortunate



© White

MARY PICKFORD'S FACE LIGHTS UP LIKE A REFLECTION

possessors of a "camera face." What is a camera face? It is rather hard to define. Earle Williams says he used to think it belonged only to a person with dark, regular features; but after seeing so many girls with small features and very blonde who have made good, his old ideas have been knocked in the head. "Naturally, dark people photograph better," he says, "but it is doubtful as to whether an applicant can qualify as handsome until a test-picture has been made of him. Directors of keen perceptions know that beauty in a woman and handsomeness in a man are not the only things to be considered—few look as well on the screen as they do in real life, and expression and film personality are all-important."



© White

PEARL WHITE AND MARY MILES MINTER POSSESS ALMOST IDEAL CAMERA FEATURES AND COLORING

Altho, as Mr. Williams says, there are some blonde "movie queens," they are few and far between. Mary Pickford is as near as it is safe to come, and is just about at the dividing point; for, tho her eyes are neutral, her skin is light and her hair is golden. Her features are wel developed without being prominent—al together she is the perfect petite type. Mary Miles Minter is another golden-haired type with a face that is childish and winsome, and with the roundness that is highly desirable, tho not essential. Pearl White is very fair, but her eyes are a brownish-red—if there can be such a color in eyes—and her hair is almost

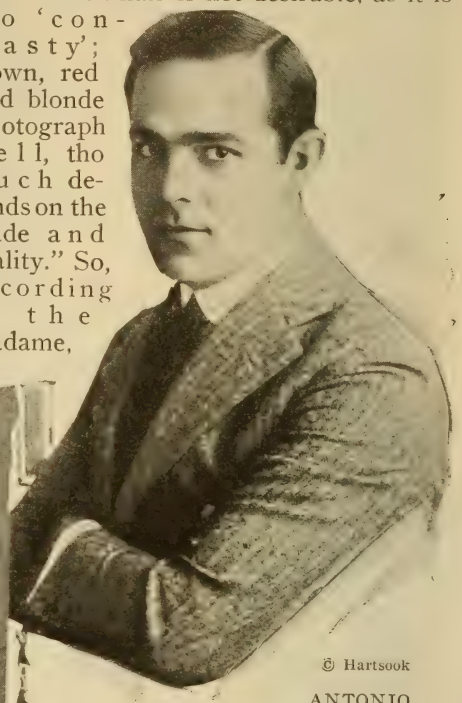
exactly the same color—a splendid combination of coloring for the camera.

Madame Olga Petrova says that a camera face is like little Topsy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fame—"it just growed that way." "One may have the beauty of the Queen of Sheba, Venus de Milo, Cleopatra and Helen of Troy rolled into one," she says, "and still not have a camera face. The essential thing is to have features that photograph well. In everyday life, a little droop to the mouth or a peculiar angle to the eyebrows may add charm and character to one's looks, yet on the screen these lines may have a very ugly effect.

"If the features are quite clear and regular there is something to hope for—and even then, with the most perfectly shaped nose and lips, it may be discovered that the big blue eyes, that caused everybody to remark on their 'soulful beauty,' look weak and faded on the screen. Certain shades of blue will not do at all. Black eyes photograph dull and lifeless; brown eyes are better; but blue-green eyes, with a rim of yellow around the pupil, are best of all, as they retain their expression and animation. Black hair is not desirable, as it is too 'contrasty'; brown, red and blonde photograph well, tho much depends on the shade and quality." So, according to the Madame,



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG'S PLAY OF FEATURES ARE THE LUTE-STRINGS OF HER HEART



© Hartsook

ANTONIO MORENO'S SPLENDID COLORING TAKES KINDLY TO THE CAMERA

while it is impossible to lay down any set rules as to features, certain rules regarding coloring must be observed.

It will be observed that Petrova photographs unusually well. Her profile is classic, almost perfect. She has that essential thing for the camera—a clean jaw-line and a full throat, with a clearly defined line between the chin and neck. Her eyes are dark, and while her hair is darkly lustrous on the screen, in reality it is a beautiful auburn. Add to all this the unusual mind and personality reflected in her face and it will be seen that Madame Petrova is the fortunate possessor of a "camera face."

It is interesting to note the varied opinions of some artists of the screen. Clara Kimball Young doubts if there is "any such animile" as a camera face.

(*Continued on page* 164)



From this picture it will be seen that Charlie Chaplin is not the homely, awkward clown that he appears to be, but a really handsome, charming young man

THE GIRL OF A THOUSAND MOODS



© Photoplayers Studio

SINCE THE DAYS WHEN SHE WAS KNOWN AS "BABE FISCHER" IN HER FATHER'S TROUPE AND WAS SWEETLY SERIOUS AS LITTLE EVA IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," OR—WHAT SUITED HER BETTER—ROMPED HER WAY THRU AS TOPSY, MARGARITA FISCHER HAS BEEN A POPULAR FAVORITE. HER FONDEST DREAM WAS TO BECOME THE GREATEST DANCER IN THE WORLD—A DREAM THAT COULD EASILY HAVE COME TRUE. BUT, AFTER SEVERAL SEASONS IN STOCK, REPERTOIRE AND VAUDEVILLE, SHE DANCED HER TRIUMPHAL, MADCAP WAY INTO MOTION PICTURES.



The PROWESS of POLO

By Lillian Conlon

THE news photographer at Universal City was strolling up and down the vast outdoor stages, looking for things to immortalize. The abnormal is so commonplace at the film capital that it needs a special kind of training to enable one to pick out the real high spots. However, when he saw, over in the corner of a set, a man in a serge suit lift an acrobat dressed in the tights and sandals of his profession, raise him on one hand and slowly elevate the extended body over his head and hold it there, the photographer, exclaiming "Eureka!" slipped in a plate at once.

"Who is the strong gink?" asked the in-



EDDY POLO

terviewer, who was slinking along behind the photographer, to take advantage of his trained news instinct.

"Him? Him in the serge suit? Why, dont you know—that's Eddy Polo."

"Do you suppose he'll tell me how he does it?"

"Well, seeing that a screen-player doesn't care for publicity any more than he cares for his breath, I dare say he will, if you ask him nicely and say please."

So the interviewer sugar-coated his voice and said please half-a-dozen times, and Eddy Polo complied.

"Meet my old pupils, the Azard brothers," he began. "Oh, didn't you know that I had been a teacher of stunts like this? Well, of course, I was mainly identified with circus life before the movies got me, but there are lots of gymnasiums scattered about the country, in which my name used to be revered as athletic instructor, and some of the boys that I started on the road to fame have won big prizes. Here are two of them, and they are headliners wherever they show. This fellow here weighs a cool two hundred, and he had an idea that the movies were a softening profession compared to the life of an acrobat. Just to prove that a screen-player is no slouch, I tried some of the old stunts with him. He was all up in the air over it."

"How does it feel to fight ten or a dozen men at once, as you've had to do so often in your serial career?" asked the interviewer, in tones of oozey honey.

"Well, it partly depends on the director of the picture," answered the strong man. "Some directors are satisfied with a sort of impressionistic fight, but the Universal serial producers cant be fooled. Jacques Jaccard, who did 'Liberty,' and Stuart Paton, who has just finished 'The Gray Ghost,' insist upon a fight as is a fight. They are both the sort that inspire their players, and when I meet a dozen men for a big scene in one of our serials I know I've been up against something when it's over. They scrap as if they meant it, and I have to use all I know of the noble arts of boxing and wrestling to come out victorious, as the script demands."

"What about taking eighty-foot dives into the ocean? Does that give you heart failure beforehand?"

"Well, eighty feet doesn't look so much to a fellow who has been a balloonist and parachute-dropper, after all, you know," he answered, modestly. "I once caused a slight ripple in Paris by circling the Eiffel Tower in an airplane and then dropping in a parachute, a distance of more than a thousand feet. Sometimes I think that the big show over there"—he pointed in the general direction of Europe—"will get me. My people have done won-ders, and it seems as if there might be a bit that I could do for them."

"Your people, Mr. Polo? Who are they? Aren't you an American?"

"I'm an American in sympathy and by adoption, but I was born in Italy. They begin young over there. I started my training when I was three. By the time I was four I could walk on my hands. I cant remember when I began to learn to make falls and turn somersaults in the air, and I believe I could swim by nature, as a dog does. By the way, I was the first man to catch a fellow-acrobat after a triple somersault in the air. You might put that in your interview. It doesn't sound much to the lay man, but the men in the profession will know what it means. The first time I tried it, I misjudged the tumbler, and he got me square in the mouth and knocked out about half my teeth.

"Since then I have experienced some of the most terrific falls that have ever happened to a man—and still come off alive. They say my falls off sheer precipices in Motion Pictures have made me famous—pshaw! it's all in the day's work."

Polo has become an international favorite thru his work in "The Broken Coin," "Liberty" and "The Gray Ghost." Wherever pictures are shown, Universal serials are sure to follow, and Polo has been the life of three of them. So popular has his name become that he is to be the star of a brand-new one, which is under way at present. But I forgot—that's a secret, or tried to be.



THE INNER MAN—POLO'S WONDERFUL PHYSIQUE—ISN'T APPARENT IN HIS CLOTHES

Photodrama in the Making



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by

HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

TINY TIMELY TALKS

N. B.—I will welcome suggestions from Readers as to what Topics they would like to have me discuss under this Caption. Write me your problem in a word or two and I will try to solve it here.

LET US PUT OURSELVES IN THE PRODUCERS' SHOES

Suppose you were in the high-grade pottery business and some boob sent you a brickbat to put in your exhibition-rooms.

You would feel just a trifle like hurling it at his head, wouldn't you?

Still that is not an awful lot unlike what happens when some misguided writer sends a Producer a 40,000-word dissertation on Christian Science, Woman Suffrage, Child Labor or Unsolved Murder, and ingenuously calls it a Photoplay.

The Producer may be a Scientist, or a Suffragist, or an exponent of Child Labor, or even a Murderer, but everybody in his world-wide audiences will not be, thank heaven!

There will be Atheists, Wife-Beaters, employers of Child Labor and Ministers of the Gospel among those present, and they must get their money's worth of entertainment, or go to see some other brand of Pictures.

If you must be a preacher, go to a theological seminary; if you must suffer, become a suffragist; if you must protect children, become a nurse; if you must commit murder, remember the penalty.

In other words, you cannot write a sermon, or a piece of propaganda, or a diatribe, or an alleged crime, and call it a Photoplay.

But you can register one or all of these themes in a well-constructed Photoplay properly sugar-coated, so that the gist of the play would be the epitome of the theme without having declared its presence thru Dogma or spoken its name in cold blood.

The test remains in that the average reader, or the average audience —which may mean the average producer—may honestly say, after having read or seen your play, that they have been *entertained*.

By entertaining an audience is meant giving them a performance that gratifies their intelligence, their imagination, and their esthetic sense.

There is the simple formula; can you mix it?

If you cant, dont blame the Producer when he returns your offering without a comment, for were he to express himself you would feel even less complimented.

A STITCH IN TIME

Edison is no longer in the market for Conquest Picture subjects.

Essanay needs Taylor Holmes material at this writing—and would just as lief have little or no Plot and plenty of Human Interest.

Goldwyn Pictures Corporation wants stuff for Mabel Normand in the vein of a female Fairbanks.

Add Thomas H. Ince to your list, Los Angeles, Cal. William S. Hart, Charles Ray and Dorothy Dalton are his stars.

Vitagraph Company say they would consider material for Earle Williams, Harry Morey and Alice Joyce.

IS YOUR PROBLEM HERE?

S. C. S., San José.—If a reliable Company holds your manuscript a month it is usually an indication of "further consideration." Write a polite letter requesting information after a month's time. No one is using the name you mention, to my knowledge—but why use a pen-name, when building up one's name to the selling-point is part of this game?

J. R., Cleveland.—There is no given number of words to a Synopsis; some Plots will admit of full pictorial development in five hundred words, while others require five thousand; simply make sure that you give only, yet *all essential* data. *Synopsis only* is wanted; no scene plot.

B. W., Boston.—Scenarios will not be considered. I cannot recommend any selling companies advertised in this or any other magazine.

S. E. and G. T. H., Milwaukee.—The reason Companies do not write a few words of criticism and tell you *why* your plays are not available is that they expect writers to be Photoplay writers as well. I cannot advise you who would sell vaudeville sketches for you.

H. L. N., Erie.—D. W. Griffith is not at present interested in the production of spectacles, and at all times he was supplied by experts on the inside of his studios. There seems to be no demand for spectacular Features just now, as all of the recent ones have been financial failures.

F. M. J., Jr., Carver.—No "Play directions" should accompany the Synopsis.

R. E. G., Medford, Hillside.—*To repeat*—there is no definite number of words in either a Synopsis or a Story; 3,000 words might be a safe number for a Synopsis. Present tense is used thruout.

J. S., New York.—A list of Markets where to send and sell Photoplays appeared in back numbers of this Magazine, and more will follow.

B. P., Paris.—Write a sharp letter if your manuscript is still retained after writing once. The address of The Artcraft Company is 485 Fifth Avenue, New York.

S. L., Tiltonville.—*Again I say*—Synopsis only! Synopsis should be typewritten in the present tense.

H. L. M., Scranton.—At least ten Companies are buying plays from worthy unknown writers. See my Synopsis. You will note how I indicate suggested dialog.

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

N. B.—The following complete Synopsis is offered in response to a steady stream of inquiries asking just what it is the Producers want. The first installment appeared in the January Number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

(THE ROMANCE OF) A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By Henry Albert Phillips

OUTLINE:

Part I. —The Quest of Romance
Part II. —To the Depths of the Sea
Part III.—To the Ends of the Earth
Part IV.—To the Exhaustion of Riches
Part V. —To the Gates of Eden

SYNOPSIS

PART I.—THE QUEST OF ROMANCE

Sylvia Smith is the laughing-stock of the little town of Blue Bank, where she has lived all her life. She is especially the object of ridicule in the millinery shop where she works with several other girls and Mrs. Tootle. Her deep eyes are always set in space, where her romantic imagination sees wonderful things which are more true than life to her. So she tells of her wonderful day-dream adventures as tho they were true and actual. Her specialty is in mythical lovers.

Sylvia is so mystically queer that she repels actual lovers, tho in every other way she is attractive. Sylvia has but one person who believes all she says; this is Mrs. Tootle, who asks her to repeat again and again the wonderful dreams of riches and lovers thru an ear-trumpet into her deaf ears.

Affairs come to a climax when Sylvia announces her forthcoming marriage to a man of means. This rouses her doubting feminine hearers to a state of jealous exasperation, and they meet together and protest that Sylvia must be stopped. A committee calls on her and demands that she either make good her latest boast or submit to a public branding as a liar!

Sylvia is frightened at this threat, tho undaunted. After retailing to Mrs. Tootle her latest real and imaginary adventures, Mrs. Tootle suggests: *"Why dont you go to the city and get your lover—and show them!"* And Sylvia realizes that affairs have come to such a pass that following out this suggestion is her only alternative.

(*To be continued in the March* MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE)

In connection with Mr. Phillips' series of articles on photoplay writing, we wish to suggest a list of valuable reference and text-books. We will be pleased to supply them at the prices named:

"The Photoplaywrights' Primer." By L. Case Russell.....50c., postpaid
"Technique of the Photoplay." By Epes W. Sargent.....$2.10, postpaid
"Writing the Photoplay." By Arthur Leeds and J. Berg Esenwein. $2.10, postpaid
"The Art of the Moving Picture." By Vachel Lindsay. ..$1.35, postpaid
"The Photodrama." By Henry Albert Phillips.....$2.10, postpaid
"The Universal Plot Catalogue." By Henry Albert Phillips.$1.05, postpaid

THE MAN WHO ALWAYS MAKES GOOD



AS LAFE GRANDOKEN IN "ROSE O' PARADISE" ONE WOULD HARDLY RECOGNIZE HANDSOME HOWARD HICKMAN. VERSATILITY IS HIS MIDDLE NAME, AND IN ALL HIS CHARACTER RÔLES HIS UNUSUAL PERSONALITY AND DRAMATIC POWER PREDOMINATE. IT IS SAID THAT HE HAS "INTELLECT WITH IDEALISM." THAT IS WHY HE NEVER FAILS IN ANY PART HE UNDERTAKES

Estelle Winwood Says American Actresses "Put It All Over" Their English Sisters

By ELIZABETH HEINEMANN



ESTELLE WINWOOD, erstwhile "Sweetie," the sweet and second wife of William Gillette in "A Successful Calamity," is an English girl who declares American actresses "put it all over" the stars of the English stage.

"American girls train themselves for the stage," Miss Winwood declared in her attractive apartment just off Fifth Avenue, on Forty-fifth Street. "They record and reveal every passing emotion, while the English girl is taught to conceal everything she feels. What we in England are taught is 'breeding' is our greatest handicap as artistes.

"We are shut up, 'fountains sealed,' as it were, and when we do melt into a rôle and mould ourselves to it, believe me, we work ten times as hard as an American actress would work to achieve the same end."

This in spite of the fact that Estelle Winwood, in the ten months she has been in America, has created for herself a niche all her own as an interpreter of young and lovely womanhood, first in her original rôle in "Hush!" at the Little Theater, and later in "A Successful Calamity."

"Yes, but I've been on the stage ever since I was twelve years old," Miss Winwood remarks. "I have had training such as no American actress is put thru. Even before I went on the stage I was on the stage."

Which sounds Irish, but is true when Miss Winwood explains that her early years were spent at a boarding-school, the mistress of which held one passion—theatricals.

"We spent more time rehearsing than we ever did studying. Most of the things we did were old fairy pieces and Shakespeare.

"But going back even earlier than that," her blue eyes danced, "I may say the only interest in my life was the stage—the old stage-coach that used to run in Ealing, England, where I was born. My earliest recollection is of this stage rumbling past our gate on its way to the station. To this day I do not know why it met the trains. I am sure no stranger ever arrived, and no one in Ealing, as I remember it, ever went away anywhere to return.

"My family moved to London, and it was there I started my real stage career. I got my early training under Sir John Hare. I did all sorts of parts in all sorts of plays, Drury Lane melodrama heroines especially.

"I went to South Africa to play 'bits' with James Welch, who is now dead. I played only one small rôle, and after that I was suddenly elevated to real parts and played the 'leads' with him.

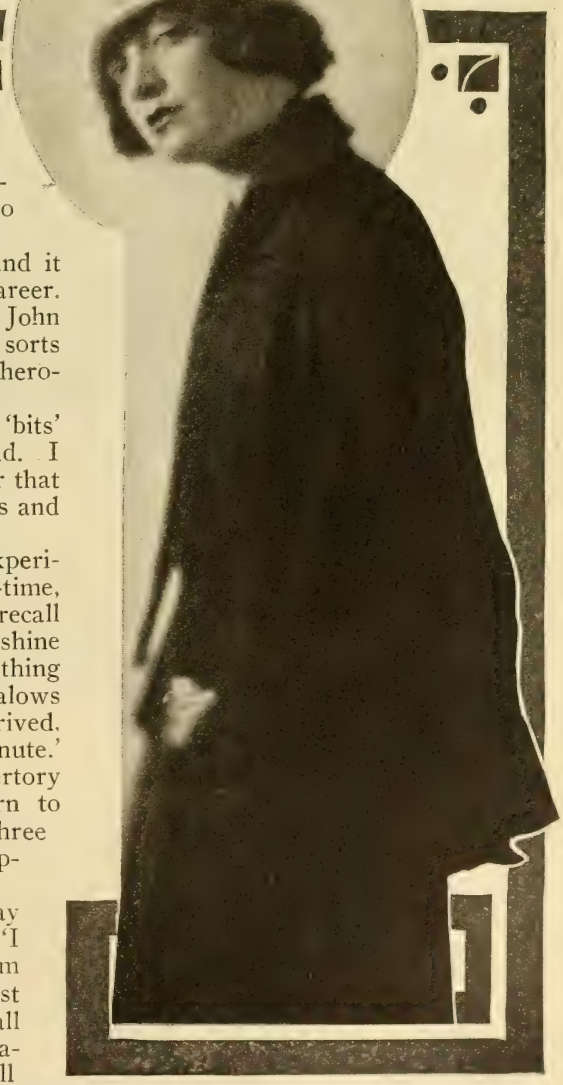
"South Africa was a beautiful experience. We got there at Christmas-time, which is midsummer with them. I recall Africa as a land of perpetual sunshine and bamboo furniture. Everything seemed perfectly casual. The bungalows seemed to say: 'We have just arrived, and we are only stopping here a minute.'

"I played for five years in a repertory theater in Liverpool on my return to England, and I was in London three years before I came over here to appear in 'Hush!'

"England seems very far away now," Miss Winwood continued. "I am making no plans to return. I am getting my courage up to have a test picture made. If I 'register' I shall do Moving Picture work as a vacation pastime this winter, and I shall continue to play Sweetie in 'A Successful Calamity,' which reopened at the Booth Theater in September.

"I do not feel cut off from my people. Since I have been in America I have not missed getting letters every week from England, and so far the U-boats have not intercepted one of my letters."

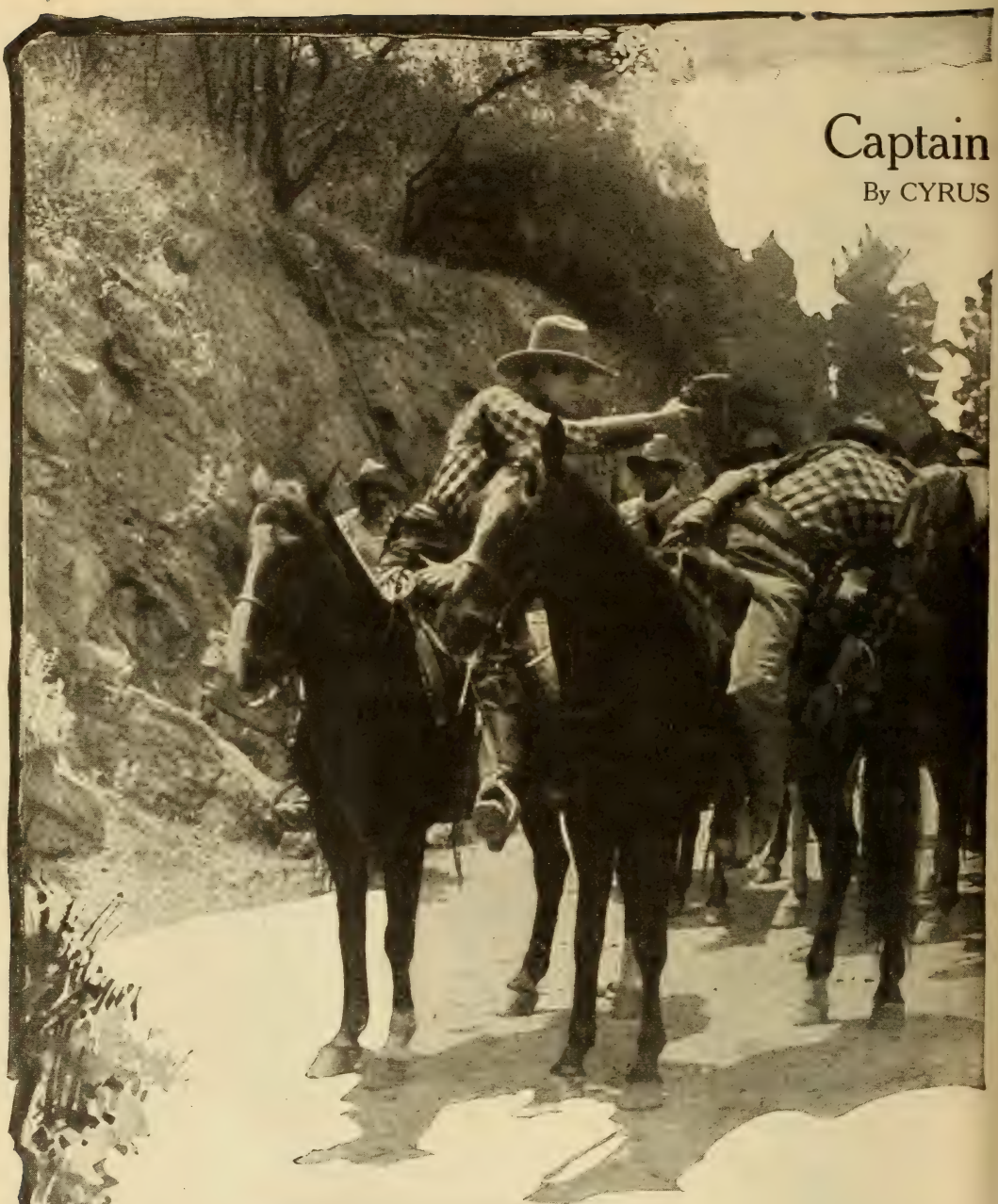
She pointed to a letter. "Just in," she said. "I have not finished reading about my wounded soldier brother."



ESTELLE WINWOOD

Captain

By CYRUS



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EPISODES

"Captain Sunlight" is a notorious bandit on the Texas-Mexico border. He abducts Janet Warned, and Jack Conway, a neighboring rancher, rides to her rescue. Later Janet is held up by a masked rider, whom she recognizes as Captain Sunlight. He escorts her along a precipitous trail, and rescues her from a terrible death. He intimates that he is going to ask for her hand. Captain Sunlight detects the appearance of a body of horsemen and ties and gags her—only after she has gashed his face with her whip—and from behind a boulder gets the drop on Captain Sunlight and his gang. Janet then discovers that her escort is Jack Conway who has been larking in the guise of Captain Sunlight to test her sand. Womanlike, Janet confesses to Jack that she is engaged to be married and that her fiancé's train will pass thru the town. They go to the station, and, as her fiancé is hurriedly kissing her, Janet points to Jack and says: "That is the man I am going to marry!" Jack makes open love to Janet and she responds. He then sets out to discover Captain Sunlight and is captured by him. As he is being led along the edge of a precipice, Jack jumps from his horse and plunges to the gully below. The bandits fire at him and leave him for dead. In the meantime George Twitchell, Janet's fiancé, gets off the train and speeds back in his automobile toward the border town where Janet is. While she is walking in the woods, a detachment of Captain Sunlight's gang attack the town and George sets out to warn her. He succeeds in getting her into his car, but is intercepted by the bandit and killed. Janet, a captive again, is led by Captain Sunlight toward the Mexican border.

Sunlight's Last Raid

TOWNSEND BRADY

Cast of characters in the play as produced by the Vitagraph Company:
Capt. Sunlight—Victor Howard
Janet Warned—Mary Anderson
Jack Conway—Alfred Vosburgh (Whitman)

The Sixth Episode
The Final Surprise



IN defiance of the proverb, for a long time Captain Sunlight, oblivious of God save as a matter of form, had been accustomed both to proposing and disposing. To an absolute belief in his ability to do this he was completely committed, and this in spite of temporary interruptions of—was it Providence or was it humanity which sometimes either checked his plans or temporarily thwarted them? In the long run he was accustomed to say and believe that he always had his own way.

He was never more confident in that conclusion than on the afternoon on which he drew rein before the settlement, or what had been the settlement, for at his arrival it was a mass of roaring flames save for the adobe hotel in the plaza, which was ringed with spitting fire. In fact, so rapidly had the conflagration spread among the inflammable buildings that the raiders had largely defeated their own purpose of loot; still the booty was considerable.

A few words put Captain Sunlight in possession of all the facts in the case. It instantly occurred to his astute brain that help might have been summoned from Fort Maxey. The newspapers had made much of the recent concentration of troops there to be used against him in any emergency. He therefore divided his force, sending one small part to the eastward to tear up the railroad track, another group to the westward for the same purpose, to prevent interruption from either end, while with the main body he proceeded to assemble the loot, commandeering wagons and other vehicles which had survived the fire to take it across the border.

A glance told him that the hotel, which appeared to be astonishingly well defended by the boys and women and old men, was impregnable to anything but cannon, or that if he succeeded in taking it otherwise he would have to pay so heavy a price as to make the game not worth the candle. As it was, there had been several casualties among his men already. He had effected his main purpose as it was. He had destroyed the settlement and he had the great prize for which he had been hungering and thirsting in his hands. There would be booty enough for his followers. There was no object in delaying further. They had done enough for one day. The soldiers

might be upon them. The posse might return. He therefore decided that so soon as the track-destroying parties had returned he would take his departure. He roundly cursed his lieutenants for not having thought to send them before, for even that slight delay might prove costly.

It so happened the golden opportunity had been lost. They were too late in their endeavor. The Mexicans had no regular tools for destroying the track, and while they were ineffectively prying at the rails a swiftly moving train appeared on the horizon. They piled timbers on the track before they fled, but it was an open stretch of track, and the engineer saw the obstruction and stopped in time. The train was a special bearing a troop of the Twentieth Cavalry. The soldiers debarked at once. The Mexicans had a good start of them, however, and were out of sight before the troop could take up the pursuit. They burst in upon Captain Sunlight with the news.

Driving the wagons furiously ahead of him, he at once ordered his men westward. They picked up the party which had been fiddling with the track to the west of the town, and the whole band tore off over the prairie at full speed. The nearest practicable crossing of the river, here both wide and deep and flowing swiftly, was that which they had used in their advance, and it was some miles up the river. Things looked somewhat dark for the bandit, but his case was not hopeless. The country was rolling, and from the top of every hill they could catch a glimpse of the pursuing cavalry riding hell-for-leather in a desperate effort to overtake them. The troops were a long way behind, however.

Just as soon as Captain Sunlight had left the smoldering remains of the town, the defenders had come out of the hotel. They had given the cavalry all the information, so that the soldiers did not lose a minute. Janet, riding in the middle of the band, and looking back from time to time, could see the troopers. If anything the raiders were the better mounted, altho that difference in their favor was somewhat equalized by the fact that their horses were not entirely fresh. It was an even race, therefore, and with the start the bandits had got it did not seem likely they would be overtaken. Captain Sunlight found time to point this out to his principal captive with his usual diabolic courtesy. But this was the one time in which his confidence that he was an exception to the proposing and disposing rule was to be rudely shaken, if not destroyed, for a new factor, or factors, now entered the game. Debouching from Wildcat Cañon, from the lower slopes of which they enjoyed a full view of everything, noting the burning town, the fleeing bandits and the pursuing soldiers, came the posse, reinforced in this instance by Jim Phelps, Conway's ranch-boss, whose heart was filled with devotion to his principal and fear lest he should have come to grief.

Jim was something of a natural soldier, and instead of riding straight for the enemy, in obedience to a natural inclination, he had persuaded the boys to gallop toward the river to intercept them. Consequently, topping a rise, Captain Sunlight, riding ahead, saw the way of escape westward was barred. He was a quick thinker, accustomed to making decisions on the instant. He could not go back. He could not go forward. The river ran broad and deep, the current was swift. They were still far from the ford. Captain Sunlight had an innate fear of water. It was apparently the only thing he did fear—his one weakness! He would not attempt to swim it. The way to the north, toward the hills, was open. Once in those fastnesses he could evade pursuit, hide and ultimately make his escape. He had done it before. He could do it again. His men had stopped in a huddle as soon as they saw what he saw. The game was up as far as the raid was concerned. They must abandon their plunder and seek safety.

"Every man for himself," said Captain Sunlight in Spanish. "The soldiers are behind, the vigilantes before. There is the river or the mountains."

Abandoning the wagons, the men scattered, ninety per cent. of them plunging into the river, while a few made for the mountains. Leading these was Captain Sunlight, holding the rein of Janet's horse. The girl's heart beat high with hope. Surely her detestable captor was in the toils; she would be saved the awful

fate from which it had seemed impossible she could escape. Not that she feared death. Indeed, she would have killed herself without hesitation rather than have submitted to Captain Sunlight's odious advances. She had only been waiting an opportunity. With Conway dead, and Twitchell, she felt she had nothing for which to live unless it were to see the bandit adequately punished for his misdeeds, his band scattered, and the reign of terror on the border ended.

Just as soon as the band dispersed, the posse, which was nearer than the troop of cavalry, discovered Janet Warned; at least, they saw that Captain Sunlight—his hat had fallen off; all of them recognized his blond poll—was accompanied by a woman. It was Phelps who decided it must be Janet Warned.

"Half-a-dozen of you follow me," he cried, assuming the leadership, which none wished to dispute. "The rest of you chase along the river and see that mighty few of those devils escape. Follow them across if necessary. The cavalry will take care of those that attempt to cross below."

He shouted this out on the dead run. As he did so he pointed to a few of the nearest and best-mounted men and signaled them to follow him. The little group around Captain Sunlight now separated. There were not more than half-a-dozen of them, and by his orders they broke so as to scatter the pursuit. Ordering all but two of his following to separate likewise and pursue the others, Phelps tore over the rolling lowland after Captain Sunlight.

Now, Captain Sunlight was better mounted than anybody in the whole theater of action. He had the pick of the horseflesh of the border for his own use. Whenever he found anything better than what he had been riding, among the captures, he took it, and he had mounted the girl on a horse almost as good as his own. These two horses and those of Phelps following were about equally tired, so that the pursuers had no advantage of the pursued on that score.

Captain Sunlight, looking back from time to time, noticed that he began to draw away from Phelps, who was riding like a demon on his trail. If nothing happened, Captain Sunlight would gain the hills. Once there, the game of hide-and-seek he would play he swore would finally bring him to freedom. In any event, he had a hostage in his hands. If he could only get her to a place of security in the last crisis he would perhaps buy his life and freedom with her. As for the destruction of his band—well, they were only Mexicans, anyway! Others could be gathered later. He deplored their loss, but it was not vital to him or his plans. As to the loss of the plunder, he had plenty, and other was to be had for the taking, so he rode with a heart full of rage but with no touch of despair. There was no time for conversation, simply a mad race across the rolling prairie.

Now, Captain Sunlight, closely watching the terrain, suddenly stumbled into a long hollow, the bed of a creek generally dry, but sometimes, as in this instance, with a little water in it. Instead of crossing the hollow, or coulee, and galloping straight north toward the mountains, he drove the horses thru the water eastward down the length of it. He wanted to get as far east as he could, as far as that grove of trees around the big spring and the bluff where he had picked up Janet Warned, for from there it was but a short distance to the rugged rift in the mountains which he had already thrice traversed that day, and where the gallant Conway had met his death.

If Captain Sunlight had urged the horses before, he now rode like one possessed. He risked breaking the legs of the horses. He risked being thrown from them and killed. He risked everything, which was characteristic of him. His ruse was successful. In their haste the pursuers galloped across the creek, and, thinking they had the desperado before them, made for the hills.

Leaving the depression above the town, having dodged his immediate pursuers, having put himself in rear of the soldiers and the posse busily engaged in shooting the Mexicans in the river, Captain Sunlight found himself once more at the spring, where he stopped to give his horses a little breathing time, to water them, to take a drink himself, and to lave his face and hands in the water. He proffered a full canteen to the girl, and

altho to take anything from his hand was horribly repugnant to her, yet she had sense enough to realize her need and to quaff gratefully the cool, delicious spring water. She marveled to herself that she had this power when just beyond her lay the overturned car and the bodies of Twitchell and the two boys.

Captain Sunlight did not delay a moment longer than was necessary. He remounted his horse and once again they took up their flight—the willing and the unwilling together. They gained the bluff unobserved. From there it was a short distance to the foothills, in which they soon found themselves without apparently having attracted any notice and obviously having distanced or deceived all pursuit. Captain Sunlight was now in high spirits.

"We shall sleep comfortably tonight, señorita," he said. "In places that I know of we can lie hidden for days. We shall have a pleasant time together. I regret, for your sake, that we found no padre in the village, but a little thing like that shall not interfere with our happiness."

The girl shot a look at him. If she could get her hands on a weapon of any sort nothing would ever again interfere with her captor's happiness, for she would kill him; and if she could not compass that, before Captain Sunlight should lay any hand on her she would throw herself from some cliff or dash her brains out against the rocky wall of the cañon. He must have divined her thought.

"I shall take great care that no harm comes to you, señorita, either from your own fair hands or from another, until"—he paused ominously—"later. After that, if you find life unbearable with me"—he shrugged his shoulders as if to say that what she might do then could not matter.

They were riding at a gentle pace now, for one reason to spare the thoroly exhausted horses, and for another because the way was growing terribly rough; and for a third, because no one was in sight. Presently they reached the entrance to the gorge or ravine, that offered a torn, broken, almost impassable way upward to the plateau crest of the mountain range. There were two ways to make the ascent. The first was to follow what had been the old trail down which Captain Sunlight had come early in the afternoon and up which he had later led Conway to his death. This way, which was terribly hard and dangerous, was still the easier way; also, it was the obvious way. There would be any number of places for concealment when the trail lost itself in a maze of rocks and gorges up the range, but Captain Sunlight had no mind to try it. He had decided to follow the harder way, which was the course of the mountain brook, where there was no trail at all. He would go up as far as it was possible to ride, then dismount and drive the horses forward on foot until he could find some safe hiding places for them. It might become necessary to live on horse-meat in the emergency. After leaving their horses he would seek further concealment for himself and his companion in some of the caves and nooks in the wildest and most inaccessible portions of the cañon. He had a pair of saddle-bags well filled with bread and meat, the bottom of the cañon would provide him with water, which the trail would not, and with the horse-blankets and saddles they could make themselves reasonably comfortable, especially as there was plenty of dry wood for a small fire on occasion.

All these things decided him. It was growing late. In a short time it would be dark. They might follow the brook in the darkness if it should be necessary, altho they never could have followed the trail. On he plunged violently. Progress was very slow. He could have gone more quickly if it had not been for the horses, but he knew their ultimate salvation might be dependent upon them and he would not abandon them. Finally he dismounted and forced Janet to do so, and drove the horses and woman further into the mountains, himself bringing up the rear.

Janet Warned had gone thru enough that day to break the strength, to say nothing of the spirit, of an Amazon. Finally she collapsed on the trail, utterly exhausted.

"Kill me if you will," she said, "I cant go any further."

They had stopped in a particularly wild and broken spot. The gorge was here a

little wider than it had been heretofore. A clump of trees grew against one wall. It would be a good place to conceal the horses. Captain Sunlight compelled Janet to get to her feet. He could not tell whether she was shamming or not, and he did not dare leave her. She must perforce accompany him. Crossing the creek on huge boulders, he tied the horses in a cave-like recess between the clump of trees and the wall. There was a little grass there for their feeding. Unless they themselves called attention to their presence, no passer-by would discover them. He took the saddle-bags, the blankets and one saddle on his shoulders and once more started further into the mountains. He was a man with Herculean strength, and he half-carried, half-supported his wretched captive, who protested and even struggled faintly, but in vain.

Back in the lowland there was a great commotion. Mounting the crest of another hill which gave them a full view of the foothills of the range, Phelps and his two companions surveyed the country. There was not a sign of Captain Sunlight and the woman. They had been too close to him for him to have got into the shelter of the foothills already. He seemed to have dropped into the earth, as indeed he had. Phelps, who had learnt from Conway to use a small field-glass, swept the foothills.

"He's tricked us," he said at last. "He must 'a' gone west'ard thru that little coulee we crossed. He couldn't possibly have got into the foothills, an' he's not to be seen nowheres, but to make sure, one of you ride to the hills, the other come with me."

Phelps and his designated follower retraced their steps, regained the coulee, made a careful examination of the crossing, which they should have done before, and easily picked up the trail. They followed it hard, lost it after a while, but headed eastward on a venture, passing to the northward of the town, until they came to the abandoned motor-car and the three bodies beside it.

"He's been here," said Phelps to his companion, a big cowboy named Havens, "altho what in blazes this yere automobile is doin' out here I dont know. Wish to God I knew in what direction he went."

"If we dont git him pretty soon," said Havens, significantly looking at the rapidly declining sun, "it'll be too late."

"Yep!"

"I know where he's gone," piped out a small, shrill boyish voice.

"Well, I'll be——" began Phelps, as a little, lame boy crawled out from under the overturned car. "Who are you?"

"I'm Ned Bury, sir."

"What's the meaning of this?"

"I dont know his name, but that man yonder"—pointing to Twitchell's dead body—"alarmed the settlement an' rode out here to git Miss Warned. I knowed she'd gone for a walk here, an' I offered to come along an' show him, an' them other boys, which their name is Crompton, come too. Then we was attacked an' the car turned over, an' Cap'n Sunlight shot the two boys an' the man an' carried off the lady."

"And you? How did you escape?"

"I was throwed under the car, sir, and didn't git hurt a bit. I didn't have no gun, an' I'm lame anyway, so I couldn't make no fight. I lay still an' I've been hidin' here ever since. I knowed there wasn't no place for me to go, an' then Cap'n Sunlight come back agin. He didn't have no hat or mask on, an' he had Miss Warned with him. When I saw him comin' I hid agin. I think if I'd had a gun I'd have shot him. They stopped here for water, an' I heard him say they was goin' into the foothills."

"He will have gone into the old cañon, Jim," said Havens.

"Exactly," answered Phelps. "My boy, you've done well."

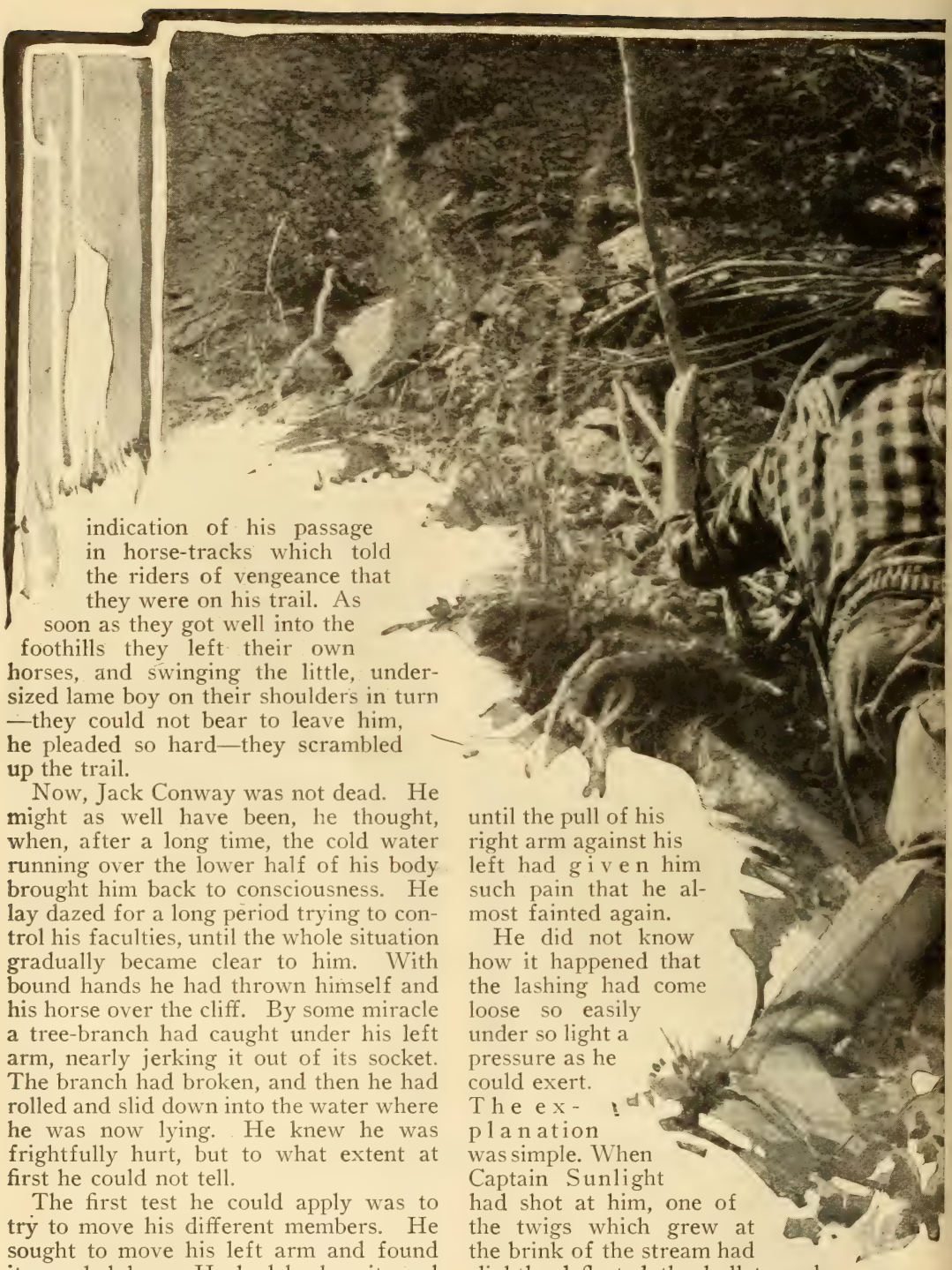
"Cant I come along, sir?"

It was not a case where speed would be of any special value, for after they got into the foothills they would have to walk.

"You're entitled to it," said Phelps.

He reached his hand down and put out his foot for a step. The boy scrambled up behind Phelps and settled himself securely, getting a tight hold on the ranchman's belt.

Crossing a mud-hole in the foothills at the mouth of the cañon, in his haste Sunlight, without thinking, had left a clear



indication of his passage in horse-tracks which told the riders of vengeance that they were on his trail. As soon as they got well into the foothills they left their own horses, and swinging the little, undersized lame boy on their shoulders in turn —they could not bear to leave him, he pleaded so hard—they scrambled up the trail.

Now, Jack Conway was not dead. He might as well have been, he thought, when, after a long time, the cold water running over the lower half of his body brought him back to consciousness. He lay dazed for a long period trying to control his faculties, until the whole situation gradually became clear to him. With bound hands he had thrown himself and his horse over the cliff. By some miracle a tree-branch had caught under his left arm, nearly jerking it out of its socket. The branch had broken, and then he had rolled and slid down into the water where he was now lying. He knew he was frightfully hurt, but to what extent at first he could not tell.

The first test he could apply was to try to move his different members. He sought to move his left arm and found it was helpless. He had broken it, and the exquisite pain in his left shoulder convinced him that he had dislocated it, but his right arm was free. He straightened it, and suddenly the lashing which had bound his hands gave way, but not until the pull of his right arm against his left had given him such pain that he almost fainted again.

He did not know how it happened that the lashing had come loose so easily under so light a pressure as he could exert. The explanation was simple. When Captain Sunlight had shot at him, one of the twigs which grew at the brink of the stream had slightly deflected the bullet, as by a miracle, so that, instead of entering his back, it had struck the rope-lashing and cut it.

With the aid of his right arm he now painfully lifted himself up from the rock.



"WHEN TWO STRONG MEN MEET"—THE LAST DRAMATIC ENCOUNTER OF JACK CONWAY AND CAPTAIN SUNLIGHT

As he did so, he brought pressure upon his right leg. The pain of it apprised him that there was a break there also. He was shocked and bruised all over his body. The bullet, after being deflected and cutting the lashing of his hands, had torn its way thru the flesh of his back, just below his ribs. Fortunately it had done no other damage. With his still sound, tho bruised, left leg and right arm he dragged himself out of the creek, first having slaked his thirst and filled the water-bottle which hung intact at his waist.

Once on the bank he made shift to sit up and look about him. Just back of him there was a deep recess, or cave, in the mountain wall. He peered into its mouth, but he could not see the end of it, which was lost in darkness. He decided that the best thing for him to do would be to go in and lie down and rest. For one thing, Captain Sunlight might return on the trail to make sure of him on the long chance that Conway was still living. Besides, there didn't seem to be anything else to do. Perhaps in the morning he might feel able to attempt the horrible journey to the lowlands, crawling and dragging his broken members all the way. Perhaps the posse might defeat Sunlight and search the hills for him. At any rate, altho every inch he traversed caused him exquisite anguish, he finally managed to drag



SHE BABBLED CARESSES,
PRAYERS AND APPEALS TO GOD

himself into the cave. The night in the mountains would be cold. It was warm and dry within, and by crawling in a little distance he came upon a stretch of sand where he could lie with some comfort. There he composed himself, straightened his wounded members as best he could, and waited for whatever might come.

The chances that he would be rescued were a thousand to one. He knew that long before he could die of starvation or thirst, fever would set in and delirium. While he had strength and consciousness he would show himself a man. In fever madness he would not be accountable for what he might say or do. He prayed for that strength, but he prayed more fervently for the safety and happiness of the woman he loved, from whom, in all probability, he was separated forever. At last he fell into a fitful, broken sleep as

the evening came on, from which he was awakened by the sound of voices and footsteps. He could distinguish nothing that was said.

His first impulse was to shout or scream so as to apprise those approaching of his presence, but they might be enemies, he realized, so he lay still in the darkness, his eyes fixed on the entrance. From the shadows outside and the faint light in the cañon he decided that it was nearly sunset.

It was to that very cañon that Providence, tired at last of Captain Sunlight, led his footsteps. If he had rounded the projecting rock before him he would have seen the bodies of the dead Mexican and the horse, which would have put him on his guard. He stopped a few feet short of them. To the astonished Conway came the sight of the woman he loved in the arms of the man who had all but murdered him. If he had only had a weapon! Being wounded and maimed, he was powerless. He lay quiet in the shadows, scarcely daring to breathe, but confident that no one could see him in the gathering gloom coming from without, unless actually on top of him. His every shattered nerve was again strained to the limit. He was now only half a man, but sooner than harm should come to the woman he loved, he swore that the half-man should dominate the whole villain before him.

Captain Sunlight deposited Janet on one of the smoother rocks at the mouth of the cave, carefully enough—she was too valuable a piece of property to be damaged by rough handling—and then threw the saddle, blankets and bags down on the ground.

"This place will do beautifully, señorita," he began, wiping his face, for his toil had been heavy. "You see it's warm and dry. There's water a-plenty. I have some food in my saddle-bags, and if necessary the horses will furnish us with more. There is only one approach to it, and one resolute man can keep back a hundred if he has an object in view. You dont answer, señorita, but silence gives consent. I will allow you to rest yourself a little, while I prepare the wedding-supper. Then—to my arms!"

He looked about him a moment, and, laying the Winchester against the rocky side of the cave, opened the saddle-bag, drew from it various edibles which he laid out on a clean piece of rock, and turned to the girl, who had sat apparently listless, awaiting his pleasure. There was nothing she could do, no place she could go. She was utterly helpless, absolutely in his power, entirely without recourse. If she attempted flight, he would have been upon her in two bounds. She could only pray. She could scarcely even hope. And she watched him with the same horrible fascination that the dove stares at the snake about to strike.

"What lacks our nuptial feast?" he said, with horrible gaiety. "Ah, something to temper this fiery spirit to a woman's taste."

He turned away to make a short journey to the creek for water with which to dilute the whisky in which he would fain drink her health or have her drink his. The moment his back was turned, Conway began noiselessly to crawl over the sandy floor of the cave toward the rifle. He did not dare to make a sound, did not even dare to whisper the girl's name. He had not the strength to think of anything but getting that rifle. It was but a few steps to the brook. Unless he got the rifle before the bandit turned around the latter would shoot him out of hand. Clenching his teeth to keep from crying aloud with the anguish which every motion caused him, finally he got to the gun and grabbed it. At that instant Captain Sunlight turned around.

How or why he was able to do it Conway never could tell, but in some fashion he found himself erect on his feet, or foot, rather, leaning against the rock. His face was blood-stained, and where it was not red it was as white as death. Catching sight of that face peering at him out of the darkness, Captain Sunlight threw up his hands in terror.

"Madre de Dios!" he cried, hoarsely —"the dead man!"—imagining himself to be dealing with an apparition.

The noise Conway made in getting to his feet, and Captain Sunlight's cry, aroused Janet Warned from what had almost been a stupor. She turned her head, screamed wildly, and the next

(*Continued on page* 163)

Announcement Extraordinary!

To Readers of this Magazine:

The March issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will come to you in a NEW shape—instead of its present size of 7″x10″ it will measure 8″x12″—nearly twice as large as it is now.

A BIGGER AND BETTER BOOK

There will be nothing to equal it anywhere! The larger pages will permit a MUCH more attractive display of illustrations, and there will be more room. Often, heretofore, we have had to leave out considerable timely material because of lack of space, but this wont happen again.

Many new and beautiful features will be added, such as the covers in six colors; at least 32 pages in Rotogravure—brown and green—and these will contain charming reproductions of your favorite stars and a pleasing display of other movie features; and also more worth-while stories by well-known authors. And there will also be some EXQUISITE COLOR WORK inserted in the body of the Magazine, including two portraits in the colors of the original paintings.

The new MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will be artistic to the last degree and is the final and perfect result of seven years of experiment, for you will receive on the first of every month the most attractive and fascinating magazine possible for us to give our readers, and we feel very certain that you will be more than merely pleased—you will be both delighted and enthusiastic—and we suggest that you place an order for your March copy with your newsdealer very soon, as we expect a tremendous sale for the March issue, and we want YOU to have YOUR copy.

Cordially yours,

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Price per Copy—in New Size—20 Cents

The high cost of paper, and the greatly increased amount used, make this slight advance in price necessary

SHOWING CORINNE GRIFFITH "HOW IT'S DONE"



A SHORT TIME AGO CORINNE GRIFFITH WAS A SHELTERED LITTLE SOUTHERN GIRL AND HAD NEVER SEEN THE INSIDE OF A MOTION PICTURE STUDIO. BUT WHEN A VITAGRAPH DIRECTOR, WILLIAM EARLE, SAW HER AT THE MARDI GRAS FESTIVAL IN NEW ORLEANS AND SAID, "DONT YOU WANT TO COME NORTH AND WORK IN PICTURES?" SHE DROPPED HIM A LITTLE OLD-FASHIONED CURTSEY AND SAID, "YES, THANK YOU, KIND SIR," AND CAME RIGHT ALONG. NOW SHE FLIRTS WITH THE CAMERA EVERY DAY, AND HER LIFE IS A SERIES OF SURPRISES. SHE CANT QUITE GET "ACCLIMATED" TO ALL THE WONDERFUL THINGS THAT COME ABOUT IN THE COURSE OF A DAY'S WORK. IT SEEMS LIKE MAGIC TO HER. THAT'S WHY SHE MAKES SUCH A CHARMING INGÉNUE STAR FOR THE SCREEN.

Jackie's Stolen Day

By PEARL GADDIS

THE other day, when Jackie Saunders should have reported at the studio for work, promptly at eight-thirty, she was reported missing. No one could be found who knew a thing about her. Nine-thirty came, and still no Jackie. Finally, some one at the office telephoned to her house and demanded information. The maid informed them that "Miss Jackie had left the house at six o'clock and that she didn't know where she was gone—she didn't, no, suh."

So no scenes were "shot" in which the presence, in the foreground, of Miss Jackie was needed. And here, for the first time, the secret of Jackie's day is given. At six o'clock she sneaked out of the house, and into her roadster, standing at the entrance of the driveway. With her she carried a small handbag, and the motor-basket was packed with a plentiful supply of good things to eat. Away, into the rose-and-gold of the dawn went the little roadster and the happy runaway.



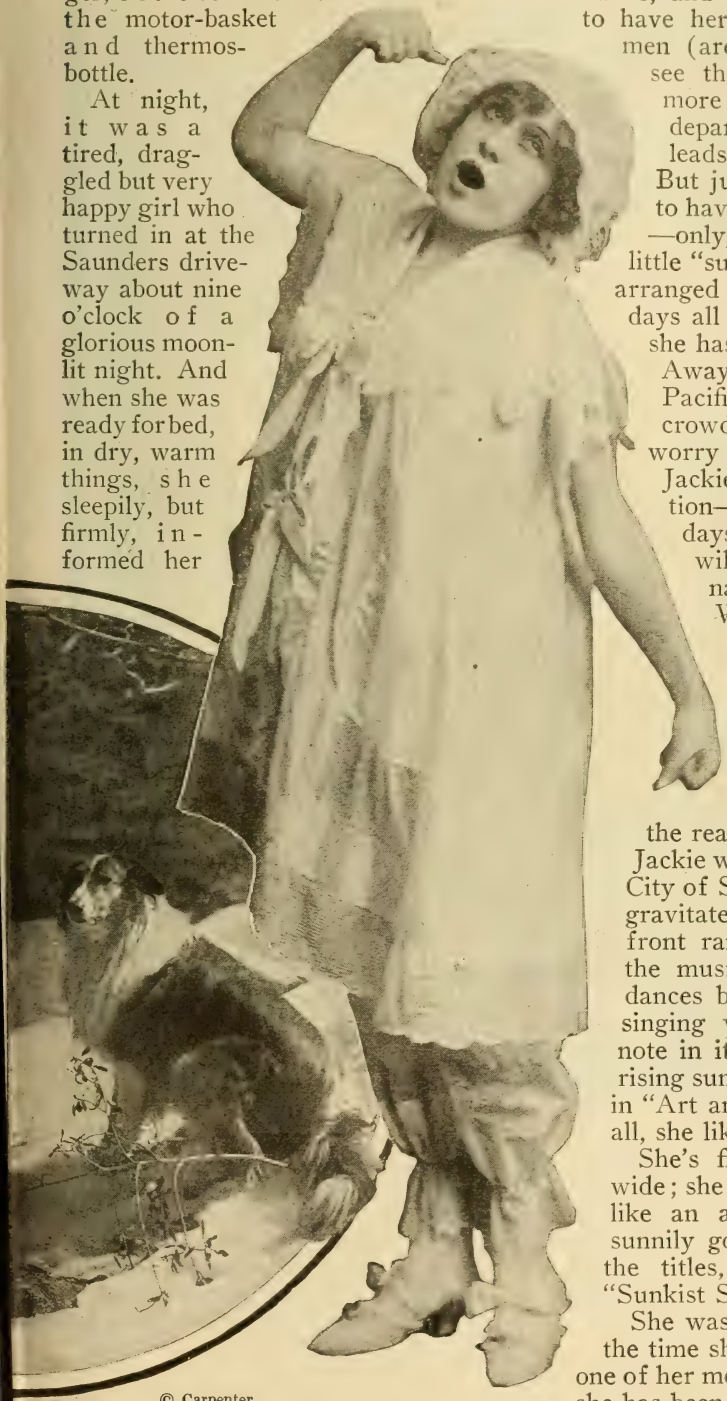
Her destination was a little cabin, in the heart of a snow-covered mountain-peak, within motoring distance of Long Beach, where, a few weeks ago, a number of scenes for a new photoplay had been taken. The little cabin was deserted, and Jackie had, then and there, made up her mind that she was going to come back there and spend a day, just as soon as things got quiet and tame down Long Beach way. And this was the day. With her beautiful collie, "Laddie," on the seat beside her, she spun away into the hills.

In the hand-bag were a warm, plain coat-suit and cap. Inside the car were a pair of what Jackie gleefully called "skees." And that's where and how Jackie spent her stolen day, in the snow—throwing snowballs at "Laddie," who joined in the fun with a free



and happy heart, learning to "skee," and, at lunch-time, dining gloriously with that incomparable appetizer, a ravenous hunger, on the contents of the motor-basket and thermos-bottle.

At night, it was a tired, draggled but very happy girl who turned in at the Saunders driveway about nine o'clock of a glorious moonlit night. And when she was ready for bed, in dry, warm things, she sleepily, but firmly, informed her maid that such expeditions would take place even more often in the future; whereat the maid threw up despairing hands, and the Balboa firm determined to have her shadowed by plain-clothes men (are there any other kind?) to see that she didn't hold up any more productions by her erratic departures from the path that leads studioward.



© Carpenter

But just the same, Jackie is going to have her fun and her stolen days—only, to avoid argument with the little "sunkist star," the company has arranged for her to have sixty golden days all in a row—the first vacation she has had in years.

Away off in the heart of the blue Pacific, far from the madding crowd, where scenarios cease to worry and "extra folks" are not, Jackie is going to spend her vacation—her sixty precious, golden days. She's going to track the wild, untamed ukelele to its native lair, see if the beach at Waikiki is half as wonderful as its group of press-agents have claimed for it—and, incidentally, she's going to learn some new dances, so that when the House of Balboa puts on a Hawaiian play the dancing will be the real thing.

Jackie was born in Philadelphia, that City of Seven Sundays, but she early gravitated to Broadway and the very front rank of a Beauty Chorus, in the musical-comedy world. She dances beautifully, has a very good singing voice with a pretty, happy note in it—like a lark singing to the rising sun—and is intensely interested in "Art and the Drama"; but most of all, she likes pictures.

She's five feet tall and not very wide; she has big, wide blue eyes, skin like an apple-blossom, and hair so sunnily gold that it has won for her the titles, "Gold-Topped Girl" and "Sunkist Star."

She was born Jacqueline; but from the time she first threw her rattle thru one of her mother's bits of Venetian glass, she has been Jackie—and it just fits her!

BREAKING IN A LEADING-WOMAN

Eileen Percy Required But Little and Made Good from the Start



WHEN THE MERCURIAL DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS BROKE HIS CONTRACT WITH THE TRIANGLE COMPANY HE LACONICALLY COMMENTED: "TOO MANY LEADING-WOMEN." THERE WAS METHOD IN HIS MADNESS, FOR DURING THE ELECTRIC COMEDIAN'S SOJOURN WITH TRIANGLE HE HAD ALMOST AS MANY LEADING-WOMEN AS BLUEBEARD HAD WIVES. IN "CUTTING OUT" EILEEN PERCY FROM THE "FOLLIES" CHORUS, DOUGLAS HAS EVIDENTLY DETERMINED TO CAPTURE 'EM YOUNG AND BEND THE TWIG WHILE IT'S GREEN. IN THE INIMITABLE DESERT ISLAND SCENES IN "DOWN TO EARTH" THE FAIR EILEEN BLOSSOMED FORTH AS QUITE A CAMERA-TRAINED FILM BUD.

The Genie of the Pearly Stone

By WILLIAM L. GEPPERT

Griffith's film spectacle, "Intolerance," flashes back to the Babylonian era to show that many customs and problems were the same then as they are today. Here we are flashed back to the period of the Arabian Nights for a lesson sadly needed today in the Motion Picture industry.



HASSAN ADHIM LOOKED ACROSS THE MARKET-PLACE ASTONISHED

INTO the great market-place of Baladad, where the merchant princes bring their caravans and wares from the four corners of the earth to be displayed and exchanged, one morning, ere the sun was rising on the mosques, came a caravan of the wealthy Hassan Adhim, of Meshed Ali. In it were an hundred camels laden with all manner of dried and preserved fruits, grain, wines, pure oil, spices and rich silks and brocades.

Now, Hassan Adhim was wealthier than the wealthiest merchant in the whole of Al Jezirah—yes, even of more riches than the great sheik Balihu, of Bagdad, or the prosperous Abudah Harran, of Haleb. He owned three wonderful palaces, his warehouses were in many cities, his money chests were full and running over, his harem was the most beautiful in all the land, and hundreds of slaves attended to his slightest wish. But with all his possessions he continued diligently in the business of trading, which had settled upon him as a fixed habit.

Alighting from his sumptuous carriage, borne by four richly caparisoned camels, Hassan Adhim shook the dust of the desert from his robe and looked across the market-place, astonished at the strange absence of traders and alike angered at the lack of respect accorded him. A Nubian slave walked idly in the shade of an awning near-by.

"Hold, thou wretched fool of a slave!" exclaimed Hassan. "What evil hath befallen that the merchants in Baladad fail

to recognize and welcome the great Hassan Adhim, of Meshed Ali, who hath traveled afar with the choicest of wares?"

"O most wise and benevolent Hassan," answered the slave, bowing low, "cease thy righteous anger! It is not for lack



"AND I WILL RELATE TO YOU THE SECRET OF MY NEWLY FOUND FORTUNE-MAKING GAME"

of respect that these men hath not come to welcome thy entrance into the city. A marvelous game is attracting the attention of all in the Bazaar Eshned. Their senses are stupefied by its wonders. Thou, too, shouldst go and see it."

Hassan Adhim bit his lip. Perceiving, however, that the market-place continued empty save for the slaves and idlers, he controlled his anger, gathered his robe around him and strode to the Bazaar Eshned.

There, indeed, had everybody gathered, a throng of merchants being crowded around a table, all intent upon watching the new game. It was a wonderful contrivance, with glistening metal balls, silver wires, polished mahogany and carved ivory, costly as the most elaborate table in the palace of the Sultan himself.

At the entrance of Hassan the merchants, utterly abashed at not having welcomed the great trader, left off playing the new game and gathered around him with exclamations of regret and a profusion of apologies.

"It is the new game," they explained, "which hath commanded our undivided attention. It is truly remarkable. See, thou!"

So saying, they led him over to the table and explained the intricacies of the marvelous contrivance. Soon Hassan became charmed with the game and played thereat with as much interest as that displayed by the other merchants. Many more came and played, and the crowd swelled to such large numbers that lots were drawn to determine the order in which each might play. Far into the day they continued with the new amusement, and scarcely had all given time to their devotions or their meals until they were back again.

At last, wearied with the sport, Hassan Adhim left off, retiring to an adjoining chamber with Alfouran Kelann, of Mazanderan, who in the meantime had announced himself as the sole owner of the game in the whole of Al Jezirah, having purchased the rights for the entire territory from the maker, who was a man of great cunning and skill in Kirman.

"Your fortune and attendance, O wealthy citizen of Meshed Ali," began Alfouran, "and I will relate to you the secret of my newly found and fortune-making game.

"On the ninth day of the third month as I was making a journey into Khorasan for the purpose of obtaining fruits, wines and silks for the market-house at Astrabad, I stumbled over a perfectly round and smooth stone, so pearly white

that the azure of the heavens was reflected beneath its surface. Taking a corner of my robe, I rubbed the surface to clean off some particles of dirt that had adhered. Instantly the sunlight was shut out, ominous clouds rolled toward me, the lightning flashed and the earth trembled. With a pungent odor of burning powder, a shaft of red and purple fire shot up from the ground at my feet and the genie of the pearly stone arose before me.

"'Behold, thou,' he said, 'the genie of the sacred stone of Bazram. I am at thy service, to do whatever thou shouldst command me.'

"Terrified almost out of my wits, I threw myself prostrate upon the ground, but was immediately wafted backward to my first standing position.

"'Fear not,' said the genie, in reassuring tone; 'I shall not harm thee. Command! What wouldst thou?'

"'O mighty and wondrous genie,' I replied, 'I have worked many years at hard labor and have accumulated nought. Give thou me something that may render me a competence; otherwise, whatever thou wouldst I shall do.'

"'It is as good as done,' said the genie, 'only thou must take the pearly stone and cast it from thee into the first stream of water thou comest to. Then proceed on thy journey into Khorasan. Cross the Dasht Lut into the mountains of Jamal Bariz, in Kirman. Buy that which is offered thee by the first merchant thou seest there.'

"Having thus said, the genie, with a terrible sound, shrank into a revolving figure, which became smaller and smaller until it had passed out of sight in the pearly stone at my feet."

"Thou must have been scared silly," observed Hassan.

"Thou art right, indeed, in thy conjecture," answered Alfouran, who continued his narrative. "But I resolved to proceed into Kirman as the genie instructed, having first cast the pearly stone into a small stream. Arriving there, I met a certain merchant from whom, to shorten my story, I bought this wonderful game and conveyed it with great difficulty back with me to my domicile in Mazanderan. Taking it thence to a bazaar, I opened it to the public, with the same result thou seest here, crowds coming day and night and interest in it never abating, while at the same time the playing price soon filled my coffers.

"Then it was that I conceived the idea of getting another game from my friend



"THE GENIE OF THE PEARLY STONE AROSE BEFORE ME"

of Kirman and setting it in a neighboring city, where I could rent it for a fair sum to another merchant. But to journey again into Kirman would require so much time and effort, and as I became greater in riches, I managed to bring together artisans from different points, who fashioned a new game after the manner of the original with great success. This I set up in a neighboring city at a rental price. Since then I have had several new games made by the artisans and placed in different cities, so that now

I have many going and all are bringing wealth to my very feet whilst I scarce do so much as to turn a hair for it."

"Is this thy coming into Al Jezirah the first with this remarkable invention?" inquired Hassan, craftily.

"It is, O noble merchant Adhim, but the way has been long and I would that I had not ventured it. I have much business calling me, and I must hastily return ere I have fulfilled my plans of establishing agencies."

"My friend," returned Hassan Adhim, his cupidity aroused, "thou needst go no farther. I, the greatest and wealthiest merchant, am perhaps the only one in Al Jezirah able to complete thy mission for thee. Canst thou not suppose a rental scheme for this game for the whole of Al Jezirah?"

Having thus said, the two fell to bargaining, with the result that the proposal of Hassan Adhim was accepted by Alfouran Kelann. Alfouran was to return within six months for a settlement of the partnership, while arrangements would be made at once for the transport of new games to Al Jezirah for Hassan Adhim, who was to distribute them in bazaars thruout the land and have supervision over them.

Time wore on and Hassan Adhim became so successful with his games that he gave his whole attention to them and neglected his trading business, which had to be operated by others. Where in Baladad he formerly made 200 pieces of silver profit a week from one game, he installed four more and reaped a profit of 650 pieces of silver weekly. In other cities, too, more games were sent, and the rentals collected from them made him fabulously wealthy, remembering that he was wealthy when first taking up the new business. There was no fear of competition, for few were wealthy enough to afford the cost of manufacturing the game, and these would not take the chances of risking so much money.

But human nature is alike, even with the wealthy as with the poor and needy. He that hath much wants more, the same as he that hath little. As he grew wealthier, Hassan Adhim grew more miserly. At last he conceived the idea of raising the rental price upon the men to whom he had let the games under contracts. His weekly profits were immediately increased one-third, tho every game-operator grumbled and complained at the rise in the rental price, declaring the price was already high enough and that the business would not stand the increase.

In Haleb the agents raised the price of the games to the public, with the result that business at once fell off, the advanced price putting them beyond the means of many that had played. Hassan Adhim then ordered the old price to the public restored, and the agents rebelled, saying the new rental forbade. And Hassan was obliged finally to change the agents, giving the rental privileges to other men whom he persuaded to take them by his blandishments and cajolery. For awhile everything was good and prosperous and money came rolling again to the feet of Hassan Adhim, but the agents again rebelled, some here and some there.

In the midst of Hassan's difficulties with his agents, the Sultan, having become in need of additional revenues for the support of the government and having observed the great profits that had accrued from Hassan's games, imposed a large additional tax, both upon the games themselves and the bazaars in which they were exhibited.

Distress and disaster then followed rapidly for Hassan Adhim. The agents rebelled and abandoned their work, declaring the new burdens piled upon the business from all sides had made the risk too great and the profit too small for them to continue in it. One by one, then two by two, they gave up their games, some of them abandoning them behind locked doors and others losing them thru proceedings for debt. The interest, too, abated in the games, and they were not attended by the large crowds that formerly sought them out with such eagerness. Hassan now began to lose money hand over fist, faster than he first made it from the games. Many bazaars he had to maintain thru rental contracts, albeit the games were not making enough profit to pay the rental nor for the services of attendants.

At last, one day, his money chests

emptied, his once great estate squandered to a small fraction of what it was when he took up the evil games of the genie of the pearly stone, his third palace was taken away from him for debt. Until now he had maintained faith that the business conditions would become better and that the games would regain their popularity. But this night he gave himself away to utter despair, cursing the day of his birth, calling upon Allah to grant him relief and beating his breast with his fists. While so engaged Alfouran Kelann, of Mazanderan, entered.

"What, thou wretched instrument of sin!" Hassan exclaimed. "Comest thou now to mock me in my miserable condition, for which thou and thy evil genie of the pearly stone art responsible? Canst thou have the heart to show thy face within Al Jezirah, where there is a long train of suffering and disaster from thy games, which thou assuredst me would be of immense profit?"

"Patience and perseverance, O Hassan!" replied Alfouran. "Thou hast not managed aright. But be not furthermore sorrowful. Mind not the cause of thy suffering, nor the extent of thy disaster. I am full of riches. Also, see here!"

Hassan looked up and saw in Alfouran's hands the pearly stone of the genie.

"What!" cried Hassan, aghast. "Didst thou recover the pearly stone of the genie from the waters in which thou wert commanded to place it? And do the powers of enchantment still prevail?"

"Indeed, yes," replied Alfouran. "The genie is still at the command of the owner of the pearly stone. See thou!"

So saying, he rubbed his robe across the surface of the stone. Instantly thunder cracked about them, the darkness of night descended, the walls rocked and pungent and nauseating steam arose. Hassan sprang to his feet utterly terrified and ran against a table, knocking something from it.

The object fell with a familiar, clattering sound; Hassan awoke suddenly to find the sunlight streaming down thru a window upon his bare head. He was sitting in a chair at his desk; a large, pearly paper-weight lay upon the floor at his feet. Before him, awaiting his signature, was a letter, typewritten:

HESSENN FILM COMPANY,
New York City, April 2, 1917.

Mr. James Gettem, Special Agent,
East Liverpool, Ohio.

Dear Sir—Your report of spotting at the Liberty Theater, showing that during the last three weeks Johnson has averaged 14,300 admissions a week, together with your recommendations, is at hand. Please inform him that the price of his film service will be increased to $67.50 net after May 1.

Very truly yours,

_____
President.

He picked up the letter, slowly tore it into little bits and threw them into the trash-basket.

The Movies

By MICHAEL GROSS

What brings most joy for one small dime?
The Movies.
Smooths down the knocks of Father Time?
The Movies.
The art that makes the whole world kin,
The touch that binds all humans in,
That makes you sigh, or cry, or grin,
And then fares forth, resolved to win?
The Movies.

What teaches sister how to dress?
The Movies.
And Bill the right way to caress?
The Movies.
Ma's learnt to serve like Mrs. Drew,
Aunt Mary spots each style that's new,
The Pickford curls now grow on Sue,
And Pa, when worried, hastens to—
The Movies.

Where does Tom learn how things are grown?
The Movies.
Where can Jack see the world's news shown?
The Movies.
The school where learning is just play,
That trains the mind the modern way
And teaches things while hearts are gay—
The wonder-worker of today—
The Movies.

What makes life seem one grand, sweet song?
The Movies.
Without which we cant get along?
The Movies.
Now Billy Sunday tells us that
A heaven's waiting, snug and pat—
Perhaps, but I take off my hat
To the joy around the corner at
The Movies.


WHEN SCENE PAINTERS ARE RUSHED, THEY DEVISE NUMEROUS WAYS TO "COVER GROUND"
DOING LITTLE SCENES LIKE THIS, PROVE THE TURNING POINT OF MANY AN "EXTRAS" CAREER
- TRIALS OF THE PLAYERS IN THE SUMMER - TRYING TO APPEAR COOL
A PATRIOTIC MOB CHASED SOME "EXTRAS" SEVERAL BLOCKS BEFORE THEY COULD EXPLAIN
HOW THE STUDIO YARDS WILL LOOK IF THE CRAZE FOR CURIOUS PETS CONTINUES
"SHOOTING" A DEEP-SEA COMEDY
DRESSING-ROOM VARIETY



In the World of Make-Believe

By MIRIAM NESBITT

THERE is undoubtedly a humorous as well as a serious side to every one's life, and, while mine has been more or less commonplace, there have been some amusing incidents which might interest my dear public.

At the age of ten I pretended I had those things my parents deemed it unwise to give me. In this "world of make-believe" I rode imaginary prancing steeds; endowed all my dolls with accomplishments; dressed the cat in baby-clothes, and kept house in the cellar. Later I opened a theater with tin-can footlights. I wrote all the plays, collected the pins for admission, rehearsed and dressed all the actors, and often played several parts myself.

I was always a tomboy and fond of boys' games. My dolls were of paper and only used for trials and executions. Relatives pronounced me "spoiled" and teachers "stubborn." However, I always stood well in classes and invariably got "honorable mention," or second place in anything I competed for, with one exception. When at dramatic school, I took the scholarship from forty applicants and began my dramatic career as the leading-lady of James K. Hackett, in 1908.

I suppose theatrical experiences are much alike, but I know this one is unique. We were a large Frohman production, and, just before opening in New York, a week of "one nights" were played. One was Northampton, the home of Smith College.

My company chum and I, being unable to secure accommodations at any hotel, tried several boarding-houses. But, in every instance, just as soon as we said "theatrical company," they suddenly found there was no room for us there. Tired, worn out of patience with people in general, I assured my companion we would be welcomed at the very next place we applied, and, opening my valise, I put on a pair of "blue glasses" used for the sun, and smoothed my hair back straight.

Presently a pile of masonry loomed up before us. I entered and marched stiffly into a girls' dormitory and inquired for a room for the night. "Just passing thru," I volunteered.

"Oh, Mount Holyoke?" queried the boarding-hall mistress.

I nodded pleasantly, and added: "Elocution!" At supper I met all the young ladies, and, when seven o'clock came, I nervously explained that I could not attend revival with them because friends awaited me in town. Before I left the hall the mistress informed me the doors closed at *ten*.

I had surmised that already. I thanked her and purposely left my bedroom window open and a chair in the bushes under it, so I could readily enter that way after my performance at the theater.

Three of those young women from the Hall sat in my audience that evening. Each one of them had been too ill to attend revival services! Imagine! Of course they recognized me and waited at the stage door. We climbed in at my window, because the door was bolted on the inside.

The next morning, after solemnly writing in the teachers' register thru my "blue glasses," I departed from the Hall; but, first, I took great delight in leaving, in my room, a good photograph of myself in my part and the name of my producing company written boldly thereon for Miss ——, the dormitory mistress.

One Perfect Day

By GEORGE LARKIN

In jumping from a third-floor window to a brick wall (a mere detail in the day's work), I cracked a rib. The doctor bandaged me tightly and said that the rib was not broken clear thru; I might work if I was careful. The next morning we left the studio to do some exteriors on "Grant, Police Reporter," and as we passed a trestle about forty feet high, with an improvised ladder leading to the top, our director, always on the lookout for the main chance, decided it was an ideal location to effect the rescue of the heroine (Miss Kirkby), who was to cling to me tightly while I made the descent.

Hoping to get by with the strain, I started the scene. Half-way down the trestle, Miss Kirkby lost her grip and I felt her slipping. I grabbed her in time and managed to get her safely to the ground. The director was rejoicing over the extra thrill and I was rejoicing because my rib held together, when I suddenly sneezed! I doubled up in pain and was rushed to the doctor, to find that the gentle (?) sneeze had finished my rib—it was broken clear thru. I returned to the studio, and as I entered my dressing-room a tack that had been in waiting embedded itself so securely into my foot that it required an "operation" to pull it out. Miss Kirkby suggested that it might be my unlucky day and that I had better go home before something really happened, and I suggested that I finish the day's work, as I might never come back.

Late that night I started for my hotel, warning the driver to drive carefully, as every jar hurt. There was a heavy fog; we struck a milk-wagon and I was thrown violently to the bottom of the car. The chauffeur, thinking I was violently hurt, broke the speed-limit to the hotel, and assisted me from the car and to the elevator. As I was about to enter I became superstitious and, to the disgust of the chauffeur and the bellboys, insisted upon walking the nine flights of stairs. And thus ended a perfect day.

Under the Wheels of Death

By ANTONIO MORENO

There are almost always some exciting incidents occurring in our daily lives, but the other day something *really* exciting happened to me.

The story we were working on called for a railroad-trestle scene. I had to jump out of an auto and run away from a gang of terrible thieves. They chased me, and then I was supposed to run onto the trestle. Just as I am in the center, the crooks are supposed to be at one end and a locomotive suddenly rounds a curve and approaches from the other end. I was supposed to climb over the edge and hang under the trestle while the train passed over.

This was all written very neatly in the scenario.

"Well," said the director, "I guess we will have to 'trick' it."

So we hired a train and told them we would go by auto and meet them at nine-thirty.

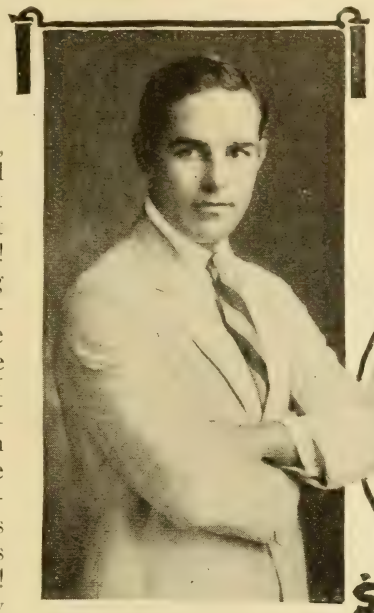
The next morning we started bright and early and arrived at the chosen location before our train. While we were waiting, I decided to make a few investigations. The trestle itself was not so formidable, but, oh! when I looked over and saw that river below! It looked miles down! I was still looking down, when suddenly I felt the whole structure quiver. When I raised my head I saw all the men jump from the auto and rush towards me—not as a pursuing, but as a rescuing band! Of course they would be too late to help. I was right in the center of the trestle, and a train, not our special, was coming at an awful rate. A jumbled recollection flashed thru my brain of some lines from "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—the gallant four hundred riding into the jaws of death: "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die," only with this difference, it wasn't a case of do *and* die, but of do *or* die, and I suddenly acted my part without any prompting as to my cue. I took a real chance, as I was supposed to do in the reel story—scrambled over the edge and *hung* while an engine and four cars passed over me.

I had all the swaying sensations of Leslie Carter, swinging in midair, clinging to the clapper of the bell in her famous "Curfew shall not ring tonight" act in "The Heart of Maryland."

Of course, it was all over in an instant, but it seemed like acting a five-reel play while it lasted.

When the rest of the company came up and started picking splinters out of my hands, I smiled, but I felt as cold and shivery inside as tho I had taken a plunge in the cold water beneath.

A little later our hired special came along. We told the train-crew of the involuntary realistic rehearsal they had missed, and after that the actual filming of the scene seemed comparatively tame.



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ANTONIO MORENO



© Hartsook

RUTH ROLAND

Leaving It to Central

By RUTH ROLAND

IMPRESSED with the importance of a scene for the morrow, and of being "on deck" at an earlier hour than usual at a house-boat chartered for the

scenes for the latter episode of "The Neglected Wife" serial, I carefully wound and set my alarm-clock for six o'clock of the following morning. I so carefully wound it, in fact, that I broke the mainspring, and all the other little springs, I guess, for it refused to go. Unused to awakening without an alarm, I fell asleep thinking gravely of the fact that I was to awaken without fail at six o'clock and without the assistance of my friend, "Big Ben," but entirely thru my own efforts.

I awoke, but not at six. It was nearly two o'clock of a very cold night, and I found myself enthusiastically working the self-starter of my car, which stood in the garage some little distance from my home. I also found that I was very much dressed up in silk pajamas, Chinese boudoir slippers, a fur cape, a large velvet picture-hat and white kid gloves, and realized, too, that I had again been walking in my sleep.

When I regained good common sense the knowledge came to me also that I had better get back to my room before I was found and arrested for a maniac; so, shivering with cold, I crept thru the yard and up-stairs and into my room. Here I told Information, that ever-obliging telephone operator, all about my troubles, and tumbled into bed. It seemed but a few minutes when I was again awakened by the vigorous ringing of the telephone-bell, and in answer to my sleepy "Hello!" came "It's six o'clock, Miss Roland," and I again made ready for the ride to Long Beach and the important scene. Preparations were somewhat different, however, from those made at the earlier hour of two o'clock.

Wherein Actors Are Not Always Welcome Guests

By HELEN LINDROTH

MANY incidents occur while "making pictures," and whether they are funny or otherwise depends upon one's sense of humor and his viewpoint at the moment.

Some time ago I was one of a party which journeyed West to make outdoor scenes for an Indian picture. As we were to travel by automobile to some falls not many miles distant from where I lived, it was agreed that I meet the party at the ferry instead of first going to the studio.

We determined to begin early and finish by noon. The morning in question was bright and clear, so I wore a linen dress, buckskin shoes, hat and long gloves, all white. The car arrived later than expected, and, to cap the climax, it became stranded in the soft sand on a comparatively new road.

Necessity forced us to call upon a band of Italians to help dig the wheels out of the ditch.

We arrived at our destination and halted before the little village hotel, where we were to "dress and make up." Imagine our discomfiture when the genial host, or hostess, informed us she "didn't want no actor-folks round her place."

Every inducement was offered that woman, but they all proved in vain. She refused to permit us to use a single room —not for an hour. There was no alternative but to return home. As our director, exasperated, left the hotel, he was met by a typical Westerner in sombrero and boots.

"Say, boss," he said, "I've got a medicine show in yonder tent—your players can use it."

Needless to say, his offer was eagerly accepted. The men of our party hung up a blanket curtain, which divided the tent into dressing-rooms, and we proceeded to "make up" for our parts.

Just as the last one had completed his Indian make-up, the director's voice sounded doleful tidings: "Too late, boys and girls," he cried. "The light is gone and we'll have to beat it to the next town for the night!"

The "medicine doctor" had failed to supply us with water, and we were compelled to remove the paint from our faces as best we could under the circumstances. We were a sorry-looking lot, really.

I was almost ashamed to go into the next town. However, we left the tent and arrived at our destination, only to learn the sad news that every room was occupied.

Three of us obtained lodgment in another hotel. But neither did we like the looks of the place nor its occupants. "Any old place in a storm" was our slogan, and we remained there, sheltered but not contented.

One of the trio was a young woman, who thought it was "lovely to stay in a hotel overnight," and we two did not want to blight her hopes, since we both knew hotels so well.

After dinner we locked her securely in a room, while my friend and I occupied a room directly across the hall, where we stood guard, armed with hatpins and wooden-heeled shoes, and were entertained (?) with music from the dance-hall below and the popping of corks and snatches of song from the rooms about us the entire night. Every minute we expected some of those ruffians to burst in upon us, but they didn't.



HELEN LINDROTH

The next day we finished our scenes and returned home, the most bedraggled-looking "location" party you could vainly strive to imagine.

His War Medal

A Case of Getting Even with the Captain

DAVE THOMPSON, floor manager of the Metro studio, is now a full-fledged non-commissioned officer. At a meeting of the New Rochelle Elks Military Unit he was made First Sergeant of the Canteen. Shortly after his appointment to the post he was awarded a medal for bravery. Called up before all the members of the unit, Mr. Thompson stood facing the captain.

"Sergeant Thompson," said the superior officer, I have the pleasure of decorating you for bravery. You, sir, have invariably been the first one to answer the call, the forerunner of all the men of this unit."

Sergeant Thompson is a modest chap, and naturally he blushed when he was complimented so sincerely by a superior officer.

"The men of this unit," continued the captain, "have taken up a collection and bought you a little token of their appreciation. As, sir, you have been the first to answer the call to meals every time we have heard the call, the men have bought you a meal-ticket in the form of a meal-pass to the restaurant around the corner, and I now have the honor to present it to you."

But Dave Thompson had an answer. It seems that the New Rochelle Elks Military Unit took part in the big parade on Decoration Day. A Motion Picture of the parade was taken, and later shown at the club-house. The captain was out of step with the unit, and when the picture was flashed everybody in the audience, including those who had been in the ranks, could not fail to notice it. Sergeant Thompson hardened his heart, summoned his courage, and, getting up just before the crowd filed out, delivered the following:

"Captain, I desire to apologize to you on behalf of the company. You are the only one in step, sir, the men under you, sir, being out of step. We are all sorry."

That is the reason that Sergeant Thompson was awarded a medal for bravery—a very real medal struck from the minds of his friends in the ranks.

"UP JUMPED JOHNNY WITH HIS CAMERA!"



GLORIA SWANSON, WHOSE BEAUTY HAS ORNAMENTED THE CLEVEREST OF THE KEYSTONE-MACK SENNETT COMEDIES, HAS LAID ASIDE HER CURLING-IRONS, DÉCOLLETÉ GOWNS AND SILKEN UNMENTIONABLES TO HIE FOR THE OPEN ROAD, AND GARBED IN LEATHERN BREECHES AND SPORT SHIRT, SHE CAN KEEP UP WITH THE BEST OF THE STERNER SEX. BUT, BOYS, THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG HERE—A COFFEE-POT, BUT NO FIRE; A FRYING-PAN, BUT NO BACON—DONT TELL US THIS IS ANOTHER PRESS-AGENT'S CAMOUFLAGE

Down In Front

Merely Maledictions at the Movies

By KENNETH MAC NICHOL



HE was a very little fellow who dangled kilted legs from a red plush seat in the old Grand Opera House. Childishly terrified, he saw two decrepit locomotives collide timidly on a shaky track. They rolled over silently. He shrieked aloud.

Ever since I have been a victim of filmitis. Acute symptoms became more violent each year. I have never been able to completely recover from the hypnotic fascination of the first movie show I ever saw.

Nickels, dimes, quarters—once, on Broadway, two bucks and a half—I have poured recklessly into the coffers of the second greatest industry in the world. I have wondered at spectacular films said to have cost a million to produce. No production since has seemed quite so marvelous as that first feeble flicker on the screen. But recently I have viewed many that were worse—oh, infinitely, remorselessly more banal in appeal.

No? Well, only last night I saw a picture-play—one of the brood of Hope-McCutcheon things—wherein the kingly hero looked and acted like a Rialto barnstormer's imitation of a gentleman; he wrote with a quill-pen, fought in armor, and wore a derby hat when calling on his Lucile-gowned lady-love. The Minister of War, by the way, was a dead ringer for comic Colonel Corn. Names of actors and producers are withheld for fear of contemporary jealousy, altho others have often done as well.

I must have been quite fourteen years old when I first saw lanky Mr. Field deliver a particularly soul-satisfying kick upon the protuberant paunch of disgruntled Weber. Honest, I tell you, fel-

lows, it was a scream! Last night, when a pair of Teutonic caricatures pounded each other's heads with property flowerpots, having endured nine million seven hundred and forty variations of the same theme, it did not seem quite so funny any more.

In the last four months I have paid for laughter in sixty-seven comic films. In fifty-eight of them the comic situations occurred when some one gave somebody a swift poke. This I know, because I counted them. I have had my money's worth of laughter just three times. Perhaps my sense of humor has aphasia, but I went to laugh, I paid to laugh, I was prepared to laugh if given an excuse, and there are occasions when I laugh readily at trivial things.

However, I am not discouraged. Filmed humor still offers a choice: (1) rough stuff; (2) six-hundred-and-seventy-thousand-dollar feet.

The studious Georges Polti scientifically demonstrates that no more than thirty-six dramatic situations are conceivable. Goethe, with Schiller's assistance, could discover only thirty-two. In filmdom there are thirty-one less than that.

For instance, brave hero rescues the heroine, or their positions may be mutually reversed. Occasionally hero rescues hero, or the ingénue saves a nation for a change. Add variations as you think of them. But there must be a rescue or the drama is N. G.—no other motif can be considered in the best studios.

Just now the screened drama seems to run to clothes. Equally popular, we have with us the female star who wears the most expensive "coverings," and she who wears the least without regard to cost. I confess to a liking for musical comedy, and go frankly to tickle my ears with wit and melody and to look upon many-colored legs, altho I believe it was Jimmie Huneker who said "The knee is a joint and not an entertainment." But as vampires vamp and giggling girls gallopade, filmed exhibits of filmy negligée are sensitive only to the scissors of the censor. I am almost ready to support censorship, tho I have cursed it heartily in the past. In screen drama, which necessarily lacks all color, wit and music, mere legs are surely the last extremity.

Fortunately we are rapidly being delivered from an overplus of studio cabaret, and of all the tearful procession of white slaves only the little girl next door remains. Soon, we hope, she too will move away.

I wonder when I shall sit before a screen and thrill with the same grisly palpitations as when, in "Sherlock Holmes," I first saw William Gillette's beckoning cigar glow like a hypnotic eye in the still dark?

It was Buffalo Bill who did it first, or perhaps Nero, the fiddler of Rome. Their pleasing exhibitions have had a number of legitimate descendants. "Cabiria" was the first, a marvelous performance, however much D'Annunzio was indebted to "The Last Days of Pompeii" for a plot. Thomas Dixon between covers was melodramatic, intolerant and absurd; with Griffith's aid and the further assistance of the composer, Mr. Briel, "The Birth of a Nation" became a classic of the screen. Since then producers have gone further and fared worse. When I remember the good money paid to suffer thru "The Battle Cry of Peace" and that incarnadined comedy, "The Fall of a Nation," my Scottish blood distils a toxin of remorse. In "Neptune's Daughter" one could admire the swimming babies, anyway, and the one who cried was awful cute. "Civilization" was only half-civilized at best, and in "A Daughter of the Gods" Mr. Ince has carried the traditions of the circus even further with high diving, wild animals, and tights as special features. Or were there tights? I couldn't always tell. "Intolerance" is a splendid nightmare, compounded, I should say, of Flaubert's "Salammbo," Marie Corelli's "Barabbas" and the Ringling Brothers' three-ring show.

I have no rooted objection, *per se,* to million-dollar pageant spectacles. Conceived and produced as such, I can enjoy them heartily as eye-filling and brain-soporific novelties. But I do object, with malice unconcealed, to the newspaper

announcements and ungrammatical prolog leaders which inform me that the picture is intended to make me think; or is a warning against national calamity; or conveys a great intellectual and moral lesson; or is an artistic effort equal to Shakespeare with original Rembrandt illustrations. My common sense tells me that they are not these things—they are poor plays wonderfully and expensively produced, designed to get the money of the picture fans. If the picture studios should, by any accident, produce a single film intrinsically great, copies of that film would still be running in the year 2000, when, I venture the prediction, nothing that has been done to date will be worth the market price of celluloid.



THE STAR WEARS THE MOST EXPENSIVE "COVERINGS"

Once, in a period of aberration, I conceived and wrote a picture-play, on order from the scenario department of one of the larger companies. Plot, characters and setting being decided upon and approved, I labored mightily upon the script. I was to receive five hundred dollars for the five-reel play. The same ideation in serial form would have brought—well, at least more money, anyway. It is a bromidic contention of the

company that ordinary working authors cannot understand the mysteries of a script, but in this one, when completed, the staff scenario-writer could find no changes to be made. He liked it; the leading-lady liked it; the director liked it; I presume the office-boy and extras liked it, too. But it did not satisfy the leading-man, who was then the leading-lady's husband. It gave his wife too much of the "stuff down-stage"—he contended also that he was not a fish. So the company offered two hundred and fifty dollars for the finished work. Meanwhile said scenario-writer had migrated to another company. He offered to sell on commission for a thousand. He did not. Later I accepted an offer of a hundred, having marketed the script myself. That company used the central idea, twisted setting and costumes to suit their studio properties, and divested the script of all vestige of a plot. I might have forgiven their idiosyncrasy in this if they had not filmed my name as author of the mess. I have friends who have had worse done to them.

Some day, when one may expect the same courteous treatment from the studios that authors receive as a matter of course when dealing with book publishers and magazines, then—and not until then—I may write a scenario again.



BRAVE HERO RESCUES HEROINE, OR THEIR POSITIONS MAY BE REVERSED

In itself this only partially explains why Shakespeare, Mérimée, Fouqué and Helen Hunt Jackson are resting so uneasily in their graves. Could they see the filmed productions of "Romeo and Juliet," "Carmen," "Undine" and "Ramona," they would certainly arise and weep. And I am sure that Sienkiewicz has not yet seen his "Quo Vadis?" on

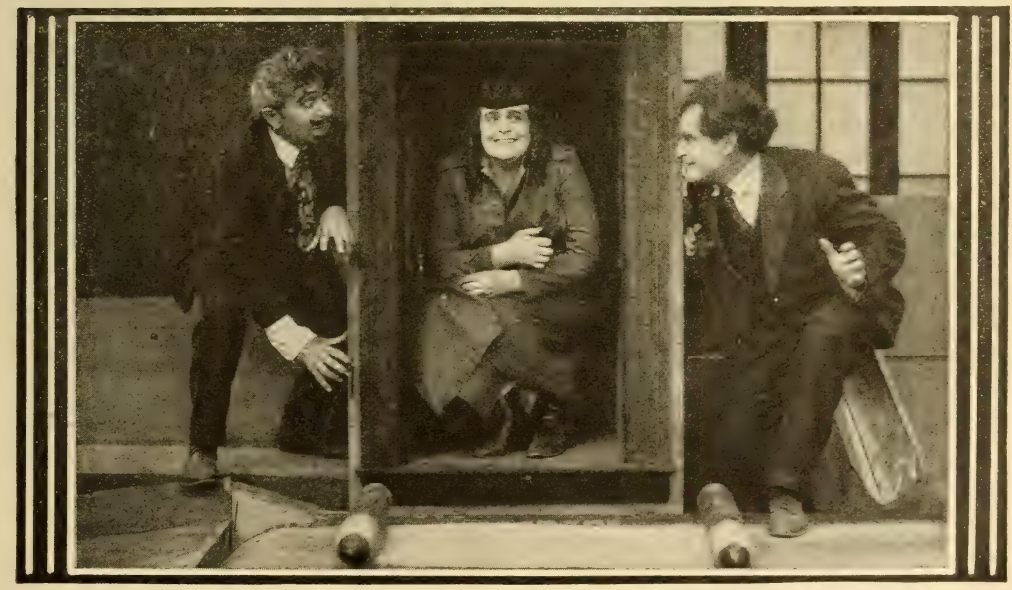
the screen, else Poland would have forthwith severed diplomatic relations with America.

To be original, "the photography is generally good," and I'll concede the naturalness of the scenery.

Famous Players recently closed a contest in which, it is said, they actually paid a thousand dollars each for a hundred selected scripts. Several of the producing companies are experimenting with "natural length" films, in which stories are neither cut nor padded to fit one, two, three or five thousand feet of film. Verily, brothers, these be hopeful signs. Not that the price is wonderful for a production which might well be a successful serial, novel, or a play, and there has never been a final reason assigned for absolute film-lengths. But here we may at last find a promise that we may yet look upon laughable comedies, dramatic dramas, and longer productions which will reveal the artist's hand. It is scarcely too much to hope that the sickly serial picture is not immortal. The time may come when intelligent people will patronize the movies without reproach.

Perhaps sometime—I conceive it possible in my wildest dreams—genius may throw a shadow on the screen. There are times when I vision the super-picture play with actors and actresses cast to fit and fill their rôles, a real story, written by an author in love with his craft, in which the director has ably done his work. And then, looking further into the misty future, I see a stereoscopic picture with an appearance of seeming solidness, photographically colored with all natural hues, with the voices of actors and actresses, phonographically re-created, brought into perfect correlation with illustrative gesture and moving lips. There will be music, too, for many of the scenes, softly breathed wind and fire music, blending word and gesture into a perfect whole. And then, when all the best of this is realized, we will put the Russian Ballet uncensored in a can and ship it to Oden in Arkansas, to cavort and caper at ten cents a throw.

It will be the beginning of the Great American Renaissance in Art.



MARIE DRESSLER, THE "STRONGEST-FEATURED" STAR IN SCREENLAND (MOSTLY FEATURES AND FEET), IS BURSTING OUT AGAIN—THIS TIME IN "TILLIE, THE SCRUB-LADY" (GOLDWYN). THE ECCENTRIC COMÉDIENNE'S FIRST BIG HOWL WAS "TILLIE'S PUNCTURED ROMANCE," IN WHICH CHARLIE CHAPLIN REGISTERED HIS INITIAL HIT

Beverly of the Beautiful

By Katherine Courtland

In Which the Search-Light of Publicity Is Turned Upon Bushman's Beautiful Leading-Woman



BEVERLY BAYNE

THE office of the Quality studios, 'way down on West Forty-fifth Street, was a buzzing hive of activity when I forced my way thru the group of extras and such, to the desk. A very tall, willowy brunette was assuring a harassed-looking individual, who looked as if he might be a casting director, that she was the living image of Olga Petrova and a much better actress. A slim, golden-haired little girl held a Mary Pickford pose with an air of grim determination that sat but ill with the saccharine sweetness of her determinedly wistful mouth.

I think every extra girl, or would-be star, in the entire office dropped all occupations—even that of posing—to glare at me with a look of bichloride of mercury hatred, as I thrust my way to the netting that separated those in the office from the stenographers and clerks with real jobs. A very lackadaisical young woman, whose duty it was to meet and classify the applicants, haughtily refused to heed my pleas for attention, and, as I was expected to be gone from my own desk but an hour, I grew exceedingly wroth. Finally, Mr. Bushman's chauffeur passed on his way to the studio proper, and I immediately stopped him, gave him my card, and asked that Miss Bayne be notified that I had arrived for my appointment with her. Instantly there was

a change in the atmosphere of the office. If I had an appointment with Miss Bayne, and, besides that, had the privilege of presenting a card with "Motion Picture Magazine" in its lower left-hand corner, that was a different proposition altogether. The lackadaisical young woman exhibited an indication of almost human courtesy—well, it could hardly be called that, but it was probably the best she could do, being out of practice as she so evidently was—consented to unlock the gate and allow me to enter.



A STUDY OF BEVERLY BAYNE AT HOME

And after a perilous journey down a narrow passageway, I was ushered into an exquisite little sitting-room that was like a gem of beauty in the midst of the noisy, clattering studio. All rose-pink walls, with bits of exquisite statuary here and there, a good picture or so, the heavy velvet curtains drawn to exclude a depressing view of the air-shaft, and the whole lighted with soft, rosy-shaded candle-light, the effect was exquisite.



© White

HER TASTE IN EVENING GOWNS IS EXQUISITE

Just as I was settling back comfortably in a cosy, rose-colored easy-chair, there came the tap-tap of French heels, and the subject of my interview stood before me—a slim, small girl with heaps of brown hair drawn softly back from a broad, white forehead, beneath which a pair of soft, warm brown eyes smiled out friendlily. She had been working in a scene, and she was still in a dancing-frock of palest yellow tulle.

"I'm sorry you had such a dreadful time getting in," she apologized. But I assured her that I hadn't minded in the least, and we were just settling down for a cozy chat when there was a knock on the door, and Mr. Bushman entered, a huge box of chocolates under his arm.

"We have been asked to sample—and endorse—this new brand of chocolates, Bevs," he remarked, with a delightfully boyish grin.

"Lovely!" cried Miss Bayne, extending eager hands. Of course, an interviewer's endorsement is never much appreciated—but I gravely append my opinion to that of Mr. Bushman's and Miss Bayne's. What? Oh, you'll have to wait until the new brand is launched and then read the advertising department!

Mr. Bushman was presented, the chocolates accepted, and he made his departure as soon as he realized that an interview was about to take place.

"Now, what shall we talk about?" asked Miss Bayne, settling back in the corner of the rose-and-gilt settee, with a pillow or two at her back, one golden slipper tucked beneath her, the other tapping the floor gently.

"Let's talk about you," I answered, promptly. "Begin at the beginning, go on thru the middle to the end."

"Well, you already know that I was born in Minneapolis, Minn.," she argued, "and that I was educated there, and in Chicago and Philadelphia. And that my first picture work was with Essanay. I have never played anything but star parts, tho—my first one was in 'The Loan-Shark,' and I was with them for three years. Then Mr. Bushman joined Metro, and I was asked to co-star with him. I have been very happy in my work with Mr. Bushman, and we get along beautifully together, so I see no reason to suppose that we shant always work together."

My pencil had been flying busily over the pages of my note-book, jotting down her remarks.

"And that's all," she added, quickly, as I looked up, expectant.

"I suppose you know that I've just gotten back from a tour of the picture-theaters, movie balls and expositions," she went on, brightly. "I enjoyed it tremendously. Letters are all very well to carry applause, but it's wonderfully stimulating to meet the people who write them face to face, and to know that they really like you. It scares me to face an audience, but the way they treat me is worth the excitement and terror."

We chatted for quite a while, during which time I discovered that her hobbies are music and painting, collecting fine linens, antiques and china. She has a cedar-chest that is full to overflowing with rare, cobwebby pieces of linens that would set a connoisseur wild with rapture. Her collection of antiques, while smaller, is equally as exclusive, and is well-nigh priceless. She is deeply interested in portrait-painting, and says that one of her highest ambitions is to do something really worth while along this line. And, from the bits of her work that I have seen, I dont doubt but that she will succeed in this work as well as she has in her acting.

She has an apartment on Riverside Drive that is a veritable treasure-house of exquisite things of every land. Here, on Sunday evenings, she is always "at home" to all her friends who want to call, and it's a pretty safe bet that the S. R. O. sign would have to be outside every Sunday if she weren't such an hospitable soul. She is an excellent cook and housekeeper, and the buffet suppers that she serves at these Sunday evening "at homes" are worth going far to sample.

She is of Scotch and English ancestry, and, quite naturally, her favorite author is Shakespeare. For that reason, she especially welcomed the opportunity of putting "Romeo and Juliet" into pictures, which she did about a year and a half ago. It is an achievement that will always rank among the greatest of the screen's annals, and one of which she has good cause to be proud.

After all, the screen's most beautiful "Juliet" is a most charming young woman whose rare beauty is quite equaled by her intellectual charm! There is about her an air of sweetness, setting her apart as one of the flowers of girlhood, who are rare in these days of limousines and suffragets, of short-haired women and long-haired men.



How a Real Judge Became a Movie Judge

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

HAVE you not often wondered when you saw those big trial scenes in Moving Pictures how a mere pictured episode could be carried out so accurately? The silver-haired judge acts with exactly the right degree of poise. His attitude is authoritative. He knows just what move he should make.

I am going to let you in on a most interesting little story that I discovered the other day. It is a ten-to-one shot that the pictured judge who called forth your surprise at his realism is also a judge in life and the subject of this little tale.

William Burnham Green — Judge Green, or more often just "Judge" to his numerous friends—had just finished conducting the courtroom scene in "The Public Defender" when I met him. He is a small man with silvery-white hair and clear, parchment-like skin which easily betrays his momentary emotions.

"Wasn't that wonderful!" he said, referring to the impassioned speech which Frank Keenan, as the district attorney, had just completed. "It is a crime that people are only going to hear that. With all my experience I never heard anything better in real life."

I must have looked at him blankly, for in a quavery, gentle voice he started to reminisce:

"All these courtroom scenes take me back so to the old days—I should say my young days. You know I was a real judge once; that is why I become so interested in the courtroom scenes I act in. It all seems like living the past over to me. Oh, yes, I was Justice of the Peace in Flatbush, and after that Associate Justice of the County Court of King's County. Then one day I was taken severely ill, and when I recovered I found that it had affected my memory. I couldn't remember things as I had before, so I had to give up my position on the bench.

"When I was a swagger young chap like you see about you nowadays, with their little mustaches, I used to recite. The dramatic always appealed to me; so now, when I could not decide which way to turn, that instinct stood me in good stead.

"I applied at the Vitagraph studio and secured an engagement at once, but the oddest part of it was that I was cast as a judge in my first picture, 'When Samuel Skidded,' a comedy with Kate Price, and I have been portraying judges ever since.

"One of the most interesting cases I had was Norma Talmadge in 'A Daughter's Strange Inheritance.' I remember Van Dyke Brooke and Donald Hall also played with us. Miss Talmadge, as the daughter, was brought to my courtroom to be shown the evil of drink. Before me appeared every type of criminal. I forgot it was only make-believe, for many and many a time had similar characters appeared before me. I felt in my element. One amateur who came before me wished to play the fallen woman filled with sorrow at her pitiable condition. But I remonstrated. In order to teach the lesson properly, the part

must be played as a brazen sot who greeted me as one who had come before me many, many times and was drunkenly familiar and absolutely shameless at her condition. I have had many such cases in my time.

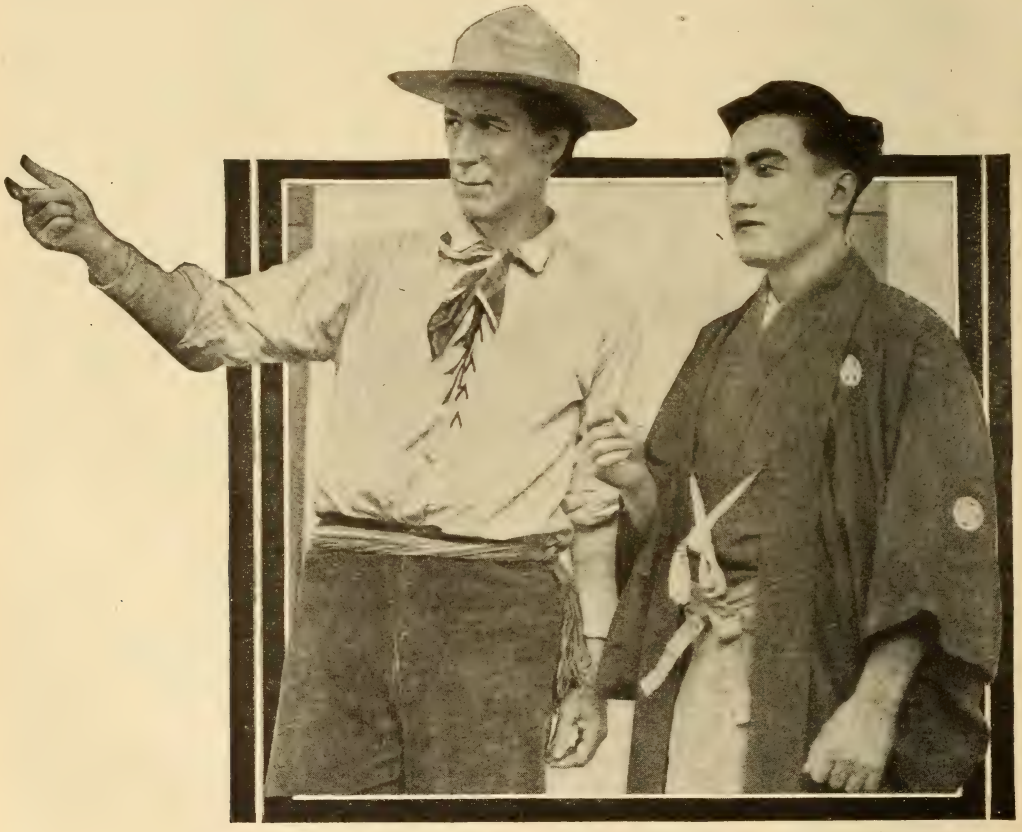
"Then I played the judge for Maurice Costello and Leah Baird in 'Tried for His Own Murder.' I represented a judge who was naturally severe, but I am willing to confess that, even if it was play-acting, Leah Baird's intense acting had a genuine effect upon me, just as it would have had in real life.

"In 'Sister Against Sister,' in which Virginia Pearson starred and Irving Cummings played opposite her, I had a court scene that was directly modeled after the Court of Sessions in Manhattan. In this I noticed that the dénouement was not exactly as it would have been in a real court, but some allowance must be made for dramatic action and the imaginations of those looking at the picture.

"But this, my latest, 'The Public Defender,' with Frank Keenan and Robert Edeson, is strictly within legal bounds. I feel perfectly at ease and have no compunction in sentencing the prisoner to death.

"But I am afraid I have chatted about myself too long," he said. "I am sorry, but we old people love to re-live the past."

With a charming, old-fashioned bow he left me, and so one distinguished old gentleman is re-living his past life under the black silken robe—again so clothed in the movies.



WITH THE MEETING OF WILLIAM S. HART, THE FAMOUS ARTCRAFT STAR, AND SESSUE HAYAKAWA, BRILLIANT JAPANESE STAR IN PARAMOUNT PICTURES, ON THE LASKY LOT, THE POET'S WELL-KNOWN LINE, "EAST IS EAST AND WEST IS WEST AND NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET," LOOKS VERY MUCH AS IF IT WERE DISPROVED



Desmond, the Distinctive

By LAURETTE DESPARD

I HAVE always considered William Desmond a comfortable pillar of movie stardom. Whenever I have seen his name heading the bill I have settled myself comfortably in my seat, knowing that I was to enjoy a pleasant hour reviewing the latest release of an actor who plays tragedy or comedy so truly, sanely and naturally that there would be nothing that could possibly get on my critical nerves. But it was not until I saw him last summer in "Master of His House" that I experienced a genuine thrill.

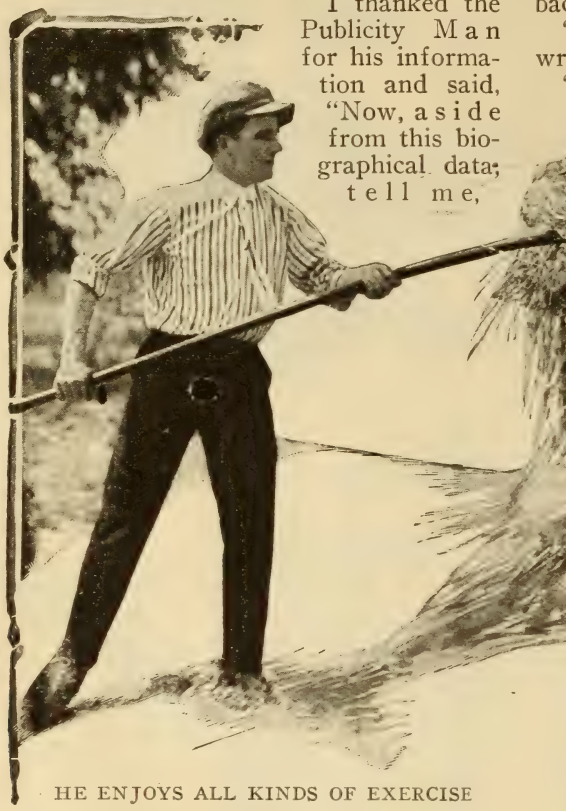
Words are too trivial to describe the wonderful portrayal of heart-hunger satisfied that Desmond enacts in this play when his frivolous young wife, in the person of Alma Reuben, returns to him with the son he had so longed for. So surely and subtly does he convey the longings of his starved manhood across the silver sheet that my heart positively ached for him.

So I said to myself, "Desmond, old dear, it is time, 'way past time, that the world was given the history of your life"; and when it comes to histories — well, I choose to be chief historian. Mind you, I was still experiencing the thrill from that final close-up with the fair Alma.

So I set out after information.

First, I collared onto Triangle's Publicity Man. He was politeness personified, and told me that Desmond was born in Dublin, Ireland. I didn't need to be told the Emerald Isle—any one with half an eye could guess that. But one could not guess that he was brought to New York when scarcely a year old and was educated in the New York public schools; that his first stage experience was in "Quo Vadis?" This was followed by work in leading companies under the management of the Shuberts, Belasco, and Daniel Frohman. After touring Australia for two years, he returned to New York to assume the leading rôle in Oliver Morosco's production of "The Bird of Paradise." Then he entered pictures and has distinguished himself in a great variety of parts. None of you have forgotten him in "Peggy," opposite Billie

Burke, I am sure. "The Last of the Ingrams," "The Iced Bullet," "Not *My* Sister," "A Gamble in Souls," "Time-locks and Diamonds" are just half of the successful photoplays he has appeared in during the last two years.



HE ENJOYS ALL KINDS OF EXERCISE

I thanked the Publicity Man for his information and said, "Now, aside from this biographical data; tell me, what is your candid impression of Mr. Desmond?"

The P. M. thought a moment, then he answered, "William Desmond is a healthy optimist and always on the job. Now, if you will go down that corridor, turn to your left, then to your right, you can form your own opinion."

Promptly I betook myself to the left, then to the right, and came up behind a dark-blue-coated, white-trousered figure writing at a desk.

It is quite in keeping with William Desmond's character that he smiles with his eyes as well as his lips. He smiled now at my bewilderment and asked, "Can I do anything for you?"

I remarked, somewhat inanely, that I would like an interview if he were not too busy. I couldn't very well tell him that I was seeking the whyfore of a thrill I had experienced from the flicker of a camera.

"I am at your service for fifteen whole minutes," he said; "then I have to get back to work again."

"But I wont be keeping you from your writing?" I hesitated.

"It can wait," he spoke cheerfully. "I was only autographing photographs for some people who are kind enough to admire my work."

"They probably admire you as well as your acting," I thought to myself as I took in his straight, athletic figure; his deep blue eyes, set beneath heavy, black brows; his square, firm chin, whose sternness is offset by deep dimples and laugh-wrinkles at the corners of his eyes.



AS DONALD BRUCE IN "PEGGY"

To start the conversation rolling, I asked him what parts he preferred playing and was astounded when he told me:



A FRIENDLY GREETING TO AN EXTRA GIRL

"I prefer playing the part of a preacher. I find that it gives one a great opportunity to study character. But I consider my greatest achievement was when I was on the speaking stage and took the part of Villon in 'If I Were King' after only three days of rehearsal."

"How did you happen to go on the stage?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "during my boyhood I was a more regular attendant of the theater galleries than I was of the schoolroom, and when I graduated from high school the first thing I did was to seek out the offices of the theatrical managers. Well, I drifted upon the stage without any obstruction from any quarter. I am very happy in my career. I love my work and thoroly believe everything in this world turns out for the best."

After such a statement I felt that there was no room to quarrel with him, nor ask questions. So I said: "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Desmond." As he ushered me across the studio and showed me my way out, I decided that his chief characteristics are a distinctive carriage, a thoro enjoyment in his life and work, which he understands from A to Z, and a wonderful Irish smile.

I remember part of an essay he once wrote on screen deportment: "When one enters a room in the pictures, one comes in naturally and easily, but the old-time way was done with a flourish and the band started something appropriate."

The last I saw of him William Desmond was waving me a graceful good-by—easy, not overdone, and characteristic of his buoyant spirits.



"OVER THE FENCE IS OUT"—OF THE STUDIO

"The Motion Pic

A Lasting Memorial to the Twelv
The World's Greates

IN the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE we inaugurated, in all due modesty, a contest, or expression of public opinion, or election—call it what you will—that bids fair to be the most worthy, extraordinary and momentous tribute that has ever been offered to the stars of the silent drama. Contests come and contests go — each with their meed of praise and each raising the players in public appreciation, but they have all lacked something—a permanent quality. In planning and starting "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame," we have borne in mind this dominating essential—Permanency. We want our two million readers, as well as the thirteen million others who compose America's great Motion Picture audience, to designate the twelve greatest players, living or dead, who are worthy of a place in "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." We intend that the fame of these twelve greatest Motion Picture players shall be made immortal.

MAKING A LASTING FAME

During the course of this extraordinary contest we assume that at least ten million ballots will be cast —a pretty fair expression of public opinion. At its completion, and when the winners are announced, twelve beautiful, life-sized, hand-painted portraits of the winning players will be presented by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" and will be exhibited at the leading Motion Picture theaters thruout the country.

At the completion of this exhibition these portraits will be taken to Washington, formally presented to the Government and hung in a gallery in one of our public buildings, to be designated later.

A handsome tablet, reciting the significance of the world's twelve greatest picture players, will accompany each portrait. All in all, they will constitute a Permanent Memorial to Motion Pictures and their interpreters—the players.

A MODEL OF FAIRNESS AND SIMPLICITY

In erecting "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame," it is our aim to make the rules as fair and as simple as the contest is lasting and extraordinary. Remember that these portraits will be on exhibition in the days of our children and our children's children—perhaps for hundreds of years, and that only the greatest players should achieve this rare distinction. Motion Pictures are still in their first dramatic decade; in a few years from now the present stars will grow dim and vanish, and there will be many epoch-making changes in screen drama. In this broad light we believe that all of the players, past or present, living or dead, should be eligible to a place in "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame." In selecting these players, we request that three distinguishing qualities be borne in mind—Beauty, Portrayal, and Popularity. They need not all apply, but should have their influence in marking the ballots. Twelve players should be voted for on the accompanying ballot, and each voter may use his own discretion as to the number of men and women voted for. There are absolutely no inducements for augmented votes. A subscriber's ballot counts for no more than that of the month-by-month purchaser. This in itself will insure an absolutely impartial selection, but in all cases the official ballot must be used and can be voted upon each month.

WHAT THE PLAYERS THINK OF IT

Before we started "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" contest we submitted its plan and its objects to a representative jury of leading producers, stars, playwrights, photoplay

ture Hall of Fame"

Greatest Players in Picturedom—Screen Contest Is Unveiled

authors and critics. Their opinions confirmed our own—that we were undertaking an affair consistent with their own high ideals and which will make giant strides in the advancement of the Motion Picture and the permanent establishment of its literature, its drama and its players.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK OF IT

In the first mails following the publication of the January MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE a crop of ballots began to appear, and, what is more pleasing as well as quite unusual, a flood of letters complimenting us upon the idea and the high purposes of "The Motion Picture Hall of Fame" contest has since been regularly pouring into our offices. At this early date—only a few days after the January Number has been on sale—an extraordinarily large vote is coming in. In other words, first symptoms show that the scarcely weaned "Hall of Fame" will soon develop into a lusty, record-making giant. It is too early to announce a tabulated vote, which will make its first appearance in the March issue, but we can announce that there is a wide difference of opinion and that the vote is bulking large for such favorites as Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart, Beverly Bayne, Theda Bara, Olga Petrova, Pauline Frederick, Pearl White, Norma Talmadge, Clara K. Young, Billie Burke, and Alice Joyce. Among the men players the preference so far appears to lie with Douglas Fairbanks, Earle Williams, Wallace Reid, Harold Lockwood, J. Warren Kerrigan, Antonio Moreno, William Farnum, Charles Ray, Arthur Johnson, William Russell, Carlyle Blackwell, and Francis Bushman.

THE ANSWER MAN'S OFFICIAL BALLOT

Among the first votes received was one from our beloved "Philosopher of the Films," the Answer Man. We do not want his choice to influence the vote, but we know that thousands of his friends are interested in seeing what he thinks about the matter. His ballot reads as follows: Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Marguerite Clark, William S. Hart, Francis X. Bushman, Elsie Ferguson, Henry Walthall, Geraldine Farrar, Pearl White, Douglas Fairbanks, Earle Williams, John Bunny.

NOW FOR THE BIG BOOST

We ask that every reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE willingly and enthusiastically enters "The Hall of Fame Contest." Each voter is helping to create for himself a heritage of pleasure—better pictures, better players, better plays. And your gratitude, your appreciation for what Motion Pictures and their players have done for you will be recorded before their eyes for ages to come. Duty calls—here is the official ballot:

OFFICIAL BALLOT "MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME"

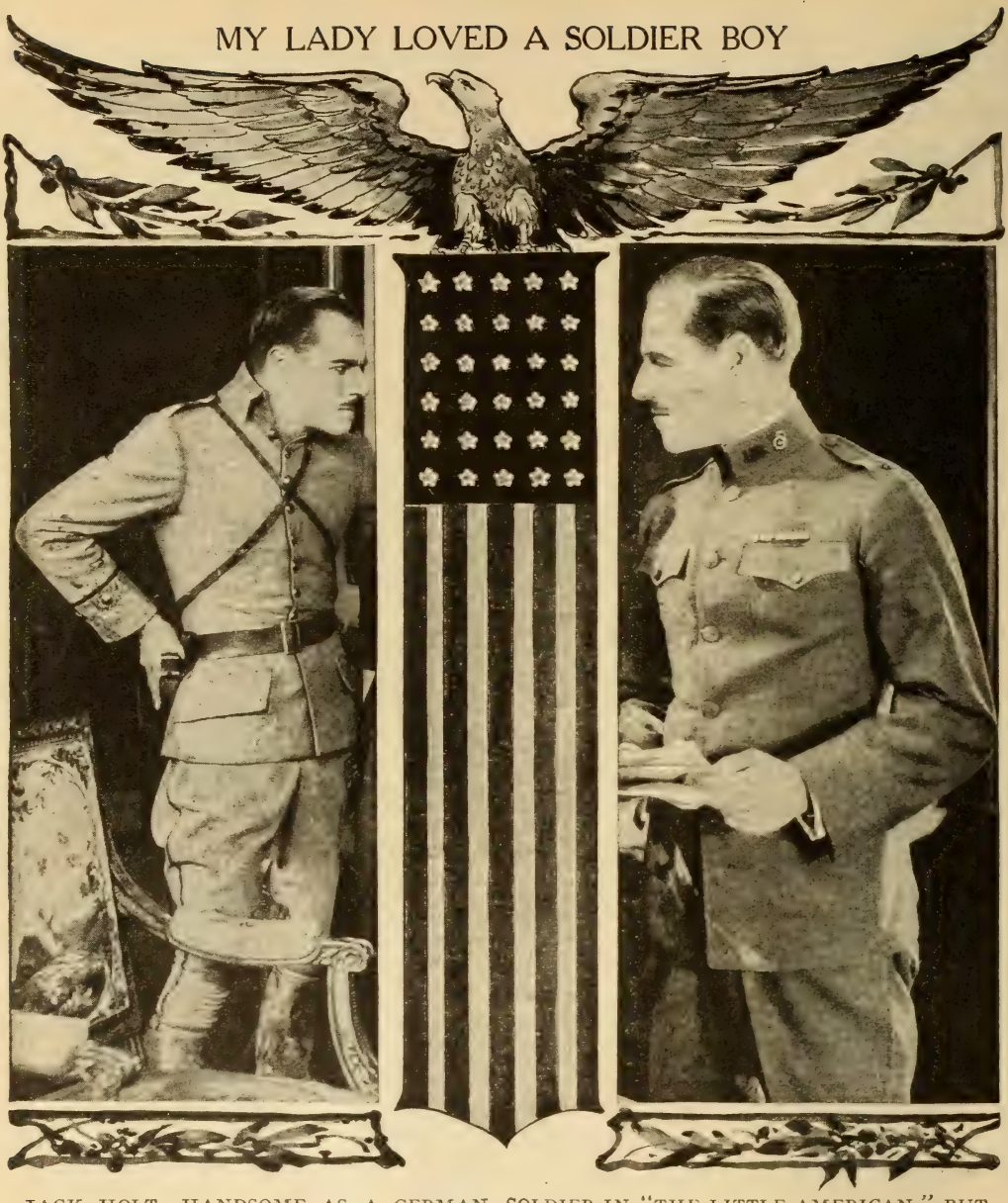
I hereby nominate the following players:

1.....	7.....
2.....	8.....
3.....	9.....
4.....	10.....
5.....	11.....
6.....	12.....

Name of Voter.....

Address.....

Mail to MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other communications to that address.



JACK HOLT, HANDSOME AS A GERMAN SOLDIER IN "THE LITTLE AMERICAN," BUT WHO IS MUCH MORE HANDSOME AS A LIEUTENANT IN THE U. S. A.

EVERY one who saw Jack Holt in "The Little American" must admit that he made a mighty good-looking German soldier. "Little Mary," "The Little American," and the sweetheart who braved the dangers of the war zone for his sake, thought so too and was plainly pulling for him even tho he was fighting on the wrong side. But that was only in the picture. He is showing us by way of contrast what he looks like as a lieutenant in the U. S. A., and his expression is much more pleasing. One of Jack's latest adventures into Filmland is in "The Call of the East" with the famous Sessue Hayakawa. It is with the ladies that he shines, as Jack plays the lover to perfection, and he numbers among his movie lady-loves such famous folk as Vivian Martin, Margaret Illington, and the dearly remembered "Little American," Mary Pickford.

Filming Fairy Plays

By MARGUERITE CLARK

Kings and Queens, Spirits of Good and Evil, Fairy Princesses and Colorful Courtiers, Wend Their Way Among Fantastic Settings in Paramount Picture Workshop



I WENT down to the Paramount studio the other day with an armful of fairy tales. Hans Christian Andersen, the Brothers Grimm, D'Aulnoy, Laboulaye, Andrew Lang, R. K. Munkittrick, Lewis Carroll—all were represented by those cloth- and leather-bound and most tempting volumes which I deposited on Director J. Searle Dawley's desk.

"There now," I said; "you wanted a fairy story—you ought to find it in these."

Well, it has been found, and the result was given to the public by Paramount at New Year's time. It is called "The Seven Swans."

I had more fun acting in that picture than I have had for a long, long time, tho I must admit that "Bab" runs a close second in my esteem. But I have always liked fairy stories—all kinds of fairy stories—and I still read lots of them, too, when I have the time.

Do you know, I like to think there are really fairies, just as I did when I was a child and saw a possible gnome or elf behind every rosebush or toadstool. Of course, I'm very practical nowadays and I dont really believe in anything of the sort, but still I like to *think* that I believe in the "little people," as they call them in the old country.

I really grew up with the fairies. I used to live in a place with a fine garden, and I'm sure that if fairies ever really



BIRDS AND BEASTS

MARGUERITE CLARK MAKE A BEAUTIFUL POCKET EDITION PRINCES IN "THE SEVEN SWANS"



AND WITCHES, TOO

existed they would have delighted in it. I was always searching for fairy rings in the lawns and hoping that I would some day see a company of elves at their secret games in the moonlight. I used to imagine that in the soft breezes that whispered thru the trees I heard fairy voices. The winds were my friends, like the birds. They were all part of my fairy world, my little land of Make-believe.

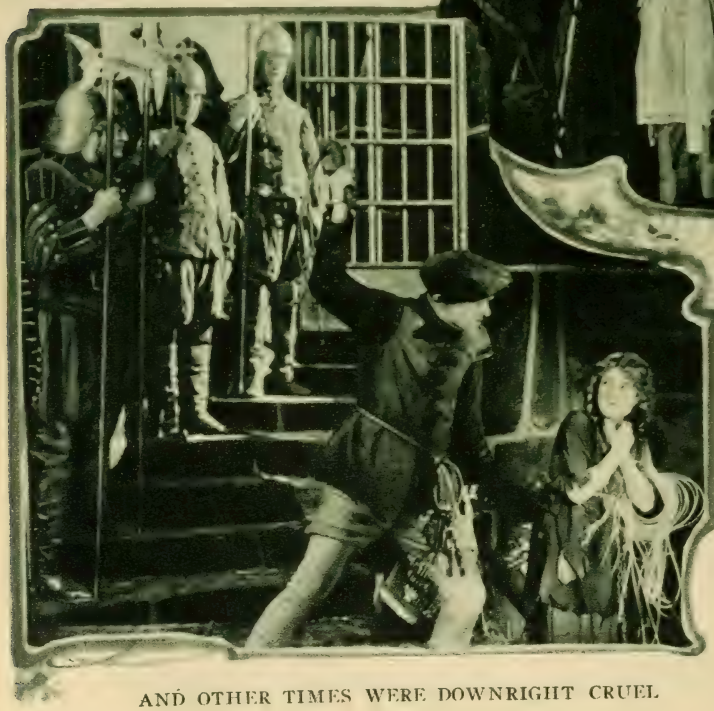
I dont suppose I was any different from the average child, but I think I got, perhaps, more than the average out of my dreams. And it seems like a fulfillment of those dreams that I am now able, in the picture, to depict fairy rôles to delight the hearts of other small people, such as I was, and to make their dreams come true. I often wonder what I would have thought then if I could have seen such a play



STRANGE DREAM FOLK



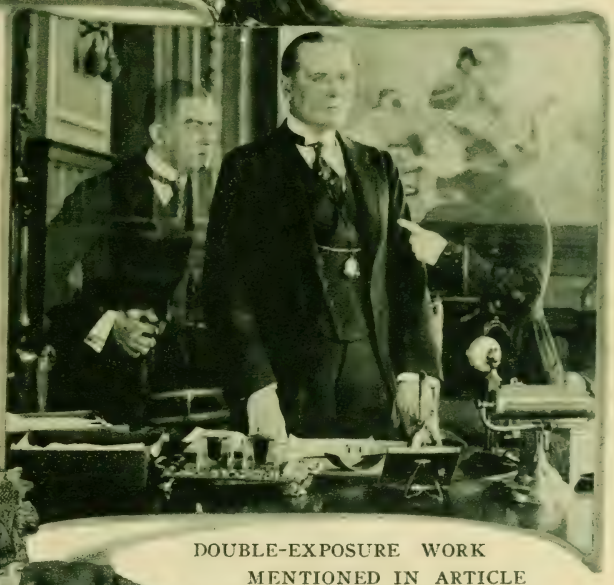
THAT SOMETIMES MOCKED



AND OTHER TIMES WERE DOWNRIGHT CRUEL



JEALOUSY AND MISCHIEF IN "HOUSE OF HEAVY HOURS"—PAULINE FREDERICK



DOUBLE-EXPOSURE WORK MENTIONED IN ARTICLE



PAULINE FREDERICK AND THE OWL

joy unspeakable in Andersen and Grimm, and some of those wonderful French writers—like D'Aulnoy, whose terrible tale of "The Yellow Dwarf" can make me shiver even now. Laboulaye was another, and I shall never forget that author's beautiful imaginative stories.

Lewis Carroll was, of course, a delight—Alice was very real to me. Then I came across Jean Ingelow's "Mopsa, the Fairy," and dreamt more dreams. I laughed on the screen. But I did see "The Midsummer Night's Dream" on the stage and it remained with me for many a long day afterward, and I actually prayed that Queen Mab and her rout would some time condescend to let me in—thru the rabbit-hole, perhaps—into the mystic land where there were no lessons to be learnt, no schoolrooms, no maids to bother one with dressing and face-washing and the other banes of childhood.

Well, when I began to read more, I outgrew my elemental stories, "Mother Goose" and such like, and found with Munkittrick's "The Hurishoffer"—I wonder if any one will recall that fascinating creation?—and, again, I joyed in Charles Caryll's whimsical little story, "The Admiral's Caravan."

So, you see, I'm something of an authority on fairy tales. Why, I haven't mentioned a third of the stories I've read and can remember more



MARGUERITE CLARK NEVER GROWS TIRED OF FAIRY STORIES

or less distinctly. And when I do a fairy picture—like "Snow White"—I try to go back and imagine myself in such a position, as I seemed so capable of doing in my very youthful days. And I find it helps a lot. I forget the studio and the glaring lights and try to believe for the time being that these handsome "sets" are really kings' palaces and dens of bad fairies, or enchanted woods. But most of all, I love to do a picture of this kind, because I know it is bringing joy to thousands of little folks who, in many instances, may not have the opportunities I had as a child for indulging the child's natural love of such things. I like to think that the children are thinking of me as a real fairy princess or something of the sort, and that perhaps sometimes a poor little kiddie with only a sordid tenement room as a playground is having a chance to dream some of the dreams that were part and parcel of my childhood.

I sometimes think it's a pity to ever grow up and forget those dreams. I think if a lot of us could remember them, and occasionally, when things seem to go a bit hard and we are all tangled up in the skein of life, evoke them from the past, it would help us to be a little kinder, perhaps, and relieve us of the strain that comes from living in a hustling, bustling age, when people feel they haven't time to dream.



THE VILLAIN IN "THE SEVEN SWANS"



THEY CERTAINLY WERE A PERSISTENT MESS OF LOVERS

In this workaday world, when "grim-visaged war," far from "smoothing his wrinkled front," is coruscating it more threateningly than ever; when politics have permeated the atmosphere and food conservation is confounding the gourmets, it is something of a relief to find oneself suddenly translated into another atmosphere, a veritable land of enchantment, like a corner of Fairyland dropped from the clouds into the heart of the world's greatest metropolis.

Here at the Paramount studio, on Fifty-sixth Street, in New York, the spirit of fancy elected



SUCH A THING AS TOO MUCH ATTENTION

to dwell temporarily during the filming of at least two most unusual and picturesque productions. One of them is a symbolic picture, "Jealousy," with Pauline Frederick as its star. The other is "The Seven Swans," a fairy tale in which, for the time being, I forget all about long frocks and having my hair done up, as in the "Sub-Déb" stories, and become a childish princess, pampered and petted by courtiers in gorgeous raiment, who "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee" at every opportunity.

Between scenes I have had a chance to see something of the Pauline Frederick picture, and I have observed sets of the strangest character being erected and torn down to make way for others fully as striking. Stage setting, you know, is one of the most important but least appreciated art of the many that go to make Motion Pictures. A big set is truly a mountain of labor as well. There



ONLY A KING CAN CALL DOWN A PRINCESS



THERE'S SAFETY IN A NUMBER OF PRINCES



A THREATENED THRASHING WAS PART OF HER THINGS TO LOOK FORWARD TO

existed a few days, for example, "The House of Heavy Hours," a weird chamber with terrifying and Stygian depths whose pediments were supported by great, winged bats, and in which, like some modern Circe, the beautiful star shone enveloped in yards of flowing gauze and becrowned with a tiara glistening with gems and strange insignia. Beside her perched a wise, horned owl, who occasionally fluttered his wings as the camera clicked, and ruffled his feathers angrily. Yet, oddly enough, when Miss Frederick smiled upon him and spoke soothingly, even singing a lullaby in a soft voice, the bird closed his staring, yellow eyes and grew strangely calm. Out of the dark recesses of this mystic chamber figures appeared mysteriously and dissolved again into their native nothingness. Queer sprites in sable garb whispered wicked suggestions into the ears of financiers, and at the last a great church interior arose, where, behind banks of Easter lilies and palms, a couple were married with the attendant ceremony and solemnity of the Episcopal rites. Blushing bridesmaids with huge bouquets and a churchful of fashionably dressed persons marched slowly down the aisles to the strains of an organ. It was all very, very real. One forgot for the moment that it was make-believe and became awed with the solemnity of it all.

Not ten feet distant was the interior of a princess' boudoir with a great, high, four-posted and canopied couch whereon I reclined, in robes of ermine and velvet, for the nonce a maid of high degree in some fabled kingdom in the realms of fantasy.

Here, between shots, I was privileged to entertain my friends, like Mme. Du Barry in her bedchamber, until the director's voice called me back to Fairyland, and I watched while four fussy attendants approached, the while I regarded with an occasional backward glance seven princes who hid behind the couch. And again, a fussy old king upon whose uneasy head rested a heavy and bejeweled crown, came with his suite, the lord high chamberlain and others, to seek traces of the invading lovers of the princess.

A great fish-net surrounded this scene, not to keep out spectators and others who did not belong, but to keep in certain pigeons, swans and other ornithological specimens which are necessary in the production.

Director J. Searle Dawley made "The Seven Swans" picture and found much joy in his work, according to his own statements.

Robert G. Vignola handled the Pauline Frederick production with great skill. During the filming of the picture all I could hear was "One—two—three—four—five—cut! Hold it—break!" and so on, for the new Pauline Frederick picture is what is technically known as a "trick" film.

Camera-man Ned Van Buren told me



BEFORE THE PICTURESQUE TRIBUNAL



KEEPING THE [illegible]INCES AMUSED

that there were more "trick" photographic stunts in this film than in any upon which he had worked for a long time. "I'm glad to do it, too," he said, "because I can keep my hand in; one forgets pretty quickly, and it takes time to figure out some of the work unless you've been at it right along. For instance, in this picture nearly every form of trick photography imaginable is employed. Miss Frederick never makes an entrance or exit; she either 'dissolves' in or out of the scenes. Then there are triple exposures; in one Mr. Losee is seated in his office when two exteriors appear on each side of him—that meant three exposures on a single strip of film. Weird or unusual lighting is a feature of the production also. There are under-lights, which give a peculiar effect on the screen, and so on. But it is a welcome relief from the routine work, and we all enjoy it."

In my new fairy story picture, for the first time in the history of Motion Picture work a new kind of photo-light was employed. Five of these lights were used, and the director told me each has 150,000 candle-power, and equals 22 h.-p. Lights based on a similar principle are used by the Government for searchlight purposes and have a carrying capacity of nineteen miles.

So powerful are these lights that workmen are forced to wear dark glasses while installing and operating them. A photograph of the Woolworth Tower, New York, was recently taken by my

(*Continued on page* 162)

AN EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPH OF H. H. VAN LOAN DOING A HULA DANCE ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI, HONOLULU



Our Picture Cruise Round the World

"Hook, Line and Sinker"—Our Round-the-World Reporter Meets Charlie Chaplin and Company in Hawaii

By H. H. VAN LOAN

THERE are only four or five big punches in the life of the average customer just now, unless he happens to be in the war, and, from my experience, one of them comes with being introduced to a racing-car creeping along at about eighty-five miles an hour, with your back to the conglomeration of steel, batteries, rubber and destruction; and the other comes when a fellow stands in front of a rack loaded to the capacity line with a lot of color-besmudged guide-books which invite him, in glowing terms, to turn his toes toward the four corners of the earth. The only difference between these two thrills is that one is realization and the other is mostly anticipation.

For the past two or three years I have read the best short-stories by our most famous authors, but, when it comes to real high-priced fiction, I think one of those little, unsuspicious-looking tourist guides is the greatest literary achievement of any age, and, when we take into consideration their wonderful plots, they make the average output of our best American writers resemble a Greek essay in the hands of a Mongolian laundryman. They are inspired, designed and prepared for the purpose of deceiving the simple traveler, and are as careless with their adjectives as a sailor is with his money after he has been nine months at sea.

The best fiction story of the past season consisted of a little volume I happened to meet accidentally in the lobby of the Palace Hotel in 'Frisco a few weeks ago, when I was trying to decide just where and when I could go to a place I hadn't as yet decided on visiting. It was a rather expensive edition, for the author, and its cover recalled to me one of those Turners which hang in the Tate Gallery in London, and which always aroused my curiosity as to the exact position the artist was in when he worked on the canvas. A lot of people, who know more about this famous English painter than I did or do, declare that he made his masterpieces by standing his canvas against the side of the studio, and then mixing all the colors known to our ancestors in a huge pail, which he threw at the canvas and trusted to luck or infinite something to work out harmony and detail. And, as I never happened to be on intimate terms with the artist, I refrain from disagreeing with his critics. But I do know that never in my rather extensive sojourn about this planet have I seen

anything so closely related to one of his pictures as those mysteries which pose in racks, tier upon tier, in most of our hotel lobbies, and resemble a society stall at a horse-show, and are just about as conservative and giddy.

The first one I picked up opened with a wonderful start, and seemed to jump right into "high" without touching the "intermediate" or "low" gears, and for two hundred words the guide-book unraveled such descriptions as: "A mystic country, there is, to the north, where the will-o'-the-wisps are at play—the sun-dogs by day and the ghost-gleam at night; Northern Lights, they have named the pale specters that flit across here and there in the sky. And the red midnight sun doubles back on his track, when the year-tide is full, in that land where the sunlight and shadow are wed. A strange land it is, filled with contrast and charm. From the far frozen seas it sweeps south, many leagues, to the warm westward isles where the breath of the breeze of Japan fills the air. Silent snow-fields lie sleeping, where the foot of the fairies may have danced, but no man's foot has trod. Busy towns spring to life where restless human beings dig and scramble for gold; and the roar of blasts and din of noisy mills shatter the air night and day."

That sort of stuff is of the variety known among our more conservative fraternities as just plain "bull" served up with a very fancy dressing. But I'll bet an old maid's "switch" against a Rocky Mountain burro doing a hula dance up an Alpine pass on its left eyelid that a full-bloom tourist, with checkered cap, knickerbockers and green stockings, with a spinster sister, would fall for that stuff like a soldier does for a laundry maid at Folkstone. It was devised, put up and labeled for the sole purpose of winning the admiration of just such a gink, despite the fact that such a literary raving would apply to almost any tank-town in any county in any State of the four dozen we have at our disposal at some time during the year.

Now, at this particular time I was in a frame of mind to fall for this line of stuff, for I had received a commission to gather a camera, a wardrobe and manuscript paper and get out of the country. I must explain immediately that I didn't have to go, for I was just one year too long to be included in the military draft. Those who claimed to know me better than I know myself hinted that it would do me good to be missed for a little time, as Broadway wanted something new to look at. My assignment was rather a broad one, for it consisted merely of a warning to get out of sight and to keep going until there wasn't anything left in the world for me to see. I was also instructed to tattle on everything I saw, but I must state right at the very beginning that I could not conscientiously do that and see this Magazine travel thru the post-office as second-class mail matter: in fact, it wouldn't matter at all.

I had reached the Pacific Coast in safety and there put a period to a journey which lay in a direction I knew not. I could go almost anywhere from 'Frisco, for an inventory of my purse assured me that much. And it was after finishing my cornflakes and coffee that I had descended to the lobby for the purpose of finding out where I was going. So I approached the guide-books in fear and meditation and a vow I would discount ninety per cent of what I saw therein.

Alaska stood out like a colored brother in a snowstorm. It had its letters spread out all over the cover in ermine, with the most perfect rail of a steamship for a foundation. It warned the reader to think of Alaska every time he thinks, and I began to muse over the possibilities for the brain that adhered to that strange advice. In a steamer-chair was seated a girl, whose prototype I have never met, and who, because of her orange-colored hat and coat, was out of harmony with everything around her. In fact, the drab-colored ocean, with the lemon-hued mountains behind it, emphasized her quiet and conservative wardrobe. Behind her, gazing nonchalantly at nothing in particular, was a young man, who was evidently designed to be a college student, but who resembled a cross between a Molokai leper and a gentleman in the last throes of Bright's disease. His outfit consisted of a suit which looked as tho it had been poured over him, and was as black as the heart of Cleopatra. To this were added a pair of purple gloves and a

heliotrope cravat, all of which was climaxed with a lavender-colored cap which came down over his ears like an awning after a rain. After looking this scene over, I decided that if these were specimens of those who go North, it was certainly no place for a fellow who has a hundred-per-cent baby and was in good health when last interviewed by the family physician. If it affected me as it evidently did the couple on the cover, I stood an excellent opportunity of coming back as Old Glory or a burlesque edition of a rainbow.

So, with a resolution that I would go as far in the opposite direction to that couple as our system of locomotion would take me, I turned my attention to points further south. I was then attracted by a very ambitious-looking preparation of brown, green and red, which was shouting Japan in glaring letters for all it was worth. But, on second thought, I realized that Japan is a country which one must approach by degrees. It shouldn't be rushed at by the tourist so abruptly, but should be taken, like poison, in small, conservative doses. Not only that, the country was too busy at that particular moment patrolling the Pacific to entertain me properly. No, I would creep up on it when it wasn't looking.



THIS GINK HAS BEEN STANDING HERE FOR THIRTY YEARS WAITING FOR KING KAMEHAMEHA TO COME DOWN AND SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM



THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS—HONOLULU'S MOST BEAUTIFUL AND MYSTERIOUS FLOWER WHICH BLOOMS ONLY IN THE NIGHT

If you are a true-blue, blown-in-the bottle, dyed-in-the-wool, full-fledged tourist, there come times when you reach a decision to go to some place, somewhere, in the twinkling of an eye, and you never really understand why you went until after you have arrived, and then you wonder what it was all about, and you never realize until years afterward what a great spendthrift you were in going to a place for nothing, where you learnt nothing, and came back with nothing.

Well, I suffered an attack of this when my right eye, which happened to be loafing at that moment, suddenly observed a delicate and beautiful little folder which announced in rather thin and hesitating letters that Honolulu was the tourist's paradise. And as I have certain fixed ideas about the real thing, in paradises, being included in my program, I concluded I would at least accept the local one, even tho it was ordered for the tourist. And the longer I studied that phrase, the more puzzled I grew as I tried to fathom how the author of this volume could go astray to such an extent as to confuse tourists with paradise. It further informed me that it would cost me only $75 to visit the earthly edition of man's eternal desire. The cover contained a vision in a blue-striped skirt and white hat, which was most becoming to her soft, dark-brown hair, combined with white slippers, which I suppose you would say were fitted closely to a dainty foot. One might refer to her clothes as a sport costume. It really wasn't, but it sounds better, for the sake of the ladies. There was only one drawback to the entire "set," and that was a poor-looking simp, who looked as tho he had just emerged from a chalk-mine, or one of those chaps who spends most of his life remarking: "We also have some very nice crêpe-de-chine at a dollar seventy-nine a yard." He was seated near the crest of a wave, in which was riding a 19,000-ton steamer, with a surf-board rider following so close astern that he could easily have leaned over and obtained a first-class shave without interrupting the course of the ship. Within an inch of him was a full-grown palm-tree, with yellow leaves and a trunk which had about as much growth as an elephant's tail.

I immediately concluded that anything which looked like that needed something like me to add a little atmosphere to the scene. So, two days later I found myself doing a peculiar little step of my own down the left-hand side of a ship on a sea which, from the manner in which it treated me, has no right to be traveling under the name of Pacific.

After five days, three of which I subscribed to giving up about everything I possessed, with the exception of my name and gold watch and chain, our discourteous steamer sneaked up to Diamond Head early one morning before the town of Honolulu had started in for the day's excitement. It was a beautiful morning and there was a lot of good sun lying around over everything, and from a two-mile distance I have seen a lot of "sets" which couldn't compare with Honolulu and its environs as it looked when our steamer swung around the mud-dredge and crept lazily towards her berth.

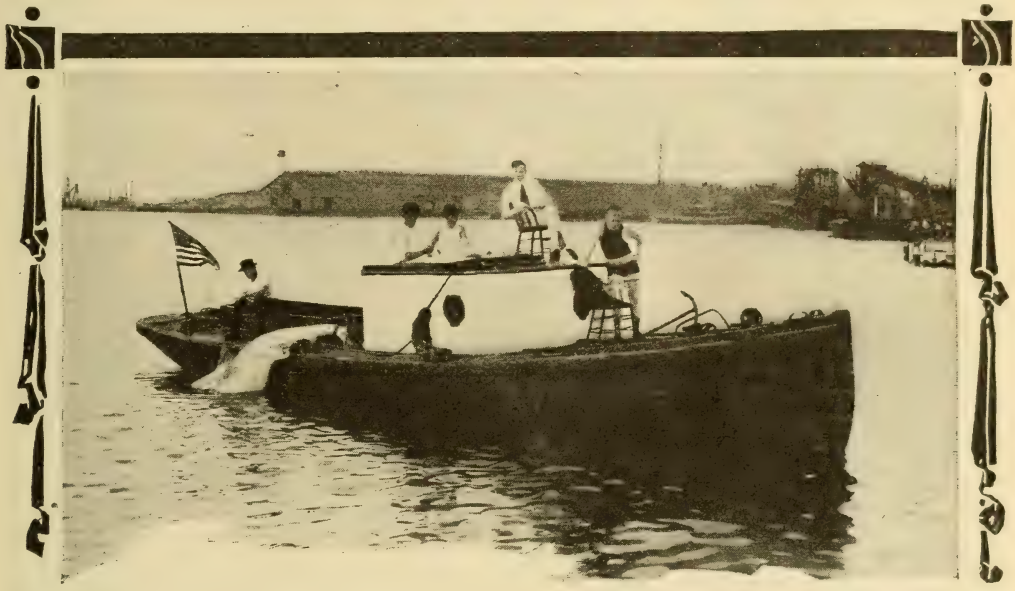
Now, the arrival of a ship is a big event in the life of Honoluluans, and everybody, with the exception of the cross-eyed crossing watchman, who is gentleman-in-waiting to the Oahu locomotives and endeavors to see that every train passes thru the town politely. Unlike the excited Irishman, who at times greets his friends by crowning them with a hardened composition more familiarly known as brick, the Hawaiian goes to the other extreme and hangs a lot of colored paper about the "malihini's" neck, and which they call "leis" and pronounce it as "lays."

About everybody that jogged down the gangway was greeted thusly, with the exception of myself, and I wasn't a great deal out of harmony, for I had a couple of suit-cases and bags hanging around my hands, and a very interested wife hanging onto my arm. So, I concluded I was right in vogue with everything else.

On my journey to Young's Hotel (a rather old hostelry which I mention because the management slipped me a special rate) I discovered that Honolulu was a real pretty little thing, which might be termed a one-horse, two-by-four town. And that discovery has never been contested since, as far as I am concerned. It has only one horse, and he's being reserved for shark-fishing. It's a two-by-four town, because it has only that number of streets which really take business seriously, and two of them are crossed by the other four. In my opinion, some one must have fed it whisky, for it has never grown up.

The first thing the tourist does after he finds that he has really arrived is to start in search of Waikiki, which is pro-

nounced "Wack-kee-kee" when it's talked about. It is the place where he intends to lie back in a comfortable camp-chair, on the big, broad, sandy beach, and watch the maidens as they muss around in the surf in gay creations of the very latest in bathing-suits. And when he grows tired doing this, he will promenade and parade up and down the board-walk and look over the divorcées, divorceds and co-respondents. Then, when he's looked himself full of ocean, he will retire to one of the many cafés which will be certain to form the background to the board-walk, and there watch the giggles, the laughing, the frowns and the scowls of the young and old as they bend over the tables or dance about the floor. In other words, he will do the very thing he does at Atlantic City, Long Beach or Venice, in just about the same way.



H. H. VAN LOAN BRINGS IN AN EIGHTEEN-FOOT SHARK, THE LARGEST EVER BROUGHT INTO HONOLULU

But he doesn't. Na-aw, he dont do anything like that, because there isn't anything like that that he can do at Waikiki. The only thing he will find at this famous beach is a lot of salt water, a lot of coral and an excellent publicity man. One look at it and I began to appreciate the value of fiction and the remarkable imaginative possibilities of the human brain. I also began to understand what is meant by "hook, line and sinker," when mentioned in connection with one's ability to swallow.

I honestly believe that Waikiki, in Hawaiian, has something to do with the name of the little fish which can be usually found pretty close to the belly of a shark. It looks to me as tho it was started by a very aggressive press-agent who decided to invent something to get people to Hawaii while the war is on. He would call something Waikiki and that would start tourists looking for it. Then, after he had lured them here, he would take them down to a little piece of ocean and call it Waikiki.

If this was his plot it worked out almost beyond expectation, for every faddist in the United States—and that includes all of us—swallowed it, "hook, line and sinker," including the bait. The song-writers, dramatists, authors, short-story writers and Moving Picture producers, have sung, acted, written and picturized the beauties of Waikiki to such an extent that we think a fellow isn't a regular guy unless he has been there. I've been there, and I've also read the best short fiction story of the current season! And I was in a hurry when I went and almost walked right by it with-

out seeing it. It's a big place—in the papers.

However, there's a lot of things around these islands which are not quite up to the plans and regulations of present-day styles. For example: there's a gink who's been standing at the foot of the colossal statue of King Kamehameha for the past thirty years, waiting for the very late ruler to come down, so that he can step up and shake hands with him. But



EDNA PURVIANCE, CHARLIE CHAPLIN AND ROB WAGNER WITH SOME OF CHARLIE'S HAWAIIAN FRIENDS

that's nothing against him, for the entire town hands me the opinion that 'most every one of its inhabitants is waiting for something to occur. There's no doubt in my mind but what this was a good town before people began to praise it and ships came here to coal, but it's all swelled up now, and you have to come all the way across the Pacific to speak to it.

It has a lot of funny things, which tend to make it different from anything that's happened before, including fifty-three thousand inhabitants, one of which was Queen Lilioukalani, who grabbed the throne in 1891, and was escorted from it two years later by an uprising which smashed forever her kingdom. In addition to this, Honolulu's got a corner known as The Pali, which commands a splendid view of the opposite side of the island. The wind at this corner maintains a velocity of seventy-five miles an hour continually, and would make the little gusts which scurry around the Flat-iron Building in New York resemble an evening zephyr. The height of The Pali is about 2,400 feet, and it rises over a valley rich with pineapple plantations, and on the edge of its precipice King Kamehameha, by his victory over Kalanikupule in 1795, made himself master of the Hawaiian Islands, and it is said in the guide-book that Kamehameha drove the remnant of the defeated army over the precipice.

In spite of the fact that Hawaii is dryer than Iowa, it has a couple of big ditches which have a daily capacity varying from 30,000,000 to 80,000,000 gallons of water. And yet the 30,000 soldiers at

Forts Rugers, Shafter and Scofield are complaining that they cant get a drink. The most interesting scenes in the immediate vicinity of Honolulu are soldiers trying to manipulate ice-cream sodas as tho they really mean it.

While we're on the subject of soldiers, it might be well to mention that they're about as popular in Honolulu as a mess of typhoid germs, despite the fact that they spend $300,000 a month in the town. The only dissipation allowed them is a couple of bottles of soda and a stroll thru the cemetery. And unless they have just been paid, the soldiers find that 'most everybody is "out" to them. However, since the sons of a couple of the representative society leaders marathoned to the colors, some of the barracks are being infested with Red Cross fêtes.

The only amusement in Honolulu is the Moving Picture theaters, of which there are four, including the Liberty, Hawaii, Empire and Bijou. The Liberty shows Paramount pictures and so do the Bijou and Hawaii, while the Empire books the Universal and Mutual programs. These theaters are probably the only ones in the world which have their programs printed in three languages, consisting of English, Chinese and Japanese. They have seating capacities ranging from 300 to 1,000, and their releases are usually six months old. The program is changed every week, and the audiences are composed mostly of soldiers, Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian laborers and members of the middle classes.



WHEN CHARLIE WENT TO PLAY GOLF, EVERY KID WANTED TO BE HIS CADDIE

Little Johnny Carroll, the once famous jockey, turned his back on the turf about five years ago and bought a ticket from San Francisco to Honolulu for the purpose of breaking into a movie theater. He is manager of the Hawaii Theater, which is controlled by the Consolidated Film Company, which owns every theater in the city with the exception of the Empire. He declares the Honoluluans are the most critical audiences in the world. A huge poster outside the theater means

a lot to the patrons, according to Johnny, and he says it is a customary habit for the people to stand two or three minutes and study the posters before they buy their tickets. And woe to Johnny if they cant find that scene on the poster in the picture! It is usually followed by a request that they get their money back. And Johnny is too familiar with the temperament of the Occidentals to make any effort at an explanation.

The biggest production that ever came to Honolulu was "Neptune's Daughter," and, according to the ex-jockey, it cost so much money to handle it that he found himself owing money when it left. It appears there was a huge poster of an octopus which accompanied the film, and it was instrumental in drawing a packed house. But as the show progressed and the octopus was not to be found in the cast, Johnny began to get rather worried. He knew what was coming. And he wasn't disappointed, for when the show was over nearly every one who had seen the picture marched straight up to the box-office and demanded, in addition to the return of their money, an explanation for the absence of the octopus. And altho he made it his business the next day to see that the likeness of the octopus was taken down, it didn't do much good, for by that time the whole town knew the story of the picture with the octopus which only did a silent ballyhoo outside the theater, and "Neptune's Daughter" was snubbed the rest of the engagement.

The most popular stars in Honolulu are Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, Theda Bara, Jack Dean, Thomas Meighan and Douglas Fairbanks, and they rank in the rotation in which they are given here. Marguerite Clark never fails to fill any theater, and an announcement that she is to be seen in a picture will bring people from towns and villages miles away from Honolulu. Jack Dean, who is Fannie Ward's leading-man, has grown tremendously popular with Kanakas, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos and Americans, and Thomas Meighan is a close second. There have been only two pictures with Douglas Fairbanks shown here, but the patrons have manifested their fondness for him, and it will only be a question of time when he will become their favorite.

I had meant to tell the honest truth about the most popular stars, as far as Honolulu was concerned, but just as I started to write this story who breezes in but the incomparable Charlie Chaplin. He blew in on the *Matsonia* with a lot of funny clothes, Edna Purviance and Rob Wagner, the artist, who has been contributing screen stuff in the *Saturday Evening Post* for the past few months.

Charlie was nestled up in a big chair near the entrance to the dining-room, practically unknown and unobserved by the other guests in the lobby. To my question as to what inspired him to come so far, in view of the fact there was a German raider somewhere in the Pacific, he replied: "I just dropped in for coal and a game of golf. It's som-me town, isn't it?"

"Dont let them find out you're here, or they'll mob you," I warned him. "Every kid in this town strolls around with a Chaplin glide."

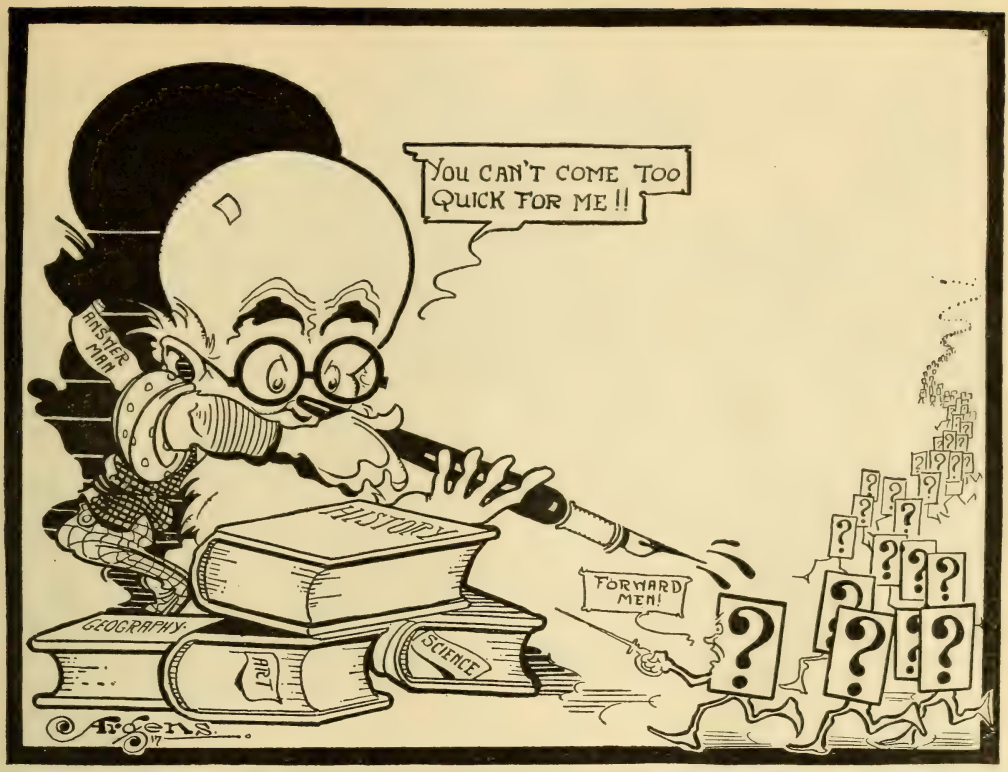
"They'll never find it out," he assured me. "I traveled incognito on the boat, and they were three minutes and a half in discovering who I was. I'm here for a three-weeks' rest, and, with the exception of yourself, Rob Wagner, Miss Purviance and the two hundred passengers who came over with us on the boat, nobody knows we're here."

"You'll get away with this about as clean as a burglar in a bank with all the lights turned on," I warned him. And the next moment I saw my prophecy realized when two young girls who happened to be passing remarked, both at the same time: "There's Charlie Chaplin!"

At that moment appeared the mysterious Rob Wagner, who has kept the industry in New York wondering for the past few months whether he was Rob Wagner or somebody else. But in five minutes I discovered that he is really Rob Wagner; that he is not a press-agent for one of the big film companies, as many suppose, but is a painter by trade, who writes articles when he runs out of scenery and paints.

Altho it was about 100 in the shade,

(*Continued on page* 166)



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

ETHEL, 16.—Pearl White has been in pictures for about seven years. Arnold Daly is not playing on the screen. It is Nell Shipman herself and not a double who rides bareback in "The Eighth Great-Grandparent." As far as I could see, both the horse and Nell were equally bareback. Among circus people bareback poising is known as "rosin-back work," as the horse's back is coated with rosin to give the equestrienne a firm footing.

MARION F.—Good for you! So you have played in a Drew comedy. You ask what I do with my whiskers in winter—keep them inside of my coat or leave them out? Inside, by all means, so they wont freeze.

JO, GA.—Gladys Brockwell was born in Brooklyn, Sept. 26, 1894. Parents were professionals. Stage career began almost immediately. She was never stage-struck, and is very petite. William Russell was Bull, and Francelia Billington was Emily in "The Sea Master." There is no truth in that. My favorite picture? That's a moot question with myself. Thanks for the joke. I work hard, but work cures more invalids than it ever makes.

DAN, 88.—So you have lost your appendix. I hope you wont find it again. Dont believe all you read. So you have met some of the players. Chester Morris and Gladys Leslie in "An Amateur Orphan." Glad to hear it, Dan, but dont mistake love for the advance agent of prosperity.

HELEN P.—You refer to Jack Holt in "The Little American." Never heard of him. Well, it's hard for either to be lazy and married at the same time. Speaking of enemies within—well, there's the great American appetite.

L. E. S. STEVENS.—Ha, ha, my lad! The wise young man knows a lot of things that aren't so. Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1856. I am always glad to hear your likes and dislikes.

FOLLY.—Jewel Hunt is no longer with Vitagraph. Grace Cunard was Lena, and Charles West was Tison in "Society's Driftwood."

BLUE BELL.—I can tell you with authority that Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett are not and never were married, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. All right; you can call me your grandfather. I'm perfectly willing. Address Marguerite Clark in care of Famous Players.

SUZZIE.—I will answer your letter immediately—sooner if required. Papier-maché (French for mashed paper) was first used to make snuff-boxes. Laura Sears in "Slumberland." I am surprised that Tom Forman didn't send you his picture. I fear that the bloody scenes of the French Revolution will be re-enacted in Russia before a Napoleon appears to change a mongrel republic into an empire and then transform it into a real democracy.

IRIS.—You should "Turn from the glittering bride your scornful eye, nor sell for gold what gold can never buy," as Dr. Johnson puts it. I'm sorry I cant introduce you to any one in Brooklyn. I dont know a soul. I advise you to join one of the clubs. They are all good.

FLORENCE.—Marguerite Snow and James Cruze in "Million-Dollar Mystery." When you cant keep a secret, tell it to somebody who can. And she will do just as you did, and that's why there's no such thing as secrets. I thank you for the tobacco.

No. 15729.—The Biograph studio is used by Petrova now. Wait until Ye Editor turns out the March issue (20 cents), and tell me if you dont think it is worth twice that. I think it would be a fine thing to let the Germans take Russia—it would keep them fully occupied and leave no time for anything else.

ANNAPOLIS H.—No doubt you are referring to Mabel Normand. I saw a man once beat his wife when on a drunken spree; now can you tell me who was drunk—the man, the wife or me?

ANNA B.—Will you please just tell your friends that all these answers are the real thing and not faked? If you will send your friend here I will soon convince her. You seem to have passed thru many scenes and unseens.

S. O. M.—Thanks for your consideration. Charles Ray was Gordon, and Vola Vale was the girl in "The Son of His Father." No, she didn't have anything to do except look pretty. Charlie seemed to be doing everything and everybody. And you dont care about seeing Norma Talmadge trying to look 14. Do write again.

EARLE W. ADMIRER.—*Blasé* is very commonly used. It is French for sated with pleasure, wearied by dissipation. Yours was almost a letter to the Editor. He likes to get them and enjoys them all. Harry Mestayer and Grace Darmond in "The House of a Thousand Candles" (Selig). Richard Tucker was Graydon in "The Combat."

IVANHOE.—Madge Evans is with World. No, we dont sell pictures of the players. Why dont you write to the companies?

(*Continued on page* 152)



ANN PENNINGTON WASN'T OVERLOOKED—THE STREAM OF SWEETS PILED UP NECK-HIGH AROUND HER. ONE MORE BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND LITTLE ANN WOULD HAVE BEEN CARRIED AWAY ON THE SWEET CHRISTMAS-TIDE



The Silent Man

This story was written from the Artcraft Photoplay of CHARLES KENYON

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THE leading citizen of Bakeoven, Arizona—president of the National Bank, deacon in the Methodist Church, and mayor *pro tem.*—inserted his rotund form cautiously thru the narrow orifice offered by the rear door of the "Hello There" saloon and faced Jack Pressley, the proprietor, with pardonable irritation.

"H—ll!" remarked the good man, in the same soft and suave tone with which he was accustomed to murmur at the opening of Sunday-school. "Let us pray."

"I knowed you was goin' to row about me sendin' for you," Handsome Jack said, apologetically, "but, honest, boss, I got a hunch that looks good to me"—he jerked a soiled prehensile thumb. "Silent Budd Marr come in this mornin'—he's settin' out thar now, tankin' up, an' honest-to-Gawd, he's struck pay-dirt this time!"

"Forget it!" Amos Mitchell sneered. "That's stale—that story. When Silent makes a strike, Judgment Day'll be due."

And he swore gently but with remarkable fluency.

"That's why I sent fer you," his henchman said, aggrieved. "See fer yourself. Here's a sample I borrered. If that's not gold, I'll eat my chaps, that's all."

The two men bent their heads over the bits of rock which, even in the dingy light of the back room, sent out pin-points of sparkle as Jack turned them over in his fingers. Amos Mitchell drew in a deep breath of amaze.

"By the Eternal!" he gasped. "It's rotten with ore! Did he—did he tell you where the claim was?"

"*Silent?* Not him," grunted Pressley. "He says nothin' when he's sober an' less'n nothin' when he's drunk. But if you've got any curiosity on the subject"—he sniggered meaningly—"what's to hender you from strollin' over to the

land-office and findin' out fer yourself?"

Mitchell considered. "The government clerk—is he——"

The other nodded. "He'd sell chances on his soul at a quarter apiece! Take a squint at the entry, an' this afternoon we'll do a little prospectin' on our own account. I'll see that Silent sticks around town a day or two. Leave him to me!"

In the front room of the "Hello There" at this moment a gaunt man sat at one of the sloppy tables drinking rattlesnake whiskey, gulping down the raw spirit without a quiver of a muscle in his grim, weather-stained face. A group of the soiled birds of plumage who formed one of the attractions of the place watched him, giggling, from a distance, but he did not glance in their direction.

"You c'n have him, Di'mond," snickered a girl whose hair, dyed a livid and startling green, gave her the cognomen of Emerald. "He gets on my nerves, talkin' so much!"

Her friend laughed noisily, displaying crooked, white teeth set with many diamonds. "He b'longs to Topaz. She staked out a claim seven year ago when he came in out o' the desert first time. You was on your honeymoon, wasn't you, then, dearie?"

This sally, uttered in a tone of affected innocence, brought a titter from the rest of the group, and a tiger gleam to Topaz' yellow eyes. She whirled upon them, crouching like some wild creature, ready to spring.

"Laugh all you like!" she hissed. "I've been married; as God hears me, I swear it is the truth! Bah! You are all of you jealous—you!"

"Shure you've been married," Diamond agreed. "Jack's got the certificate framed, hasn't he? Or mebbe it was the weddin' he had framed."

"I wonder if he's told Miss Bryce about bein' married," said milk-faced Pearl, smoothly. "But there, it's just like a man to forget little things like that. You'd ought to jog his memory, Topaz!"

With a snarl of rage, the baited girl sprang from her tormentors, and flung herself down in the chair opposite Silent Budd Marr, leaning forward till her round bosom rested on her outflung arms, and her face, with its worn, ravaged beauty, was close to his own.

"So you are back?" she said, softly. The smile on her painted lips was the stereotyped smile of the dance-hall, but her eyes held a softened expression. "How has the luck been this time, my friend?"

"Pretty fair," said the man, laconically. He pushed the bottle toward her, but she shook her head, and he poured himself out another tumblerful. "Here's how!"

She watched him drink the toast with smouldering eyes; then, as if the words would not be denied utterance, burst into a recital of her own woes.

"Jack's raisin' h—ll, as usual. This time I think he means business. She's a little girl from back East, out here with a lunger brother — doll-baby face, puny, scairt-lookin' little thing! He's hot on her trail, posing as a respectable miner—all the old tricks. He'll get her, too—Jack always had a way with the women." She laughed drearily.

The man across the table set down his glass to lay a great, brown hand on a livid bruise showing thru the tissue stuff of her sleeve.

"That's nothing," said Topaz, sullenly. "He beats me up every once in a while when he gets full. I think he'd kill me if he dared. But mostly he's careful to lay it on where it wont show and spoil me for business."

Silent Budd's huge fist clenched slowly. His jaw set like a ridge of granite under the leathery skin.

"Say the word, an' I'll send him to the devil ahead of time." She looked at him, breath coming swift with strangling sobs. "You're a good man, Silent," she said harshly, and rose to her feet on the edge of flight; "too good to go to jail for a dance-hall girl. I'm beyond helpin', but if you want missionary work, you might try your hand at savin' the Bryce girl from bein' made Jack Pressley's cast-off."

Hour after hour slid by, and still the solitary figure of the prospector sat at his corner table, drinking steadily, unmindful of the lapse of time, of the new claim that promised to recompense him for the long, arid years he had spent in the desert, without apparent pleasure, without visible effect. Perhaps his steel-blue eyes grew a trifle more steely, his

tight lips tighter, but there was no hesitation in his step when at length he rose to his feet, tossed a gold coin on the table, and walked steadily out of the saloon.

A gaudy Arizona sunset was crimsoning the world, touching the squalid little town with gentle finger-tips. Its soft light fell full on the face of a girl, passing along the straggling street, hand-in-hand with a frail-looking boy of perhaps eleven years. Silent Budd Marr stood very still, staring with an intensity that drew her eyes, startled,



JACK PRESSLEY HAD AN IRRESISTIBLE WAY WITH THE WOMEN

to his face. For one moment the two looked full at one another, and he saw something oddly like recognition flash into her blue gaze. Then a deep blush swept to the soft line of her hair, and she was gone, walking with panic swiftness as tho to escape some threatening thing.

Silent Marr's lips moved. "God!" he said. "*God!* It was She——"

The desert is a jealous sweetheart, brooking no rival. For thirty-eight years this man had been faithful to her. The white alkali-dust had seeped into his body—into his soul, indeed—till he had become well nigh a part of the arid plains on which he roved. The great silences had rendered him inarticulate, the great suns had scorched and harried him, and the urge of the desert had driven him on, on. Yet, always, as he rode beneath metallic skies, or lay looking up into the star-bitten midnight blue, he had carried, like some precious treasure, in his soul, the vision of a woman's face, shy, haunting, wonderful—the face of the One Woman who should some day share the awe and hush of midnight watches with him.

Late that same night he pitched his camp on the edge of a water-hole, still some score of miles from his claim. After he had fed his horse, he made a fire, and fried bacon and eggs, but he could not eat. A curious sense of expectation stirred his blood, and far within him vague new impulses and desires quickened. To his simple mind there was nothing incongruous in the thought of loving and winning a girl whom he had barely seen. Nature has no coy hesitations; and as inevitably as the sun rises and the storm breaks, love had found the heart of Nature's son.

It was not until he had lain half the night, staring up at the stars, that he remembered Topaz's tale of the girl Jack Pressley coveted.

For a moment the heavens swam in a sea of red. "The hound!" he snarled. "The hound o' hell!"

Afterward he grew calmer. Tomorrow he would go on to his claim and pan out enough ore to buy the things he needed—a "store-suit," another horse and saddle, a wedding-ring. Then he would ride back to Bakeoven. A hot surge of blood swept his great body. He raised his face to the far stars.

"She'll wait for me," he said, confidently. "You take care of her till I get there."

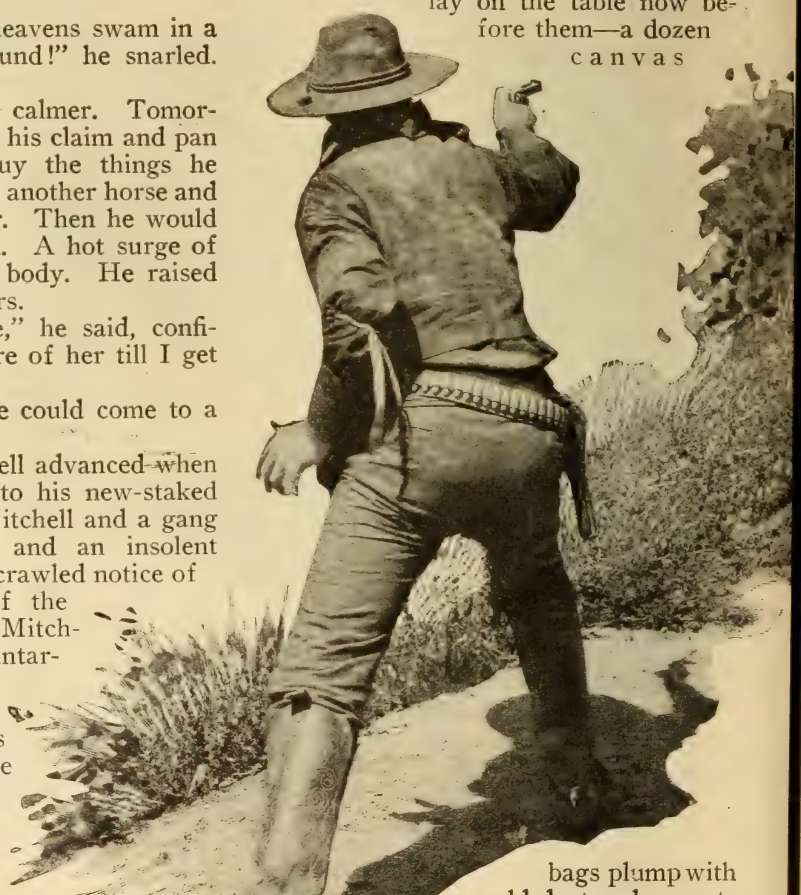
It was as near as he could come to a prayer.

The morning was well advanced when Silent Marr rode up to his new-staked claim, to find Amos Mitchell and a gang of men before him, and an insolent placard replacing his scrawled notice of location. At sight of the man he had wronged Mitchell's hand went involuntarily to his holster, but Marr made no counter-move. Rigid in his saddle, he surveyed the interloper with no change of expression, tho his eyes had the blue glitter of a steel gun-barrel.

"This is my claim, registered according to law at the government land-office!" blustered Mitchell, taking courage from the other's immobility. "If you have any doubts about the matter you can easily satisfy yourself. Meantime you're trespassing on my land. Will you get out quietly or do you want trouble? Suit yourself!"

The drawling words in one moment had destroyed the work of a lifetime and blotted out the future for the man who heard them, but not a muscle of the grim face quivered. Without reply, without a backward glance, he turned his horse's head and rode away, a gaunt and lonely figure, into the high-tide of noon.

"I had him plumb buffaloed!" exulted Mitchell, as a week later he sat in the back room of the "Hello There," exulting with Handsome Jack over the fruit of a week's work at the purloined claim. It lay on the table now before them—a dozen canvas bags plump with gold-dust and nuggets of the precious ore. Greedily the two conspirators eyed their spoil.



"We'll take it to Prescott on the

stage tomorrow," Mitchell planned. "Better have half-a-dozen of the boys along, to be on the safe side. There hasn't been a hold-up for nearly a year now, but, all the same, I'm not goin' to leave my gun behind!"



SILENT BUDD MARR "STUCK UP" THE STAGE IN THE APPROVED MANNER

"There'll be another passenger on the trip—two of 'em." Pressley winked a knowing eye. "Congratulate me, boss, I'm goin' to be a bridegroom!"

"The h—ll you are!" grunted the friend. "Well, you've had plenty of experience that way. But how the devil did you bring her round? I thought she wouldn't listen."

"Any woman'll listen if you say what she wants to hear." The gambler smirked at his debonair reflection in the fly-specked mirror on the wall. "I told her I'd look out for that brat of a brother o' her'n. She'd been fightin' shy, but that brought her round."

"She's a good-looker," Mitchell commented. "You've got taste, Jack—have t' hand it to you! But how does Topaz take the notion?"

"Like h—ll!" Jack was justly aggrieved. "After all I've done for her, too! Why, hang it all, I even *married* her! What more does she expect, anyhow? D—n it all, ain't women unreasonable things?"

It was not a bride's face that Betty Bryce wore on the morrow as she sat very silent in the stage-coach, facing the man she had promised to marry. If it had not been for David's lean little hand clasped in her own she would have found it hard to summon the courage to go on, but for David's sake——

"I would do anything!" she thought, staunchly, *"anything!"* Yet, before her eyes, as the stage jogged on among the foothills, another face persisted in rising—a virile, man-face with straight-glancing eyes and grim jaw. So clearly did she seem to see it that it was hardly a surprise when the stage stopped suddenly and she glanced out of the window and saw the man himself standing beside it, the shining barrel of a six-shooter gleaming in one great, brown hand. She heard Jack Pressley break into a volley of oaths beside her, heard shouts and scattering shots; then the door was jerked open and a voice spoke, level and passionless, in her ears:

"Get out, please, ma'am, and the little feller, too."

"You d—n thief!" Jack Pressley's revolver was thrust into the stranger's face. "Take the gold if you want it. You shant have the girl!"

Blind with rage, he pulled the trigger, but the revolver missed fire, and before he could pull it again Silent Budd Marr had sent it spinning into the bushes at

the side of the road, whither those of the rest of the party had already gone.

"Get outen here," he commanded, briefly. Choking with rage, Pressley obeyed. Step by step, Marr forced him at revolver-point across the road and against a jutting wall of rock, hands held high. But, before he could fulfil the threat of the menacing, blue-glinting barrel, soft hands clutched at his arm and a soft voice sounded piteously in his ears: "No! no! Dont kill him! You shall not, I say!"

A pulse beat in Silent Marr's cheek,



"LET ME TIE YOU UP," SAID BUDD

but his tone when he spoke was as cold as steel. "You call me a thief because I take what belongs to me. What you are aint fitten for a lady to listen to. Get back in that stage now. You an' me are goin' to meet again!"

Silently the men on the stage watched Marr's preparations for departure. Keeping them covered with one hand, he swung the boy to the saddle of his own horse and lifted the girl to the back of the extra horse he had brought with him. He then loaded the bags of gold-dust into his saddle-bags, and sprang up behind the child.

"Stung!" ejaculated Mitchell, grimly, as the strange little cavalcade disappeared from view up the trail. But Handsome Jack Pressley, chafing with helpless rage, shook his fist in the direction of the raider, face quite demoniac.

"A reward of two thousand dollars to the one who captures that devil's spawn!" he shouted. "I'll post it on every tree in Arizona. We'll see whether a man can hold up a stage and carry off gold-dust and kidnap girls scot free! An' when he's brought back into Bakeoven we wont wait for the law—we'll *be* the law, d—n him! We'll *be* the law!"

Thru the foothills rode Silent Marr and his two captives, the younger chatting joyously.

"Are you a real-for-sure stage robber, mister?" David asked, admiringly. "Like Deadwood Dick, the Terror of the Western Plains? Gee! What'll the other fellers at school say when I tell 'em this!"

The sun slid down the golden afternoon into the west before the man spoke to the girl at his side. He did not look at her even then, tho the slow color stained his lean cheeks, and his knuckles whitened with the grip on his saddle-rein.

"I suppose you're wonderin' why I took you away. I suppose you're wonderin' where it is I'm takin' you. First, before I answer, tell me one thing. Did you *want* to marry Jack Pressley? Were you—in *love* with him?"

There was a space of silence; then: "No," said Betty Bryce, quietly. "No, I didn't want to marry him."

Silent Budd Marr drew a slow breath of relief. "I'm glad," he said, simply, "because, you see, he's married a'ready to a dance-hall girl named Topaz. He's a scoundrel—he didn't mean white by you."

A little sound brought his glance to her face, to find her crying. A panic of shyness seized him.

"Dont do that!" he begged her. "It aint because you're afraid o' me, is it? God, girl, you needn't be! I'm takin' you to Preachin' Bill Hardy's house in the mountin. I thought we'd get there afore dark, but we wont make it. Look at me—tell me, cant you trust me, girl?"

Steadily the girl gazed into the blue

eyes, that had lost their gleam and were wholly wistful and boyish now. Her little hand went out and touched his great paw. "I trust you," she said, softly. "Oh, yes, I trust you, Silent Budd Marr!"

Late that night, while David and his sister slept on the beds of cottonwood-leaves he made for them, the man stood looking down into the lovely little upturned face of the woman he loved, with desolate eyes. Never—he knew it now with a fierce pain clutching at his heart—never would his dream come true and they two watch together the white stars rise and wane across the skies!

What had he to offer her, with her gentle soul and her need of cherishing—he, a man of the desert, penniless, scarred with bitter years? That evening she had talked freely, telling him of the home she had come from, her fears for David and Pressley's promises of aid for the boy that had almost wrought her undoing. And with every word he had felt himself removed farther from her. The long hours of the night passed and dawn came, finding the man gazing into the sunrise with haggard eyes.

"I must find the money to cure the kid," he muttered, "an' then I'll ride away—if I'm man enough! You up there, You help me not to tell her—but I've got to go soon or I cant go at all. There must be some way to make the money she needs."



THEIR FIRST MEAL TOGETHER WAS ROUGH, BUT HE WAS AWFULLY GOOD TO HER

There was a way. David, returning from a foraging expedition after breakfast, brought back in high glee a poster he had found tacked to a tree. Reading it, Silent Budd Marr's jaw set like a vise, and the boy cried out with the pain of the grip on his arm.

"There's something I want you to do without askin' any questions," he told Betty, with a clumsy attempt at gaiety. "Let me tie you up, like as if I'd captured you; it's a—a sort of a game."

Surprised, she let him tie his kerchief across her mouth and bind her slender wrists with a cord, eyes sparkling with mischief over the gag. Only when the last knot was tied did he tell her the thing he was going to do. "Preachin' Bill's house aint more than fifteen mile up the road," he told her, voice harsh with restraint. "You can ride thar in an hour easy. Your brother an' me are goin' the other way."

And he showed her the poster offering two thousand dollars reward to the person who should capture him.

"That an' the gold-dust in the saddlebags'll send you home an' cure the kid besides," he said, simply. "I'm glad to do it for you, ma'am."

He might have been speaking of posting a letter for her, by his emotionless tone. Betty Bryce tried to cry out, tried to protest thru the stifling folds across her mouth. Then he was gone, but not before he had seen the terror in her eyes; the look went with him, like a talisman, during the long journey back to Bakeoven. He clutched it to his soul as he stood before the "Hello There" saloon in the midst of a jeering, menacing crowd. "Send the kid away where he wont see," was all he said briefly as they placed a rope around his neck and flung the other end over the limb of a tree. He faced the desert, a little smile on his lips, his gaze on the far distances quivering with golden mists of sun. At this last moment it was to his first love he said farewell, then the rope tightened—and the world went roaring away before his starting eyeballs.



AS WAS AGREED UPON, THE KID LED HIS SULLEN CAPTIVE INTO BAKEOVEN

So near to death he had come that it was with a sensation of shock that he opened heavy lids a little later on the living world. Then he saw Her face bending over him, heard Her low voice in his ears:

"Thank God! oh, thank God I was in

time! No, no! you must not talk yet. Let me do the talking. After you left me (oh, how *could* you!) I rode to Prescott. I dont know how—I think I almost killed the horse on those hills, and I got a posse together. We were just in time!"

She saw his lips moving and laid her little hand across them, quite oblivious of the staring eyes about them.



BAKEOVEN S MERCURIAL FEELINGS WERE ALL WITH BUDD MARR AFTER BETTY'S RIDE TO THE RESCUE

"No—not yet. I want to tell you that I know why you did this, and honor you and think you are the noblest, most wonderful man in all the world."

Her tears fell on his face, and suddenly he knew the wonderful thing that had come to him.

"Now, if you want to," she faltered. "You may say—just one little thing!"

"I—*love* you," whispered Silent Budd Marr, silent no longer; "I love you, my dear—oh, my dear!"

She saw his mouth quiver as he drew her lips down to meet his own.

The newer side of him came later in the day. It concerned the sheriff of Yavapai County and Jack Pressley.

Along toward sundown the posse gathered in front of the gambler's place, and the sheriff went in to get him. The citizens of Bakeoven assembled on the street, lining up back of Budd Marr. The sheriff came out leading his man, and Budd stepped up and spoke softly.

"We are sending you out of Bakeoven," he said, "strictly according to law—if there is a law for a mine thief."

Jack met his steely eyes squarely enough, swaggerer to the last.

"And then there is the matter of too many wives," Budd recited softly, "and a skunk who has slimed his life in trying to ruin women. Is there a law for that? God knows!

"Topaz will follow you," he whispered to Jack alone. "In Prescott there is still a chance to start again."

And so at last the iron heart of Budd Marr played coward to itself.



TYRONE POWER IN "THE PLANTER"



GERALDINE FARRAR AND WALLACE REID IN "THE WOMAN GOD FORGOT"

Across the

A Department of Photodrama Review

THE day of artistic, intelligent photodrama is at hand. Master craftsmen, in their special line of work, are collaborating to furnish screenic drama that will appeal to the most discriminating people. For that very reason, that the excellent may receive unstinted praise and the worthless be weeded out, that our readers may have a brief survey of "what is what," and that exhibitors may know what will surely please their audiences, we have established this department of review culled from the leading offerings of the month by critics who have made a study of the silent theater in all its different phases during the past seven years—in other words, grown up with the youngest of the arts. H. S. N.

"The Planter" (Mutual).—This is a very bloody drama, dripping crimson with r-r-revenge. It is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the silversheet. The story is a powerful one of life on a rubber plantation in Southern Mexico. Tyrone Power gives a worthy rendition of the part of Hertzer, a fiendishly passionate plantation owner who is capable of the vilest cruelty and yet has moments of great gentleness. Lamar Johnstone, however, captures a large share of the laurels because of the excellence of his depiction of a bloodless, spineless New England student who, when thrust into the almost savage existence of the tropics, develops into a worthy antagonist for the ruthless Tyrone Power. But as the gorgeous full-blown poppy lacks perfume, "The Planter" lacks the essence of sweetness of idealism. It thrills us, it sends shudders down our back, it makes every nerve vibrate. Those who like excitement will find it here a-plenty. On the whole, the production has been well handled, the exteriors are most interesting and make one feel the atmosphere of Southern Mexico, but the first two reels would be materially benefited by cutting. They lack unity, there is too much jumping from New England to Mexico, which detracts from the primary interest. One of the most fascinating features of "The Planter" is the absolute pagan abandonment with which Lucille King plays the sensual rôle of Andrea. Here's hoping the censors dont cut any of her out. There's quite a thrill in store for you when she goes a-bathing, à la native. The rest of the feminine portion of the cast was at times sadly amateurish for such a super-feature. H. S. N.

"The Woman God Forgot" (Artcraft).—The exotic music of Moskowsky, Arabian incense, the lure of purple orchids, the shimmer of black pearls and the crimson blood of sacrifice, those are the things one unconsciously "senses" after this pantomimic drama has ceased unfolding its magic. As a spectacle, this historical story of the downfall of Montezuma, the magnificent Aztec emperor of Mexico, by a hand-



MAE MURRAY AND WHEELER OAKMAN IN "THE PRINCESS VIRTUE"

Silversheet

Conducted by Hazel Simpson Naylor

ful of Christian Spanish adventurers, is alluring and at times awe-inspiring. Unlike most spectacles, however, its characters are not swamped by scenery. The whole is dominated by the superb dramatic force of Geraldine Farrar, who as the Princess Tecza outrivals "Cleopatra" in the wealth of her beads and the scarcity of substance in her costumes. Wallace Reid, while making a lovable hero, was sadly unconvincing at times, and Theodore Kosloff, as the would-be husband of the beauteous Farrar, was painfully "strutty" and theatrical.

H. S. N.

"The Princess Virtue" (Bluebird).—Wheeler Oakman, oh, so nice and comfortable and naturally American, goes to Paris to rescue his little cousin from the clutches of Parisian flippancy and Parisian suitors as typified by Passion, Desire and—well, he himself typifies Love. Mae Murray is, oh, so very chic, so very Frenchy, from her remarkable gowns to her inviting eyes, and we are all so relieved when she finally cuddles into the good, sane American's arms, but we think, "Poor man, he'll have the deuce of a time knocking any sense into that charmante little head." "The Princess Virtue" is by far the best directed Bluebird we have seen in some time, altho there are some minor discrepancies, such as picturing two women being placed next to each other at a formal dinner party. The picture is pleasant, moves with a snap and a jingle and is handled with taste. All in all, it's a very pleasant evening's demi-tasse.

H. S. N.



ELSIE FERGUSON IN "THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING"

"The Rise of Jennie Cushing" (Artcraft).—Be warned not to expect a strong drama in Miss Ferguson's second screen appearance, following her colorful and tense "Barbary Sheep." "Jennie Cushing" is biography, not drama. We follow the heroine thru her various ages and stages from the slums to the workhouse, thence thru various occupations until she becomes the mistress of the hero and rounds out her biography as an adjunct to the workhouse again. I have not read Mary Watts' novel, from which the photoplay was adapted. No doubt it has charm, else Miss Ferguson would not have selected it, but her dramatic judgment erred. Your evening will not be dull in seeing "Jennie Cushing." Elsie Ferguson without doubt is the photo-stage's strongest enhancement for this season—its real "find." She is a natural actress, whose naturalness is a fine art. Many so-called stars should not affect the natural school, for where there is no personality, stage naturalness becomes merely dullness. Miss Ferguson's vivid personality, her refinement and her exquisite way of doing even little things makes her acting a joy supreme. Miss Ferguson is surely deserving of better starring vehicles than drab "Jennie Cushing." With this highly trained and beautiful woman giving her best to the shadow stage, its best should certainly be given to her. The photo-drama was well directed, Maurice Tourneur showing a fine eye for picturesqueness in his settings, especially those of an old French cathedral.

E. M. L.



WALKER WHITESIDE AND VALENTINE GRANT IN "THE BELGIAN"

"The Belgian" (Sidney Olcott Players). —"In the centuries to come there will be no prouder boast than 'I am a Belgian.'" Such is the stirring foreword of this photoplay, which assumes the purport of a patriotic rally, a call to arms. As you watch the present-day history of valiant Belgium unfold before your very eyes, your involuntary thought is, "If Belgium could sacrifice her very existence, what cannot we do for the cause of democracy?" As exterior after exterior of the little fishing town in Belgium is blended upon the screen you realize that here is photography which vies successfully with the canvas of a Corot, while the close-ups of the quaint, carefully cast characters seem renowned Frans Hals sprung to life. The story, which is by the well-known writer, Frederick Arnold Kummer, is certainly not lighted by the torch of originality. Here is the country lad who leaves his sweetheart to go to Paris and win fame, and in the process becomes infatuated with a heartless beauty. But this is one instance where the skeleton story seems a minor detail, for the players and directors have created a throbbing drama. Mr. Walker Whiteside gives an interpretation of Victor Morenne which should live in the history of the silversheet. His acting is that of fine inner feeling, which is then transposed to the screen by the subtlest of facial expressions and gestures. For instance, he is blinded, a large white bandage necessarily covers his face with the exception of his mouth, yet merely by the expressions of his lips and the movements of his hands Mr. Whiteside enacts the most emotional moments of the play. Valentine Grant makes a charming heroine, Sally Crute an attractive villainess, and George Mageroni is indeed capable as Colonel Dupin. All in all, "The Belgian" is a decided step in artistic photodrama development, and Mr. Sidney Olcott should be proud of his directorship. The war scenes are excellent and at the private presentation were aided by a superb musical score. H. S. N.

"The Natural Law" (France Films, Inc.). —This is a sex drama which has been well handled. Altho it treats of the fundamentals of life, it does so in as dignified a manner as is possible. I must admit that the first two reels are very annoying, very carelessly directed. Marguerite Courtot skips, hops and jumps about so much, one fails to even catch a real good glimpse of her. Mr. France himself has perpetuated a dying scene which never was on land nor sea. His facial grimaces are so weird that one cannot discern whether he is laughing or weeping. But all agonies end and he finally wreathes his last grimace, while Marguerite



"THE NATURAL LAW"

and her play-mother hide their heads in terror. As a rule, when a loved one is dying, one wishes at least to touch them, to hear their last words, but then, as has already been said, Mr. France's last moments *were* terrible to look upon. Lamely the picture toddles; I mean the players dance on. Altho father has died from the shock of his weakened finances, mother trots off to California, leaving daughter at home, playing with art. But in the movies it costs nothing to go to California, to run an enormous establishment, nor to go to art school. But the mortgage does become due, and from that time on the drama assumes seriousness, Marguerite Courtot acquires poise, altho still at the most intense moments inclined to flap her arms about, now that her feet manage to keep still. The serious-minded doctor and the young college chap fight to save the girl from disgrace, and the dénouement is worked out with an excellent use of suspense. One now follows the unfolding of the plot



"THE LITTLE PRINCESS"

breathlessly, and not until the final clinch are we absolutely certain what the ending will be. George Larkin does excellently in a part which is the most true to life of that type I have ever seen, and Howard Hall lends dignity to the rôle of the doctor.

H. S. N.

"The Little Princess" (Artcraft).—Should I even dare suggest that in this photoplay Mary Pickford evidences no added depth of histrionic art, that her justly famous baby-ish pout and childlike mannerisms were more Mary Pickford than any little girl of ten I ever saw, I am sure the wrath of the gods would descend upon my head. For as "The Little Princess" who is so abused by the boarding-school mistress when her father dies, leaving her penniless, Mary is very, very beautiful. Some of the close-ups of Miss Pickford are the most exquisite I have ever seen, as the frequent inhalation of admiring "oh's!" testified. The interpolation of the fairy tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves is a charming bit of fantasy in this enchanting production. There is only one flaw, and that is the captions. Their philosophy is couched in too ponderous terms for any ten-year-old to utter. Sasu Pitts as Becky, the little household drudge, gives an interpretation that proves her a natural born actress who will do big things along the lines of Mae Marsh if opportunity is kind.



"I WILL REPAY"

H. S. N.

"I Will Repay" (Greater Vitagraph).—It is the human touch, the O. Henry story, that constitute the charm of this creeping pastel of the Southland. Unlike the champagne variety of celluloided drama, this does not abound with thrilling punches. The momentary wine-like exhilaration is not there. The pulses do not beat at greater pressure, but after the last human picture has faded, one feels satisfied as only a cool draft of clear water can satisfy desert thirst. The actor who took the part of Major Caswell, villainous, alcoholic husband of frail Azalea Adair, whose every cent, earned by weaving fiction, he steals

(*Continued on page* 160)



Virginia Chester, who has returned to the pictures and is now starring for the Mena Company



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(Photo by Floyd, N. Y.)

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Where Have They Gone?

Vanished Stars Discovered and Meteorites Unearthed

By SUE ROBERTS

JUST why top-o'-the-sky stars suddenly disappear, leaving no clue behind them, is the unsolved mystery of the fans, the studio world and the producers. Even their intimate friends are sometimes left up in the air. The startling fact that hundreds of film favorites of past years, and even of this year, have gone into total eclipse, is one of the peculiarities of the shadow stage. Speaking in the vernacular, some of them "fade out," others "dissolve out," and still more "iris out" without a word of explanation.

The disappearance of the stars has always interested me, and being of rather a resourceful turn of mind, I put my question to the Editor. He thought the matter over a moment—hopelessly, it appeared—and then barked out: "I want you to go out and stay away until you have discovered where they have disappeared to."

"Why, certainly, sir," I replied, and departed thence with the elated feeling that the deed was as good as done.

Afterward came my awakening. I tried, one by one, those ceaseless gossip shops and amen corners of Gay Gotham, the Screen Club, the Friars and the Greenroom Club. The best the most deadly gossips there could do was to lead me astray on several clues as to the whereabouts of my first query, Walter Miller, Biograph's one best bet as a leading-man three years ago.

I ran up against a blank wall in my inquiries at the offices of the *Mirror* and the *Clipper*. Walter Miller had not been booked for the stage during his entire disappearance. The publicity offices of the various studios were equally at fault. I was about to give his strange disappearance up in despair when the happy thought struck me of making the rounds of the various photograph studios in New York which make a specialty of theatrical pictures. At the sixth studio I visited I ran across a clue. It was Brunel's, on Fifth Avenue. Walter Miller's handsome likeness stared at me from the files of extra prints, and his address, the Hotel Remington, was on the photographer's books.

In reply to my immediate note of inquiry, I received the following enlightening letter. At last my star had been discovered by me!

DEAR MISS ROBERTS—You ask an explanation of the photograph which came in of Walter Miller. It is simply this. Two years ago illness made it impossible for me to remain in this climate. Walter gave up everything for me, and now that I have recovered, he is returning to the screen and I am trying to help my pal reinstate himself with the public, as he gave up so much for me.

Very sincerely,
LILLIAN LOUISE MILLER.

With a warm feeling tugging at my heart, I followed this letter to the Hotel Remington, New York City, and found Mrs. Miller willing to help me further. I will relate the story of Walter Miller's two-year disappearance just as Mrs. Miller told it to me:

"It is very kind of you to take an interest in my hubby, and altho so many people think he left the screen, he never left the picture business, but owing to my ill health, he seized the only opportunity offered and went with a feature company to Miami, Fla. They never had a release, so every one thought he had disappeared for good.

"Therefore the last pictures that the public saw Walter in were 'The Marble Heart,' 'The Spider and the Fly' and 'Tangled Lives.' These were taken at Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., with Robert Mantell for the Fox Company.

"It was in Jamaica that I contracted the tumor that necessitated our removal to Florida.

"In Miami, Walter obtained most of his recreation from tarpon fishing. Then there was duck shooting, and it is considered nothing to bag a dozen mallard in a few hours. To get these, you have to go up into the Everglades, where the guide you engage is sure to be an outlaw

(*Continued on page* 134)



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(*Continued from page* 132)
with a price on his head, and all during the trip you are watched, for fear you are going to tip the police authorities that one of the outlawed members is with you.

"Thanks to this delightful existence, I at length regained my health enough so Walter and I could return to New York.

"My, what a change! Very few picture stock companies and very few picture stars. Walter at once set about getting in touch with the managers and directors.

"For a start, he did a picture for the Art Dramas Company, called 'The Mother's Ordeal,' with little Jean Sothern. Then came an opportunity with Metro, and under the direction of William Christy Cabanne he worked in 'The Slacker' with Miss Emily Stevens, with Emmy Wehlen in 'Miss Robinson Crusoe' and with Miss Mabel Taliaferro in 'Draft 258.'

"Times have changed in an artistic sense, but somehow or other the good old days with the American Biograph, with Mr. Griffith to watch over us, were the best after all. There 'Little Mary' Pickford, Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, the Gish girls, Bobby Harron, Lionel Barrymore, Blanche Sweet and dear old Christy Miller were Walter's fellow workers."

Already young girls are beginning to say, "Walter Miller—oh, yes, wasn't he wonderful in 'The Slacker'?" So, you see, Mr. Miller has come back and come back strong, and this little story of ambition sacrificed to a greater and better love for two long years makes us all the happier that it should be so.

Lottie Briscoe! There's a name that, in the good old days, was known from coast to coast. Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe were the most popular pair in pictures. Arthur Johnson's untimely death is a matter of film history and Lottie Briscoe's tender, sisterly nursing of him. Then, a short time later, Lottie Briscoe's cinemic shade flittered away into ethereal nothingness and no one knew the why nor wherefore of her disappearance.

Contrary to expectation, I had nowhere nearly so difficult a time tracing Miss Briscoe as I had expected. She herself furnished the clue by sending in a photograph of herself looking even younger and more charming than before her temporary eclipse.

Ushered into Miss Briscoe's presence, I asked impetuously: "Tell me where you have been during the past year."

"Right on earth, but with a very slender foothold. Everybody expected that I would lose whatever hold I had on terra firma and start heavenwards. But I had the courage to undergo a severe operation, and now I have entirely recovered."

"And do you intend to return to the screen?"

"I certainly do," she said, emphatically. "I shouldn't be surprised if I were back in harness within the next few weeks."

"Really!" I exclaimed. "Under whose banner?"

"Most likely at the head of my own company."

So there you are.

King Baggot! Listen, girls, I have some good news for you. King Baggot has signed a contract with Wharton and will appear in a Secret Service serial.

King Baggot, who, as you know, was one of the very first heroes of the transparencies, said good-by to the Motion Picture business a year ago. It was a very definite good-by, so my chief interest in seeking him was to find out what had made him change his mind.

"What else would you do?" he asked, laughingly. "Here I was offered a most tempting contract to play in a twenty-episode serial written by William J. Flynn, chief of the United States Secret Service. Why, I've been a personal friend of Chief Flynn's for years. In the old days when I was writing my own stories and playing them, I was always happiest when I could get the idea for a good Secret Service picture. Then, too, the fact that this new serial is about the biggest thing I ever struck had its influence. So the result was that I gave up all thought of the stage contract which I was about to sign, cancelled my personal appearance engagements, and took the part which the Whartons offered me." (*Continued on page* 136)

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(*Continued from page* 134)

Heartened by the success of my first endeavor, I set out on the trail of Blanche Sweet.

Good luck alone was responsible for my being fortunate enough to get a trace of her. I happened to be lunching with a friend when he remarked, "I had tea with Edna Purviance the other afternoon, and who do you think is in New York with her?"

"I dont know, I'm sure," I answered, boredly.

"Blanche Sweet."

"Blanche Sweet!" I shouted excitedly, at last seeing an opportunity of satisfying those thousands of unanswered missives, "Where is Blanche Sweet?" that had been raining on me like shrapnel.

"Quick, tell me where she is," I commanded.

"Knickerbocker Hotel," was the salient reply.

Forthwith luncheon was forgotten. I excused myself breathlessly and never did find out whether the meringue glacé I had already ordered was eaten by my friend or the waiter.

At the Knickerbocker Hotel I sent up my name.

"Would Miss Sweet see me?"

"Miss Sweet would, and please go right up to Room 1000."

Mignonette in an old-fashioned garden, lavender chiffon under the pale light of the new moon, the delicate fragrance of garden violet in a dewy spring morning—these are just a few of the impressions that Blanche Sweet suggested to me as she placed her rather frail white hand in mine.

"Tell me," I began, "your main reason for being in New York."

"Mainly, I am here to buy clothes. But I am not going to spend a whole lot of money. I am going to get only what I absolutely need. I cant bear to spend money on gowns when all those poor wretches are starving and dying of want 'over there.' Why, today, when I was walking up Fifth Avenue, and saw all those big, wonderful fellows clad in khaki filling the sidewalks and street corners, only waiting for the chance to sacrifice their lives for our liberty, I felt it was positively sinful for me to be planning costumes in purple and pink chiffon. I felt so absolutely selfish, yet it is business for an actress to be well dressed."

"Wont you tell me, Miss Sweet," I questioned, "why you left the screen?"

"There comes a time in everybody's life, I think," mused this fragile bit of Dresden china, whose round blue eyes seemed to be looking either far into the past or into the future, I couldn't tell which, "when everything goes wrong. Ever since last December I have been very ill. It just seemed as if one thing followed on top of another. It was just a case of overwork. I felt as if I would like to scream every time any one spoke to me, and I am far from temperamental by nature. You see, I had been working for six years steadily" (I might mention here that Miss Sweet started in the pictures when she was very, very young) "and during all that time I never lost one week's salary. I never even took a week between going to Griffith from Biograph and from Griffith to Lasky. During all that time I had to be on hand for fear I should be wanted. I was under a constant nervous tension, and at last my strength gave out, that's all. And so I have been taking a rest, a vacation, for I felt that I deserved one."

"Will you tell me what you have been doing during your absence from the studio?" I questioned.

"I have just been resting and doctoring and living in Los Angeles like an ordinary human being, with an occasional visit to 'Frisco. I have been feeling so much better lately that I thought a change would interest me, and so one day I suggested a trip to New York and asked Edna Purviance if she wouldn't keep me company. She was charmed with the idea, and asked Mr. Chaplin if she could take the time between pictures. He said yes, and so we started, accompanied by Adele Rowland. We stopped off in Chicago for a couple of days, then came on here. New York is doing me a world of good; the air is so bracing and it makes one feel so alive to walk with the scurrying crowds in the brisk air. We have had reunions with Alice Joyce, Mabel Normand and Marie Doro and many other of our friends, and we are

(*Continued on page* 138)



Pond's Cold Cream is an oil cream and was prepared especially for cleansing and massage.

Inside one of New York's fashionable skating clubs.

Use Pond's Vanishing *Cream just before you go out, to keep your skin from chapping. It is absolutely greaseless and vanishes completely the moment you apply it.*

In Winter Especially your skin needs two creams

IT is during cold, windy weather that your complexion receives the greatest injury—an injury often so serious that you can never restore the smoothness and pliancy of your skin.

To give your skin the care it needs, *two* creams are necessary. Learn how each one benefits your skin.

Every normal skin needs a greaseless, vanishing cream to keep it pliant, fresh-looking and delicately colored; it also needs an *oil* cream for cleansing and massage. Only in this way is it possible to keep your complexion as lovely as it can be.

Why Pond's Vanishing Cream is a real necessity

If your face is rough or reddened, if your skin is not perfectly soft and clear, apply a little Pond's Vanishing Cream. You can actually see the difference after *one* application. The immediate relief it brings to rough, dry or chapped skin is so noticeable that every woman comments on it after the first trial.



(Photo Hartsook, Calif.)

Vola Vale, the charming leading woman for William S. Hart, says: "My screen work is always best when my make-up box is equipped with Pond's Vanishing Cream."



The next time you want your skin to look its loveliest, bathe your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream, after washing. In a moment the cream disappears, leaving not a trace of shine. The wonderful freshness, the smoothness and delicate coloring of your skin will be distinctly noticeable.

For cleansing and massage you need an oil cream

Pond's Cold Cream is an *oil* cream. The moment you use it you will exclaim at its delightful softness and smoothness. You will love it for massage. It has exactly the consistency demanded in massage creams by the best known masseurs.

For cleansing the skin give Pond's Cold Cream the hardest test. Use it at night when your pores are choked with dust and dirt. Without irritating even the most tender skin, it removes all trace of grime and leaves the skin refreshed and clear.

Neither Pond's Vanishing Cream nor Pond's Cold Cream will cause the growth of hair on face or hands. Both creams are sold in all drug stores and at the toilet counters of department stores. Get a tube or jar of each today and try them. See how their use will improve your skin.

Free sample tubes! Send for them today

Mail us a postcard now and get sample tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Cold Cream **free.** Or send 8c and we will send you tubes of each cream large enough to last two weeks. Write for them today. Address **Pond's Extract Co., 134 Hudson St., New York City.**

(*Continued from page* 136)
taking in all the theaters and shops just like any other human beings that come to New York solely for a change."

At length I ventured the momentous question, "When are you going to return to pictures, Miss Sweet?"

"I cant tell you that," she said. "We are going to remain in New York three weeks and then return to Los Angeles. Just at present I feel that I still deserve a vacation. Remember, this has to make up for not having one for six years. I really haven't felt like working at all, but now that I am beginning to feel so much stronger, I am commencing to itch to get back into harness. However, that is all in the future, and I really cant tell you anything more definite at present."

All of which, I assure you, wasn't spoken as easily as it sounds, for only by frequent questioning did I gain these answers, for, as Blanche Sweet said:

"Even when I first started acting with Biograph, I couldn't bear to talk about myself. I always used to say, 'Oh, send some one else to tell them, cant you?' And it is the same way with flattery. Of course, I like to hear sweet things—every girl does—but flattery always embarrasses me terribly. I always feel like running away whenever any one starts to compliment me, and altho I feel that I belong to the world because it gives me my living, I do dread publicity; talking about oneself seems so egotistical."

Verily, Blanche Sweet is a fragrantly fragile garden violet who got mixed in with the hothouse roses by mistake.

In the March number Sue Roberts will continue "Where Have They Gone?" Dont forget that this number will be printed in the large, flat size and that it will be the most remarkable magazine ever published. Dont miss the March number!

A MOTHER

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

I'd miss my soldier lad
If it were not that I could go
And watch the soldiers marching
At the Motion Picture show.

I can see the cheery smiling
Of each boy from where I sit,
And I'm glad my boy is with them
And has gone to do his bit.

The Great Plays of 1917

IN the December issue, we asked our readers to "sit in" on a jury to select what they thought were the finest and strongest photoplays produced during the past year. A most hearty response came from over five thousand of our readers. There were thousands of scattered votes, representing almost as many photoplays, but we have refrained from publishing a choice that did not receive at least fifty votes. So here is the list of the great photoplays of 1917 as selected by our jury of readers:

Little American (Mary Pickford)	225
Poor Little Rich Girl (Mary Pickford)	220
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm (Mary Pickford)	219
Down to Earth (Douglas Fairbanks)	218
Flame of the Yukon (Dorothy Dalton)	215
Poppy (Norma Talmadge)	210
Honor System (Milton Sills)	209
In Again, Out Again (Douglas Fairbanks)	200
Panthea (Norma Talmadge)	196
Amazons (Marguerite Clark)	195
The Barrier (Mabel Scott and Victor Sutherland)	193
Intolerance (Mae Marsh and Constance Talmadge)	188
Lone Wolf (Hazel Dawn)	175
Miss George Washington (Marguerite Clark)	168
Joan the Woman (Geraldine Farrar)	150
Sapho (Pauline Frederick)	143
Romeo and Juliet (Metro) (Bushman and Bayne)	136
Tale of Two Cities (Fox) (William Farnum)	129
Wild and Woolly (Douglas Fairbanks)	125
Seven Keys to Baldpate (George Cohan)	123
Polly of the Circus (Mae Marsh)	120
Daughter of the Gods (Annette Kellermann)	109
Within the Law (Alice Joyce and Harry Morey)	107
Barbary Sheep (Elsie Ferguson)	104
Ashes of Embers (Pauline Frederick)	103
War Brides (Alla Nazimova)	100
The Whip (Irving Cummings)	100
Woman God Forgot (Geraldine Farrar)	99
Birth of a Nation (Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh)	89
Great Expectations (Jack Pickford and Louise Huff)	80
The Cure (Charlie Chaplin)	75
Law of Compensation (Norma Talmadge)	73
Two Little Imps (Jane and Katherine Lee)	68
Skinner's Dress-Suit (Bryant Washburn)	64
Madcap Madge (Olive Thomas)	59
Girl Phillippa (Anita Stewart)	56
Madcap Madge (Anita Stewart)	56
The Cheat (Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa)	54
Rasputin, the Black Monk (Montagu Love)	50

When the Bullet Missed Its Mark



Her nervous hands missed the mark and sent the bullet into the man's throat.

The audience clapped. They thought it was a part of the play. But behind those lowered curtains, a bigger, more breathless drama was going on.

Why had she kept the secret from him? He had misunderstood everything. Was it too late to show him what he in his blindness had never seen?

Read this story of stage life as it really is behind the scenes. It could have been written only by

O. HENRY

Across the dark war clouds that hover over the world to-day, there is one ray of light that cheers and heartens—it is O. HENRY. England is reading him and loving him as she never did before. France is turning to him to lighten her sorrow. He is the supreme war-time writer.

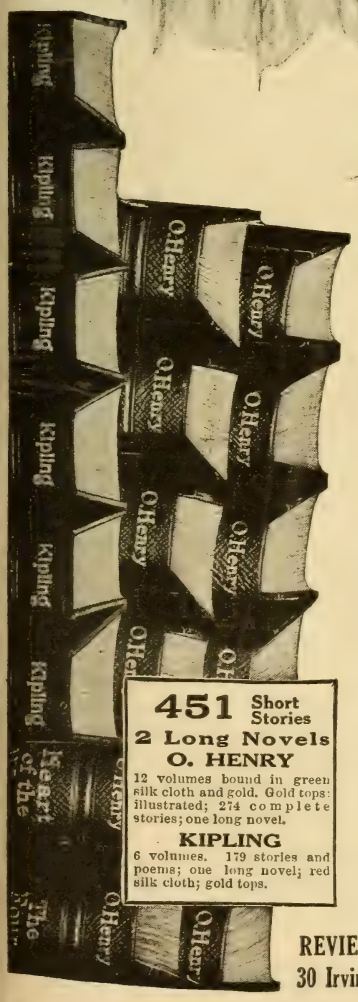
We of America have known him and loved him for years. But now he is dearer than ever. He has stood the greatest of all tests—he is the writer whom we love best of all to read, and have near us in times of tragedy and darkness.

High hearted, knowing the pathos and humor of life, he outshines all others in times of stress, because he comes closest to the heart. With swift, sure strokes he drives his story home every time. Never a word is wasted. From the first word the interest starts and you are carried on in the sure magic of his vivid sentences to a climax so unexpected that it draws you up sharply.

England, France—all war-torn Europe—is reading O. HENRY to remember that human nature is not really wicked and depraved—that life may be glad and sweet. Now that America has gone into this great war for right—we, too, read him more than ever. He must be clearer to us than to anyone else, for he is writing about our own people and the country we love. He is one of us.

They are showing his stories in motion pictures all over the United States.

Don't get him to read once. You will read him a hundred times, and find him each time as fresh and unexpected as the first. And each time you will say, "Why do I love him so much?"—and neither you nor any one else can answer, for that is the mystery of O. HENRY—his power beyond understanding.



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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

CONSTANCE TALMADGE, who made such a hit in "Scandal" and followed "The Honeymoon" by playing "The Runaway," has had the title of her latest escapade changed to "The Studio Girl." Miss Talmadge has now departed for California, to pursue her interesting career for Select Pictures.

One could describe Elsie Ferguson as a queen, but hardly as a song-bird, and yet here she is going to enact "The Song of Songs" for Artcraft.

Some one please send an accident-insurance agent to Artcraft. Last month not only did Marjory Daw, leading-lady for "Doug" Fairbanks in his new picture, "The Modern Musketeer," fall from her horse and break her leg, but Bill Hart had to delay the filming of "The Bloodhound" while he was laid up with a smashed finger and lacerated arm.

Milton Sills, popular leading-man, is cursed with fickleness in his screenic affiliations. No sooner had he finished making love to Florence Reed in "The Struggle Everlasting" than he deserted her to "support" Ruth Roland in "The Fringe of Society." Now he has abandoned Ruth to be Peggy Hyland's hero in Pathé's "The Other Woman."



© Celebrity
MILTON SILLS

Since no one can outrival Mary Pickford, she is trying to outrival herself by playing the two chief characters in her latest starring vehicle, "Stella Maris."

Photoplays may come and go, but Camilles go on forever. That illustrious Thespian, Ethel Barrymore, will now immortalize the champion tear-drawing heroine of Dumas for Metro.

Among the newly formed pairs are Wheeler Oakman and Edith Storey, Harold Lockwood and Sally Crute (but only in pictures, you understand). The former are playing in "Revenge," the latter in "The Avenging Trail," both for Metro.

Gathered into the Fox fold: Tom Mix, horseman extraordinary, who will play in Western dramas, and Murdock MacQuarrie, who will support in Jewel Carmen's first starring vehicle, "A Soul for Sale."

R. A. Walsh has escaped the Fox lair and casts his future in the swim with Samuel Goldfish, to direct Goldwyn productions.

The latest recruit to the knitting squad is "Fatty" Arbuckle. Kathleen Clifford played instructress, while Roscoe's dog, "Luke," played first aid by holding the skein of yarn.

J. Stuart Blackton's next release is a pretty big undertaking for one man, "The World for Sale," from the novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. Commodore Blackton is a recent recruit to the Los Angeles picture colony, where he will produce Sir Gilbert Parker's "Wild Youth" at the Lasky studios.

Mutual stars are domestically inclined this month. Edna Goodrich is playing "Her Second Husband," Olive Tell is sororically inclined in "Her Sister," and Ann Murdock is at work on "My Wife."

"Saved by a hair" was literally true when Mae Murray slipped on Big Dalton Mountain during the filming of "The Eternal Columbine" and would have fallen into the canyon had not Director Bob Leonard grabbed her by her goldilocks. Mae is the sort of Bluebird that cant fly.

Among the select few who have not learnt economy from the H. C. of L. is Norma Talmadge. The other day, in the filming of "Ghosts of Yesterday," she slashed to pieces an exquisite oil study of herself by James Montgomery Flagg. But dont blame Norma. Somehow or other, the portrait upon being delivered got mixed up with a cheap one, and when the director shouted "Shoot!" Miss Talmadge unintentionally slashed into nothingness a couple of thousand dollars' worth of oil portrait intended for Mama Talmadge's Christmas present.

We have had every type of Eve; now comes "Eve's Daughter," with Billie Burke, produced by Paramount.

Edna Goodrich has formed a Little Sister Club, not of her rejected suitors, but to write regularly to American soldiers in France.

Since Jeanie Macpherson, the photoplaywright, put the Aztecs into the movies, everybody's doing it. The latest will be "A Child of the Sun," in which Nazimova will shine for Metro.

"What's in a name?" Hart's next picture drama, "The Bloodhound," will be released as "Dead or Alive." Both sound sort of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"-y to us.



"I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

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The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make *your* start the same way—and make it right now.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

A studio which cannot boast at least one European star is indeed out of style. Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, comes to the front by engaging Mlle. Hedda Nova, a brilliant Russian actress, to shine in super-features.

Smileage Books are the latest. They were devised by the Military Encampment Entertainment Service to enable friends to send tickets to soldier-boys in camp. They resemble railroad mileage books, sell respectively for $1.00 and $5.00, and are good for the purchase of theater tickets everywhere. Adam Kessel, Jr., 1476 Broadway, New York, is in charge of the Motion Picture branch of the service.

Wallace Reid, lucky boy, again makes love to Geraldine Farrar in her new picture, "The Devil Stone," scenario by Jeanie Macpherson and directed by Cecil B. De Mille.

Charlie Chaplin, chief of the Smile Club, not the smile club whose motto is "What will you have?" but the one which strives to drive dull care away, has announced that if England calls him to personally serve in the trenches he will go. But meanwhile his new studio in Hollywood is rapidly nearing completion, and we hope he will can a whole store of smiles before such a contingency arises.

After playing in "The Whip" and "Rasputin, the Black Monk," co-starring with Virginia Pearson and supporting Florence Reed, Irving Cummings has played the lead for Ethel Barrymore in "An American Widow." He calls this "the end of a perfect year."

Wallace MacDonald has said ta! ta! to Vitagraph and Brooklyn and sought the summer clime of California, where he will act for Triangle.

Clara Kimball Young has secured the screen rights to "The House of Glass," a successful stage melodrama by Max Marcen.

Charlotte Bronte's immortal "Jane Eyre" will appear on the screen under the title of "Woman and Wife," with Alice Brady in the leading rôle. This is tampering with things as they are with a vengeance.

The movies are breaking into society. At a recent testimonial to King Albert of Belgium, given at the Ritz-Carlton, Sidney Olcott's production, "The Belgian," was the attraction. Seats sold for $3.00 and the list of those present read like the roster of the box-holders of the Metropolitan Opera House.



© Hartsook
GERALDINE FARRAR

Can you imagine Vivian Martin as a barbarian? No, neither can we, but it's "The Fair Barbarian" that she's going to be for Paramount.

Mary Pickford's latest gift is a Pomeranian. Knowing that the donor could not afford such a costly gift, "Little Mary" protested, and was somewhat flabbergasted when her admirer said, "The dog really cost me very little. I put an ad in the paper, offering a reward for the return of an imaginary Pom, and selected the best of about a dozen which were brought to me."

"The Blue Bird," Maurice Maeterlinck's famous play, is to be caught and imprisoned in celluloid by Artcraft with the aid of Maurice Tourneur.

Peacock feathers do not signify bad luck to Ruth Roland, but popularity. On her recent tour of the Pantages Theaters, she was given a bouquet composed of the entire tail of a peacock.

Palm Beach, with all expenses paid, is the good luck of Creighton Hale, who is there having a breathing spell from serials and incidentally playing lead for Gladys Hulette.

Nobody nowadays is averse to receiving movie gold. Baron Moncheur and Honorable James Gustafos Whitley, members of the Belgian legation, cashed paychecks for appearing in "Doug" Fairbanks' "Reaching for the Moon," but donated the lucre to the Red Cross Fund of Belgium.

Edna Purviance has had a new experience. She is visiting New York for the first time in her life. Lucky New York!

Marshall Neilan was drafted, but rejected on account of poor eyesight. Perhaps the handsome Neilan, who will continue to be Mary Pickford's director, has been doing too much star-gazing.

Florence Atkinson was badly burned while playing the vampire in "The Marionettes" with Clara Kimball Young. Her hair became ignited from an alcohol lamp and she was badly burned about the arms and shoulders.

Alma Rubens wishes to thank her friends for the congratulations received regarding her marriage, also for the chest of silver sent from some unknown friend. The only thing to mar the whole, says Alma, is that she isn't married and doesn't expect to be for a long, long time.

FREE Take Your Pick

To those who act quickly you can have your choice of either the Daisy Air Rifle or the Handsomely Engraved Nickel-Finished Watch. We do this because we want a large number of new customers right away. The number of new customers we want is limited. So, act quickly. Send your order now.

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(This coupon must be signed by your mother or father.)

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Address.....

Post Office.....

If you wish the Bargain Bulletin put X here ☐

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Please add to your list of Aztec immigrants William Russell, who will perform "In Bad" in that ancient atmosphere.

Helen Holmes believes in the Rooseveltian family. Now she has adopted a small boy to be a playmate to her formerly adopted Dorothy Holmes.

Mary Miles Minter is president of a sweater club which has promised to make fifteen sweaters to be sent to the former American film employees who are at Camp Lewis, American Lake, Washington.

Among the sad announcements of the month is that of the untimely death of Jack Standing.

The Lasky Players, an organization composed of Lasky stars, recently presented the clever satire, "Food," at the opening of the Hollywood Community Theater. Wallace Reid, Louise Huff and Raymond Hatton were the principals of the cast.

"Over There" is still calling. Rowland Lee has been drafted, Arthur Albertson has joined the "mosquito" fleet, and Richard Travers has been made a captain after three months of training at Fort Sheridan, Ill. Captain Travers' two brothers were killed in the Canadian contingent, and he can barely wait to get his revenge on the Huns.



© Lumière

ROBERT WARWICK

It takes a king to keep a little queen in order. Perhaps that's why Henry King has been chosen to guide Mary Miles Minter thru "A Veil of Memory."

Frances Marion, scenario editor for Mary Pickford, will henceforth belong to the single-blessedness brigade. Her husband, Robert Dixon Pike, obtained a divorce last month, saying that the fair Marion had deserted him for a career.

George V. Hobart, author of "Experience," has written a new allegory, "Jealousy," in which Pauline Frederick will be the star.

"Should old acquaintance be forgot?" is answered negatively by D. W. Griffith, who is now in Hollywood, Cal., to stay, and who is surrounding himself with a staff composed of old Biograph and Fine Arts people. Among them are George Seigeman, Joe Henaberry, Billy Bitzer, Chet Withey, and, of course, Bobby Harron and the Gish girls.

Ralph W. Ince is about to direct his wife, Lucille Lee Stewart, "Step by Step," but only for screen purposes.

Vitagraph has won its third legal victory. Anita Stewart sought to have the injunction which restrains her from acting for any other corporation than Vitagraph set aside by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, New York, but that court affirmed the injunction previously granted by the Supreme Court, and the fair Anita must make up all lost time. Her contract with Vitagraph calls for $1,000 a week and royalties guaranteed not to be less than $75,000 a year—and yet she wishes to break it! "Oh, Girl!"

Says Helen Rowland, "Where one girl may pray to be made a man's 'good angel,' there are ninety-nine other fond girls devoutly praying to be made Theda Baras."

Theda Bara, not content with legally changing her own name from Theodosia Goodman to Theda Bara, has had the patronymic of her father, mother, sister and brother changed to Bara by Supreme Court Justice Donnelly.

Stunning in his brand-new captain's uniform (reward for his Plattsburg training), Robert Warwick is in New York, expecting to leave at once for France. Being a fluent French scholar, his immediate services are valuable "Over There."

Marguerite Snow and King Baggot will reappear as co-stars in the new Wharton serial, "Eagle's Eye," a story of the Secret Service.
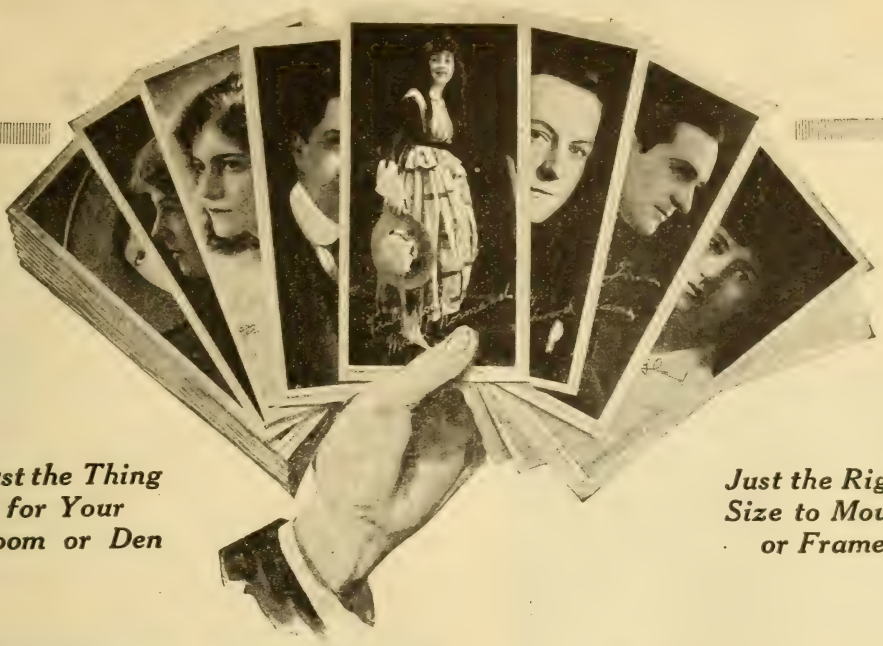
And now Lois Weber is going to show us "The Man Who Dared God." Mildred Harris and William Stowell have the leads.

Recently Beverly Bayne bought and gave away wool to all comers who would make it into garments for our soldier-boys. Now the results are coming in, and Beverly is swamped in an avalanche of sweaters, scarfs, socks and wristlets, which she sends where they will do the most good.

Ralph Kellard, former star of Pathé thrillers, "The Shielding Shadow," "Pearl of the Army," etc., is leading-man in the stage-play, "Eyes of Youth," playing at the Maxine Elliott Theater, New York.

Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, Mae Marsh—all had a reunion in New York the other day. They are three of the famous D. W. Griffith graduates.

This is straight down the speaking-tube! May Allison has just 'phoned us that she has made a year's contract to play with Harold Lockwood again.



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Virginia Pearson	Alice Joyce	Virginia Norden	Fay Tincher	Frances Nelson
Kathlyn Williams	Peggy Hyland	Theda Bara	Billie Burke	Marguerite Courtot
King Baggot	Alice Brady	Bessie Eyton	Viola Dana	Ruth Roland
Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison	Annette Kellermann
Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Fritzi Brunette
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Mary Fuller
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Mary Miles Minter
Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova	Pearl White
Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli	Ormi Hawley
Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Edwin August
Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew	Kitty Gordon
Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton	Mae Murray
Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet
Lucille Lee Stewart	Pauline Frederick	Mae Busch	Mollie King	Anita Stewart
Charles Richman	John Barrymore	William S. Hart	Muriel Ostriche	Wallace Reid

These pictures are not for sale. Subjects not mentioned in the list cannot be supplied, and the set can be obtained only by subscribing for the Magazine or Classic.

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"I speak the truth—not so much as I would, but as much as I dare; and the older I grow—the more I dare."—MONTAIGNE.

"THERE are no pink-teas poured on location work," says Harold Lockwood, writing from North Conway, New Hampshire. "The best we can get is a tin cup of hot coffee, with the thermometer



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

registering ten below." The big star and his company, which includes Sallie Crute, are producing "The Avenging Trail" in the roughest lumber country they can find in the East. If, however, the northern lights are cold and close, the white lights of Broadway are warm and far away. Another cup of coffee!



CLARA WILLIAMS

In getting a snap of Clara Williams, Paralta star, and her team of Alaskan huskies, all of whom are featured in "Carmen of the Klondike," our Kodak Fiend was mighty lucky. It was only for one breathless instant that Miss Williams and Monte Katterjohn, her author, were able to quiet the eel-like playfulness of the dogs. Four-in-hand driving is as gentle as Mary leading her little lamb to school compared to controlling the destinies of a team of huskies. When they run, they scoot, and when they fight among themselves, they fight to kill. Ther is still enough wolf in a husky to make him think mostly of fighting and eating, and it takes the will and skill of a genius to keep them on the narrow trail.



BEATRIZ MICHELENA AND JOSEPHINE MC CRACKIN

Beatriz Michelena sends us her picture, taken while on location in California, and requests that we pay very little attention to her, but speak glowingly of the old lady who is interviewing her. The background is a set of California in the gold-rush days, and no artificial buildings could be more real in framing a picture of Josephine Clifford McCrackin, rightfully known as "California's

(*Continued on page* 148)

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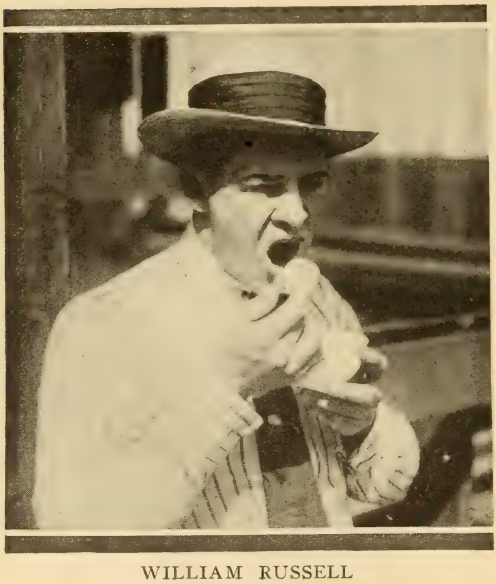
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(*Continued from page* 146)



WILLIAM S. HART



WILLIAM RUSSELL

grand old woman." In the Gold State's romantic days she was a reporter on the staff of the *Overland Monthly*, of which Bret Harte was editor-in-chief and which contained such illustrious and lovable contributors as Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain. Josephine Clifford McCrackin is still in the newspaper harness and is now dramatic critic of the Santa Cruz *Sentinel*. Her four-score-years-and-one seem not to make the slightest difference in her ability to keep up with the stars and famous people that have come three generations after her.

We are fortunate in getting such a likable still of William S. Hart, posed just after he had "shot" this appealing scene in "The Silent Man." It is one of Hart's biggest moments in a characterization that is typical of him. In the story the boy had lain in ambush for him and had missed his man.

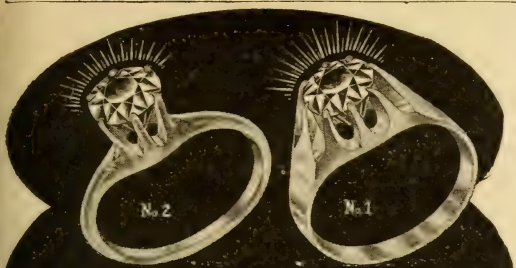


RUTH ROLAND

Quick as a flash, Hart's six-shooter instinctively found its mark in the boy's shoulder where he lay concealed in the underbrush. When "The Silent Man" discovered that he had unwittingly wounded the child, and that the child was the little brother of his sweetheart, his change of feeling as he held the child against his breast was one of the most exquisite bits of quiet emotionalism that Motion Pictures have yet given to us. As his camera-man said, "Big Bill sure had even me going."

Speaking of facial expressions, how do you like this one of "Big Bill" Russell? It is entitled "The Bottomless Pit; or, It Is Never Too Late to Eat." Be it known that William Russell is the champion ice-cream eater of the movies. This fiendish dissipation happens about three times a day, much to the delight of the refreshment-stand owner just outside the American Company's gates.

(*Continued on page* 150)



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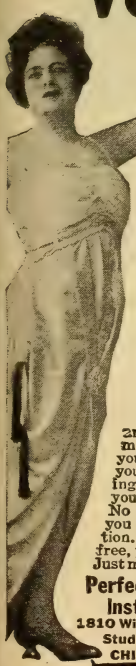
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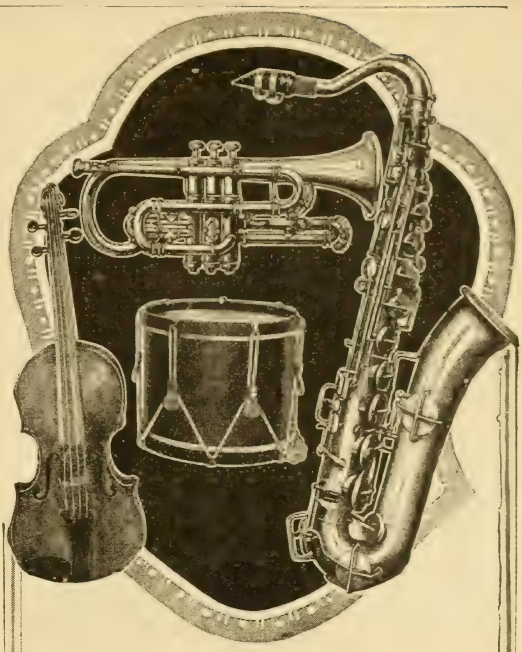
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(*Continued from page* 148)



WILLIAM FARNUM

Ruth Roland, as we all know, has returned to the Coast from her big swing around the vaudeville circuit and will soon trim and light her star to twinkle in pictures again. She promises us a nice, long, cozy letter, describing some of her experiences in vaudeville. Here is a little snap she sent us, and here is her leading-man, known as "Little Small," who supported her in one of her numbers in vaudeville.

Bill Farnum is now taking his winter vacation down at Sag Harbor, L. I., one of the quaintest places on the map. Whiskers and lamp-wicks are never trimmed in Sag Harbor—not even strangers. Applejack is still the favorite mineral water, and ancient pastimes, like horseshoe quoits, are still the main pastime in front of the general store. Bill Farnum is always one of the townfolks in Sag Harbor. His movie star is packed carefully away, and he is just "Bill" to the other Long Island whisker-growers. When Bill visits his home town, he takes the "sag" out of Sag Harbor and mixes in with all the old boys so keenly that his vacation is looked upon as a sort of annual Sag Harbor exposition.



MARY PICKFORD AND OWEN MOORE

Millions of words have been printed about Mary Pickford, and millions of feet of film have shown her, but only a few rare pictures have caught her in her real life. "Little Mary" is the soul of play, whether play-acting or in real life. We are fortunate in getting a precious Brownie snap from a friend of hers, wherein she and husband Owen Moore are frolicking like two kittens on the porch of their Hollywood bungalow. In addition to acting as "godmother" to six hundred artillerymen and one hundred and forty-four airmen, "Little Mary" is acting as sponsor of a Red Cross fund. All donations sent to her, care of the Mary Pickford Corporation, Hollywood, Cal., will be personally acknowledged by a note from "Little Mary."

According to Ethel Clayton, there are two ways to tide over the long waits between scenes in the studios—doing nothing and doing something. Mistress Ethel has not yet grown up, whether she knows it or not, and recently she demonstrated this girlish charm when a thunderstorm passed over Fort Lee, N. J., and knocked out a lot of glass in the studio roof. "Curses!" cried Director Travers Vale. But Mistress Ethel came right back at him in proper spirit. Seizing her cloak and umbrella, she stood under a miniature Niagara and demanded that "Every one get right on the set. Why should a little water spoil the picture?" she asked, and, amidst the shouts and laughter of her friends, she proceeded to burlesque her scene. It was a very amusing little incident in the midst of a most trying situation, and Mistress Ethel's wit quite banished the effects of the thunderstorm.



ETHEL CLAYTON

Striking Up a Friendship with the "Absent Ones"

FEBRUARY CLASSIC IS the GET ACQUAINTED NUMBER with HUNDREDS of REFLECTED STARS

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GETTING SO MUCH BETTER ACQUAINTED

is the inspiration of the February Classic. Intimate worth-while talks with our favorites, by writers who can carry the message true, is the keynote for a series of splendid interviews. For instance:

"CAN A BEAUTY HAVE BRAINS?"

Herbert Howe frolics with Olive Thomas thru the mazes of her remarkable picture career, and in a delightful "close-up" story gets us thoroly acquainted with this winsome miss.

"A DAY WITH ELSIE FERGUSON"

Hazel Simpson Naylor spends a day with the beautiful Artcraft star, inspects her wonderful home in New York, gets jolly well acquainted, and gives us a most vivid and likable description of one of the screen's biggest discoveries.

FOLLOW THE CLASSIC'S NEW STYLES
AN ACTRESS MUST BE MODISH—A LADY OWES IT TO HERSELF

D'Irwin Nemerov, the famous designer for Russek of Fifth Avenue, New York, will present a series of advanced styles—dainty wash-drawings—special creations for "special" people. Designing is Nemerov's art as well as his genius. His drawings, each exclusive, each a creation and far in advance of the season, will limn the fairy-like Pickford figure, the Norma Talmadge lithesomeness, the svelte form and robes of Petrova. Nothing like it in the fashion magazines—a real Classic treat for your wardrobe.

"CARRY ROUND A SMILE WITH YOU"

Here is an exclusive song and one-step composed especially for the Motion Picture Classic, with words by Francis X. Bushman and music by Carl Fiqué. It is a war-time song with a true martial snap, and it wont be long before the boys in the trenches will be singing it just as they used to sing "Tipperary." There are six verses and a rousing chorus to the song.

"WHEN ART BECOMES HEART"

Dorothy Donnell Calhoun makes a tour of the studios and vividly describes in what way the leading players are "doing their bit" for Uncle Sam.

"MR. BIGGS PUTS IT OVER"

We are just getting acquainted with Mr. Biggs, and Mr. Biggs puts one over big in the February Classic, in which this "Wallingford of the Films" manufactures a comedy king.

Roberta Courtland comes back strongly with "Character Stuff," a cleverly written and finely illustrated story in which the stars are put to the acid test. "Making Faces" —that's what Vivian Martin does for a princely living. She illustrates a big group of them and tells us just what they express. "Tom Sawyer Immortalized in Celluloid," the real kid age of Mark Twain, and how Jack Pickford portrayed it. These are only a section of the juicy "Getting Acquainted" number. A houseful of old and new friends want to meet you in the February Classic. Make sure to reserve a copy from your newsdealer now—the Classic has the habit of selling out all too fast.

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THE ANSWER MAN

(*Continued from page* 116)

DOROTHY C., BISBEE.—Yes, they are trying to beat the law in the dry States by laboring in the Lord's vineyard. Oh, so you are learning to like Wallace MacDonald. Thanks for yours.

MILDRED F.—There is no truth in the rumor that Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. You ask how many sodas a week Ruth Roland takes. For asking foolish questions I award you second prize. All that time is lost which might be better employed. Yes, we have a Tammany mayor in New York now. You see we had Billy Sunday here last summer before the election!

ALBERT R.—No, no, no! Eugene V. Brewster is not the Answer Man. He is the Editor. You know I am not very well known around the office, I'm caged in so much; but they let me out to get my meals. Surely I consume as much buttermilk now as before. You have a wrong name for that player.

DE-AN-EL.—Thanks for yours. Dont ask me how many stars Wallace Reid has played opposite. Great guns! Years ago it was an easy matter being an Answer Man; but now the questions you ask are enough to drive me to drink.

MAIDEN.—Stay so, fair one. Yes, money is a revengeful thing. Waste it, and it will waste you. But it is also reciprocal. Make it, and it will make you; keep it, and it will keep you; save it, and it will save you. So you really think I have an easy time of it, just answering questions all day. Keep right on entertaining such thoughts. Jack Livingston was Captain Murian.

M. E. G.—Well, so am I fond of reading. So you cant see Dustin Farnum. There are many others who can. Versatility is a very good thing, but being very good at one thing is better. The nightingale has but one song, but it is a good one.

M. GERTRUDE E.—You ask if Arthur Shirley is any relation to Holbrook Blinn. They are both sons of Adam and Eve, and both belong to the brotherhood of man, but that is the only relationship I know of. Well, I call that stretching your imagination a little too far. Even Shirley Mason would have been better than Holbrook Blinn. Genevieve Reynolds was Lady Montague.

MRS. E. A. C.—Oh, I dont know it all. Lid—yes, a hat; also a cover, as eyelid, stove-lid, invalid, calid and squalid. It is also American slang.

AGNES D.—Well, your drawing was good, but it could have been better. So it is very warm where you are, and here I am almost freezing in this cold spell. The Weather Bureau should not allow the mercury to sink without warning, especially considering the high cost of heavy winter underwear.

H. D., HONOLULU; PAULINE G.; JUNE S.; ELIZABETH M.; MICHAEL S.; JOHNNY H. and MARJORIE D.—Let me hear from you all again.

THE ANSWER MAN

HAPPIE.—House Peters is not playing now. Anita King was the first woman to cross the United States alone in an automobile.

B. M. A., GLOUCESTER.—Leslie Austen was Uncle Bill in "Two Little Imps." Edna Hunter was Betty. Bessie Love now with Pathé. Why are all the ingénues pretty, and pretty young? They aren't.

STEWART-WILBUR.—The moment you believe that your ways cant be bettered you're in a bad way. Refusal to be taught is a refusal to be fought. Yes, I have read "The Pleasures of Life," by Sir John Lubbock. I remember one verse that always appealed to me: "Outside, fall the snowflakes lightly, thru the night loud raves the storm; in my room the fire glows brightly, and 'tis cosy, silent, warm." And that's just when and where and how I do my bestest work and write my worstest jokes.

PATRIOTIC NUT.—Yes, I guess I was the first. Raymond Hatton was the count in "The Little American." George Periolat played the part of James Morgan in "Southern Pride."

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Anita Stewart's last play was "The Message of the Mouse." Since this is your first letter to me, I will be real kind to you. Call again. The Italian disaster seems to have been due to the fact that Cadorna tried to stretch a three-bagger into a home run.

JACKIE S. ADMIRER.—Sorry I cant answer you in THE PLAYERS. Such terrible slang! "Soak yourself till you bubble—then dry up." I often wonder who invents all this sort of thing. Do you?

R. H. A.—Mary Miles Minter's sister is Gertrude Selby. Mary is at Santa Barbara, Cal. You say you live 30 miles from the nearest house, and doubly enjoy a picture when you see it.

HERMAN L. R.—Corinne Griffith wrote to me the other day, asking that I discourage the report that she is married to Webster Campbell. I hereby do. Sobeit. Well, I dont know why Violet Mersereau was not included in the 80 portraits, but you know all cant be chosen. And now you want her on a cover soon again.

MADALINE M.—You have seen Ethel Barrymore in "The Awakening of Helen Richie," "The White Raven," "The Call of Her People," etc., but want to see her play "Captain Jinks" on the screen. Well, why dont you write and tell her just how you feel about it? She "played" in the waves at Palm Beach during March. The charming Ethel has a host of friends and you just cant help loving her. She is a niece of Sidney and John Drew. Thanks for all the nice things you say about me.

HELEN H.—"Huckleberry Finn" was written by Mark Twain. William Gillette in that Essanay. Women change their color so much merely to attract. Appearances entice; contents entrap.

TED.—And now you think I am 26. How very complimentary!



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THE ANSWER MAN

DORIS.—"Tess of the Storm Country" was reissued.

RUTH.—Gloria Hope was Silver June. Yes, Olive Thomas is coming right along. She is quite some dancer, as you will observe when you see her in "Indiscreet Corinne." I never noticed my nose. The nose is a useful but sometimes a bothersome addition to the human countenance, intended to smell with, but more often used to insert into other people's affairs. They appear in assorted sizes and colors, and are found on every face except the face of Nature.

ETHEL CLAYTON ADMIRER.—Irene Hunt was Betsy, and Jack Livingston was Calvin in "The Stainless Barrier."

CANADIAN BILL.—You ought to be in bed by 10:00. Sitting up all night with cats, owls, friends, books and things is not conducive to longevity. Anna Little was with Blackton Productions, but she later went to play with Harold Lockwood. William Parsons was Bull in "An Innocent Sinner."

FAIRBANKS FAN; GORP; PEGG; MILDRED L.; M. A. E.; M. P. BLUEBELL.—Your questions answered before.

TENNIS BALL.—Belle Bennett was Lucy and Morris Foster was Clayton in "The Taming of Lucy." Vivian Martin and Paul Willis in "The Trouble-Buster" (Lasky).

POLLY.—Francis Morgan you refer to in "Darling Diana." Emory Johnson was Robert, James Kirkwood was Steve in "Behind the Scene." Ah, but my dear, Swift, Goethe, Shakespeare and Thoreau were addicted to seclusion, but they were never lonely—alone, but not lonesome. I never get lonesome.

JERSEY MOORE FAN.—William Clifford was Robert in "Sins of the Parents." Harry Carey was Cheyenne Harry in "Under Sentence." Olive Tell was Margaret in "The Unforeseen." Margery Wilson was Wild Sumac in "Wild Sumac."

TRIXIE.—You ask "Why is it that Moving Picture people look different from other people?" Ask the first one you meet. What he or she tells you will be the correct answer.

STEWART-WILBUR.—Why, Lucille Lee Stewart is with the Ince Co., under the Jewel brand. I doubt whether she is doing anything just now. Anita Stewart is enforced to remain with Vitagraph. You ask where the hump went to on Anita's nose. You see that hump? Anita's nose is all right, and so is she, and so is that hump.

CORP. J. E. K.—Girls, please write to these soldier-boys. They are lonesome. Corporal Joseph E. Kridler, Co. L, 1st Infantry, Schofield Barracks, H. I., and Corporal Leonard Wilson, Co. M, 1st Infantry, Schofield Barracks, H. I. Always be good to the soldier-boys.

CORINNE G.—Corinne Griffith wishes us to discourage the rumor that she is married to Webster Campbell. Right here I want to say again that Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are not seeking a divorce, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. Peggy Hyland is with Astra, releasing thru Pathé.

THE ANSWER MAN

PATRIOTIC NUT.—I was the first Answer Man, and am considered the oldest and rarest specimen in captivity. Raymond Hatton the count in "The Little American."

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Thanks for your kind letter. No, I have a grate in my room, but not a great room. So you are thinking of bedroom slippers for me. Fannie Ward is playing in "Innocent," in which Pauline Frederick played on the stage.

ELFRIEDA M. P. O.—Thanks for your very gracious letter.

DORRIE G.—The Universal studio was closed temporarily on account of the war tax and rainy weather, and they also had a surplus of completed films—at least, that is what they say. So Sessue Hayakawa is your favorite, and you want to see more of him. If I were you I would gently but firmly decline. That's just the one time when a fellow ought to be let down easy—when he is hard up.

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Her last play was "The Message of a Mouse." Leah Baird is going to work in a new company, and it is said her salary is to be $1,500 a week. Gosh blame it, it beats all, and I'm getting only $9 a week! Jewel Carmen is in the West. Billie Burke in "Eve's Daughter."

TRACY B. AND PAULINE D. L.—Thanks for the snaps. It's fine of you all to think of me. I appreciate it immensely.

JACKIE S. ADMIRER.—Glad to have you join any of the clubs. The Pansy Club is going to allow all those at the front to have privileges of the club free during the period of their service. Come on, boys; pile in. Sorry, but I cant answer you in THE PLAYERS magazine yet. Thanks for the suggestion. Marguerite Clark is going into musical-comedy, as reported.

R. H. A.—So the audiences in your theater are asked to join in the chorus and sing. That's a charming idea. One of the advantages is that you can join in the singing whether you have a voice or not. One of the disadvantages is that your neighbor can do the same. Yes, Mary Miles Minter is sister to Margaret Shelby. And you live 30 miles from the nearest house!

HERMAN L. R.—The great difficulty about the advice I give in this department is the preponderance of quantity over quality. I cant say why Violet Mersereau was neglected in the contest. Ask her friends! Yes, a picture of her on the cover last year. At this writing Bessie Love, Donald Hall and Flora Finch are off to Palm Beach. They are taking "Spring of the Year."

G. T.—So you want to know what a genius really is. A literary or otherwise artistic person who cannot make his board in the present owing to the fact that he has his eye on posterity. You ask for pictures of Marie Walcamp and Marin Sais. No, that was a wig.

M. B., MIDDLEPORT.—Pretty close to Lockport, my home town. "Purple Mask" was Grace Cunard's last serial.



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THE ANSWER MAN

ANITA M.—Thanks for the comfort kit—all the comforts of home now. I have no record of "Tortures of Love." William Desmond opposite Billie Burke in "Peggy." No, I never have my shoes made to order, nor am I flat-footed. Molly Pearson will play with Sir Forbes-Robertson in "Passing of the Third Floor Back" (Brenon).

LOUISE S. F.—Harry Morey and Alice Joyce in "Richard the Brazen." The last interview we had with Ruth Roland was in May, 1916. Yes, some girls say my face is my fortune, but I dont think so; my dome is my real fortune. King Baggot is back and will be seen in a Wharton serial.

BEACH COMBER.—The wit is in your questions and cannot be equaled in the answers. You ask why New Yorkers hate Philadelphia. They dont. They cant. The Quick and the Dead. I put your letter on ice, it was so warm.

M. M. M., 14.—We have no record of May Allison's whereabouts just now. No, I never married. I was never successful in inducing a good woman to believe that I would make a good husband. Married life should be a sweet, harmonious song, and like one of Mendelssohn's—without words. I feel quite sure that, had I taken unto myself a wife, I would long ago have talked her to death had she not first succeeded in the same undertaking. Alice Brady will be seen next in "The Lifted Cross" (Select).

MR. J. J.—A. D. Sears was Teddy in "Madam Bo-Peep." The accent is on the last syllable. You say in "Giving Becky a Chance" when the lead started to dance she wore high-heel slippers and when she stopped dancing she had on ballet slippers. That was just a slip of the foot. Some people are handy with the fingers, others with their feet. In this case the lead had a double and she and the director blundered.

WALLY'S ADMIRER.—Rudolph Cameron was Dr. Billy in "Clover's Rebellion." Paul Willis was the brother. I want you to write again. It's good for the blues. Yes, both Magazine and Classic. You think I am about 40, but it's nearly twice that. Ann Murdock is playing on Broadway now, and her last picture was "Please Help Emily."

CUTIE CUCUMBER.—David Powell is very fond of working with metals. He makes hammered brass trays, boxes, beaten silver ornaments, and the latest thing to be undertaken by this skillful star is Italian iron scroll work. Why, of course you may become a very good friend of mine. I cant have enough friends. No, I have never seen Leigh Denny. He is with Famous Players. Sure enough. Wheeler Oakman is with Metro. He will play opposite Edith Storey.

DOT.—You dont want me to use Doug in quotation marks. Very well, I wont. I doubt if Sarah Bernhardt will answer your letter. Her strength must be conserved for more important duties. Louisiana ranks first in sugar and molasses. Of course I enjoyed your letter.

THE ANSWER MAN

GERTRUDE G.—Barbara Tennant and William Bailey in "The Marked Woman." You ask, "Where do they keep the stars when not working?" They dont keep them; they keep themselves. Clara Williams in "Carmen of the North."

A. H., CLEVELAND.—I think the first explorer who sailed around the world was Magellan. Look up some old history, please, for such queries as this. Wanda Petit and Tom Mix will play opposite for Fox. Roscoe Arbuckle in "Rebecca's Wedding Day." Charles Ray and Robyn Adair in "A Military Judas." We have had Wallace Reid on the cover once.

F. Q., FALL RIVER.—Why not send a stamped envelope for a list of manufacturers?

MARY JANE, 17.—Charles Ray is 26 years old, and came under the direction of Thomas Ince three years ago. He is 6 feet tall, has dark brown hair and eyes and has a rather winning personality.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—You here again? Perhaps Irving Cummings was with that Company before going with Fox. Sorry to hear you have been ill. You accuse me of being in love with Olga 17. I admit it. I love her and you and nearly all of my correspondents.

VINEGAR.—What's the idea? Is sugar too scarce? Colored films are seldom perfect or satisfactory unless colored by hand. Yellow or gold is the symbol of the sun, of the goodness of God and marriage and faithfulness. In the bad sense yellow signifies inconstancy, jealousy and deceit.

TRIXIE, YORK.—My latch-string is always out to you. Dont use the knocker. Viola Dana is with Metro. Stuart Sage was Bobby in "The Two Little Imps." Latest is that Fay Tincher will start her own company. Hope she doesn't attempt another "Mickey."

HOPALONG.—No to your first. As I have said before, your question is about as aimless as a pin—it's headed one way and pointed another. So you like all the puzzles we are running. And you dont want to be put in the "alsorans." Everybody seems to have horrors of that department, but somebody must be in it, or there would not be such a department. Not every horse can win the race.

PATRIOTIC NUT.—You here again? He who peeps thru a keyhole may see what will vex him. Come on along.

JUST B.—Harry Schumm was with Kalem last. My greatest delight in this world is reading the thousands of letters that come to the Answer Man. I cannot possibly answer them all, nor can I always answer each correspondent in these limited columns, but I want you all to know that each and every letter is read with care and pleasure; so here's to you all—thanks!

G.—Thanks for your verse: "I am so tired and weary, the world seems very blue; no one to comfort and cheer me, no one to dream of but you." It's all very sweet, but sad.



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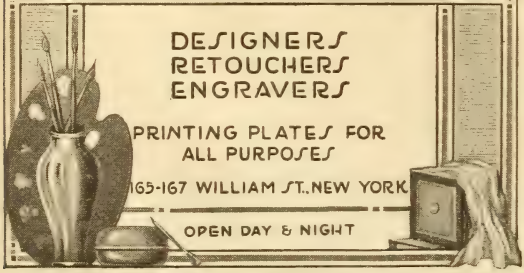
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THE ANSWER MAN

MARY M.—Charles French was Phillips Hartley in "Hater of Men." Charles Gunn was Earl, and Jack Livingston was Charles in "Madcap Madge."

LILLIE B.—Yes, just think of it—how many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made! Most of the walnut-trees in England were planted not for the sake of the fruit, but because the wood makes the best gunstocks, being light, strong and not easily warped. It is true that William S. Hart broke a finger when he was making "The Bloodhound."

BONNY.—You refer to Webster Campbell and Clio Ayres in that Vitagraph. Yes, I have observed those new boat-shaped hats the women have been wearing. Very seldom do you see a woman's hat that looks like a hat. Enid Bennett is still under Ince.

H. W. M.—You want a young biography, I'm thinking. Better times coming by-and-by—no, this is not the sweet by-and-by.

CAROLYN M.—Cooper-Hewitt is the name of a manufacturer of studio lights, and it is commonly said that a player looks good under the Cooper-Hewitts. Yes, Mary Pickford did play in "Bishop's Carriage." Robert Vaughn in "Still Waters." Your letter was indeed interesting, and I want to hear from you again. "The Devil Stone" is the next Geraldine Farrar picture.

MADAM CECIL.—Yes, but people can be ruined by wealth as well as by poverty. Stuart Holmes in "The Broadway Sport." Antonio Moreno was Sandy in "A Son of the Hills." I have handed yours to the Editor.

K. K. K.—Anita King is not married and there isn't any solitaire on her engagement finger, but it's all her fault. She just simply wont listen to the boys at all. William Russell was leading-man in "The Garden of Lies," and Jane Cowl was opposite him.

MADELINE R. D.—You ask what is the technical director for. It's hard to tell what some of them are for. Fred Eckhart and Byrdine Zuber in "A Pearl of Greater Price." M. C. Von Bets was Frederick. Cleo Madison is on the stage.

ERNEST M.—Melbourne McDowell was Black Jack in "Flame of the Yukon." You refer to Jack Livingston as Warren in "Ten of Diamonds." Sure, sure! The ocean is the only power I know of that can make a woman quite indifferent to her personal appearance.

PEGGY.—No, I didn't vote for equal suffrage, but am content to let the women take a hack at that which the men have made such a failure of. I would really rather see the women in another phase. I never forget those charming words of Jane Austen: "We twain are made one, and our lives are to run in the one channel while both shall last. It is for men to shape and hew that channel, and for women to see that its waters run clear and sweet, and, if you will, to plant posies on the banks." Harry Mestayer and Grace Darmond in "The House of a Thousand Candles."

THE ANSWER MAN

LEGS.—How very undignified! Winnifred Allen was Mary in "Seventeen." Well, so far I haven't a biography of Wallace Reid's baby. Give him a chance. Mahlon Hamilton and Doris Kenyon are playing in "The Hidden Hand" series.

MERRY LIPS.—How many directors does it take to manage one star? A thousand couldn't manage some of them. You refer to Edward Langford. Eugene O'Brien was Adam Ladd in "Rebecca." Harry Carey in "The Crook and the Girl." Do you remember his crooking days with old Biograph? He ought to be an expert after so many years of experience. Tom Carrigan and Mae Buckley in "The Man in the Street." You are digging up ancient history now, but since I have over 15,000 casts on file it's pretty hard to stick me.

BENNETT L.—Olive Tell, the beautiful star, has a fad that is as unusual as it is old—collecting all sorts and sizes of beads. Mr. Norcrouse was Major Kingman in "Friends in San Rosario." Jack Livingston was Jack in "Bolt from the Sky." William Chapman was David in "The Railroad Raiders."

F. MCG.—What a jolly sort you are! Let me hear from you again. George Fawcett and Vivian Reid in "Trials and Tribulations" (Selig). Eugene O'Brien is with Artcraft. Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber in "The Mystery Ship."

DOLLY OF BEAUMONT.—Yes, I go to the regular theater a great deal. You didn't care for Stuart Holmes in "The Derelict" or "The Broadway Sport." That picture must have been taken in Brooklyn, and not in Europe.

CAPT. KIDD.—Sorry you are ill. Do you think I could accept your $50 for a picture of myself? No, they left me out. You ask if I am a God-fearing man. No, I am not. I worship but do not fear Him.

BESSIE K.—So you have looked in Webster's to see what sex I was. What does it matter? Why not look me up in the Rogues' Gallery? Mae Murray in "Face Value."

KATHERINE G.—Carlyle Blackwell in "The Burglar." Ina Clair is now on the stage, playing in Belasco's "Polly with a Past."

FRENCHY.—Training is everything. The sweet, juicy peach was once but a bitter almond, and the aristocratic cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education. Oh, I am not so particular on margins. Nor am I interested in the stock you use. Raymond Hatton was Dick. Niles Welch with Marguerite Clark in "Miss George Washington."

MILDRED B.—Melbourne MacDowell was Black Jack in "The Flame of the Yukon." Your letter was very discreet. Discretion is more necessary to a girl than eloquence, because she has less trouble to speak well than to speak little.

TISSME.—Julia Sanderson played in "Rambler Rose." Yes, I like the player you mention somewhat, but I think that his principal merit is his wife.



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Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 129)

and squanders treating, struck us as unpleasant but unconvincing, a very bad fault. On the other hand, Mary Maurice as Azalea and Arthur Donaldson as her old slave Cæsar, who gives his mistress every cent he can make by running his dilapidated hack, and who murders the Major in order to free Azalea from the Major's abuse, personify the quintessence of artistic realism. Corinne Griffith is very prettily pleasing as a young Southern girl, but seems to have a manner of using her mouth which is strangely reminiscent of Alice Joyce. George J. Forth, who furnishes the other half of the necessary romance, is sufficient unto his part.

H. S. N.

"Indiscreet Corinne" (Triangle).—This is a pleasing little play evidently built around the terpsichorean talents of the charming Olive Thomas, who received her training in that line in the "Follies." Well played, well photographed and entertaining thruout, it is neither a great achievement nor a small one. In other words, it is more than sufficient unto its end: an hour and a half of pleasing relaxation. H. S. N.

"Reaching for the Moon" (Artcraft).—Douglas Fairbanks' latest escapade in filmiana houses the philosophy of gladness that "Pollyanna" introduced to the stage and is also a typical George Barr McCutcheon plot. "Reaching for the Moon" is a vociferous echo of "Graustark" and "Beverly," except that it has one big saving grace. The character of the young American, who suddenly finds himself a king and pits his wits and his heroism successfully against all the malign influences in his new kingdom—contenders to the throne, revolutionists and bomb-throwers—is played by Fairbanks in a burlesque spirit. This is strictly where it belongs and makes it enjoyable; incidentally it is an unconscious satire on the impossible, harmful, kitchen literature of the McCutcheon type. I think that a capable cast support the electric Douglas, and I have a faint suspicion that Eileen Percy looked pretty and winsome whenever she got a chance, but "Reaching for the Moon" is just Fairbanks, framed in a supporting cast and continued in his inevitable, swiftly moving, house-climbing, rough-and-tumble type of screen "romance." The settings in Vulgaria, King Douglas' kingdom, were remarkably beautiful and effective. E. M. L.

"The Hungry Heart" (Paramount).—Ever since the world began man has endeavored to keep woman within the limited boundary of his Penates, and likewise has woman always rebelled. This is the thesis on which David Graham Phillips builded his novel, from which this screenic drama is adapted. I remember in the novel, sympathy was entirely with the wife, but this Bob Vignola in his cinematizing has failed to bring out, in spite of the fact that he had that wonderful diva of expression, Pauline Frederick, to help him. There is a lack of clearness in the characterizations of

the story which is fatal to a successful photoplay. The sympathy of the audience jumps from the wife to the husband to the villain. Such erratic flights are not yet possible in screenic art. Characters must still be definitely good, bad or indifferent. And what *have* they done to our beautiful Pauline Frederick? Here she is just good-looking. Our Pauline, than whom there is no more fascinating woman in Shadowland! Come on, fellows; let's get the camera-man and brain him! H. S. N.

"Who Goes There?" (Greater Vitagraph).—With a plot as weak as dish-water, the climacteric obstruction of this Robert W. Chambers war story is knocked aside as easily as a tin soldier. In the land of the Belgians at the time of the Hun invasion there happens to be an American, Kervyn Guild, of Belgian parentage, who is sentenced to die with the other Belgian martyrs. A German general, Von Reiter by name, offers him his freedom if he will go to England and bring back the young girl with whom he is in love, Karen Girard. Guild consents, meets the girl and, in his turn, falls in love with her. Of course there are some papers that she is smuggling from England, but Guild does a hand-to-hand tussle with her and gains them. Brute! But Karen loves him just the same, for when they reach Belgium safely she declares she will save him from the Germans. Just why she has to save him is not made plain in the picture. He has donned a Belgian uniform, "because if they catch me like this, I'll be killed for a spy." Karen starts to flee with him. Where? Back to England maybe, but Von Reiter enters inopportunely. "Karen," says he, "I scarcely expected to find you up at 2 A. M." Then, "Karen, I have come for my answer; will you marry me?" And yet he didn't expect to find her up! He discovers Guild. In a sword-to-sword fight, Von Reiter is stabbed, which makes regret enter his soul, and he furnishes them both with a passport. Final clinch, close-up, the end. Harry Morey does his best with this make-believe drama of the darkened theater, but Corinne Griffith adds nothing to her laurels. A photoplay with a story structure of this type is worth about as much as a Russian ruble under the Bolsheviki. H. S. N.

"Nearly Married" (Goldwyn).—Certainly Madge Kennedy is Goldwyn's best bet. She is the feminine farceur par excellence. Here she takes the part of a precocious young girl who quarrels with her husband on their wedding evening because he wont take her brother with them on their honeymoon. From that moment until the very last flicker the incidents relative to their misunderstandings, quarrels and reconciliations follow one another so quickly and entertainingly that one is kept on the qui-vive every second. Consistently humorous, "Nearly Married" is a delightful take-off on the present-day spoiled young girl. Frank Thomas made a hit as the picked-on bridegroom. At last real comedy is coming into its own. A short time ago the critics said the screen was good only for slapstick and melodrama. Critics, wake up! H. S. N.

(*Continued on page* 168)

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Filming Fairy Plays

(*Continued from page* 106)

camera-man, Lyman Broening, with a telescopic lens, both camera and light being a mile and a half distant. The result was a perfect picture.

The electrician told me a lot of things about these lights. I didn't understand it all, but maybe you will. There is said to be a greater percentage of prismatic color in these lights than in any other.

In one scene, that represents the king's garden, the entire floor was occupied by the setting, which was built up in terraces reaching to the lofty ceiling. In this amphitheater, on a raised platform, surrounded by seven sundials, the Dance of the Hours from "La Giaconda" was interpreted by professional dancers. Next day the dancing pavilion was turned into a lagoon and canal where the swans swam and the pigeons came to be fed.

It seems to me that we are all children at heart, that most of us instinctively do childish things. Certainly there is nothing in the world which will engage the undivided attention of any roomful of people more quickly and more completely than a child. I do not know the cause of this phenomenon—I know only that it is true. So when I am given a rôle to play on the screen, knowing that whatever I do will be seen by people of all ages and all degrees of intelligence, I always try to reduce my action to its elements; that is to say, I try to think what a youngster would do under those circumstances. There is nothing more natural and more unaffected than a child, and I firmly believe that we all instinctively know when the natural thing is done, and that we resent affectation on the screen just as we resent it in real life.

I think that the self-reliant type of girl is much more popular than the weeping heroine, tho tears are effective at times. It seems to me that the public prefers the kin of heroine who takes matters into her own hands rather than one who is simply dissolved into liquid brine upon the slightest provocation. Surely we admire the active type more than the lacrymose individual in real life, and I am sure that what is true to life is true of the screen; for, after all, the screen is nothing but a reflection of ourselves.

Captain Sunlight's Last Raid

(*Continued from page* 65)

moment, presenting the Winchester with one hand and praying to God for his aim, Conway shot the desperado thru the heart. That effort used up the last remnant of the rancher's vitality, for he fell forward on his own gun, apparently as dead as the other.

Now, Janet did not faint. After a glance at Captain Sunlight, lying face upward where he had fallen, to see if he were really dead, which was unmistakable, she ran to Conway and, turning him over, seized him in her arms, her lips babbling caresses, prayers and appeals to God and to Conway himself. But she did not stop with words. She laid him down, splashed water in his face, seized Captain Sunlight's bottle and forced whisky between his lips, until at last he was restored to consciousness, to find himself in the heaven of her arms.

Upon them came Phelps and Havens and little lame Ned, proud at having in some degree contributed to the rescue of Miss Warned. With their advent the troubles of the lovers were over. With the death of Captain Sunlight, who probably discovered some things about God and the future that he had scarcely imagined, the border had respite and rest.

"I tell you what it is, Jack," said Phelps long afterward to his principal, "there wasn't no room in this yere section of Texas for two towheads like yourn an' that d—d villain's! We'd have got him if you hadn't, but I'm glad you did it. It was your game and you won it."

Yes, Conway had won it, indeed, he thought, as he looked at the new mistress of the "Dot-Arrow" Ranch whom he had just made his bride.

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This is one of Warren Kerrigan's favorite stories:

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"'At your wedding, Father Kelly!' retorted the rabbi."



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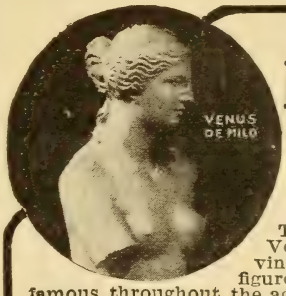
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(*Continued from page 44*)

"The pretty face that makes one want to look twice on a crowded street is not necessarily a camera face," she says. "As I recall the scores of men and women who have made a success of camera work—beautiful blondes, charming brunettes—with chins of weakness, chins of decision, Cupid's bows in lips, and lips that were far from loving—who, with charm and lack of charm, have won the hearts of the public, it seems to me that the camera face, considered as a certain, absolute composite of features and coloring, has little to do with the success of the player." Miss Young's large and expressive eyes, and her lovely, sensitive face, are ideal for the art of the screen. She has great facility in expression, and one secret of her success lies in the fact that she is able to get her personality over on the screen.

Antonio Moreno says: "The camera is a thing endowed with human intelligence in the way it plays favorites. It as often robs real beauties of their good looks as it gives good looks to those who are really without them. Beauty is not the first requirement for a camera face, for many of our highest-priced and most popular stars are not, measured up to the required standards, strictly beautiful or handsome. Yet the personality of such a one triumphs over a pouting lip, a squinting eye or a nose set awry, and these peculiarities, instead of marring, make for popularity and straightway become a box-office asset.

"In summing up a camera face, I must go back of the face to find what the final appeal is. I am sure that it is a matter of mobility, of sensitiveness. Any face is a camera face in proportion as it is susceptible of registering the emotions of a human being's joy or sorrow, misery or despair, triumph or defeat."

Thomas Ince has some ideas, too. He says that photography is a mechanical hypocrite that makes "a rag, a bone and a hank of hair" most beautiful sometimes —that the homely woman with character and brains has a better chance to become a photoplay star than the pretty expressionless vacuum with neither. This sounds reasonable when one stops to consider the charming people one sees on the screen who are barely good-looking, but who are able to run the gamut of human emotion by merely altering the expression, and who, by reason of the spirit and personality expressed in their faces, are rendered more than beautiful.

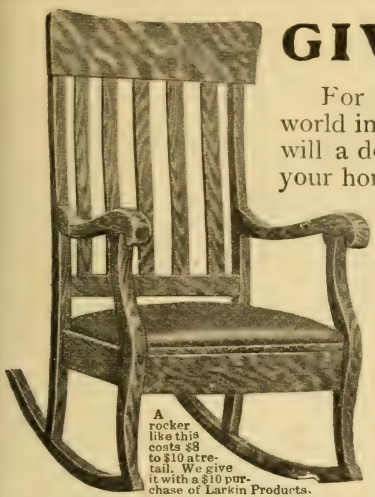
Ben Wilson, the well-known Universal director, sums it all up in a few words. He says that while physical attractiveness and vivacity are essential, that better still are features that are prominent without being too prominent, a coloring that is full of contrasts; but, above all, the power of expression, especially *simplicity* of expression, which is the most natural; for real people in real life never act.

After all, it seems that the camera face is not so essential. Success seems to lie deeper—it is with the camera face as with the faces in every walk of life; there is a something that comes from within, lighting up and glorifying the face, that must be more than "just pretty" if it is to take a firm hold on our affection.

Many players are like many writers. They carry no message. Sometimes they excite wonder—they amuse and divert. To be diverted to a certain extent is well, but there is a point where earth ends and cloudland begins, and even great players sometimes befog the things they would reveal. We are all children at heart, and we long for childhood's happy days. The people about us seem indifferent, our friends lukewarm, and no one understands us—often it is the players who give us "the shining light."

Photoplay has ceased to be a wonderland to us, and its shadowed players wonders. Gone is the day when they can merely walk, or run, or sit thru a performance and tell a true story. The reflections of life's emotions must radiate, "in spoken words," from their faces. Every little shade of feeling must come out from within. The camera face is then the one that best mirrors the soul.

In these troublous times the best-loved players are those from whose personality beam forth understanding, humanness and sympathy, expressing on the screen the beauty and possibilities of every-day life—infusing us with courage, pride and self-reliance, like "the shadow of a rock in a weary land."



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Be sure you have checked instrument.

(*Continued from page* 114)
and extremely cool for this particular climate, Charlie was outfitted as tho he were about to head an expedition for the North. His scenery consisted of a heavy dark-brown suit, a silk shirt which resembled Old Glory in stripes, and a reddish Scotch cap which would have looked more at home on Market Street in 'Frisco at that moment.

"What are you doing down here?" inquired Wagner, as we shook hands.

"I came down here to find out who you are?"

"I'm the fellow who's been reading one of those guide-books about the tourist's paradise," he remarked.

"It's the greatest fiction short-story of the current season," I assured him.

He agreed, as Charlie began to get inquisitive about my Palm Beach suit.

"Where did you get that?" he inquired, as he fingered my coat-sleeve.

"In Chicago, about a year ago."

"I'd like to get one of those down here," remarked the comedian. "I bought one this morning, but it isn't so good as that."

"You can get these for a postage-stamp in Honolulu," I informed him. "There's a place right across from this hotel that exhibits them in the window for seven dollars and fifty cents."

"There you are, Rob," continued Charlie. "I told you we went to the wrong place; I paid ten dollars for mine!"

"There's Charlie Chaplin," remarked a young man, who was just passing, to his friend.

"By the way, have you been to Waikiki?" inquired the little comedian, with a little twinkle in his eye.

I nodded.

"There's one thing about it, the fellow who handles its publicity has certainly some imagination," remarked Charlie. "That gink need never worry about a job, for I swallowed everything he's written about it."

I assured him that he had company, for I had gulped down the whole works —hook, line and sinker.

Before Charlie Chaplin had been in town an hour everybody knew he was there, and he proved conclusively to me who was the most popular star in Honolulu, and his timely arrival saved him from ranking second in popularity among the fans, but by the time this article is printed he will hold favorite place. For no one will forget his visit, which was one reception after another, and when he wasn't the guest of honor at some luncheon he was besieged by admirers who camped on his trail continually. If he went to play golf, every kid in Honolulu wanted to act as his caddie.

Somebody started the rumor that what he had hinted was a vacation was in reality his honeymoon and that Edna Purviance was the happiest woman in the world. And so when I saw him again I put the question up to him. He paused a moment and reflected.

"You swallowed that stuff about Waikiki, hook, line and sinker, just like I did, didn't you?" he inquired.

I admitted that I had.

"Well, dont treat that rumor the same way," he warned me; "dont be a heap of dust on a windy corner."

SWEET CLOVER FOR HULDA'S GOAT

Jack O'Brien says that it takes a long time not only for a goat to die, but to kill the memory of it.

When he directed "Hulda from Holland," a goat died or was killed, and he has been hearing about "Gwendolyn," the goat, ever since.

"Heavens, how I worked over that goat!" said Mr. O'Brien. "It *had* to die—that is in the story. I hadn't the heart to kill the animal, so decided to chloroform it. But little I knew that, if a cat has nine lives, a goat has ninety-nine times nine, each proof against an anesthetic. It took half a pint of chloroform and the combined efforts of eight of us to put it to sleep long enough to get a few scenes taken. But little credit I got for any humane feeling. Even Dan Frohman—old friend as he is —wouldn't speak to me for a week because he thought I had sacrificed a goat to getting a good picture; and I have received about 148,000 letters on the subject.

"So I would like every one to know that 'Gwennie' is alive, happy and well, and is now living off the fat of the land up in Ulster County, New York; that she was neither mutilated nor killed, and that she took part at the Hippodrome in a sketch written for the Actors' Fund."

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(66)

SHADOWS OF THE PAST

By WILLIAM ULLMAN

Willard Mack, who recently came into wealth and fame as an author, is a really splendid actor. Yet his way was not a path of roses outside of a certain city. But this one community made up in enthusiasm for Willard Mack what all others failed to bestow. This paragraph dates back five years, before Willard wrote "Kick In" and other successes. It was in Salt Lake City that the theater-going public idolized Willard Mack. For many years off and on, he headed a stock company there, and packed the house at each performance. All Salt Lake City seemed theater-crazy during the days of Mack. When he, to break the monotony, removed to another city, he met with only fair, if not poor, success, and his successor in Salt Lake City, regardless of how highly the rest of the theatrical world esteemed him, also found the way difficult. Noted actors followed Mack in Salt Lake, but the population seemed to be unconscious of their presence. The theater-going public would just save money awaiting Willard's return, and Willard, out in the cruel world, would beat it back after a brief absence. I often wonder if the young girls and old women who used to line up at the stage door to see Willard off the stage, sit enraptured before his animated pictures.

* * *

Of course, you know that Edith Storey was Australasia in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," but did you know that Bessie Barriscale was Lovey Mary?

* * *

Comic fellow, that Sidney Drew. You wouldn't believe that he could handle a situation full of pathos as capably as he handles one full of comedy, would you? But he can. Twenty years ago he brought tears to the eyes of many thousands who saw him in a vaudeville sketch entitled "Drifted Apart."

* * *

Did you know that Theodore Roberts, Thurlow Bergen and Florence Roberts starred together in a notable production of "Jim the Penman," and that Miss Roberts was the wife of Mr. Bergen, and not related to Theodore?

Across the Silver Sheet

(*Continued from page* 161)

"Tom Sawyer" (Paramount).—To see Jack Pickford in the Moving Picture characterization of that beloved story of Mark Twain's, "Tom Sawyer," is to see the original Tom with all his gay impishness come back to life. He is the real American boy, with his adventurous spirit and his determination to make big dreams come true. Who but Tom Sawyer could have persuaded all his pals to do his work, which Aunt Polly had assigned to him as a punishment, and even pay him to let them do it? Jack Pickford plays this irresistibly. His innocent expression, with the wicked gleam of mischief in his eyes, takes you back to boyhood. The contortions that Tom goes thru to attract the attention of little Becky Thatcher, who at that time held the whole of his fickle young heart, are simply inimitable. The picture was made at great expense and with great care. The producers actually transported the company to Hannibal, Mo., where Tom Sawyer played his pranks and where Mark Twain lived as a boy. Even an old paddle-wheel steamer was procured, so in atmosphere and costuming the play is beyond criticism. All the parts are well taken, but Jack Pickford as our own beloved Tom Sawyer was simply beyond compare. It seems rather a pity that some of the thrilling incidents of the book should have been omitted, such as the expedition of Tom and Huck to the haunted house, where they watched with startled terror, from their hiding-place above, Injun Joe and his companion counting their treasure; the three long days of despair for Aunt Polly and the mother of little Becky, while she and Tom wandered thru the labyrinthian corridors and darkness of the great cave. But of course no five-reel film could contain all the wonders of that story. There are no serial, hair-raising thrills in "Tom Sawyer"—the "Bloody Hand" and "Bronze Claw" audiences had better stay at home. It's a lovable story, that leaves a clear ring in the ears, softens the eyes and makes the mouth taste clean. H. H. W.

"The Clever Mrs. Carfax" (Paramount).—This picture is "different," due, of course, to Julian Eltinge's very clever female impersonation. As Temple Trask, he accepts his friend's dare to go to a public place drest as a woman. He recognizes a crook who is trying to steal the fortune of the girl he loves. So, in order to be near and protect her, he accompanies her on a journey, still in the guise of Mrs. Carfax. His identity remains a mystery even to the girl herself, and the situation offers unlimited opportunities. Owing to his versatility, Mr. Eltinge's rôle doesn't seem at all impossible. Of course, as a woman he receives most praise, for Julian is nothing if not a perfect lady, and his position in this line is unique and undisputed. Suspense is well sustained and the climax splendid. L. M.

This department will be continued in the March number, which will be printed in the large, flat size, making the most wonderful publication in existence.



What'll You Give?

SATURDAY—no school—but Aunt Polly said he *had* to whitewash the fence. Work on a holiday! When he had planned such a wonderful day of swimming—pirates and things. But Tom Sawyer was a clever imp and he not only managed so that the other boys did the whitewashing—but he got these same victims to pay him for allowing them to do the work.

It is the most famous story in the world—every man knows it—every man has lived it—but only Mark Twain could keep it—for to sympathetic understanding of man and boy he added the style of genius.

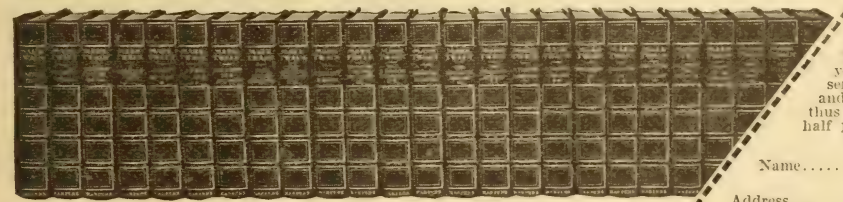
MARK TWAIN

is the greatest American who ever put pen to paper. The San Francisco *Bulletin* said only a few days ago, "Without his influence, it is not too much to say, American humor would be far different from what it is. Millions have read his books—perhaps America itself would be different if it were not for his influence. Looking backward upon his period he seems an inevitable phenomenon. American history would not be complete without him. There HAD to be a Mark Twain, just as there had to be an Abraham Lincoln."

An American home without his work is as empty as an American history would be without Lincoln. We'd like forever to keep on putting out his marvelous volumes of joy and tears into American homes at the low price Mark Twain liked. But we have no control over the prices of materials that go into books—we cannot keep our present low price down much longer.

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